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THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CREDITOR AND THE DEBTOR.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. I.

THOSE of my present readers who accompanied me in the narration of some of my past adventures will, perhaps, not have forgotten that they left me in solitary silence, and excluded from the light of day—shut up, in fact, in the prison-house of a strong chest, in which I had been conveyed from the abode of my late owner. I shall not trouble you, friendly readers, with my reflections while thus confined under lock and key and cord; but shall pass at once to the day of my welcome release.

I found myself, then, in a large and barely furnished room, upon the floor of which I was cast amidst a variety of miscellaneous property, consisting of books, clothing, and papers of various kinds, together with an accumulation of many years of the smaller articles of the toilet and the library, which had been emptied into our common prison from obscure closets and drawers, or hastily swept from dressing-tables and study-tables in dire confusion. Other chests and boxes, already emptied of their contents, were strewed around; while seated on them, or

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standing by and looking on with interest and curiosity, were several persons whom I rightly conjectured were the nearest surviving relatives of my former possessor—Henry Greene.

The tones of their voices, when they spoke, sounded pleasantly to me, who had been so long inured to silence, and their language was in my own familiar tongue. It was plain, from all that could be seen and heard, that I was once more in the land which, speaking after the manner of men, I may term my birth-place.

From the conversation which ensued, it was not difficult for me to understand that those in whose presence I found myself had inherited the wealth left behind him by my former owner, and that they had now met to divide among them what had been secured of his personal effects.

I have said that their first utterances sounded pleasantly to me; not long was it, however, ere it became manifest that jealousy and suspicion and rancour held partial possession, at least, of some of their minds, and that their evil passions were scantily concealed beneath a thin veil of courtesy or indifference. Already, as it seemed, and as was afterwards confirmed, had the accession of worldly wealth which had unexpectedly fallen to those persons, been the fruitful cause of ill-will, and strife, and envying; and I bethought me that if the man who had striven through so many years in heaping up riches which he knew not who would gather, could have foreseen the strife which would be thereby engendered, he might have exclaimed, in bitterness of heart, "For whom do I labour and bereave my soul of good? This also is vanity; yea, it is a sore travail."

I learned afterwards, in confirmation of these foregone conclusions, that one or two of these kinsmen of Henry Greene had travelled far to be present at the opening and distribution of this miscellaneous property, lest they should be wronged of their due; and that they were deeply chagrined when they found how little of value remained to be divided.

I shall not detain you, reader, with any further remarks on the proceedings of that day; it is sufficient to say that, by the majority of that party, I was looked upon with indifference, and that eventually I was thrown in as a make-weight to one portion of the divided property. Let me pass over the intermediate packing and journeying and unpacking which fell to my lot, and turn at once to a new ownership, and to succeeding active scenes of existence.

In my new owner I immediately recognised one of the individuals who had expressed vexation at the fruitless journey he had taken. He was a man of more than middle age, and of a stern dissatisfied countenance, soured, it may be, with many disappointments and cares of life; but, from whatever cause, a chilled and chilling atmosphere seemed to hang around him. His name I learned was the same with that of my late possessor, though the relationship he claimed was distant. He was a tradesman in a large town; and his habitation denoted a tolerable degree of worldly comfort, or rather of the means of worldly comfort, if not of affluence.

As I remained for several days unnoticed on the shelf where I had first been placed, there was abundant time and opportunity for silent observation of the character of my new owner and his household: and—shall I say, to my surprise?—I found that he was at least outwardly religious. Perhaps as I pass on, my readers may participate in this surprise.

On the first morning after my introduction into this new family, and when they were assembled for the morning meal, my owner reached from its resting-place, an apparently well-worn counterpart of myself, and commenced reading a portion of its contents.

This was surely well, and a pleasant sign that I myself should not long remain disregarded in that family, but that a new career of usefulness was being opened before me. It is true, marks of languor and indifference and inattention might have been detected in the countenances of those by whom the reader was surrounded; but the charity which "hopeth all things" and "thinketh no evil," would have been slow to discern this; or, discerning it, might have attributed those symptoms of carelessness or fatigue to any other cause than alienation from the words of eternal life.

With much outward solemnity and decorum, my owner, having closed the volume, knelt and offered up prayer. Thus, for the first time since I left the service of my first possessor, was I permitted to witness a scene of family devotion.

But the cheering anticipation which this outward manifestation of regard to my Great Master's precepts was calculated to produce, were clouded by the stern and angry tones in which the head of that household addressed one of his children, and by a scene of disputatious wrangling that ensued. The immediate cause of this sorrowful display of human infirmity was a trivial mistake committed by the child, which surely might have been corrected by a pleasant parental smile, but which called forth a threat of severe punishment. Then followed a vindication of the child by its mother, which elicited a sharp retort from her husband. I will not dwell upon this scene, however, which would but remind me of words which are recorded in my pages, "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

borrower is servant to the lender; and so is the debtor to the creditor; and I must bear what you say, as well as hear it. But, sir, I have never said—and the very thought is far from me, I hope—that I would not discharge the debt to the full: all I ask for, sir, is a little more time."

"And all I say," returned my owner, in the same inflexible tone, "is that time is money; and you have already taken more than time enough; and now I must be paid."

The poor man turned away, as could plainly be seen, in anguish of soul. Again, however, he pleaded, and invoked the forbearance of his creditor, in the name of One whom they both acknowledged as their Lord and Master. And in words which are recorded in me, he said, "Have patience; and I will pay you all."

The creditor was slightly moved; but whether with anger or remorse it would have been difficult to say. Perhaps it was with both. "I don't like," he said, "to have religion mixed up in this sort of way with business. It is taking an unfair advantage of me, Mr. Arnold. I don't cast any reflections on your profession of religion; but it will not pay your debt; and the best thing you can do is to set about *that*. Have you anything more to say, Mr. Arnold?"

No, he had nothing more to say, said the stricken man; and with humble, faltering steps, and a wounded heart, he slowly withdrew, leaving my owner to resume the occupation which had been thus interrupted.

And then, if human speech had been given me, I might have uttered in the ears of the stern creditor the words which, had he counselled me, I should have presented to his eye: "He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment;" and yet again: "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

But while such thoughts and words as these were locked in my bosom, burning for utterance, my owner, with a calm aspect, an undisturbed pulse, and a steady hand, wrote—and wrote—and wrote.

GERMAN SACRED POETRY OF THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURIES.

THE NEW YEAR.

How fleetly the years flee! How swiftly the wings move that bear us onward to the boundaries of Time! *There*, Death will receive us, but to what will he lead? Into what state of being will he guide us? Will he conduct us to that threshold, *which he cannot cross*, within which Life reigns for ever? or will he claim us for his own everlasting realm, and deliver us to the keeping of Horror and Despair? Who can say? Is there no solution of the problem—no explanation of the mystery? Is there no safe clue, no assured testimony on which we can rely? Must we *die* before we can know *whither* we are going, or how eternity is to be spent? Infidelity has no answer, and can coin none that does not belie the deepest conviction of the human heart respecting a future state. According to it, life is a terrible enigma, and death extinction! What a different view we gain of existence in the word of God! There we behold how man was, and how he became what he is. The mystery is solved at once. The wretchedness and ruin of our race is clearly shown to be the natural consequence of the violation of the "holy, just, and good" law of God. And there, also, is revealed the remedy for all the evil that now weighs upon the heart of man, and drags him down to death. In the gospel, "life and immortality" are brought to light. That which was previously hid in darkness is now placed in brightness before us! We now *can* say whither we are going with the fleeting years. If we have repented of our sin and availed ourselves of the provision of mercy—if we have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as our "atonement" and "advocate," we have peace with God, and we are hastening to the place of his revealed glory, and to the possession of an inheritance "incorruptible and undefiled." If not, then we are candidates for fellowship with the "congregation of the dead;" for the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. Reader, lay these considerations to heart. This new year calls you to remember the goodness and mercy that have followed you all the days of your life—the long-suffering tenderness of which you have been the subject. May the mercies of God constrain you to yield yourself to him, which is but your reasonable service. Then, with a glad and tranquil spirit, you may sing this

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Life's course must recommence to-day,
Another path be trodden;
With heart new-strung I take my way,
Like patient pilgrim plodding;
With prayer and song my road I tread,
Thou, Lord, my steps will safely lead,
I walk, no ill foreboding.

I shrink not at the awful night,
My future path concealing;
For out of darkness springs forth light,
Thy wondrous power revealing.
I cannot now conceive thy ways,
But in the light of heaven's own rays,
Shall comprehend thy dealing.

Even or rough my road, I go,
Sure that thy hand protecteth;
The counsel of thy love, I know,
For me that path selecteth:
Let life or death then mark the year,
Be joy or grief my lot to bear,
All still my good effecteth!

Be far or near my journey's end,
The thought shall not oppress me:
To Jesus I my way commend,
In life or death to bless me:
O Lord! my time is in thy hand,
In heaven my footsteps safely land,
And let heaven's joy possess me!

The difference between a right and a wrong choice in relation to the chief object of life is that which exists between ruin and salvation; and only the most thoughtless live without an object: some toil for fame, some for gold, some for both. To attain the desired end plans are carefully formed and patiently worked out. Youth ebbs out, and yet the toiler plods on in his chosen path. Labour becomes sweet and pleasant if it brings within the grasp the long-desired prize. To gain it, not only youth, but the vigour of ripened and matured manhood, is cheerfully expended; and the bliss of home, and the sweets of friendship, and the charms and pleasures of society, are willingly sacrificed! And how often is all this done in vain! How often do men find when life is nearly done that they are as far from the goal as when they first set out—that they have been chasing a shadow that continually eluded their grasp, or a shining bubble that broke and vanished at their touch! Alas! alas! for a life thus lost. For the long years perished for ever, and the hopeless days that remain! But some win in the life-race, do they not? Yes, some win. That is, they become rich and leave the field, the work-shop, and the counting-house. They retire from the arena where they strove so hard for the mastery and came off conquerors. They live in "ceiled houses," have large investments in the funds, and are followed by "troops of friends." Or senates and peoples may lavish honours upon them. The highest offices in the state may be within their reach, or at their disposal. Their sayings may become the hoarded wisdom of their age, and their example an incitement to patriotic virtue. In their light, nations may walk, and princes delight to do them reverence; and the philosopher, the historian, the poet, and the painter, may devote their genius and their skill to perpetuate their memory. Is not this success? Is not such a result worth toiling and living for? Yes, well worth it all; if man's life terminated with the stoppage of the heart-throb—if the *present* were not the prelude to an everlasting *future*, which will take its character from our condition — IF THIS WERE NOT A PROBATIONARY STATE IN WHICH OUR CHARACTER WAS TO BE FORMED FOR EVER. But if this be so, write then, beneath the names of those most eminent in the annals of commerce, of politics, of science, of philosophy, of art, whose aims and objects were *earthly riches or distinctions*—who looked no higher than the possession of that which man and the earth can give, however they may be applauded or imitated; write beneath their names that they mistook the real nature, value, and object of life; that their wisdom was folly that dealt with the perishable as if it were ever-during, and their success the seal of their ruin! How needful then it is to have a plan of life that can never fail of accomplishment—a plan in harmony with the Divine idea of what a true life should be—a plan that includes the time that now is and that which is to come. Happy he whose daily thought and practice are directed to the attainment of the "true riches" and the lasting honours that the world cannot give or take away. Like Mary in the gospel, his choice and chief concern will be

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

One thing 's needful: then Lord Jesus,
Keep this one thing in my mind,
All beside, though first it please us,
Soon a grievous yoke we find:
Beneath it the heart is still fretting and striving,
No true lasting happiness ever deriving,
The gain of this one thing all loss can requite,
And teach me in all things to find some delight.

Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee?
Seek it in no earthly end;
Leave all Nature far behind thee,
High above the world ascend:
For where God and man both in one are united,
With God's perfect fulness the heart is delighted;
There, there is the worthiest lot and the best,
My one and my all, and my joy, and my rest.

How were Mary's thoughts devoted
Her eternal joy to find,
As intent each word she noted,
At her Saviour's feet reclined:
How kindled her heart, how devout was its feeling,
While hearing the lessons that Christ was revealing;
For Jesus all earthly concerns she forgot,
And all was repaid in that one happy lot.

Thus my longings heavenward tending,
Jesus, rest alone on Thee;
Help me, thus on Thee depending,
Saviour! come and dwell in me:
Although all the world should forsake and forget Thee
In love will I follow Thee, ne'er will I quit Thee,
For, Jesus, both spirit and life is Thy word,
And is there a joy which Thou dost not afford?

Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure,
Jesus! lies conceal'd in Thee!
Grant that this may still the measure
Of my will and actions be:
Humility there and simplicity reigning,
My steps shall in wisdom for ever be training;
Oh! if I of Christ have this knowledge Divine,
The fulness of heavenly wisdom is mine!

Christ, Thou art the sole oblation,
That I'll bring before my God;
In his sight I've acceptation,
Only through thy streaming blood:
Immaculate righteousness now I've acquired,
Since thou on the tree of the cross hast expired;
The robe of salvation for ever is mine,
In this shall my faith through eternity shine.

Let my soul in full exemption,
Wake up in thy likeness now;
Thou art made to me redemption,
My holiness art Thou!
What though all through life in good works I had striven,
For thy sake alone my reward should be given:
Oh! let me all perishing pleasures forego,
And thy life, O Jesus! alone let me know.

Where should else my hopes be centred?
Grace o'erwhelms me with its flood;
Thou, my Saviour, once hast enter'd
Holiest heaven through thy blood:
Eternal redemption for sinners there finding,
From hell's dark dominion my spirit unbinding,
To me perfect freedom thy entrance has brought,
And child-like to cry, "Abba, Father," I'm taught.

Christ Himself, my shepherd feeds me,
Peace and joy my spirit fill:
In a pasture green, He leads me
Forth beside the waters still:
Oh! nought to my soul is so sweet and reviving,
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living;
True happiness this—and this only supplies,
Through faith on my Saviour to fasten my eyes.

JOHANN HEINRICH SCHRÖDER.

Oh, reader! be the one thing needful thy care during the year thou hast now entered on.

A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

We stopped a Sunday at Liordalsoren, where a long 'fiord,' or sea-lake, bathes the steep rocks of the mountains capped with snow. There was no service in the little black wooden church, but the green graves around it seemed to tell of death, even in that pleasant valley.

Nearly all the churches in Norway are made of wood, tarred outside and painted strangely within. The pulpit is like a little sentry-box, with a sand-glass to tell the preacher of the time, and often a crucifix besides, which is a very useless thing; for no image ought to be set up where people are likely to worship it. In one of these old churches there is a stuffed reindeer suspended over the pews!

The Jews begin their sabbath on the evening before the day of rest, and this is the oldest mode of dividing the week. The Norwegians use it, too; so their Sunday begins on Saturday afternoon. The Lord of days has required a seventh part of our time for public worship and private communion with him, and for works of necessity and mercy. How kind it is of him to give us so many pleasant things to do on Sunday, and to promise so many blessings to those who call the day "honourable" and feel it "a delight." Some of the farmers in Norway think about their cows and horses during the time spent in divine service, and when they come out of church they make bargains with each other about things they could attend to on the other six days. This is very wrong. It is honouring God with the lips while the heart is far from him. But it is to be feared that many persons who go to church in England carry the world with them even there. It is a very blessed thing to have one's heart made a "temple of the Holy Spirit," and to put away all earthly thoughts when we meet to adore the great God of heaven.

Much of the news of the day, too, is spoken in the Norway churches. The preacher in one of them told the people that Sebastopol had been taken, and they heard this first upon a Sunday morning. The sanctuary is indeed a place for hearing *news*, if it be the good news of salvation—the "gospel," which means "good tidings" of sin forgiven and of glory promised through a risen Saviour. We were glad, however, to find that very many ministers in Norway teach the word of God truly from their pulpits, and that the people listen, and read, and think, and practise what they hear. Then they live happily and God will bless them.

Nearly everybody in Norway can read his Bible. Schools are set up in most of the villages; if there are not enough people in a farm to keep a school, they send for a schoolmaster for a month at a time, and he goes on to another place afterwards, and then comes back to teach at the first again.

We found the people very anxious to read tracts; and as we took a great many nice Scripture stories, translated into the Norse language by the Religious Tract Society, we were able to gladden the hearts of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women, and little children everywhere. When the tracts were held out to persons walking on the road, they took them eagerly, and shook hands, saying, "Tak, tak, mange tak," which means, "Thanks, thanks, many thanks." If we gave a "boke," or tract, to carpenters working with their saws, they would take off their caps, shake hands, and say, "Tak, tak," and at once begin to read. Fishermen in their boats would row a long way to get a "liddel bok;" and if one was held up near some houses, all the children would run out and dance about with delight, holding up their little hands asking for a tract.

When we were driving fast in Norway and a cart passed with people in it, we fastened a tract to the end of the whip, and reached it over to the cart, so that it could be got without any person leaving his seat. Four sweeps walking together all began to read our tracts in the

TRACT DISTRIBUTION IN NORWAY, FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.

middle of the street. Sometimes when a tract was given, and they found what it was, they got out and ran after us, thanking us loudly. Once or twice they wanted to know what they had to pay, and when they found it was "nothing to pay," they were quite astonished. How many good gifts God gives to us quite freely—the air, and light, and heat, and, best of all, his own dear Son!

On our way back from the church, we gave tracts to many groups of people sitting by their cottage doors. There you would see a number of young men with red leather trousers, and women with red tape round their hair, and old women with long pipes and spectacles, and little boys playing about with goats. But the moment a tract was given, all, both old and young, came quietly together and listened to one while he read it aloud. It is very pleasant to see a boy or girl reading to people who are too old to see, and on a fine Sunday evening to hear young lips speaking the true and gracious words which God wrote both for young and old.

We did not know enough of their strange language to understand what was said about the tracts, but sometimes they told us that the "liddel bok" was "got, meget got, fur saal og himmelen," that is, "good, very good, for the soul and heaven." Once a man gave us a beautiful stick for a tract, his only means of showing gratitude. There was a splendid waterfall near the village, and there we took our Bibles and read them.

After dinner we went to a still, shady spot by the sea, where there was no man to see us, and nothing to disturb. In the rocks we found a flight of steps leading down to the water. The setting sun gleamed on the slowly rippling waves, and the clear sea sparkled as it rose and fell, murmuring peacefully. After reading some verses, we talked about the good things in God's word, and then one prayed that God would bless the tracts which had been given. We prayed, too, for our friends far away in England, and for our friends farther away in the Crimea, beseeching God to enable them to live to his glory, and to prepare them to die in his faith and love. Little did we know then that one of our dearest friends was to fall in battle within a few days from that very time. But the Lord knew it, and he answered our prayers graciously for our dear friend.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE UNKNOWN DANGERS OF THE NEW YEAR.

"For man also knoweth not his time; as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."—*Eccles.* ix. 12.

One thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. How unfamiliar is that phrase! It is like some newly-introduced person, known to us as yet only by name, but neither by features nor character. All kinds of imaginings start up at the sound. Truly regarded, the first of January no more begins a new year than any other day of our lives. But seeing that habits and associations have great power over us, we shall do well not to despise such a period. Let us yield ourselves to the current of surrounding impressions. We have ended a year: we are about to begin another. At such a time the reflections of no two beings will be exactly the same. But there are some things common to most of us.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-six! It is something to have beheld the morning of the dawning year. Many who began the last with us—then as fresh and vigorous as we were—never saw its end. Their hopes terminated abruptly, in that desolated circle and that sculptured grave-stone. Wonderful that we have lived through the year in the face of that fever, or inflammation, or consumption that threatened us! Or if we have not been in peril *thus*, yet, at least, if that gale of contagion *had* blown over us; if that mephitic vapour had been swept into our lungs; if that "terror by night" or that "arrow by day" had reached us, where had we been now? We have escaped—narrowly, it may be—but we *have* escaped! What shall be our memorial? Shall it not be, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not?"

The stream descends towards the ocean—ever, ever; in sunshine and in shower still hurrying onwards; even so it is with us. The heir apparent counts up his acres before he has entered upon the actual possession. So are we beginning already to count the periods of another year. Even whilst we resolve, it is passing. Before the year ends we shall be, perhaps, of age; perhaps in business for ourselves; perhaps married; perhaps in the midst of new connexions and improving prospects. So man calculates; but he often calculates thus without adequate premises. For hark! in the midst of all which cheers him, there comes a voice—the sad voice even of a new year—which says, "Man also knoweth not his time."

The royal preacher, with wise comprehensiveness, records, in the third chapter of his book, the various contingencies, for every one of which, he relates, there is "a time" and "a season." There is nothing in his enumeration peculiar to any one age of the world more than another. The moral aspects of society are always the same. "There is no new thing under the sun." What happened in Solomon's day happens in ours; and it is well for us at the beginning of a new year to contemplate these changes, since any of them may occur to ourselves. This next year there will be births and deaths; undertakings begun in hope and ended in despair; mortal sicknesses and unexpected recoveries; success in some cases and ruin in others. There will be "a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up." There will be the sorrowful events which make men "weep" and "mourn," and the joyous ones causing the heart to "laugh" and "dance." As the monumental stones of ancient days were sometimes dispersed and sometimes collected, according as the remembrances were painful or pleasant, as there was "a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together," so there will be occurrences so painful as that we fear to recall them, and occurrences so pleasant as that we delight in their remembrance. There will be meetings and partings—"a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing." Gains there will be and reverses—"a time to get and a time to lose." Fortunes will be made and dissipated—"a time to keep and a time to cast away." Things will be done and things undone—"a time to rend and a time to sew." There will be occasions for remonstrance and warning, and occasions on which prudence dictates abstinence from remark—"a time to keep silence and a time to speak." The good action will demand our "love," the evil one our "hate." "War" will rage in some quarters, in others "peace" will spread its benign influence around. God grant it may be the latter on the distracted continent of Europe!

Such are the alternations which, in their endless varieties and combinations, await, at least as possibilities, those who shall pass through another year. In what proportions these things may be mixed, from what quarters they may

proceed, whom they may specially affect, none of us can presume to conjecture. Who can tell what materials for future history the coming year may furnish? what pages, disastrous or otherwise, it may place upon the record of the world in general, or of our own country in particular? Who can point out the heart destined to ache with disappointment or to be elevated by hope? Letters will convey sad and sudden tidings—to what address? Coffins will be borne about the streets—whose name will be on their lid? The medical attendant will give warning of impending danger—to whom? New names will appear on old houses of business—what will they be? Good names will be changed for names of scorn; fortunes will be made and lost; industry will gain its rewards, and negligence its due punishment; buds of promise will be smitten by the blasting wind. But as yet these things float in mistiness, or are like some hieroglyphic of which we have not the key.

It is true (and blessed be God for the knowledge!) none of these things will be really accidental, though to us they may appear so. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." The casual has no place in his arrangements; all is superintended by the Eye which sleeps not, and subject to the control of Him who is never weary. Amidst the numerous possibilities of human affairs it is well for those who have an interest in Christ and his love to rejoice that He reigneth to whom belong "the issues of life." Our "times are in his hand;" and if we be his true and humble followers, come weal, come woe, whether we be lifted up or cast down, whatever our place, whatever our destiny, we have a Friend at hand—omniscient, omnipotent, benevolent, immutable!

But what greatly concerns us in looking out upon this dark future, is to be aware how deeply our own characters are involved in these unknown issues. Man moves perpetually in a circle, surrounding him beyond the power of his own choice, and out of which he cannot move. But not the less is he bound by its obligations. Whether we profess religion or not, we *ought* to do it; whether we desire to do good or not, we *ought* to do it. And as each opportunity of life occurs, God requires of us the appropriate action which belongs to that period; and if we neglect it, "he will not hold us guiltless." Responsibility! it is an awful word, and what renders it more awful is, that it pervades every period of our lives, and every single incident in them. Circumstances need not *necessarily* form character: there is a moral chemistry which can neutralize their power, and even render some of their unfavourable influences nutritious. But circumstances *do* often form character, as when the man avails himself, on the one hand, of favouring influences, or allows himself, on the other, to be viciously borne along upon their current. For the good use of our opportunities God holds every one of us accountable. It is well, therefore, to prepare ourselves for every exigency which may arise during the coming year. The watchman is to be awake, whatever the time or the nature of his summons. The steward is to be ready at any moment to deliver up his trust. The servant is to hold himself prepared at any instant when the master of the house may return. The soldier is to be expectant of any service and at any notice. So we are to be prepared for all contingencies; for action or for repose; for joy or for sorrow; for losses or for gains; for life or for death. Come what may, God requires of us vigilance, activity, promptness to discharge the duties of our lot. He is the faithful one, who is surprised by no emergency; who shrinks from no conflict; who blenches at no danger; who is reluctant before no sacrifice; who is a coward before no enemy. And as the value of a metal increases in proportion to the services it can render and the tests it can endure, so the true preciousness of Christian principle will consist in this, that the floods will not drown it, nor the flame destroy it; that it will not falter when fortune does, nor sink with the body, but that, let "time and chance" be what they may, it will be found entire, serviceable, unalterable, "as gold tried in the fire seven times."

There is another part of the representation of Solomon in the words before us, which may well give a deeper intensity to all these reflections. "As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them." The metaphors are striking. The former is obvious; the latter has been recently explained in our periodical. The fowler with his clap-net, himself hidden, throws the bait around and watches the unwary birds as they crowd around his snare. They are thoughtless and inexperienced; and the temptation is alluring. A few, more forward than the rest, draw nearer and nearer. In an instant the well-poised engine falls—they are prisoners, victims, a prey!

And are there not those who, during the next year, will be engaged in watching us and the course of things which may happen to us? Who has not read of that serpent tribe which lies coiled among the trees waiting for its unsuspecting prey? One would suppose it motionless, were it not for the glitter of its bright eye, and the gentle occasional gliding of a fold of its body for a firmer hold. But it is intensely awake; and, when the wretched victim approaches with-

in the length of its spring, its dart is instant to overwhelm and surround it. Ah! reader, we all have our watchers—acute watchers; subtle watchers; malignant watchers. If we be professors of religion, there is no worldling who has not his eye upon us; and some—oh, how severely! If we be *not* Christians, the god of this world, "the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience," is ever measuring the distance between himself and us, and whether we have yet come within his spring. How earnestly he will observe the influence which the coming times and seasons of the next year may exert upon us. That time of *joy!* Will it find the subject thankful for his good things to the great Giver of all; or will it make him proud, vain, overweening, hard-hearted, refusing to hear and to obey? That time of *sorrow!* Will the man meekly bow down before the Lord; or, will resolute rebellion, or, what is perhaps worse, desolating despair, overwhelm him for the loss of "the good things in which he trusted?" Those *opportunities of doing good!* Will they be regarded as invaluable bestowments whilst every nerve is strained to improve them to the utmost; or will they, neglected, make us, even more than we have been already, "unprofitable servants?" Those new *movements in the world!* Will they, being met by faith, prayer, and dependence on God, be consecrated to his service, whilst the first-fruits shall be laid upon his altar; or will they distract the attention, hurry the mind away from the holy One, make a prayerless bed-side, and prepare the way for a despairing death-struggle? Those *intercourses of society!* Will they stimulate the idle tongue, the tattling tongue, the wicked tongue; or will they promote the honour of religion by "speech seasoned with salt," and prompt to "answer every man?" Those *deaths of others!* Will they urge the spectator to make his own "calling and election sure;" or will they be passed over as being only the "common death of all men?" And so of all the rest. Think, reader! oh, think what this next year may do for some of us. It may increase our insusceptibility to impression. It may associate us with those who may push us more rapidly towards destruction. It may furnish fuel for the future fires of conscience. It may put into our hands implements to be used for self-torture throughout all eternity. There will be, during the next year, opportunities for repentance, for prayer, for humility, for self-denial, for the acknowledgment of Christ, for the timely word, for the lovely example, the silent influence. But there will be during the same period, time also for self-indulgence, for indolence, for the disgraceful silence, for the scandalizing tongue, for the gay company, for the mocking word, for the dishonest stewardship, and for the perilous example which sows seeds in others' hearts never to be eradicated more. Every event of this year will expose us to one class or other of these alternatives. Out of occurrences of which we are as yet ignorant, malignant hands will not fail to form a trap for our souls, and malignant eyes to watch our movements around it. Oh! say, shall they triumph?

How much this next year, and the events which shall befall us in it, will have to do with the formation of our whole character. Fifty-two sabbaths, with all religious advantages connected with them, cannot but have a most important influence upon us either for evil or for good. Three hundred and sixty-five opportunities of calling upon God in the morning, and of committing ourselves to him in the evening, will greatly advance us, if improved, or greatly retard us, if neglected. A year's growth is of considerable consequence to the shape and formation of a tree. This year may make us indifferent, daring. It may scatter our good resolutions to the wind. It may make us believe the frivolous true, and a jest of more value than an argument. It may teach us to like the taste of mortal poison. It is a fearful thing to have once learned some of these things; they are not soon unlearned. Or it may set us on the slide to hell. It may even carry us beyond the flaming bounds of space and time. And then there will be no recall. And all the while there will be eyes upon us, eager for our destruction.

What, then, are the lessons with which we should conclude this whole survey? Are they not that each one of us is in danger—perilously in danger? Are they not that we are only able, by the most resolute courage, the most heroic fortitude, to win a safe course amidst the dangers which surround us? Can we depend on ourselves that we shall be always ready for their exertion and display? When a single step may undo us, can we feel safe? Do we not need a mightier arm than our own? God be thanked, such an one is offered to us. The Omniscient and Almighty One offers himself as our friend. By faith in him through his Son, in answer to prayer for his aid, and by a pure motive for his glory, we shall receive guidance, upholding, courage, confidence, the leading of the Holy Spirit, and at last the reward of those who have overcome. And shall we dare to begin another year without seeking these blessings?

O God, to whom the future is as the present, and from whom nothing is hid, help and direct us during this coming year. Confirm our feeble resolutions. Strengthen our staggering steps. Help us to overcome in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. We yield ourselves to thee. Through the sacrifice of thy blessed Son, accept

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the worthless surrender, and make us all thine own! "O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; grant unto us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers and carry us through all temptations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT.

THE term "desert," as is well known to all students of French Protestant history, was formerly applied to those wild and secluded spots in the southern districts of France, to which the children of the Reformation were driven by the persecuting edicts of successive monarchs subsequent to the never-to-be-forgotten massacre of St. Bartholomew. Here, like the Scottish Covenanters in the seventeenth century, in lonely caverns, in dark ravines, in mountain gorges, and in dense woods, the faithful met, in secrecy and fear, and generally at midnight hours, to worship God, and to comfort and strengthen each other in the faith that cost them so dear. Generation after generation were born, lived, and died here, under the ban of the Romish church and the proscription of the state. They were treated as social outlaws and religious recusants. Many a child could count an ancestry of martyrs. Their baptism was one of blood; their nursery that of fear and danger; their remotest earthly prospect was the dungeon, the galleys, the stake, or the assassinating sword of the dragoon.

These heroic adherents of the truth were very numerous in the neighbourhood of Nismes, and when they felt that they dare venture to steal the rare luxury of public worship, they were accustomed to frequent two different spots about half a league distant from that city. One was the bed of a mountain torrent, where they usually congregated in winter. On the declivity of the hills, seats were extemporised for the occasion by using the large stones which were scattered about. Here the worshippers were open to the genial sun and sheltered from the cold winds. The pulpit was placed at the bottom, and the pastor could thus be heard by all the people collected in the vast amphitheatre. Five, six, and, on the festivals, as many as fourteen thousand sometimes attended. In the summer time, the place of meeting was an ancient quarry, called the Echo. A delightful shade and refreshing coolness enabled the faithful multitude to attend with pleasure, in that hot climate, to the preacher's discourse. The entrance to the quarry was by a narrow pass, and here was placed the pulpit. The excavation widening on each side, formed a spacious area, where thousands of attentive hearers were arranged, and where parasols and umbrellas, of various colours, formed a vault not much in keeping with the ruggedness and wild majesty of their temple.

Among the pastors who, at the peril of their lives, ministered to these scattered flocks, were men who, for courage, steadfastness, ardent devotion, and sacred heroism, have never been surpassed in any age of Christianity. They are some of the brightest ornaments of ecclesiastical history. Foremost in their martyr-ranks stands the renowned John Paul Rabaut, who was born at Nismes in 1741, of proscribed parents. He grew up amidst the storms of persecution, and after passing through a tumultuous life of fifty-two years, abounding with escapes from the hands of his enemies almost miraculous, he perished at the guillotine during the sanguinary excesses of the revolutionary era. There are few lives recorded in the roll of fame, more full of strong and romantic incidents than that of this prince of "desert" pastors. To him the preservation of Protestantism in France, at a most critical juncture, was, under Providence, mainly owing. His whole life was one constant sacrifice to the interests of "pure and undefiled religion." He devoted himself to the pastor's office at a time when he had everything to dread from the vengeance of the Romish priesthood leagued with a profligate court. For many years he was nowhere safe, and least of all in his own house. Bands of furious soldiers would appear suddenly, both by day and night, and surround his house, in hopes of securing him. Every stratagem and artifice was resorted to for the purpose of entrapping him. Tracked by spies wherever he went, and every moment in jeopardy, he usually performed his ministerial duties only in the night; he would disguise himself as a bricklayer, a stocking-weaver, or adopt some other equally unlikely impersonation. Often he was obliged to betake himself for whole days and nights to the open fields, or conceal himself in some pitiful hut, to escape an ignominious death. In these dangers, his only security lay in the fidelity of his scattered flock. They constantly watched over him, and at the first signal of danger gave him warning.

One of the best descriptions which we remember to have seen of the strange and stirring vicissitudes of this good man's life, is from the graphic pen of Bungener, an author who has done more than almost any other modern French writer to illustrate the spirit and the prominent characters of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth and the eve of the revolution. That extraordinary epoch, when the antagonistic forces of Jesuitism and infidelity were wrestling for the mastery, brought public men often into strange associations and relationships. Rabaut, in one

groups some fragments of the Psalm that had been interrupted were still raised.

"Ah! how those rude chants of our ancestors go to the heart at such times! The Psalms are our epic, but an epic more deep and real than was ever written or sung by any people; an interminable poem, of which each one of us becomes in his turn the author; a sacred treasure of personal and individual remembrances, joys, sorrows, desires, heaped up with national associations: not a verse, not a strophe, but is quite a history or a poem. This was sung by a mother beside the cradle of her first-born; this other, one of our martyrs sang on his way to death; this is the Psalm of the Vaudois returning in arms to their country; this that of the Camisards marching to battle. This verse is the one that the balls of our enemies interrupted; that other, is one of which a father when expiring murmured the half, and went to finish it with the angels! Oh! our Psalms, our Psalms! who could ever express in human words what your language is to us, in our solitude on that soil red with our blood, and under the vault of that heaven from whence they look down upon us, who have prayed, wept, and sung before us!"

Such was the varied life of the Pastor of the Desert. Ah! how it rebukes our own disposition to murmur at the little crosses and troubles that rise in our path. These were men who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy.

THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

The question of sabbath observance is at present greatly agitating the public mind, and two arguments are chiefly used by those who advocate railway travelling, pleasure sailing, and other recreations on Sunday. 1st, That such things are conducive to the health and tend to the mental improvement of men who are obliged to work hard all the week; and 2nd, That the strictness of the Mosaic law being no longer binding, we are not now forbidden to indulge in such amusements on the sabbath.

Now even supposing this were all true, and could be proved, it does not follow that the *best* thing men can do with the sabbath is to spend it in recreation and amusement: surely man has something better than his bodily health to attend to—something higher to engage his attention than even his intellectual improvement.

If our Creator has given us immortal souls, surely *their* interests, as being the most important, ought chiefly to be cared for, and that day ought more especially to be set apart for the purpose by those very men who, being obliged to work hard during the week, have little other leisure than that which the sabbath affords to attend to their souls' interests.

I would appeal to the working man himself, whether the means of raising the soul above this present life, and of enabling it to hold intercourse with God, which is its highest health, are best to be found amidst the excitement and bustle of the pleasure excursion, or in the quiet contemplation of God's character and dealings as made known to us in his word, in family and public worship, and in the retirement of his evening home? I would just ask any one to look at the working man who thus spends his sabbath, and compare him with one who disregards that day, or spends it in recreation and amusement, and say which is the healthier and the happier man.

Then as to an obligation still to keep the sabbath. The command having been engraven by God's own hand on the table of stone, is surely significant of the perpetual observance of this, as well as of all the other commandments which were so given; especially as, like all the other moral precepts, it was not then commanded for the first time, but had been so from the beginning. The command is that it should be "remembered," and that surely for all time to come, even as it had been in all time past. As to the *manner* of its observance, that seems sufficiently indicated by the terms of the command itself. We are to keep it "holy," because God has "hallowed" it. Surely these words mean something more than mere rest for the body or recreation for the mind, and plainly point to an entire separation of the whole day from a common to a sacred use.

The change of the day has also been cavilled at; but we fulfil the spirit of the command if we honestly keep every seventh day holy, even if it be possible to imagine that all Christendom has arrived at a wrong conclusion as to the particular day. Ah! if we consider the day aright, we shall not be careful to find texts of Scripture which enforce its observance; it will be enough for us that we are *permitted* to enjoy so great a privilege. We shall look upon the sabbath as one of the greatest blessings our good God has conferred upon us; so admirably adapted to our constitution of body and mind, that neither could enjoy their highest health or vigour if it were withheld; and would therefore as soon think of waiting for a text which should command us to breathe God's air, or open our eyes to the light of his sun, as for one that shall compel us to keep his holy day. Let us accept in all its fulness the declaration of our Saviour, that "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath;" and blessed be God that it was so made!

Page for the Young.

LITTLE EMMA.

IT was a winter's evening in the year 1853; the wind was howling mournfully through the crevices of an old shattered house in the vicinity of St. Paul's churchyard, and the rain was falling pitilessly on the stone pavements of that great city, as I was sitting cheerfully beside a blazing fire, with a happy group of young smiling faces around me. The house was blest with many comforts, though the inmates were in humble circumstances.

Among that happy group there was one countenance above the rest which seemed to produce a lively animation in our small circle, and attracted the admiration of all present. The child's name was Emma. She had only that afternoon returned from a visit in the country, and her healthful appearance was peculiarly striking. More than once during the evening did I take her on my knee and talk to her about heaven and happiness. I remember saying at one time, "Emma, suppose God was to call you away to-night, in the midst of your mirth, would you be afraid to die?" A pause for about a moment followed, then she sweetly, and with a degree of holy assurance which I could not fail to remark, replied, "I should go and be with Jesus."

The evening passed away in the innocence of childhood's mirth. It grew late, and I bade adieu to my youthful friends.

Business compelled me to visit the inmates of the same house on the next evening. I calculated upon an hour's happy society and innocent sport with the dear children. On my road I thought of different ways in which I could amuse them. Arriving at the house, I was struck with astonishment in seeing the shutters up. "How can this be!" thought I. "Who can be dead? Perhaps a friend of Mr. and Mrs. H's."

It was with a tremulous heart indeed I entered that dwelling. The parents met me at the parlour-door, bathed in tears. I asked the cause of sorrow. No reply! Seeing the state of all present, I did not press the question; at length I heard the mother faintly sob, "My Emma!" I drew the conclusion. I leave my readers to do the same. Emma was dead!

Three hours after I had left the house, on the previous evening, she was taken ill, and at seven o'clock the following morning, in accordance with her words, "she had gone to be with Jesus!"

Scarce ten hours had elapsed from the time that that happy, healthful, blooming child had uttered these words than she saw them realized! What a realization! Young reader, this is a solemn lesson!

Emma was young, and so are you; *but she was not too young to die*; neither are you. If God should think fit to call you away in as short a time, and give you so short a notice—"are you *prepared* to die?" Die you must. Are you prepared? Let me remind you, God is prepared to meet you; are you to meet him? Dear child, I love you, and this is why I press the question. God loves you; this is what causes me still more to urge it. Are you prepared to meet God this night—this moment—should he summon you into his presence? Can you—young as you may be—lift up to heaven your youthful eyes, and calmly and confidently say; "The Lord be praised, my record is on high; Jesus hath redeemed my soul from hell; my prayer for mercy he has heard; I know in whom I have believed; His spotless righteousness is mine; I have the bright beams of his Holy Spirit upon my soul, giving me joy and peace. He is my Saviour, my Surety, my Friend; on him, and him alone, my hopes for heaven are fixed. I know that he loves me, and will love me to the end, and that I shall soon behold him face to face, in yonder realms of bliss and never-ending love!"

"I do not fear to die!" Is this your testimony? Happy, happy child! Happier ten thousand times than the monarch with a glittering crown, lined with the choicest velvet, who is destitute of such a record.

But should you not yet have learnt to bear such a testimony, oh! hasten at this commencement of a new year, to your closet, and there pour out the burthen of your soul to the Father of mercies, with the cry: "God be merciful to me a sinner. Create in me a new heart. Pardon my sins for my Saviour's sake, and make me a follower of Jesus."

Sabbath-Evening Recreations.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

I.

[The young reader must endeavour, by searching the Scriptures, to find out the meaning of the description. An answer will appear in our next.]

IT is early morning, and the sacred house of worship is filled with pure and balmy air, and lighted with the first beams of the rising sun. But all is dark to the aged man, whom we see still reclining on his couch, for his eyes are closed in blindness. There is a holy and patient expression in his gentle face, but it is also very sad, and his grey head seems bowed in sorrow.

Beside him stands a lovely child, clothed in a priestly garment.

His countenance beams with intelligence and truth, and he looks upon the aged man with a softened expression, full of mingled reverence, love, and pity.

II.

It is night. The valley on which we look is the encampment of an immense army.

The sleeping soldiery, and camels lying quietly at rest, seem countless in number, and are spread far and wide over the field.

A little company of three hundred men, headed by a noble young chief, are descending the mountains, and approaching this silent but terrible array.

They are unarmed, but every man carries in one hand a trumpet, while in the other may be distinguished a glimmering light.

III.

A ship rides at anchor in the port of an Eastern city, whose walls and towers overlook and are mirrored in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Not far from the city and near the waterside, a little company are assembled. It is a touching scene. Men, women, and little children are kneeling together upon the seashore, and with the sound of the rushing waters is mingled the voice of earnest prayer.

Some appear full of sadness; but the speaking countenance of one, who is the principal figure, seems inspired with noble and holy resolution.

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Through that day I was the boy's sole companion, save when a scanty supply of bread and water was conveyed to him by an elder sister. At first, he spurned me from him savagely, and uttered words of defiance at once against me and his father's threatenings. But obstinacy at length gave way to fear of further suffering. He took me in his hand; and hour after hour he sat, blistering my pages with his tears—not tears of penitence for his sin; *these* falling gently on me like heavenly dew, how grateful and pleasant such tears to my spirit, let those bright and happy intelligences say, in whose presence there is joy over one sinner that repents! But the tears which fell on me then were the hot tears of baffled rage which boiled in the heart of that boy at the remembrance of his punishment, and against me, as the unconscious instrument of his farther disgrace.

Thus inauspiciously was my acquaintance with one who was thereafter to be another of my owners commenced; and much I fear me, that never afterwards did that unhappy youth turn to the page in which I speak of Him of whom I am at once the word and the witness, as being exalted "to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins," but he remembered also, with dark and brooding thoughts, the scene which I have described; and that thence was strengthened in his soul that fixed and awful rebellion against God, and that hatred of instruction which marked his downward progress, and which—unless saved from self and sin by the mighty hand of Divine mercy—must ere long issue, if it have not already issued, in eternal loss and misery.

Reader, shame would befall me if I were an apologist for that boy's sin. He had uttered a falsehood; nay, more; the gesture which had caused the offending laugh of infancy was one of disrespect towards an earthly parent. And sore are the curses which are pronounced by me on the lying tongue, and the eye that mocketh at a father or a mother. But the same voice which, amidst the thunders of Sinai, commanded honour and obedience to earthly parents, annexes to this command, in the milder accents of the gospel—"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged;" and happy those parents who, dealing with their children as their heavenly Father has dealt with them, love while they chasten, and pity while they condemn.

And this was my first experience of a Sunday at home in that household! Others followed; but with little to inspire hope that the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace were followed and trodden there. Painful and adverse was it to my spirit to witness all this, and to perceive that though the letter of my law was held in professed respect by my owner, the spirit of life and love which animates my pages was nowhere to be traced in his dealings with those whom God had committed to his charge. It is a precious thing to store the memory of the young with the word of God; but grievous was it to me to be made the involuntary instrument of torture to the minds of the children of my owner; for again and again I was retaken from the shelf I occupied, and put into the hand of one and another as a task-book, from which, under pain of bodily suffering, they were compelled, in punishment for trivial offences, to commit to memory long chapters, taken especially from those parts of my [illegible] and teachings which tell of the righteous indignation of the Ruler of the world against sin and sinners; while no loving efforts were made by the severe parent to lead the minds of his children to a contemplation of his character as the kind and gentle "Shepherd of Israel," who "gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom," or as the compassionate Father, who delighteth in mercy, and who pities those that fear him.

What wonder was it, then, if I too often found myself looked upon with dislike and dread?

From this state of slavery I was at length delivered by being put into the sole possession of the boy whose first acquaintance I had made under the unpromising circumstances I have narrated. No kind encouraging words accompanied the gift; and, I fear, no secret prayer ascended to God from the father's heart, when he placed me in the careless hand of his son, and said:—

"Here, James, it is time you had a Bible of your own; take this, and write your name in it; and let me see that you take more care of it than of your other books. If I find it dirtied and torn like them, you will repent it."

And the boy took me into his chamber.

"He promised me a new Bible," he said, sullenly, when he was alone; "and he has given me nothing but an old one:" and he tossed me contemptuously upon his couch.

Parents! is it not written, "Provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Life's Closing Scene.

THE MARTYRS OF THE ROCK.

WHERE is the scene of beauty—with ocean and shore, field and mountain, rock and river, constituting one grand combination—surpassing that which greets the eye of the voyager as he

moves up the estuary of the Frith of Forth? We can well remember the first effect which that scene produced upon our minds, when, railroads being then unknown, we made in a voyage by sea our first acquaintance with the northern capital. We still recall the impression of the rocky shores with the waves of the German Ocean chafing at their base; the solitary grandeur, the almost awfulness, of Fast Castle, and the dreary mass of ruin called Tantallon. With equal distinctness we recall the peculiar appearance of the Bass rock, forming an object of curiosity for many miles, and seeming at a distance like a gigantic cushion, whence its name. At that time we were very imperfectly acquainted with the remarkable history belonging to it. We have since seen it under many aspects; when its white cliffs were bright in the sunshine, and when they gathered blackness from the rising storm. We have seen it from the shore as it rises in singular and solitary sublimity from the bosom of the ocean, and have passed near it when angry waves have lashed its base, and the wild birds have screamed around its summit. We know of no earthly object which more vividly recalls the imperishable, or which more forcibly suggests ideas similar to those which prompted the appellation of "the Rock of Ages," a reality unchanged amidst the fluctuations which seem to threaten its destruction. But apart altogether from imaginative associations, this spot possesses an interest of actual history, in some respects more impressive. As long as religion shall retain any power, and the martyrdom suffered in its cause any impulse, so long will the Bass rock be an instructive memorial of endurance, piety, and faith.

In the days when licentiousness and irreligion endeavoured to lord it over the consciences of God's faithful servants, and to forfeit every pledge previously made—in the days of Charles II—the Bass rock was purchased by the earl of Lauderdale, as a state prison for religious recusants. Never was a sterner spot seized from nature for the injury of those who worshipped nature's God, and taught redemption through the blood of his Son. The upper part of this rocky island presents only a slope covered with brown grass, and naturally inhabited by those singular birds called "solan-geese;" but where the rock steps down to the sea, a small platform admitted the construction of a guard-house, only accessible under favourable circumstances, and constituting a very strong fortress, since it was only when the wind and waves were calm that a boat could be landed on the narrow and slippery esplanade below. The rain dripped upon this erection, from the sloping elevation above; the spray dashed against it from beneath, and it was peculiarly exposed to every cold and wintry blast. The physical inconveniences of the spot demanded strong constitutions and iron hearts. But what, excepting the sustaining power of the gospel, could have upheld those who, bereft of friends and spiritual privileges, spent their lives upon so desolate a spot, far from home and from the exercises of their public ministry, with the prospect of torture in the present, and death at the close. Yet such was the dreary condition of not a few servants of God during the persecuting reign of Charles II. Even the poor liberty of taking airings upon the summit was usually denied them or only granted as an act of special favour. When the weather forbad the landing of boats, they were often distressed for food; the soldiers who guarded the prisoners were usually most insolent; and every kind of indignity was heaped upon the sufferers by their cruel persecutors.

Amidst the many movements of a religious kind which marked the period of which we write, there were, doubtless, some on which, originating in very mistaken motives, we cannot look without severe reprehension. But the majority of the martyrs of the Bass were stained by no crime. There was Robert Gillespie, the famous field preacher, whose only offence was his proclamation of the gospel, and who was at first shut up in the prison in strict seclusion, though his sentence was afterwards so far relaxed as to allow him to walk upon the top of the island, and to see three friends each day, provided some person were always near to be a witness to the conference. There was Alexander Peden, a very eminent servant of God, who was confined in the prison for four years for a similar offence. "We are close shut up by our chambers," he says, in a letter dated from this spot, in 1677; "not permitted to converse, diet, worship together; but conducted out by two at once in the day, to breathe in the open air, envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom, and provoking and calling on us to bless God for the most common mercies; and again close shut up day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners." The attempt made by James Mitchell to take away the life of the persecutor, Sharp, cannot be justified upon Christian principles, and we, therefore, pass over his name as one of the incarcerated. But there was John Greig, who, for conscience sake, was at an advanced period of life confined in the Bass for a year, though he was set at liberty after that period, on the representation that "he was scorbutic and sickly, and his life in great danger."

In this prison also was James Fraser, accused of corresponding with those whose fellow-prisoners he afterwards became, though the punish-

ment was really inflicted on him for being a minister of Christ's gospel. Robert Traill, a theologian of eminence; Alexander Shields, once an amanuensis of Dr. Owen, together with several others, whose high offence was that they loved God's truth, and loved themselves but little in comparison with it. On this barren rock they wasted part of their lives in inaction, not in inglorious inaction, however; for their noble fortitude was adding new evidences in confirmation of religion, elevating the character of the age in which they moved, and indenting gospel truth upon the minds of their posterity. How many of them, as their eyes roamed over the rich varieties of the scene before them, as the sun glittered on the crested waves at their feet, or as it set behind the rich purple of those distant mountains, "lifted up their voice and wept," not merely for their own sorrows, but because "the Lord's people were carried away captive!" But the rigours of their imprisonment were relieved by sweet gushes of Divine manifestation. The testimony of one of these captives is remarkable. "O dear friends," said John Dixon, who was confined here during six years, "if ye knew what floods of tenderness I have met with, what removing of the black clouds that separated between my precious Lord and me, what liberty in confession, what a shining light breaking in upon my heart, brighter than the sun at the noontide of the day, what smiles of his countenance, not veiled with frowns and vengeance, but intimating healing peace unto the conscience, what overflowing streams of joy, what swelling of hopes!" And another said: "I have here the experience of that saying, 'Such is the sweetness of heaven, that if the least drop of it were to fall into hell, it would absorb all its bitterness.'"

One of these prisoners, Thomas Ross, derived so much injury from the treatment to which he was subjected here and elsewhere, that he did not long survive his release. An ulcerated throat prevented him from speaking in his family, and was followed by a fever, of which he died. On his death-bed his testimony was clear and unmistakable. "You will assuredly find it work enough by itself to die," said he to his surrounding friends, "although you have nothing else to do, which few have: for ordinarily death has many other troubles trysted with it, as trouble of mind and sickness of body, and such like, and then Satan is busiest in assaulting people. But for myself," he added, "I bless God, who through his grace has enabled me so to spend my time as that now there is nothing to do, for all things are done through Christ my Lord; and now the only thing I am concerned with is to be carried to the end which he has promised who is my God; and therefore it is the duty of every one of you to give me up heartily to him, and to seek also that the Lord may hasten his coming, when he and I and all his people shall meet and never part again."

This sentiment has been often repeated by dying Christians, but it is one of such force as to deserve to be most strongly impressed on the minds of all whom it concerns. To leave religion to be thought of in a dying hour, what is it but folly the most egregious and fatal? As well might a warring nation put off all preparations for defence till the invading army were actually at its doors. As well might the holder of valuable property heap together wantonly all materials which might produce spontaneous combustion, trusting that if a conflagration should take place, there would be time enough for its extinction. Yes, this is the device by which "the god of this world," who could not deceive his votaries in matters of the present as he does in those of a future one, smoothes and sears the consciences of the unwary.

Speaking of the sorrows he endured, the dying man said, during a crisis of severe suffering: "O sirs, you may wonder that I am so sorely afflicted; but glory, glory to God, I take it not as a token of his displeasure, but rather as a token of love to my soul, and the greater the trouble is, the greater shall be the future joy." At another time he thus expressed the grounds of his confidence: "I am poor and needy, but glory to Him, he thinks upon me; he is pleading for me; I thirst for that inheritance he hath purchased, which is abiding me and all his. Glory, glory, glory and praise be to my God, and to my Lord, and to my King, for thou hast given me the shield of thy salvation, and still upholdest me by thy right hand, and thy gentleness hath made me great, and thou art to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "O how glorious will that sight be to me when I shall get Christ's bosom to be my dwelling place! O then my light shall not admit darkness any more, nor my morning a night." Some liquid being offered to him, he replied: "Ere long I shall be drinking of the water of the river of life—of that refreshing river which runs beneath the throne of God." As he drew nearer to his end he exclaimed, "I have overcome, I have overcome through Christ my Lord." His last words were, "My King Jesus is at hand now; my King Jesus is near at hand now." And thus he ceased to breathe, and passed from life to receive the martyr's palm and the victor's crown. Such are the facts which invest the desolate scenes of Scottish suffering with undying glories. How poor is the persecutor by the side of the persecuted!

Among the sufferers in this dreary imprisonment was also the Rev. John Blackadder, a

faithful servant of Christ and a very powerful preacher. His life had been a scene of hardships. Originally his ministry had been exercised at Troqueer in Galloway, where his laborious exertions had produced a remarkable effect on the morals of his whole parish. He had afterwards fallen under the persecution which then raged so hotly, and had been compelled to make a rapid escape from his home, leaving his family and children behind. The soldiers sought the manse, and one of the children relates what then took place. "So soon as the party entered the close," he says, "and came to the house, with cursing and swearing, we, that were the children, were frightened out of our little wits, and ran up-stairs, and I among them, who, when I heard them all roaring in the room below, I had the childish curiosity to get down upon my belly and peep through a hole in the floor above them, to see what monsters of creatures they were; and it seems they were monsters indeed for cruelty, for one of them, perceiving what I was doing, immediately drew his sword and thrust it up, with all his force, where I was peeping, so that the mark of the point was scarce an inch from the hole, though no thanks to the murdering ruffian, who designed to run it up through my eye. Immediately after we were forced to pack up, bag and baggage, and remove to Glencairn, ten miles from Troqueer."

From this time till his death, Blackadder knew not a moment of ease. He was driven from spot to spot, always in danger, yet never desisting from his beloved work. His family was dispersed in different directions for safety; his companions were robbed, imprisoned, or sent beyond the seas, and many of them were executed, amidst the clash of drums, that their dying sayings might not reach the ears of the spectators. At length Blackadder, whose last service before his apprehension had been held on the shore opposite to the Bass rock (where he had offered an affecting prayer for the poor prisoners), was seized, brought before the committee of the privy council, and sentenced, in advanced life, to the desolate Patmos in the Frith of Forth.

Imprisonment, unwholesome diet, bad water, and damp sea breezes, constituted a dreadful regimen for a man near to the age of seventy. Blackadder's prison is still shown. It is a disconsolate room, having three small windows, with iron stancheons, open to the west. This apartment was usually filled with smoke, so suffocating that the prisoners were often obliged to thrust their head and shoulders out of window to breathe at all. It is not wonderful that Blackadder is described as suffering severely from dysentery, rheumatism, and a complication of disorders. Amidst these sufferings news continued to arrive of the persecutions of his brethren and followers, and never was tragedy more full of horrors. Such news had little consolation in them for the dying saint.

After continuing for four years in prison, Blackadder's disorders grew imminently dangerous. A petition was presented on his behalf to the council, entreating that he might be allowed to visit Edinburgh, that there he might obtain medical relief, or die in peace. The reply was, that he might, if he pleased, change his prison-house for the tolbooth of Dunbar or Haddington for a short season, on condition that he attempted no escape, and held himself ready to return to the Bass by a given time, binding himself in a heavy penalty to fulfil the agreement. This was rather an insult than a relief, and Blackadder's reply was, "Having weighed and laid all together, I am constrained rather to choose to take God's venture in staying where I am, whether I live or die." He contented himself therefore with urging his friends to petition for his release, at least till his health should be improved, adding, however, with characteristic magnanimity, "I hope it will be needless that I repeat again and again to you that no order be extracted for me, but what you and my other friends see has no restraint on my ministry or the exercise thereof, for that is absolutely out of my power, being only entrusted to follow my Lord and Master's call and pleasure therein, although I be in little case, or like to be, to discharge any of the duties thereof."

Noble words these for a dying man of seventy.

At length the supplicated relief came, clogged with hard conditions; but it came too late. His spirit, which had been long communing with God, and seeing visions of heaven, was released by its Great Master before the intelligence of his release could reach him. He died in prison, and his body was borne to the churchyard of North Berwick, where it reposes under a tombstone which was repaired a few years ago, bearing an epitaph commemorative of his holy memory. Of these verses, the following are the concluding lines:—

> "Death broke his fetters off; then swift he flew
> From sin and sorrow; and by angels led,
> Entered the mansions of eternal joy:
> Bless'd soul, thy warfare's done; praise, love, enjoy.
> His dust here rests till Jesus come again;
> Even so, bless'd Jesus, come—come, Lord.—Amen."

When that Lord shall appear in his glory and his holy angels with him, how illustrious will be that band of heroes who through his blood have conquered themselves in his service! Reader, will you be among them?

ELLIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

"A COPY of this literary curiosity," says a writer in an American paper, "lies before me. It is in quarto form, rough and rusty with old age, and hallowed by old associations. The language in which it is written is dead—entirely dead; no living man can either read it or speak it. This Bible was printed in 1635. The quality of the paper is poor enough, and the type is uneven and unsightly; that of the title page seems in part to have been cut with pen-knife for the occasion. It is bound in sheep, with heavy 'ribs' upon the back. The 'illuminations' at the beginning are extremely rude; and the 'lines' are bent and broken. The difference between this Bible and the fine edition last issued by the American Bible Society, in a typographical point of view, appears almost as great as that between the rude wigwams which its readers inhabited and those elegant and commodious dwellings which now occupy the site of them.

"This copy before me contains the Old and New Testaments, together with the Psalms of David, rendered into Indian verse.

"The Old Testament contains six hundred and eighty pages, and is said to have been all written with a single pen! It has a very few marginal references, and the titles of the chapters are given in English. The language, which is Nipmuck, seems to abound in long, harsh, and guttural words; m and n occur as frequently as in Latin. The longest word which I can find in this Bible is in Mark i. 40: 'Wutteppesittukqussunnoowehtunkquoh,' and signifies 'Kneeling down to him.' Whenever the object whose name was to be translated was unknown to the Indians, Elliot uses the English word either alone, or with the Indian case or tense endings appended, so that such words as the following are constantly occurring: 'Chazlotash,' 'cherubimloh,' 'apostlesog,' 'silver,' 'gold,' 'temple,' 'wine,' 'carpentersoh,' 'masonoh,' and the like. In translating Judges v. 28—'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice'—he asked the Indians for the word 'lattice,' and found when his translation was completed, that he had written, 'and cried through the eel-pot,' that being the only object which the natives knew as corresponding with the object Mr. Elliot described to them. The Psalms are translated into that form of verse which is termed in our hymn-books 'common metre;' and nothing can be more clumsy and uncouth than the structure of the rhymes.

"The first edition of this Bible was published in 1663. The type was set by an Indian, and it was three years in going through the press. It is the first edition of the Bible ever published in America. It contains nearly all that is left of the literature of the aborigines of our land; and although the end and aim of the great and good translator in achieving his herculean task has not been attained, the work will ever be held sacred, as being the pioneer, as it were, of God's sacred volume in America; as being almost the only abiding record of a people of whose ample stock but one solitary living representative now remains; and of whom it will soon, in Logan's words, be said: 'There runs not a drop of my [their] blood in the veins of any living creature.'"

JOB'S EXPOSTULATION WITH HIS FRIENDS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Why come ye hither, with the tear
Of seeming pity, and the vest
Rent, as in sympathy sincere,
But each with cold unfeeling breast?
What have your withering words expressed
But keen suspicion, causeless hate?
Thus do you seek the mourner's rest?
Thus do ye soothe the desolate?

Heavy on me the hand of God
Hath fall'n. Alas! 'tis heaviest now.
I might, perchance, have kissed the rod
That laid my dearest, loveliest low,
Had ye, my friends, but shared my woe;
Had ye, amidst extremest ill,
Won the full tide of tears to flow,
By love, by truth unaltered still.

I weep not now—I cannot weep;
The source of tears itself is dry;
Darkness returns, but brings not sleep:
Morn rises but to agony.
One hope alone remains—to die;
But death is pitiless as ye;
His terrors frown before mine eye,
His arrows will not set me free!

I look for death, as men explore
The deep for pearls, the mine for gold:
Happiest are they who wake no more—
Whose race is run, whose tale is told.
Oh might his icy arms enfold
This wasted withered form, and shed
The balm of slumber, deep as cold,
On this parched brow and throbbing head!

With princes then my home would be;
With chiefs, whose name once startled earth;
The scorner's pomp I should not see;
I should not hear the abject's mirth;
I should not feel how nothing worth
Is all I loved, and still would love;
Nor thoughts would struggle into birth
That almost heaven itself reprove!

My children sleep in one dark grave;
I murmured not on that dread day;
The heart that bless'd the Lord who gave,
Bless'd too the Lord who took away!
My comeliness to foul decay
Was changed, yet still I murmured not:
With friends, true friends, to plead and pray,
I could not be of heaven forgot.

JOB AND HIS COMFORTERS

But ye, who should have soothed my pain,
Who should have shared my anguish'd prayer,
Ye too have spurned me, like a Cain,
Whose fitting doom was all despair.
Ye might have nerved my heart to bear;
Ye might have raised my hopes to heaven;
Ye might have shown a refuge there,
And peace ensured through guilt forgiven.

But ye have charged my soul with sin
It knows not—knew not—would not know.
Unlike the God who looks within,
Ye judge my errors by my woe.
But, though He strike a heavier blow,
Yea, crush this loathsome frame to dust,
Yet shall my parting words avow
That I am pure, though He is just.

Have I the widow's plaint contemned?
Have I despised the orphan's prayer?
Have I the righteous cause condemned,
Or sought the sordid bribe to share?
Have I in wealth forborne to spare
A portion for the sons of need,
Looked coldly on the stranger's care,
Or left the widow's heart to bleed?

Thou know'st, my God, and I commend
To Thee my cause, my truth, my name;
On earth I have no more a friend,
But Thou in heaven art still the same.
Speak then! let characters of flame
Bear witness through th' astonished sky;
And let thy thunders now proclaim
Thy servant's truth and purity.

THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR.

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

I.—THE COMMISSION.

"AWAKE, thou that sleepest!" Such is the summons which, since sin ruined it, its great Creator has been ever and anon pealing in the ears of this miserable and guilty world! Such was his cry to Eden when, having ceased to visit it in mercy, he came down to sit in judgment upon the first guilty pair. So he spake to the world before the deluge, whilst Noah was preaching and the ark was preparing. Thus he addressed Lot, and through him, the guilty cities of his vicinity, whilst the magazines of his anger were accumulating wrath for their destruction. In like manner he summoned the proud Pharaoh, whilst successive strokes were breaking the spirit of the monarch, and bidding the oppressed go free. Sinai and the discipline of the wilderness were intended, not only to teach lessons of God's mercy, but also of his severity, and to warn men from abusing it. And in this voice God spoke early in the world's history to Nineveh—that giant city, mentioned so often in the pages of the Bible and in other records of the world's history—that city, dead, buried, and almost forgotten, till the touch of Him who "maketh things which are not be as though they were" has made the dead spring back again to life, and poured confusion upon the head of scepticism by showing how "the stone can cry out from the wall, and the beam from the timber can answer it." Without setting aside one of the ordinary laws of nature, but acting in accordance with their strictest demands, God thus gives to man almost a new revelation; at least, communicates to his former truth an emphasis and energy hitherto unknown. Jonah seems thus to be now preaching to Nineveh; not, as heretofore, like "a voice crying in the desert"—but with a thickly populated world to witness the need of his message and the manner in which his denunciations were too surely fulfilled.

The birth-place of Jonah was in the district called Galilee, a quarter from which the Jews in later days had small expectations either of talent or of power. When, in the lifetime of our blessed Lord, the sanhedrim reproached Nicodemus for the favour he had shown to the despised Nazarene, they said: "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and see, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet!" This popular prejudice had been previously expressed by Nathaniel, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Whether the meaning of these passages is that, in the opinion of the Jews, no prophet of God could possibly arise from so unexpected a quarter; or whether it were only that in their opinion the *Messiah* could not appear thence, it may not be very easy, nor now very important, to determine. Certain, however, it is that Galilee had produced its prophet. Gath-hepher, a town in the tribe of Zebulon, was the birth-place of Jonah; and there is no part of the Scriptures more interesting for its simple and striking narrative than the book which records his call, his disobedience, his preaching, and his success.

Jonah was one of a series of prophets, and his predictions constitute the earliest simply prophetical book in the world. Prophecy had existed, indeed, from the earliest times. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, were prophets, or seers; that is, they were gifted to foretell the future. This power was inherent, it would appear, in the patriarchs, and after them in all whom God distinguished as the channels of his revealed will. With Moses, however, "the vision and the faculty divine" assumed a more definite form; and, after him, the prophets appeared in a resplendent galaxy, in the midst of which Jonah and his history are very conspicuous. Some debate has arisen as to the precise time at which this prophet lived. It was certainly not later than the days of Jeroboam II; though some place him at an earlier period. According to Jewish tradition, Jonah was the son of the widow of Zarephath, and was the child miraculously resuscitated by the prophet Elijah. If this be true, his birth would occur at about 900 B. C. He at least lived between 900 and 800 B. C., and was thus contemporary with Homer and Lycurgus, and preceded by some years the origin of the Roman empire, whilst he was nearly contemporaneous with the rise of Carthage. He would then prophesy about the time of Elisha.

At this period stood flourishing in all its glory the imperial city of Nineveh. The growth of that city had been the work of ages. Its beginning was traceable to the great-grandson of Noah, who bore the name of Nimrod (or rebel) for his wickedness. The seat of his empire had been originally Babel, after that the early inhabitants of the world, aiming to establish a universal monarchy, contrary to the purposes of heaven, had been confounded by a Divine interposition. From Babel, Nimrod had migrated into Asshur or Assyria,* changing his metropolis from the Euphrates to the Tigris, and had builded on the latter river the renowned city of Nineveh. (The metropolis reverted to its original position in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.) In the vicinity of that district (one name of which was Padan-aram), Abram had been born, and there he had lived till the Divine injunction had commanded him to depart from the idolatrous people around him. After that event, the progress of the new and godless city had been rapid. The

* The probable rendering of Gen. x. 11.

rich soil of Mesopotamia was remarkable for its prolific natural produce; the navigable river on which Nineveh was built was extremely favourable for purposes of commerce; the population of the young world was rapidly attracted towards it; and the Assyrian kingdom gradually absorbed into itself the smaller cities and countries of its vicinity, with the exception only of the Holy Land. But beyond the names of Ninus (was *he* Nimrod?) and Semiramis, which gleam with an uncertain splendour amidst the dark waste of centuries, little of ancient Assyria is known. This, however, is apparent, that though, for a time, overshadowed by the extensive growth of the Hebrew kingdom, which, during the reign of Solomon, approached its boundaries, it was preparing to become a dangerous and ultimately a successful rival, both to Judæa and to Egypt, which had performed to the Hebrews the part both of protector and tyrant.

Such was the condition of Nineveh when "the word of the Lord came to Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

Nineveh had, at this period, attained a size which was, in comparison with the cities of its time, enormous. It is true that its population could not compete with the metropolises of more modern date, and that its inhabitants were, from the intervention of paradises (as parks were then called) and arable land, much more widely distributed over the area enclosing it than is now usual. (St. Petersburg and the cities of the East most resemble its then condition.) Its population, judging from the data afforded by the Bible, appears to have approximated 600,000.*

We are not without some confirmations of the Scriptural account of the errand of Jonah beside those furnished by modern discovery. There stands, on the banks of the Tigris, and close to the modern town of Mosul, a mound of earth believed by the inhabitants to be the tomb of the prophet. Whether the notion be real or imaginary is not now momentous; probably it is the latter; it is enough that Jonah's name is associated with the spot by Mussulmen as well as Christians, and that thus the superstition of a false religion unites with the records of the true in maintaining the veracity of the Bible; at least, in demonstrating that the story of Jonah's errand is no modern fable. The engravings on the tombs of early Christians in the catacombs at Rome, mark also that the history of Jonah was in the first centuries regarded as something very different from a piece of mythology.

It may be easily imagined that a city possessing so large a population as, for its age, belonged to Nineveh, would be distinguished, at any period since man's fall, not more for its numbers than for its vices. Virtues often propagate virtues; but sins much more surely engender sins. The power of masses is ever more for evil than for good. Placed in their midst, the individual man ceases to be an object of inspection and observation. Wickedness is encouraged by example, or it can hide itself in the crowd. The society which furnishes morality in all varieties, positive and negative, supplies not only illustrations of right, but companionship for wrong, and continually presents inducements from which a more primitive state of society is comparatively exempt. To this may be added that the means and appliances of civilised life are often only a kind of railway on which vice may move with greater ease and additional velocity. Not so remarkably do great numbers contaminate and corrupt the physical atmosphere, and thus engender disorders peculiar to themselves, as does the combination of numbers, unless specially counteracted, deaden the sensibilities of conscience, awaken impatience of restraint, provoke the outbursts of evil, and extinguish in man the consciousness that he is under the eye of his Heavenly Master. What pictures have been painted by the sacred writers of Jerusalem, Ephesus, Corinth, and by profane writers of Babylon, Athens, Rome, Paris, London, not to mention a thousand places of lesser fame! How many names of great cities and towns which were once to the young and inexperienced suggestive of every combination of pleasure, have become in the issue, notes of woe. There—as the serpent writhes around its victim—they have been way-laid, circumvented, destroyed! The individual groan of mortal agony is drowned in the hum of the vast population, but it is not the less real: what saturnalia of drunkenness, of deceit, of debauchery, of fraud, of resistance to all laws, divine and human, are there! On those well-trodden causeways, how many find the road to disgrace, to misery, to despair, to hell! Well may the Christian tremble as he thinks of the moral pestilence which environs our large towns! And well may the God of souls "set a mark" on those who, going through the streets of such Jerusalems, "cry and sigh for the abominations which are done in the land!"

Such evils are not of mere modern date. They are among the evils appertaining to the cities mentioned in the earliest parts of the book of God. Without endeavouring to identify the individual crimes, we can remember *who* said in ancient times, "The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is very great, and their sin is very grievous;" and we can connect the sin with the appropriate

* See "Sunday at Home," p. 301, vol. ii.

punishment. How memorable is the passage: "And Abraham looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and towards all the land of the plain, and lo! the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace."

We shall not be wrong in conjecturing—indeed it is too obvious—that not only had Nineveh sins in common with all large masses, but that these were aggravated by some peculiar to itself. One gigantic evil was—*its idolatry*. Of this sin the Scriptures speak in no measured terms. In some respects it is the autocrat of all the sins to which human nature is most prone. Atheism ignores God; idolatry sets up another Deity in his place! A stock, a stone, to call this Divine—to treat this as infinite, omnipotent, immortal—this is religious insolence! To bow before the fish, the bird, the beetle, the serpent—this is infamy—infamy in its idiotcy—the denial of the primal truth of the universe! But idolatry goes much farther. The idol itself may be "nothing in the world," but the emotions which prompt the idolater are the quintessence of all evil. To sanction and promote, by the sacred name of worship, the concentration of every lawless passion—pride, revenge, cruelty, tyranny, deceit, lust—to bow before these, which are the eternal enemies of God's righteous and holy nature; this is the very madness of unbridled sin.

Yet such was the nature of Assyrian idolatry, as proved by every fragment of that ancient nation. It set up a religion more for the king than for the people; a religion of which he was the sole high priest and arbiter; which, whilst it gave the monarch power, prestige, authority, trampled the people down as the small dust beneath his feet, and represented the divinity as his perquisite, as existing specially for him. Monstrous injury to him who is "the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords!" It represented Deity under the abhorrent emblems of a hawk-like sagacity—in other words, of ferocity and carnage. Desperate lie against the Ever-loving One! It set up the worship of the heavenly host—the created in the place of the Creator. It bent before the germ of life, and abjured the author of life! It found in the sphynx, or whatever the winged animal might be called (the abuse of the cherubim), the emblem of power and presence; but it had no reverence for the Spiritual and Holy One. It prostrated itself before the deities of licentiousness, and we learn from Herodotus how abominable were the rites it practised at those shrines! From such a system, nothing but unmingled evil could spring. No wonder if the nation became impious, arrogant, imperious, licentious, and abominable. No wonder that Nebuchadnezzar's golden image and Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, that Belshazzar's feast and Belshazzar's overthrow, furnished afterwards episodes in its history! Is it wonderful that from such a country, whilst this idolatry was only imperfectly developed, Abraham was commanded to come out, or that God should one day "with an overwhelming flood make an utter end of the place thereof,"* for upon whom had not "its wickedness passed continually?"† We see the force of the latter question in every part of the Ninevitish remains; in its traits of savage ferocity; in its captives, tortured, flayed, decapitated, led about with lip-bridles for the amusement of the king and his court; in the processions of its idols; in its scenes of drunkenness and debauchery. Well might God say, "Its wickedness is come up before me!"

It was surely the most signal mercy to such a city which sent Jonah to prophesy in its midst. God's denunciations against sin are among the chief blessings of the world. What can more distinguish the faithful physician in a case of poison than to awaken the stupefied patient; to cry loudly and continually in his ears, and to urge him, by every remonstrance, not to sleep again. Such awakenings are described by an old author as the "*chevaux de frise*" which God in his mercy places around the pit of perdition. Ah! my fellow-sinner, how unpleasant soever such arousings may be, do not take it hard if, when the precipice is before thee, God so often cries out to thee to beware! You thank the alarmist in every case of fraud, of fire, of sudden and imminent exposure to destruction. Blessed be God! that his voice is so often startling. Rough it may sometimes be; but it is no less kind. Let those who have to blow the alarm, take heed that they do not spare the trumpet. Let them "deliver their souls" and "preach the preaching that God bids them!" And may they now hear "the watchman's voice," shake off instantly their drowsiness; let them arise at once, and fly from the deadly danger which threatens them! And among those to whom this admonition is most emphatic, are the inhabitants of our large towns. Ye sceptical, sensual, careless, profane, this voice is to *you*. Young man! "this matter belongeth unto *thee*."

SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

TULLOCH'S BURNETT PRIZE ESSAY.‡

In the year 1785, Mr. Burnett, a merchant of Aberdeen, who had exercised his Christian liberality, by his care of pauper lunatics, and the

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* Nah. i. 8. † Nah. iii. 19.

‡ Theism: The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator. By the Rev. John Tulloch, D.D. London: Blackwood, 1855

religious instruction of poor persons in prison, bequeathed considerable funds to be distributed at intervals of forty years for the two best essays on the Divine wisdom and goodness. To quote the words of the bequest, the essays were to include "the evidence that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind." At the first competition, forty years ago, and thirty years after the death of the testator, the highest premium was awarded to the late Principal Brown of Aberdeen, and the second to the Rev. John Bird Sumner, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. In the recent award, the first premium, of 1800*l.*, has been adjudged to the Rev. R. A. Thompson, M. A., and the second, of 600*l.*, to the writer whose volume we have now the pleasure to bring under the notice of our readers.

We must be allowed to congratulate ourselves and our readers, that the literature of our day is enriched by the generous benefaction, to which we owe the treatise in question, while we are admonished to improve it with the utmost diligence by the thought that, when the next award is made, the world will be just on the eve of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

Dr. Tulloch reminds us that, "in the history of thought, forty years is a wide period, during which great changes of opinion may be expected to occur, and that since the publication of the last essays on this subject the questions between the Christian Theist and the speculative Sceptic, if, as they must ever be, essentially the same, have yet assumed many changed aspects." The history of revealed truth presents to us a succession of adversaries, whose varied methods of attack have summoned into exercise the gifts and the graces of those by whom that truth was revered, and who, in every age, have proved its successful champions. Since the first award of Mr. Burnett's prizes, the intellectual standard among most classes has experienced considerable elevation; schemes of philosophy, which were then only in their germinant stage, have become fully developed and known by their fruits; the ruder forms of atheism have been abandoned, and the *venue* of the great controversy has been removed into higher places. Hence it has become necessary that new arguments should be constructed, and new books written, by men who have thoroughly investigated the reasonings of modern sceptics, and who know how they may be effectually silenced. It is superfluous on our part to say that this work has been well done by a writer who has outstripped some two hundred competitors, and whose honours have been awarded by three of the most experienced judges.

It is not our purpose to follow the reasonings of Dr. Tulloch in the first part of his essay, in which he discourses learnedly on the principles of inductive evidence, on the doctrine of causation and of final causes, and lays the foundation for the mass of illustrative evidence with which his argument is enriched. Our object is rather to transfer to our pages some of those materials with which we are furnished, for the purpose of adding to the store of proofs that there is an all-powerful, wise, and good Being, by whom everything exists.

We begin with the grand utterance of ancient piety, "The heavens declare the glory of God," which, as our author shows, has not lost anything of its meaning in the light of modern discovery; while, on the other hand, "the ever-expanding disclosures of the telescope only add to it a depth and grandeur of meaning hitherto inconceivable." The area of astronomical science is being continually enlarged, in consequence of the improvement attained in philosophical instruments, and the skill with which they are used. Our solar system is now known to be composed of eight planetary bodies, of first class magnitude, surrounding the sun at different distances, with a comparatively numerous group of smaller bodies circling between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Previous to 1845 there were reckoned only four of these lesser bodies; but on the 8th of December of that year, a fifth member of the group was discovered by Hencke, and since then yearly observation has been adding to the number, so that up to this date no fewer than thirty-two of these smaller bodies have been discovered, chiefly through the labours of Mr. Hind. In 1846, another planetary body was discovered, removed far beyond the orbit of Uranus, and circling round the sun in about double its year. Previous to this discovery of Neptune, our solar system extended over an area, the diameter of which was three thousand six hundred millions of miles. By the discovery of Leverrier and Adams this field is nearly doubled.

The vastness of the stellar universe has been of late years disclosed in a wonderful manner, by the researches made respecting those dim hazy patches of light known as the nebulæ. These masses have been resolved by Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope, which has shown countless suns in the misty light which a recent hypothesis regarded as only the *matériel* of future worlds. On this important subject, Dr. Tulloch says:—

"The great conclusion to which these nebu-

lous phenomena everywhere point is, that the starry firmament, of which our system is a part, is only a member of innumerable galaxies of firmaments that people the tracts of space. The millions of suns that shoot towards us their arrowy light from such immeasurable distances, and the millions of systems attached to them, are after all, as it were, an insignificant portion of the suns and systems that actually exist. Beyond the limit of our sidereal firmament, and with what spaces of desert and trackless gloom intervening we cannot, in the feeblest degree, imagine, there lie other firmaments, it may be far vaster and grander than our own. Looking out far beyond the milk-white girdle of our own galaxy, we are transported into regions where other galaxies lie all around, some of them of the most strange and marvellously impressive shapes. Unexhausted marvels thus crowd upon us as we penetrate into space; for, after all that the telescope has even now revealed, we know not what may now still lie beyond. When we remember that, in order to enable us to see anything by the telescope or otherwise, light must reach us from it, may there not be firmaments so immeasurably distant as to be beyond our utmost powers of vision? So distant are some of the ascertained nebulæ, that their light is not supposed to reach us in less than fifty or sixty thousand years. How true may it be, then, that there may be many starry shores in the sea of immensity, bright with a beauty of their own, no ray from which ever shines on us."

Now wherever the mind of the astronomer is able to travel in these newly discovered regions, he perceives order and adaptation, speaking to him of the presiding and ruling MIND. The old atheistic notion of chance has wholly disappeared before the discoveries of science; everywhere the theistic conclusion is impressed upon us. Laplace foolishly thought he had accounted for all these wonderful phenomena, by assigning gravity as their cause, forgetting that this law must have its author, and further losing sight of facts for which the law of gravity can furnish no adequate cause. On this subject a most important observation is made by Sir David Brewster, who says, that "when Laplace proposed his hypothesis, it was believed that not only the planets, but their satellites, all moved in the same direction, from west to east; but since that time all the satellites of Uranus have been found to move in an opposite direction; and Mr. Hind has very recently found that the satellite of Neptune always moves in the opposite direction; thus proving that the hypothesis is utterly incapable of explaining the celestial motions."

We must adduce another instance to prove how the constant superintendence of an Intelligent and Infinite Mind is essential to the order of the physical universe, as shown by modern astronomy. The attraction of the planets on each other and on the sun, is found to result in what may be regarded as a partial derangement, which, if some means of correction were not applied, would result in collision and destruction. "The eccentricity of the earth's orbit is diminishing, the moon is approaching nearer the earth, and its motion is in consequence becoming accelerated." When these facts were first discovered, they led to the fear that the universe would necessarily get out of order, and that irremediable ruin was allotted to our part of creation. It has, however, been discovered that "this partial derangement, extending over such lengthened periods, was yet only of limited operation—that after reaching a certain stage, reaction ensues—that the orbits do not continue to deviate in one direction, but that they deviate periodically, now in this and now in that direction—that the planetary perturbations are not indefinitely progressive, but oscillatory," so that "the planetary system will only oscillate about a mean state, and will never deviate from it except by a very small quantity." In reference to this sublime theme we may, therefore, safely adopt the language of our author, who says, "Here, as everywhere, we can only rest in an original self-subsisting Mind, in which the whole cosmical order lives, and from which it ever proceeds. This, the conclusion in which the great intellect of Newton rested, is that which the common reason universally demands, and in which alone it can find satisfaction evermore."

The present century has been distinguished by the diligent culture of geology as a science, which, as it has been advancing towards maturity, has been distinguished for the abundant offerings it has carried into the temple of the Lord. This science displays order and design throughout the vast fields which it lays open to the observer. Its various strata, wherever found, are always in the same relative position. Wherever its formations have been thrown up to the day, by mighty subterranean forces, or pierced and bored by the power of man, the same orderly arrangement has been everywhere disclosed; its strong leaves are all written by the same hand, and have their place in those ancient records of the creation to which they belong. Many philosophers and divines have not been able to read aright those dislocations and derangements of the earth's crust which have been produced by upheaving forces; but Dr. Tulloch shows that, but for these disruptive movements, "our earth would not have presented any of its characteristic and beautiful

variety of hill and valley, of glen and stream. Its surface would have been a mere uniform level, without life or picturesqueness; its rivers mere sluggish canals; its whole aspect destitute of that interchangeable sweetness and grandeur, softness, loveliness, and rugged magnificence, which now make it so glorious a mirror of power, and wisdom, and goodness. To the same cause obviously does it owe its peculiar fitness as the abode of human life. For otherwise the metals, without some knowledge of which man has never been able to rise above barbarism, would have been for ever concealed in their native crypts. Coal would have been sunk at an impenetrable depth, which no eye could have seen, and no skill could have reached. And where again would have been our oceans, with no vast hollows to repose in? The mighty agencies which have been concerned in the present structure of the globe, wild and convulsive as they may have been, have been directed by the most far-reaching foresight to purposes of human improvement and happiness. They were only the tools in the Divine hand for the construction of man's abode. Far from being, in any sense, interferences with the terrene architecture, they were the very means by which it has been built up into the special order, at once most beautiful and most appropriate for Him."

The laws which are shown in the composition of the material elements, and in the constitution of their forms in crystals, are wonderfully illustrative of order and design. "Stones and minerals we are familiarly apt to regard as not possessing any definite shape and structure; yet there are few things so exactly defined as simple minerals; and this not only in their external figure, but peculiarly in their interior and most hidden structure. It has been well described to be a 'peculiar and most admirable work of nature's geometry;' and so minutely and elaborately has nature wrought her geometrical patterns, that they are found to reappear after the most minute subdivision." "The geometric stamp is impressed on the minutest particle. The die is inwrought beyond the furthest process of cleavage, or mere mechanical division. Shiver the crystalline mass as we may, the figure still lives. Where form is so deeply and curiously impressed, we must surely recognise a Former. Nature's 'admirable geometry' irresistibly points to nature's great Geometer."

Chemistry shows us that all the great products of nature are compounded of a comparatively few elementary ingredients, and that these ingredients everywhere combine only in certain definite and unvarying proportions. "When the same elements unite, as they often do, to form different bodies, such combinations are always related in multiples. Thus, in the different compounds of nitrogen with oxygen, we find that with the same proportion of the former the latter unites only in the successive ratios of 8, 16, 24, 32, and 40." The order which is discoverable in such chemical combinations is not only illustrative of infinite wisdom; it displays also infinite goodness, as is beautifully shown by our author. "By merely multiplying the proportions of one of the ingredients, the most diverse substances are produced from the same elements. . . . In the combinations of oxygen with nitrogen, the several compounds are well known to possess the most different qualities—a definite increase of one of the ingredients making all the difference between a virulent noxious poison and the breath of man's life. What an unerring providence and skill does this evince in the original arrangement of nature's elementary products! What power save an almighty one, could, from the mere varying composition of the same few elements, produce all this wonderful diversity of result? What intelligence save an infinite one, could order and preserve, with such a nice adjustment, these infinitely multiplied combinations so as not to interfere with animal life and happiness? What striking and beautiful alliances thus pervade nature! Things apparently the most opposite are yet radically akin. The pleasant nutriment and the noxious poison are of the same parentage: the mere lump of charcoal and the glittering diamond are the same substance. Matter is truly kindred in all its forms; nature, a vast brotherhood, confessing the same Maker and the same Preserver."

We have already noticed the prevalence of a numerical law in the combination of the chemical elements of matter; we have now to notice the prevalence of similar laws in the relation of the different organs of a plant to each other. It is found that if a flower has five parts in the calyx, it has usually five of the corolla alternating with them; 5, 10, 20, etc. stamens, and 5, or some multiple of 5, in the parts of the pistil. The numerical basis of 3 and 5 are the most generally prevailing in the vegetable kingdom, although the numbers 2 and 4, with their multiples, are also found. "It is worthy of notice that flowers exhibiting 5 or 4, or multiples of these numbers, in their whorls, usually belong to plants having two seed-lobes or cotyledons, and which, when they form permanent woody stems, exhibit no distinct zones or circles, and have no separable bark. The numbers 2 or 4, or multiples of them, are seen also in the parts of fructification of flowerless plants which have no seed lobes, such as ferns, mosses, sea-weeds, etc." Who can notice these

exact numerical relations, without perceiving in them ample proofs of a superintending and infinite Mind?

Among the most remarkable phenomena in the animal functions are those relating to muscular action. "Could we see within, and trace the unceasing play of muscular adjustment under any of our most common movements, nothing could be more wonderful than the spectacle exhibited. The movement of the eye in vision, of the ear in hearing, of the tongue and larynx in speaking, all depend on relations of the nicest and most complicated description, whose operation, unceasing as it is, is at the same time unwearying. How wonderful the muscular endurance of the heart alone, which contracts with a force equal to sixty pounds, eighty times every minute, for eighty years together, without being tired." "When the hand performs any common task—executes a piece of music, for example, or simply writes—how numerous the muscles brought into play, and yet how happily measured, definite, and wholly uninterfering the mutual action!"

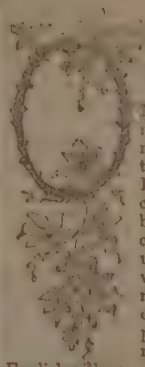
The following passage will remind the intelligent reader of the most remarkable invention of our day, the electric telegraph, and will show that man in this wonderful work is unconsciously imitating a Divine arrangement. "Sensation and motion are dependent on different sets of nervous filaments. The sensiferous filaments, stretching all along the surface of the body, are constantly receiving impulses which they transmit along the line to the different centres of nervous action, whence again proceed the other or motor set of filaments running to all the different parts of the body. These together form an apparatus which has often been represented by the analogy of a voltaic battery. The impression communicated at the sensitive surface passes along the line of the afferent nerve to the central station, where it is not expended or thrown away, but, in virtue of its nature, acts upon the vascular structure of the ganglions, developing a motive force which issues along the efferent nerve to the parts originally affected."

In short, penetrate wherever we may, we find traces of Almighty wisdom, goodness, and power. And He who has made all, invites us to become his friends, and condescends to send messages of reconciliation to us in the gospel of his Son! How infatuated is that folly which rejects so gracious an offer, or defies a power whose displays are so vast and overpowering.

[To be continued.]

Of all fears they are the best that are made by the blood of Christ, and of all joy that is the sweetest which is mixed with mourning over Christ. Oh! it is a goodly thing to be upon our knees, with Christ in our arms, before God.—*Bunyan.*

Pages for the Young.



THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S BOY.

A STORY FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOYS AND THEIR TEACHERS.

If you [illegible] a pretty river, just broad enough for barges to navigate it, you may see, as you pass in the train, one of the nicest villages in England. The rural districts of our country, at one time benighted and barbarous, have undergone a delightful change; and now the sabbath, which used to be spent in rude folly or gross wickedness, has become really a peaceful rest. If you want to pass a sweet, calm day in the worship of God, there is no place in the world where you may have more of holy enjoyment than in an English village. The repose of nature, the stillness that rests upon everything around, the refreshing fragrance of the air, and the happy, orderly look of the worshippers as they [illegible] across fields, over stiles, out of gardens, or by the pathway edging upon the soft-flowing stream—all combine to produce a cheerful, grateful, hopeful state of feeling, which helps you to give your welcome to the sacred day, and aids your spirit in preparation for holy worship.

Oh! it must be lovely in angelic eyes, when they look down upon one of the beautiful spots in which some of our hamlets rest, and there see the inner world harmonious with the outer, minds and hearts reflecting the happy [illegible] than the music of nature, to praise the God of providence and grace!

The village which we have alluded to, is known by its picturesque entrance. The first object that greets you is a nursery-ground, filled with rose-trees. Many of these are planted on embankments on both sides of the road, which gradually slope down to the road itself. When these are all in blossom, the sight is most charming. They are of all varieties, from the deep ruby colour to the fair, full-blown blonde. The astonishing number of them, and the delicious perfume they send forth, make you fancy that you are coming into Bunyan's Enchanted Grounds.

This is your introduction to the place. But, for some eyes, there is an object still more interesting a little further on. You descend a gentle undulation, with here and there a snug respectable dwelling, standing a little back from the road, and about half-way up the next incline you see a Christian sanctuary, shaded by a few tall trees, and rendered the more attractive by a well-kept grass-plot, extending on all sides except one, and the neatest white palings, perhaps, you ever saw.

Hither on the Sunday morning may be seen crowds of light-hearted children, hastening to their places in the Sunday-school, and if, at the time to which this paper refers, you had traced them up the stair-cases, there you would have seen a long row of teachers in either gallery, with a goodly gathering of boys and girls respectively. After singing and prayer, all took their places for the instruction of the morning.

Amongst the rest you would have noticed a class taught by one who evidently was the senior of the whole. All seemed to regard him as a father among them; and you might have seen how he loved his boys from the pains he took to teach them. But there was one lad, in the midst of them, over whom he often grieved. He

tried all methods with him and failed to make any impression. He prayed and wept over him in secret, but apparently to no purpose.

At last, however, a slight improvement began to appear. The boy was more attentive, less stubborn, and really seemed a little brighter. This poor fellow was employed by a chimney-sweeper, and whatever good might have been hoped for from the Sunday-school, was effectually counteracted by the life he led in the week. In the very beginning of boyhood, he was already initiated into the vices attendant upon drunkenness; and if ever material was found with which a Sunday-school teacher might say nothing was to be done, it certainly was the mind of that orphan boy.

You may be sure his teacher was not long in noticing the dawn of promise there. It was like a feast to his heart when, one sabbath-day, he observed the boy's eyes fixed seriously upon him, and seeming to say: "*Ah, that's true; I feel that, teacher.*" And so it went on. Sunday after Sunday for a few weeks, the awakening in his soul evidently progressed, till one morning the school assembled, but the boy did not come. The afternoon arrived, the classes were grouped, and the day passed, but our teacher was disappointed. Of course he hastened, as all earnest teachers do when they miss their scholars, to seek the absentee. But though he was prompt, his search was vain. No more was heard of the chimney-sweep's boy for years afterwards. His disappearance was a perfect mystery to everybody, and no one could tell how or whither he had absconded, till he himself explained it all.

Several years after the occurrence just related, a friend who had often shown an interest in this poor lad, received a letter from the East Indies signed with his name, and giving the following interesting account of his life.

As soon as he began to see what wickedness he had committed, and what dreadful danger he was in because of the wrath of God against sin, he became so unhappy in the life he was leading, that he could continue it no longer. At the same time he was so hedged in by his companions, and so strongly tempted by habit, that he did not know how to break off from his evil ways; and he felt quite unable to bear the ridicule or persecution which might come on him if he changed his course.

In this state of mind he wandered away one morning during the absence of his master, without knowing where he was going. All that he had settled in his mind was that he could not bear to remain in that village between the two opposing forces which now contended for his soul. He could not endure the struggle. He must shake off one influence or the other. Nevertheless it was with sorrowful heart that he left that sabbath-school. There was a charm about it which had found its way even through the hardness of his heart. His mind was so full of thought about it that he scarcely noticed where he went. But one thing soon became evident to him, viz., that wherever he might go, he could never lose the remembrance of those solemn appeals which his teacher had addressed to him. Though far away from the reach of his voice, he seemed every moment to hear it coming after him, and repeating the great truths he had learnt on Sundays past.

In great distress of mind he enlisted as a soldier. We could have wished that he had chosen a gentler vocation. After passing a short time in barracks, he was ordered to accompany a regiment to the East Indies. Happily he carried with him a Bible, which he had received in the Sunday-school; and this became as manna in the desert to his soul. The station at which his regiment was quartered was very near a mission chapel, and here again the providence of God had gone before him to prepare his way. He also found out a few soldiers among his comrades who were pious men, with whom he often united in a social prayer-meeting; and no doubt it must soon have become apparent to them that the great change had taken place, and he had "passed from death unto life."

The above particulars formed the substance of a letter, followed by many more from time to time, indicating the progress of his soul in Christian experience, until one came, in which he announced the probability of his soon being ordered home. About fifteen years after the strange departure of the chimney-sweep, the writer of this little narrative had the pleasure of seeing him in that same sabbath-school. Around him I saw some of the old teachers, headed by his own former instructor and spiritual father, and many of the old scholars, now grown into teachers and parents. In the midst of them he stood up, and delivered an address which, you may be sure, melted many hearts.

Surely this narrative encourages all teachers to persevere in well-doing. It suggests also a word to the young. Listen to your teachers with docility, and God will guide you in his paths, without causing you to tread such thorny ways as this poor youth had to do.

Sabbath Evening Recreations.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

IV.

A woman of dignified and commanding presence is engaged in earnest conversation with a warrior who stands by her side, and whom she appears to be endeavouring to rouse to act with courage and decision.

The scene of their interview is curious. It is a green and leafy tent, joined by the spreading branches and abundant foliage of a large and magnificent tree, which is evidently of great age.

Beneath it they are shaded from the scorching rays of the eastern sun, and enjoy a cool and delightful retreat.

V.

It is a forest scene, close to a rapid river, which is beautifully over-arched by the boughs of shady trees, growing on either side close to its banks.

A number of young men are busily engaged, cutting down trees and branches, and appear to work right willingly. Sitting near them beneath the leafy shade, and watching them with interest, is a gentle and venerable man, one to be respected and beloved.

One of the youths, who seems filled with dismay, has turned towards him, and is addressing him with an animated and expressive gesture.

VI.

A congregation are assembled in the open air, near the banks of a full and beautiful river. They are of all classes, among them being a number of Roman soldiers, and all are listening with anxious interest to the words of a preacher, who addresses them fearlessly and with great power.

He is a strange but noble-looking man, his dress that of an Eastern prophet, consisting of a hairy garment, fastened by a band of leather. While speaking, he points now to the lofty hills in the distance, now to the rocks at his feet, and again to the fruit trees around him, making all to speak lessons of wisdom and truth.

KEY TO THE MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

1. Samuel and Eli. 1 Samuel iii. 15–18.
2. Gideon and his company. Judges vii.
3. Paul and the disciples at Tyre. Acts xxi. 5

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. III.

My new possessor was about twelve years of age, and, with the exception of a brother, a year or two younger, who occupied the same chamber by night, I rarely came in contact with any other of the family into which I had been introduced. Here, then, I had some opportunity for observation, and ample time for reflection. Give me leave, reader, to speak that I know and testify that I have seen.

Let me say, before I proceed with my history, that my personal appearance had begun to assume that of a veteran in my Great Master's service. The bright purple and gold which had ornamented my binding, had become faded and dim; my silver clasp, as the readers of my former histories will remember, had been forcibly torn from me; and my pages bore, more or less, marks of much earnest investigation. As yet, however, my material substance was undiminished, and my earthly constitution was unimpaired. I need hardly say that the spirit of life and truth which I contain was, as it still is, vigorous as before; for, dear reader, that spirit abideth for ever.

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I must add that the parental warning given to my young owner, to take care of me, was so far unnecessary that there was no fear of my becoming further worn or soiled by *his* frequent usage, whether good or bad. After being placed on a shelf in his chamber, there I was compelled to remain inactive for many months, —unsought, unconsulted, and even untouched, unless when, at intervals, the dust which from time to time gathered upon me was hastily removed; or when, at other times, I was made the instrument of punishment by hard tasking of the memory.

I had soon reason to know that the enforced but partial and imperfect knowledge of my teachings, which my young owner and his younger brother had painfully acquired, was ineffectual in restraining them from youthful sins, and in training them in the way in which they should go. No sooner was the door of their chamber closed upon them at night, than they showed themselves to each other, and to me, in their natural characters; and it grieves me to record how much of evil was nourished and cherished in their young hearts, so as to convince me, without further proof, that they bade fair to rank among those who, deliberately despising the instruction of both Divine and human wisdom, are declared by my Great Master himself to be "fools," and void of understanding, and whose end is foreshadowed in their downward course.

And it could but be manifest to me how great was the dissimulation these two children, though yet of tender age, daily and hourly practised when under the eye of their parents; for though scarcely a day passed in which they did not incur reproof and often punishment, yet were they timid in their disobedience and watchful to avoid blame. But when by themselves in their chamber, the mask was thrown off, and they appeared to vie with each other which should be more daring in boastings of evil, and in expressions of contempt for those for whom the voice both of Divine revelation and nature demands reverence and love.

And I could but perceive, in the numerous conversations I overheard, how quick were these unhappy children to mark and mock at the inconsistencies which they too frequently, alas! witnessed between the conduct of their parent in the family and in the world, and the directions of that infallible guide which he professed to follow. Marvel not, reader, that the seeds of human corruption in the hearts of these boys had already sprung up into vigorous bearing. In my inspired records you will find some histories of a similar kind, in which he who reads and ponders may understand that the glaring inconsistencies of parents professing godliness have wrought sad results in the early degeneracy and depravity of their children. God help you, Christian parent, to order your conversation and example aright, as becometh the gospel, so that you may be able to say: "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward!"

Let me very confidently affirm also that the enforced acquaintance which these young brothers had contracted with me, when, instead of being drawn to my instructions with "bands of love," they were driven by severity to receive my words into their memory, until the sight of me was associated with harsh threatening, weariness of mind, confinement, privation, and painful scourgings—I say that this enforced acquaintance wrought in them such aversion to me and my teachings, and my great and high commission, that little hope could be entertained that my words would be hid by them in their hearts, so that they might not sin against God; or that they would take heed to their way, according to my directions; or that I should be chosen by them, as a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path.

And, as one having authority, do I also say that the severity with which punishment was inflicted on these boys on all occasions of detected misconduct—by which acts of youthful indiscretion (childish error, pardonable because unintentional) and deliberate sin, were visited by the same kind and degree of chastisement, without discrimination, and without an effort to inform and soften the mind of the culprit, and without an alleviating gleam of affection—all this had blunted the perceptions, while it encased the heart in stubbornness, until transgression was not felt to be transgression, nor sin to be sin, until discovered.

God help you, parent, to imitate himself, who, as your heavenly parent, does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; and who chastens his children only for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness!

Seasons revolved once and again, and still was I condemned to perpetual silence; and still was it made manifest in my sight that my youthful possessor's heart was straying farther and farther from purity and happiness. No whispered prayer on bended knee had ever been uttered by him in his chamber; and no advances had he ever made to a better acquaintance with me. On the other hand, it was plain to be seen that in him were my words exemplified: "The transgression of the wicked saith . . . . . that there is no fear of God before his eyes; for he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his ini-

quity be found to be hateful. The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good. He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil."

At length, when boyhood was merging into youth, it became known to me that a change in his outward position was contemplated: he was preparing to leave his home.

"I am heartily glad of it, Fred," he said to his younger brother; "I have had enough of this vile place."

And then, in the words of short-sighted folly, he went on to boast of the enjoyments he would share, and the freedom from restraint which he was determined to secure when he was at his new home.

"I would not boast too soon, if I were you, James," said the brother, with a sneer; and so the conversation ended.

A few days later, I was once more on my travels: I should doubtless have been left behind if my owner had had his choice; but I was put into his box by the hand of his mother: and let me say that, though she had often, as I well knew, given place to wrath, and was cumbered with much anxiety and an undue eagerness for the good things of this present life, and lived, alas! in strife as though it were her natural element, yet did she shed many tears, perhaps of natural sorrow, perhaps of painful foreboding, or it may be of self-reproach and soul-remorse, while she was preparing for the departure of her first-born son into the world. A tear dropped on me as I passed from under her hand. It was a mother's tear. Would that it could have fallen on the soul of her obdurate boy, and melted it to penitence and love!

And so, the boy departed from his home, and I saw it no more. The journey was long; but at length it ceased; and once more I was restored to the light of day.

"Ah! I didn't want you," said James Greene, when he first saw me; "I have had enough of you for a while to come:" and having thus greeted me, he threw me aside with contempt.

The apartment in which I found myself was still a chamber, small and gloomy. Far below was a busy street, the sounds of which reached the room in a loud continued rumble. I was once more in a large and bustling city.

At night, when my owner retired to rest, he was accompanied by another youth, somewhat older than himself; he was evidently the joint-occupant of the room, and a fellow apprentice.

They had no sooner entered the chamber than my young owner seated himself on the side of the bed, and laughed. "Do you always have that sort of thing here?" he asked.

"What sort of thing?" his companion whose name I afterwards found was Norton, enquired.

"Why, prayers," said my owner.

"Mr. Keen always has family prayers," rejoined Albert Norton, with a look of surprise.

"I thought I should have done with that when I got away from home; but never mind. They allow us to go out in the evening, don't they?"

He was informed that some liberty was given to the apprentices in that respect.

"All right then," said young Greene, gaily. "Now just show me how the land lies, will you? What sort of a governor have we got?"

It was encouraging to find that the older youth did not respond to such enquiries as these, in the spirit in which they were put. On the contrary, he gently reproved his new companion for his levity and disrespect; and I further noted that he presently drew off from my owner, and sitting down to a small table, drew towards him a well-worn volume like unto myself; and, having passed some minutes in silent intercourse with it, he afterwards bended his knees in prayer.

My owner made no remark on what he saw; but carelessly putting me unopened upon the table, began to undress.

"Come, James," said young Norton, presently; "you are not so bad as you would like to make yourself out to be, I think. You have got a Bible, I see; and it has been pretty well used too. You need not give up using it now; and I hope you will not."

"If it had not been used more than I have used it," muttered my owner, "it would look brighter than it does now."

Very little more passed at this time, for the youths were soon slumbering; and in the morning when they arose, they had little time for conversation. It did not escape me, however, that while my young owner, in his accustomed manner, carelessly put on his garments and left the room without a thought of Him who had preserved him through the night-watches, his companion reverently opened his Bible, and passed a few moments in silent communion with his Maker and Preserver.

Many weeks passed away, leaving me little to record, save that my owner continued to treat me with his accustomed neglect, and was not at all times sparing in his sneers on Albert Norton for his decorous regard for *his* Bible and private devotion. Let me record one conversation on this subject which ensued.

"If you had had as much Bible before you left home as I had, you would not be so fond of it now, Norton," said James Greene, throwing himself on the bed, and looking derisively at Albert's open Bible.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, James," replied the other: "I do not know how much you had; but I have always been used to reading my Bible since I learned to read at all; and I do not mean to leave it off, for all you can say against it."

"I suppose your father is one of the religious sort, then," continued my young owner, with a still broader sneer of derision.

"I have no father," said Albert Norton, sorrowfully sighing.

"Oh!" rejoined James, in a tone of indifference. "I don't know," he added, "that you are any the worse off for that. I know that I have wished over and over again that I had not got a father."

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Albert, indignantly, and with a look of fearful astonishment. "I don't think I ever before heard anything more shocking."

"Ah! you may be shocked if you like; I cannot help that; but if your father was anything like mine, I know that you would not be sorry to be rid of him."

"My father was very kind," said young Norton, after my owner had very bitterly spoken of his father's severity; "and I used to like to sit by him, reading the Bible to him, when he was too ill to read it himself: and when he died, three years ago, and I had to leave home, I promised my mother that I would never leave off the practice which he taught me of reading my Bible, and praying, morning and night; and I won't leave it off."

"Didn't they make you learn lots out of it?" asked my young owner, indolently; "to say by heart, I mean."

"I was never *made* to commit any part of the Bible to memory," said the fatherless youth; "though I have often done it of my own accord, and found it a pleasure so to do."

"I was," rejoined Greene; "and preciously I caught it, if I said a word wrong; and I tell you, Norton, I hate the book: yes," he repeated passionately, "I hate it, if it were for nothing else besides that."

"But only consider," remonstrated Albert; "it was not the Bible's fault, at any rate, if it did bring you punishment."

"I don't care whose fault it was," said my owner; "I tell you I hate the very look of it; and it it wasn't that I should have to go home again if I didn't stop here, I would not have agreed to be apprenticed to Mr. Keen, if it was only because he reads the Bible and has family prayer every day, for I hate that too. But, after all, this place is better than home, and so I mean to put up with it."

I will not repeat more of what my unhappy owner said that night; but sad it was to see how fiercely his proud spirit burned at the remembrances of past punishments, and h determinedly he had resolved to spurn counsels and restraints.

On the other hand, it was pleasant to obse the contrast which, in almost every respect, v shown in the disposition of his companion, w had determined to keep his father's comman ments, and not to forsake the law of his moth and it is to such that my words are address "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; wh thou sleepest, it shall keep thee, and when th awakest, it shall be with thee. For the co mandment is a lamp; and the law is light; a reproofs of instruction are the way of lif And much reason was there to foresee th while the lamp of such an one as my unhap owner, would eventually be "put out in d secure darkness," that of his fellow apprent would burn brighter and brighter "unto t perfect day."

MISSIONARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

"With an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the p thereof."—*Nahum* i. 8.

THESE words, in which the prophet so forcib describes the ruin and desolation which sin w entail upon its victims when the displeasure God is poured out on the finally impenite receive a striking illustration in the followi narrative abridged from a recent missiona publication.*

"Crossing a high mountain pass, some missio aries had transferred their route from the ban of the Indus to the Shayok or Khúndan riv which, rising in the Karakoram mountains the south-eastward of the Karakoram pass, imitation of the Indus pursues at first a cour the reverse of that which it eventually assum Its earlier direction is south-easterly and sout westerly for about 170 miles, when, turni suddenly to the north-west, it pursues th course for some 230 miles, until it joins t Indus at Keris, receiving on its way the cont butions of various rivers, amongst others, t Nubra, a considerable stream from the nor It is in connection with this river, in its upp course rushing turbulently down a narrow gl that those inundations of the Indus have curred, which, from time to time, have wrou such fearful devastations. In June, 1841, wit fearful crash a barrier gave way; a mighty flo of six months' accumulation rushed down, be ing all before it; and wherever the reced ranges had permitted a little plain or valley expand itself, there on the homes of man shock of desolation fell. At the height

* The Church Missionary Intelligencer, October, 18

twenty feet above the stream, and upwards of half a mile from the channel of the river, might be traced, in 1847, the straws and twigs which it had left behind, 'massed together in lines two or three feet broad.' Two days after the disruption the flood passed Torbela, a distance of 550 miles. Major Abbott has thus pourtrayed from the lips of an eye-witness the awfulness of the scene which there presented itself:—

"'At about two P.M. a murmuring sound was heard from the north-east among the mountains, which increased until it attracted universal attention, and we began to exclaim, What is this murmur? Is it the sound of cannon in the distance? Is Gandgarh bellowing? Is it thunder? Suddenly some one cried out, 'The river's come!' and I looked, and perceived that all the dry channels were already filled, and that the river was racing down furiously in an absolute wall of mud, for it had not at all the colour or appearance of water. They who saw it in time easily escaped. They who did not were inevitably lost. It was a horrible mass of foul water, carcases of soldiers, peasants, war-steeds, camels, tents, mules, asses, trees, and household furniture—in short, every item of existence, jumbled together in one flood of ruin; for Raja Gulâb Sing's army was encamped in the bed of the Indus at Kulai, three kos above Torbela, in check of Painda Khan. Part of the force was at that moment in hot pursuit, or the ruin would have been wider. The rest ran, some to large trees, which were all soon uprooted and borne away; others to rocks, which were speedily buried beneath the waters: only they escaped who took at once to the mountain side. About 500 of these troops were at once swept to destruction. The mischief was immense. Hundreds of acres of arable land were licked up, and carried away by the waters. The whole of the sisu-trees which adorned the river's banks, the famous bargat-tree of many stems, time out of mind the chosen bivouac of travellers, were lost in an instant.'*

"'Throughout the mountain course of the Indus, the devastation caused by this terrible flood in the lowlands along the bank of the river was complete: all the cultivated lands were swept away, and not even a single tree was left standing to mark the spot where careful tillage and laborious irrigation had for hundreds of years wrung luxuriant crops from the thirsty soil. The fields, the houses, and the trees, were all overwhelmed in one common ruin; while man, and the animals he has domesticated—horses and oxen, sheep and goats—generally managed to escape.'†

"'It will take,' adds Major Abbott, 'hundreds, if not thousands of years, to enable time to repair with its healing hand the mischief of that terrible hour. The revenue of Torbela has, in consequence, dwindled from 20,000 to 5000 rupees. Chach has been sown with barren sand. The timber, for which the Indus has been celebrated from the days of Alexander until this disaster, is now so utterly gone, that I vainly strove throughout Huzara to procure a sisu-tree for the repair of the field-artillery carriages. To make some poor amends, the river sprinkled gold dust over the barren soil, so that the washings, for several successive years, were farmed at four times their ordinary rent.'

"Such a catastrophe is often employed to shadow forth the judgments of Jehovah on a guilty world. The language of Nahum is thus highly figurative: 'The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him. But with an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies.' Those judgments, have they not been long accumulating? The forbearance of God alone interposes—a barrier which may give way at any moment. Meanwhile the world, unconscious of danger, pursues its wonted course of forgetfulness. 'The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.' And then who shall be safe, except such as have fled to the alone refuge—to Him who says, 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.'"

* Journal of Asiat. Soc. Bengal, xvii. p. 231.

† Cunningham, p. 107.

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

II. THE DESERTER.

It might have been imagined that such an errand as that on which Jonah was sent would have been regarded by him as no common honour. It is seldom, however, that fallen man's spiritual perceptions are quick enough to discern such embassies in their true relations. Man is much more prone to think of the trouble he takes for God, than of the trouble God takes for him in employing him in his service; and Jonah was one of those incomplete messengers, who possess almost as many defects as excellences, and undo almost as much as they execute. Estimated by the light of his age, he was considerably in advance of the half idolatrous Jews by whom he was surrounded; but how

far inferior was he to Elisha, not to speak of Elisha's greater master, Elijah!

The enterprise upon which Jonah was sent was not, however, destitute of both difficulty and danger. The question would, doubtless, often occur to his mind, "How will this message be received in Nineveh itself"—a city between which and Judea there were few points in common? What disasters might possibly await him there? It seems that in addition to such questions, there was stirring in the mind of Jonah another feeling—a feeling, perhaps, of even greater force and impulse. Was not this the first message ever sent by God through Jews to Gentiles? Was not Jonah the first missionary to uncircumcised idolaters? It is not wonderful if a Jewish mind felt this errand therefore to be most humiliating. It was, to him, a taking of the Master's bread and throwing of it to dogs. What Jew (any more than the Gentile) was beyond the influence of "the world's dread laugh?" And what would more surely excite it than this novel intercourse? In all ages of the church, if fear has slain its thousands, false shame has destroyed its ten thousands.

But let us hear Jonah's own words. In the confession made by him at a later period, he says: "I knew thee that thou art a merciful God, therefore I fled before thee unto Tarshish." This acknowledgment appears anomalous; but was it not, in reality, the spirit of others at the time at which Jonah lived? It was not long before this that Elijah, under discouragement at the little success of his mission, had fled to Horeb, and was engaged in making "intercession to God," even "against Israel" itself, because they had so imperfectly aided him in his work of destroying the idolaters. And perhaps in the same spirit, carried, however, even farther, Jonah thought that summary vengeance, much more than merciful warning, was the treatment which the Ninevites deserved. Was it for him, a prophet of the Lord, to speak simply words of awakening when he might rather call down "fire from heaven to destroy them." Thoughts like these falling on an irritable nature produced a speedy effervescence. He takes refuge accordingly in flight.

"But Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord." The phrase "presence of the Lord" seems usually to mean God's manifested glory, as made known by the shechinah or other outward signs of his power. As Judea was in a peculiar sense his kingdom, the prophet seems to have supposed that if he escaped from that country he would be, if not beyond the range of God's spiritual cognizance, yet beyond the range of his own allegiance as a prophet of the Most High. Scarcely knowing, perhaps, whither he went, and only anxious to escape from his burdensome duty, he flies to Joppa one of the few sea-ports which the Holy Land possessed. Among the vessels which were gathered in that mercantile haven, he found one going to Tarshish. Its destination accorded with the prophet's purpose; accordingly he secured a passage in it and embarked.

Where was Tarshish? is a question of no little interest to those who study the geography of the ancient Scriptures. Josephus speaks of it here as if it were Tarsus of Cilicia, being a place like to it in sound, and the spot with which he was doubtless most familiar. But Tarsus in Cilicia was not a sea-port, though not very far distant from the sea. The difficulty of assigning a locality to Tarshish arises from the fact that the Bible speaks of it as reached from Judea both by way of the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea (compare the mention of it in the book of Jonah with 2 Chron. viii. 17, 18, and with 2 Chron. ix. 21). Some have supposed Tarshish to be put for Tartessus in Spain, and thence generally for the Carthagenian colonies in that vicinity. But this supposition, it will be seen, does not solve all the conditions of the question. Perhaps the most satisfactory conjecture, though only a conjecture, is, that the word Tarshish has a Sanscrit origin, and denotes the *land of silver*, and that the name does not designate any one special locality, though it chiefly refers to Africa, of the true geographical relations of which country the ancients had the most confused notions. It is extremely likely that when the newly-born Carthage was attracting attention from all quarters, the fame of the young city would be borne to Judea from Phœnicia, whence it was first colonized, and that the traffic to it would be probably very much by Phœnician mariners.

And now, once embarked, the prophet, forgetting for the moment that there was a Presence which, as David had taught, extended "to the uttermost parts of the sea," would congratulate himself on his fancied security. Wandering has often proved recreation to the good man, but oftener still it has been the refuge of the conscience ill at ease, and desirous to escape from remonstrance and control. Nothing has such charms for the ill-balanced mind as distance from home; that desire marks the incipient stages of the self-willed and of the prodigal. Vain hope, to gain happiness by flying from restraint! "He who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition," says an eminent writer, "will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove."

In his imaginary Æneid, Virgil has given a description of a sea-voyage at nearly the time and

on the very sea here spoken of. The crazy vessel, propelled principally by oars; the cautious movement from headland to headland, as the weather permitted; the apprehension of the sailors when the dark night came on and the stars could no longer direct the course; the dread of the quicksands, or the rocks, or the imaginary whirlpool; all are characteristic of the times. How long Jonah and the crew of his vessel pursued their course before the crisis came, we are not informed. But conscience sometimes indulges itself in long slumbers; and whilst the skies were fair and no special danger was imminent, the disobedient prophet probably thought little except of the joy of his escape. Always is the sinner unblest, but he is not always unhappy, and the greatest transgressor is sometimes the least alive either to the enormity or to the danger of his transgression. There is a quiet which is ominous of evil and the precursor of destruction—"the torrent's smoothness ere its dash below."

Such a crisis arrived to Jonah. "The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken." Mediterranean tempests are sometimes fearfully dangerous, and one of the worst of them now threatened the safety of the vessel which bore the prophet of the Lord. To the mariners of that day a violent storm was a situation of fearful peril. Destitute of sea-worthy vessels, and possessing no compass to mark their course, having moreover a very inadequate notion of the seas over which they sailed, they might well regard such a crisis with extreme terror. In the perilous situation in which the mariners found themselves, they had recourse to their religion, such as it was. If the value of man's prayers were equal to their momentary energy, there would be no petitions to surpass those which are sometimes uttered in a storm at sea. Unhappily, escape from the proximate danger is too apt to be the prominent desire, and in such circumstances men pray more for deliverance for the body than for the soul, or more clamorously for salvation from hell than for salvation from sin. It is not unlikely, as we have seen, that many of the sailors were Phœnicians, and they had recourse in their extremity to the objects of idolatry familiar to them heretofore. Terrified at their danger, each of them cries to his accustomed god. Nothing could more strikingly prove the inconsistency of Jonah than his companions at this crisis. He had, in the energy of his misdirected zeal, disliked God's message to Nineveh because it was too clement to an idolatrous nation; yet to escape from it he had taken a passage with a company, every one of whom proved to be idolaters of the darkest kind, and in the moment of peril not one of them was a worshipper of the true God. Such is always sin—"the way of a serpent upon a rock"—a crooked, tortuous course.

And how, in this peril of the storm, was Jonah himself occupied? To reach him, God's great defaulter, this storm had been sent; and what were now his thoughts? Whilst the mariners saw that the ship was "likely to be broken"—a common fear in the storms of those days, and sometimes specially provided for by girding the vessel with cables lest she should go to pieces; whilst the valuable merchandize of the vessel was remorselessly thrown into the sea; where was Jonah? He had gone down to the sides of the ship—possibly an undecked vessel—and was "fast asleep." There was, after Jonah, one Prophet of the Jews who slept thus in the moment of peril, but he had a stainless conscience, and a power so wonderful as that he could arise and rebuke the wind and cause a great calm! But Jonah had neither that purity nor that power. His sleep was, however, probably the natural physical reaction after great mental and bodily excitement, and his previous fatigues rendered it so deep that though there was frantic agitation around him, the prophet did not awake. So is it often. Whilst sin is bringing on all about the transgressor a hurricane of evil consequences—poverty, misery, shame, and even death—the criminal himself is perhaps of all others the most unmoved!

There are many fearful awakenings in this world, altogether apart from that last one after which the sinner will never sleep again. Often from physical sleep, oftener still from spiritual slumber, has the culprit been seized by the rough grasp, whilst in his ears has sounded the harsh and fearful cry—"Thou art the man."

It was indeed time for Jonah to awake. In the extremity of their terror, the mariners had recourse to the hope, lurking at this time in many idolatrous bosoms, that the Hebrew's God might do for them that which, it was evident, their own gods could not. They had learnt that he was a fugitive from his prophetical duties, though at the time he first told the fact to them, they dwelt little, it would appear, on the importance of the communication. Now they call on him to pray. And did he pray? We know not. It is one of the fatal effects of indulged sin to shut up the heart against good desires, and the lips against appropriate utterances. No language is more familiar to the conscience filled with remorse, but not softened into repentance, than this—"I *cannot* pray!" The mariners did more. Prompted by the superstitions of their own idolatrous religion, or, what is more probable, directed to such a course by a Divine impulse, they cast lots to discover whose crime had

JONAH CAST OVERBOARD.

brought upon them so imminent a destruction. "The lot fell upon Jonah!" Ah! self-deluding man, vain is thy hope to hide thyself from the piercing eye of Him "with whom thou hast to do!" Thy "chambers of imagery," where thou practisest in secret thy God-denying idolatry, are open to his gaze. When He pleases, "the night shineth as the day!" The mountains and hills which thou invokest to cover thee, are his mountains and his hills, and shall roll away at his bidding! Thy artful, crooked, elaborate policy can be in a moment torn away at his command, or the meshes of it may hopelessly entangle thyself. The grave may give up its dead! The print of the foot, the glance of eye, the tone of the voice, the unthought-of gesture, the confederate companion, may bring forth, when God shall please, the criminal, and cause him to stand discovered, naked, and alone!

To a large extent Jonah was guilty. So far as his relation to God went, his was a sin we must not palliate and we cannot excuse. But though in the sight of God Jonah was a culprit, and though, neglecting God's claims, he had imperilled the interests of his fellow-passengers, he now acted with candour. His was not that character, composed of deceit and fraud which none can fathom, which is never cleared up, and which always leaves more suspected than is ever confessed. Summoned thus, he frankly tells his whole tale, and prepares for it appropriate punishment. Jonah's acknowledgments were open, his offers generous: "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." Like produce like; the mariners feel now that they will strain every nerve to save him. But they strive fruitlessly; as men always do when God is intent upon a particular purpose against them. Reluctantly the mariners obey Jonah's commands, reiterated, it may be, as the danger increases. There seems to pervade their minds a religious sense of the great Jehovah as they come to this mournful conclusion, and beseech that the sin may not be chargeable upon them. Jonah is abandoned; and as if his life appeased the angry waves, the storm swells less furious—becomes manageable—is still! and struck by the remarkable coincidence, the mariners worship and offer sacrifices to the God of heaven. The transgressor has found his punishment!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

DOMESTIC TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."—*Mark* v. 19.

HEN the demoniac had been cured by our Saviour, he naturally wished to be with him, that he might enjoy his society, drink in the words of life from his own lips, and become one of his devoted servants. Though the desire was good, it was not in exact accordance with the Divine counsels. Christ had a more glorious design respecting him on earth; for the noblest employment in which a creature can engage is to show forth the praises of the Lord. This can be best done in a world of sin and woe; just as light shines brightest in the darkest night. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord. But these are not to consist only of martyrs and confessors of the truth, and of ministers of the gospel who publicly hold forth the word of life. Christ should have his witnesses in the market, in the shop, and in every house. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Some are to proclaim this aloud in the city and in the streets; some are to teach it in schools; some are to whisper it in the domestic circle. "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Every convert can obey this precept.

This private testimony for Christ has its own peculiar advantages, when attended with a consistent walk and conversation. For a person's character is best known at home. Those who dwell in the same house with you, see and mark all that you say and do. They are always observing your character and disposition, and making remarks upon them to others, or to their own hearts. They know your peculiar temper and habits, and quickly perceive if any change takes place in them. But if you be a genuine believer in Christ, an important change is wrought in you by the power of his Spirit. You are "born of God," and turned "from darkness to light." This inward work will be followed by corresponding effects in your deportment; for a good tree bringeth forth good fruit.

We say, then, to every true convert, "The Lord hath done great things for thee." Your spiritual *condition* is altered. The child of sin has become a child of God; the prodigal is restored to the love of the family; an enemy has become a friend; the heir of wrath is made an heir of glory—a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. This change must be accompanied with new hopes, feelings, and desires; for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." There is, therefore, some great change wrought in your *nature* as well as in your condition. This is a most difficult thing to describe, though it is easily felt; for "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

In every unconverted heart, there is at least one idol or dominant evil, which reigns there in preference to the love of God. Some souls seem to be like Legion, wholly possessed of evil spirits; for they are altogether foul. Yet one sin may hold us captive as well as a hundred. It may be pride, or vanity, or covetousness, or selfishness, or worldly-conformity, or a passionate temper, or listlessness to spiritual things, or a genteel sensuality. Any one of these may rule the heart, and keep it in bondage to the god of this world; though you may not lie, nor steal, nor grossly break the sabbath, nor bear false witness, nor flagrantly violate other Divine commands. But when the heart is turned to the Lord, the idol is thrown down, the evil disorder is overcome, the reigning sin is dethroned. Then the proud becomes humble, the passionate becomes meek, the vain becomes lowly, the indifferent becomes zealous, the worldly becomes spiritual. This is the moral miracle that always ensues, when the word has been received to profit. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

This change in spirit and demeanour will be manifest *at home*. It must be observed there. Strangers may not so easily detect the difference, for you tried to appear before them in your best character, and many even thought you to be a religious person. You were always apparently devout in public worship; not from a motive of ostentation or hypocrisy, but from a certain feeling of respect for things sacred; and the preacher of the word could not tell whether you belonged to Christ or Belial. But those at home judged you far more correctly than you judged yourself: they heard your professed principles, they saw your conduct, and they compared them together, and drew their own inferences. Now, you tell them that the Lord has had mercy upon you, and that your religious views and feelings are changed by a mightier power than human; and they see that your daily conversation accords with your profession, and

they believe in its truth. You tell them that this great work was wrought in you by the grace of God, when you believed in his Son Jesus Christ; and though they may not understand your argument, but say with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" yet they cannot gainsay the blessed effects, which are apparent to all men. It is very seldom that a consistent and devoted Christian remains long in a family without being a means of spiritual good to some of the household; because the truth of his testimony is always evidenced by his life.

"Go home, and tell them." It is to be a simple declaration of the Lord's mercy to your soul. It is to be given in such a way as to show that you wish to magnify the Redeemer, and bring others to his feet of compassion. The more love and tenderness you can put into your words, the better. Sometimes the preacher has to declare the terrors of the Lord, and denounce the threatenings of Divine wrath against the finally impenitent; but this is not the argument to be used at home. "Tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee," and let them perceive it in your happy looks, your words of contentment and love, your hymns of praise, and your constancy of devotion.

Home testimony for Christ will have certain advantages of time and circumstance not possessed by a minister. He must scatter the seeds of Divine truth at the appointed times of public worship; but the ground on which it falls is often hard and dry. The attention of some hearers is occupied with other matters than listening to the word of life, though their eyes are directed to the preacher's countenance: the hearts of others are too much filled with the world to receive the gospel in truth and love; whilst others are determined to continue in a course of sinfulness, and so they cannot believe. Under such circumstances, all the arts of sacred eloquence will avail nothing; men refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. There are souls present who are hungry and thirsty, there are hearts which feel their own bitterness; but the preacher may not know them, or how to adapt his discourse to their peculiar circumstances and wants. But at home you can watch for a favourable opportunity, and lay hold of it to advantage. You see the melancholy which sits upon the countenance, you hear the words of a troubled spirit, you perceive that the harp of gladness is hung on the willows of sorrow. You know that losses, crosses, bereavement, or disappointment has happened, and pierced the heart with anguish or dismay. The gaiety and pleasures of the world now pall upon the feelings; they are either peremptorily refused, or they are engaged in with ghost-like indifference. But this aching void may be filled with spiritual comfort; this deep sadness may be irradiated by words of Divine peace and heavenly hope.

Now is the time for a Christian in the family or neighbourhood to ply his work of love, and pour in the oil and wine of true consolation. What was of no use before will avail now: the wounded spirit will now listen to your account of the virtues of the balm of Gilead. You speak of the kingdom of heaven within you; the peace and joy as well as righteousness inwrought by the Holy Ghost; and the sin-disordered soul may be led to seek this kingdom for itself.

We knew of a pious lady who on her first coming to a neighbourhood was invited to meet a few friends at the house of an acquaintance. As the latter made a profession of religion, it was naturally expected that the company would be select and religious. But how astonished was the stranger, when she entered the drawing-room, to find that she was introduced into a ball-room. Her first feeling was instantly to retire; her next thought was, "Why am I here? can I here do any good?" On glancing round the apartment, she perceived a young lady in mourning, sitting alone upon a couch, and she placed herself by her side. The looks as well as the garb of her neighbour contrasted mournfully with the gay and glittering scene around them. This was gently alluded to, and the heart of the fair one soon responded to the voice of sympathy, and poured out its sorrows into the bosom of kindness. The balm of Gilead was recommended as the true solace of human woe—an infallible remedy for the evils of a sin-disordered world. These words of grace and truth were listened to with earnest attention; and the two ladies sat talking together about the salvation of Christ, undisturbed by the giddy whirl of earthly excitement by which they were surrounded. That conversation was the beginning of a gracious work wrought in the youthful heart, which terminated in her conversion to God; and she lived many years to be a bright ornament of religion, and one of the most useful members of the church with which she was united.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee." Some persons talk very poetically of a secret religion which no man perceives, of a closet piety known only to God and the soul which holds converse with him. But we fear that this accords with sentimentalism rather than with the declarations of holy writ. "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they

may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The house or dwelling may be a poor one, even a hut or a garret; yet, if a lamp be lighted there, all who come in will acknowledge its existence and utility. So the humblest believer may show forth the praises of the Lord, and magnify the riches of redeeming grace.

We have said that the outward change may not be very marked before the eye of a stranger; because, previous to conversion, the conduct was upright, sober, and becoming. In this case, the mouth will be the principal witness for Christ; and if used in wisdom, it will be a strong one. For many think that if there be a virtuous life, with a decorous attendance upon Divine worship, it is all that God requires; that religion can do no more for a man; but that all beyond this is enthusiasm. How important that this great error should be corrected! And who can do it better than the converts to whom we have alluded, by describing the work of grace in their hearts, and the inward heaven which it has created; by telling what great things the Lord has done even for them, when he had mercy upon them.

Sometimes, however, the power of religion is very marked. The convert was a prodigal from all that is good, a proud, passionate sinner, or a very demoniac for profligacy. He is now clothed with humility, in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. All acknowledge that he is greatly improved; the Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard its spots; the fir-tree has come up instead of the thorn, and the myrtle tree instead of the brier. The testimony of this man to the grace of God, which turned his heart and created him anew in Christ Jesus, must be exceedingly valuable. It was a power above nature which laid hold upon him, and by its all-subduing influences made a garden out of a wilderness, a fruitful field out of a barren desert. Whilst all men marvel at the happy change that has been effected, let their attention be directed to the merciful Author of the work; that they may not only wonder at what they behold, but may glorify God in the operations of Divine grace. The least that a grateful heart can do for this beneficent Redeemer is to tell those at home what great things he hath done for him, and how he hath had compassion upon him.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

DR. TULLOCH'S PRIZE ESSAY.

We resume our consideration of this interesting contribution to our literature, by noticing some of the proofs of Divine wisdom and goodness which are found on leaving the field of material creation and entering the region of *mind*. We may properly pass into this region through that mysterious domain of animal instinct with which intellect is intimately connected, and which is always a pleasing subject of contemplation.

An essential distinction between mind and that which we term instinct, lies in the fact that mind works only according to instruction and experience, that it is dependent on education, and increases with exercise, while instinct operates "prior to experience and independent of instruction." Dr. Tulloch, referring to the bee, observes that we have no means of determining the relation of the animal's consciousness to her work; whereas it is easy to ascertain, and is beyond all dispute, that she has never learned her art from others. She is as perfect in it at the first as at the last; and every bee, and every succeeding race of bees, work exactly in the same manner and with the same degree of perfection — all which plainly shows the endowment to be of a specific character, distinct from ordinary intelligence. There has been much discussion as to the consciousness which the bee has respecting the work it is performing, and as to the end which it is to accomplish, and various suppositions have been made as to the influence by which the insect is moved in its work. We must, however, agree with the conclusion for which Lord Brougham has very ably contended, that "it is the element of blind instrumentality in the production of a highly-wrought intellectual result that we specifically mean by instinct."

Doubts have been cast on the mathematical accuracy of the bee's work in its admirable six-sided cell. From the analysis of a young mathematician in Germany, a discrepancy was supposed to be found between the angles of the waxen structure, and that which is required for the greatest saving of material. Lord Brougham, by solving the problem in another way, demonstrated that the bee was right, and the mathematician wrong, and other scientific men have since confirmed this conclusion. A remarkable acknowledgment of the excellence of the pattern shown by the bee, is made by an inventor, who has lately taken out a patent for the use of the hexagonal form, in wooden vessels, for the stowage of water, flour, and other commodities on ship-board where economy of space is required.

The question, then, which we are called upon to answer, after noticing the instinctive operations, is simply, "Whose intelligence is this?" In answer to this enquiry, our author gives the following most excellent and, we think, unanswerable reply. "The whole result of our examination of these facts has been to show that it (the intelligence for which we are now

searching) is not, in any common sense, the intelligence of the animal that is here at work. There are some of the facts, as the rare mathematical qualities of the bee's work, which imply a knowledge that man has only attained by the most difficult and gradual mental processes, and these alone would seem, from the first, to preclude the idea of the directing intelligence being that of the animal. But the strongest evidence against such a supposition consists certainly in the peculiar character of the mental power which here appears; displaying itself at once in such full and exquisite perfection, and with such unerring success, accomplishing ends of which it is incredible to conceive any prevision in the animal. If we cannot, therefore, accredit the animal with either the rare skill or the conscious purpose manifested in the operations before us, are we not carried directly upward to the Divine intelligence working in and through the animal? . . . . We have here a mental process of a very high order: we must find a mental agent. Such an agent we do not find in the animal; it appears, on the contrary, from all evidence, to be a mere blind instrument. We are forced, therefore, to admit a higher agent. This agent can only be the Supreme Intelligence everywhere present in creation."

Less tangible, and, therefore, less popular, but not less conclusive, are those illustrations which are furnished from the intellectual and moral constitution of man. Our space is too small for a satisfactory epitome of the important truths which are laid before us, as to the cognitive and emotive structures in man, and the arguments derived from his rational nature; and we are, therefore, reluctantly compelled to pass over the evidences of Divine wisdom and power shown in the structure of the human faculties—a wisdom which found utterance centuries ago in the language of the poet: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world—the paragon of animals!"

The emotional part of man's nature, also, yields a rich and varied supply of illustrations of the Divine wisdom, power, and goodness, as they impart to human life all its peculiar and ever-freshening interest. Without our emotions, life would have been a mere round of passionless intellectuality; and all that renders it delightful while it remains, and fills us with hope in death, would have been wanting. Whether we notice the emotions of alarm and anger, which seem given to guard and entrench life; the continuation of alarm, fear, and apprehension inciting to escape from danger; or the emotions of surprise and wonder, which arrest the attention without producing any impulse to retreat; or that cheerfulness which sheds a daily sunshine on the heart, the gladness which clasps the hands, the delight which flashes with a quick and outbursting warmth, or the joy which rises to rapture; we see in all these emotions the proofs of a most beneficent design on the part of the Creator; while in all those painful emotions which follow in the train of evil, and in those religious emotions which are connected with the love and worship of God and the desire and hope of heaven, we have the highest proofs of the benevolence of Him who "would not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance and the acknowledgment of the truth."

There are perhaps even among the docile and the devout not a few who, while they recognise the force of all these demonstrations of the Divine wisdom and benevolence, are sometimes perplexed as they contemplate the sufferings and the sorrows that surround them.

A few general considerations, applicable to the whole of these subjects, may, therefore, be found of use. "The phenomena of evil," remarks our author, "are of an exceptional character," and are "mere spots of darkness in an otherwise fair and bright picture." He would, for instance, be deemed an unfair critic who should condemn the works of some great artist because he discovered in them what appeared to him as imperfections. In a similar manner, we should remember that our present sphere of observation is very limited, and that "the mystery which everywhere encompasses our finite sphere of observation may only conceal from us the wisdom and the goodness that are really present in many phenomena where we cannot even trace them." "We do not deny the light of the sun because shadows here and there intercept that light: nay, there are spots, we know, in the very solar brightness itself; but this does not prevent us, day by day, as we pass into its presence, confessing the lustre of beauty and happiness that it sheds about our path." The lessons taught by the bright face of creation are clear and irresistible, while the "things hard to be understood" call for deeper investigation, and will result in perfect satisfaction as our powers are improved and our sphere of knowledge enlarged.

Descending to the particular topic of physical pain throughout creation, we have to bear in mind that there is no part of the animal system whose direct appointed action is pain. It may be readily admitted that if the animal organization had been so fashioned as to be productive of pain in its ordinary action, we might have been forced into conclusions quite adverse to the Divine wisdom and benevolence; while such conclusions are prohibited by the truth,

happily so well established, that "pain is not the production of the sentient organism in the same sense that pleasure is. It is something that attacks the organism or is superinduced on it; not something which springs directly and necessarily out of it. It is the exception; pleasure is the rule." Again, we are not wise in inquiring whether the animal nature might not have been so constructed that it should not only "send forth, as it does, the music of happiness, but that the discord of pain should never have proceeded from it." We think this question is wisely answered by another, "Supposing the organism had been made incapable of pain, how do we know that it could have retained its capacity of pleasure?"

Coming into the sphere of human life, we observe the wide diffusion of sorrow. "There is no heart which it has not touched; there is no life which it has not darkened. In one form or other, it is all around us, and its shadow traces all earthly joy. Its presence is not only to be measured by its outward manifestations; it lies deep in the soul of many whose brow may yet be clear." In answer to the objections against the Divine benevolence from the existence of human sorrow, Dr. Tulloch writes very wisely and very convincingly on the "uses of adversity." He observes also the fact that the value of sorrow, as a beneficial element of spiritual discipline in human life, has received ample recognition in our modern literature. He truly observes that "the worth and beauty of earnestness, sympathy, and patience—the scorn of the false and the love of the honest and brave—the many forms of manly and womanly excellence which only spring in their full vigour from the depths of sorrow—meet us everywhere in the ideal pictures of the novelist and the impassioned strain of the poet."

> "Where sorrow 's held intrusive, and turned out,
> There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
> Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

The existence of sin, and the fact of its entrance into the moral universe, are the grounds of constant opposition to the Divine benevolence and power. This subject, difficult and perplexing to us as it necessarily is, loses some of its difficulty when such considerations as Dr. Tulloch has adduced are duly weighed. "All that we can say and know is, that the possibility of sin lies in the fact of human freedom. Man being made free to choose good or evil—the choice of the latter was possible—but further all is darkness; and if we insist for a moment in carrying our logical explanations up into this region, we only plunge into deeper and more hopeless darkness." The writer asks whether this very confession of the utter unintelligibility of sin does not relieve the argument from much of its difficulty. Sin is a blot on the Divine creation, a direct violation of the Divine order which otherwise prevails. "In its nature, it wholly separates itself from God, and is, therefore, whatever we may make of it, not entitled to reflect injuriously on the Divine character." We cannot separate the possibility of sin from the very nature and constitution of man. Man would not have been man unless endowed with the royal power of willing in reference to his moral actions; and this power being his own—the endowment of his Almighty Maker—it was possible that he might use it for evil as well as for good. To deny the benevolence and power of God is to condemn his counsels when he said, "Let us make man;" and for the thing formed, after it has destroyed itself, to say unto him that formed it, "Why hast thou made me thus?" How inconsistent and unjust is it that man, who has wilfully created moral disorder in this part of God's universe, and who wilfully perpetuates it, should rebel against God his Maker, because he cannot reconcile his folly with the Divine wisdom, his ingratitude with the Divine munificence, his errors with the Divine truth, and his crooked ways with the straight line of the Divine procedure.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the illustrations of the Divine wisdom and benevolence presented in revelation, in which we have the highest manifestation of both. "In what a light (says our author) does this revelation set the brief period of earthly life! What a source of consoling strength is it to the weary human heart in its struggles with sin and sorrow! It comes as a beam piercing the darkness from a higher region of wisdom and love, of truth and justice, touching what were otherwise dim and strange with a radiance of heavenly significance, and the 'otherwise unmeaning ciphers of time changing to numbers of untold value.' It is this faith of eternal life which now, in so many homes, lightens privation, and in so many hearts keeps off despair; which brings peace to the troubled, and resignation to the mourner, and takes even the gloom of fear from the night of death, as it opens up the heaven beyond."

THOUGHTS AND INCIDENTS AT SEA.

I.—A SABBATH IN A STORM.

We shall never forget a sabbath recently passed in the southern latitudes of the vast Pacific. It was ushered in by the wild shrieks of a hurricane. The good ship which formed our temporary home—one of the largest that had ever sailed from an English port—tossed and reeled amidst the foaming waves, as if it were a

mere feather upon the waters. Old sailors, well used to rough usage, looked anxiously for weather signs of hope; and few appeared able from philosophy to allay the evident anxiety and terror of their hearts. Many previous Sundays had been passed at sea, but they were passed under sunny skies, and with propitious breezes, and few thought of prayer or thanksgiving to Him who had so mercifully blessed us; but now that dark clouds were frowning in the heavens, and the sea appeared to yawn a huge grave beneath us, many sought religion as they would an extra garment, to guard them from the bitterness of the storm—to be cast off on the morrow, when the sun rose on a less angry sea. Bibles, that had escaped all thought before, were brought to light, and eagerly searched for some token of consolation. How many in anguish felt the Divine word fall like a voice of warning and reproof upon their soul that day! How many who looked upon the Bible as a depository on which they could draw in any moment of danger and fear, felt that there they had no privilege or claim; that what to some was a treasure of spiritual sustenance, was to them a blank; and that they had neither hearts to understand, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear, the spiritual truths of the gospel.

Yet in the midst of that storm a little incident occurred which powerfully reminded me of the Divine presence, and was calculated to reassure the heart of the feeble Christian by showing that God not only speaks to us in his written word, but that even the dreary wastes of the vast Pacific were not without their messengers of love. We have all heard of Mungo Park gathering a lesson of patience from the unobtrusive moss. The instance to which I allude was something of a similar kind. The sailors were hauling up a sail which had been blown to ribands, and was trailing along by its gear at the ship's side. As they pulled it on deck, a piece of seaweed was found entangled in the ropes, wafted no doubt from some far-distant shore. On the briny streamlet of the weed moved a small crustacea, which all the violence of the tempest had failed to dislodge from its little raft! "Ah!" said a pious friend, who was standing by, "that little weed and its passenger were not alone on the waters, but in company ever with the Great Omnipresence." Need we say that this trifling incident encouraged our fainting hearts, and seemed to gently chide us for the weakness of our faith in God's protecting care. The storm appeared robbed of its terror; the hissing wilderness of foam which met the eye on every side, looked less wild in its rage, and the lightning fire which clung to our mast-head and danced along our spars, did not appear so awful in its glare.

II.—A FUNERAL AT SEA.

Another incident of my voyage is recalled to memory. We had not been long at sea, when going one morning on deck for a little exercise before breakfast, I saw the doctor and two of the sailors busily overhauling a chest; they tumbled out the contents, and finding nothing of importance, threw them in again, locked and corded the box. The ship's carpenter then brought a paint-pot and brush, and daubed three words on the lid. I drew near, and saw painted in large letters—"John Smith, DEAD." Inexpressibly shocked, for I had seen Smith the night before reeling about the deck in a fearful state of intoxication, I inquired when this event occurred, and was told that he had just been discovered cold and dead in his cabin! He was a confirmed drunkard, and it was ascertained that the night before, five bottles of whiskey had been sold to him by the steward. He had been led by his companions to his bed in a state of senseless intoxication, and during the night had been summoned to the presence of his Maker. This awful event cast a gloom over us all that day, and even checked for a time the profanity of those who had partaken in the guilty indulgences which had led to it.

A funeral, always a solemn event, appears still more impressive at sea. With the firmament spread unobscured above us, the boundless ocean encircling us as far as the eye can reach, the ship a mere speck on this immensity of space, appears an emblem of our own littleness amidst the wondrous attributes of Divine power.

A few hours only elapse between a death and a funeral at sea. The glow of life is scarcely allowed to disappear before the corpse is sewn up in its canvass shroud. The bell on the forecastle tolls a death-knell. The body is borne on a plank by four sailors to the main lee gangway, with the union jack cast upon it as a pall, and the captain, bare-headed, slowly reads the burial-service. To those who remembered the man alive, and how he died, fearfully solemn were the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." As they were uttered, the union-jack was drawn away, the plank inclined towards the sea, and a dull heavy splash told us that the dead had found a grave in the mighty deep. The "foam-decked" ship sped on her course, and he who yesterday was among us, so boastful in his strength, pursuing his guilty pleasures, applauded by the loud laugh, the obscene jest, and the profane ribaldry of his companions, was left far behind us! Alas! this terrible visitation of Divine displeasure was soon forgotten by the thoughtless. A few days, and the career of vice again began. Unconverted reader! Is it not written, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

A TRULY good man can never be placed in trials so great, but that he will be in possession of that in which he can rejoice. When the prophet Jeremiah was writing his book of Lamentation, in the very midst of his work, he exclaims, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him." Amidst the troubles of his country, the sorrows of the church of God, and his own great depression of spirits, he can still cherish a lively faith and hope in the infinite and eternal Being. He has yet a portion, and that portion is the supreme existence himself.

The term "portion" seems to be employed in the sacred volume to represent whatever goes to constitute our happiness. It originally referred to the allotments of the Israelites in the happy land "which flowed with milk and honey." It is also used to describe agreeable connections in life, and a cheerful heart in the midst of labours. But it is here used by the prophet to describe his full enjoyment of the smiles of his God, and to represent his own infinite superiority to the men of the world. While they had houses and lands, or gold, or whatever is supposed to make men happy, he had God himself, the author of all, the source of excellence, and the only giver of true good, for his friend and portion. God was his infinite substitute for all the goods of earth.

And may we not with advantage look for another moment or two at this portion? Its peculiarities are indeed great, and place it on higher ground than all other portions. Having God himself for our portion, we must ever be secure in the enjoyment of happiness, for he never forsakes the objects of his love; his favours extend to every condition in which we can be placed, his resources are boundless and infinite, and his existence is eternal. Our fathers trusted in him, and were never ashamed or disappointed; nor is it possible, if we imitate their trust, that we can be without the same happiness.

May we indeed enjoy the God of the universe for *our* portion? We may. He himself has told us so. He has taught us that he even "waits to be gracious" to us. We have only to choose him in preference to all other objects—to approach him through the mediation of his Son—and to renounce all other objects, that we may fully enjoy him. Let us, friendly reader, say as did the prophet, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him."

FALL in, Christian soul, with the design of thy Saviour, who by elevating thy desires above the world, would elevate thee above the catastrophes of it.—*Saurin.*

Pages for the Young.

EMMA AND THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

"MAMMA, I have finished my work; may I go and read a little to poor Willie?"

"Yes, my dear, you will have quite half-an-hour before it is tea-time."

"Oh! thank you, mamma," said Emma, as she neatly folded up her work, and carefully put away her thimble, scissors, and cotton. How much time is frequently wasted by little girls neglecting to do this!

But who was Emma, and who was Willie? Emma was a little girl about nine years old, who lived with her parents in a quiet country village; and Willie was a poor little blind boy, the son of a labouring man, who lived in a small cottage in the lane at the back of Emma's house. Willie's father and mother were very poor and very ignorant; they could neither of them read nor write, and it was of no use for Willie to go to the village school, as he was quite blind, and therefore could not see to learn his letters. Emma had one day seen this poor little blind boy sitting on the door-step of his mother's cottage, and had felt very sorry for him, and wished to do him good—for Emma was a ministering child, and had been taught by her parents to show her love and gratitude to God by doing all the good in her power to his suffering creatures.

So Emma, with her mamma's consent, went and talked to poor Willie, and when she found that the little boy's mind was as blind as his eyes were, and that he scarcely knew the name of God, she obtained her mamma's permission to go every day and either read to Willie or teach him some pretty hymn, of which she knew a great number. And a pleasant sight it was to see the little girl seated by the side of the poor blind boy, reading to him from God's own book, how Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, came down from heaven to seek and to save that which was lost. God blessed the little girl's labour of love, and caused the words she read to sink deep into Willie's heart, and to bring forth fruit. The little boy, who had frequently been passionate and fretful, became gentle and contented, and would sit at his mother's door, no longer with the discontented vacant look of former times, but with a happy smile upon his face, that told of peace and happiness within.

"Mamma," said Emma one day, "what will poor Willie do when he grows older, and when I go to school, and can no longer read to him?"

"I don't know, my dear; I wish very much there was some way of having him taught to read; but there are no blind schools in this neighbourhood, and no one who understands how to teach blind people."

"I wish *I* could learn how, mamma," said Emma.

Some time after this, Emma's uncle came on a visit to her papa and mamma, and was so much pleased with his little niece, that on his return to London, where he lived, he asked permission for Emma to accompany him for a week, and promised to show her all the sights of London.

"Would you like to go, Emma?" said her mamma.

"Oh, yes, very much; only——"

"Only what, my child?"

"Who will read to poor Willie whilst I am gone?"

Her mamma promised to go and read a little to him every day; and the happy girl started for London the next day, with her kind uncle.

The week passed very quickly, and many and wonderful were the sights that Emma beheld. The weather was not very fine, and on that account the visit to the Zoological Gardens was postponed from day to day, until it came to the very last day of her stay in London. It was a lovely morning, however, and some little girls invited by Emma's uncle arrived directly after breakfast, as it was proposed to spend a long day at the Zoological Gardens. Emma had read several little works on natural history, and was extremely fond of flowers; she therefore looked forward to this excursion as the greatest treat of all, and was in high spirits at the thoughts of it. Her uncle had a business engagement, and could not go with them, but her aunt and cousins were to take charge of the little party.

Emma had dressed herself in readiness, and went downstairs into the parlour to wait for her aunt. Her uncle and another gentleman were there talking together.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "there is no knowing the good these blind-schools have done, and I think you will be of my opinion to-day, when you have seen the number of happy, industrious, little beings I shall show you."

Emma began to listen attentively.

"I suppose," said her uncle, "the children are able to read tolerably well?"

"As well as you do," replied the gentleman, "and they have now a great variety of books printed in the raised type on purpose for the blind."

Emma had drawn nearer and nearer to the table where her uncle and his friend were standing.

"If you please, uncle——," said she, blushing and hesitating,

"Well, Emma, what do you want?"

"If you please, uncle, if you please, sir," continued she in a trembling voice, "is it very difficult to teach blind people to read?"

"Oh, no, my little girl, quite a simple affair," said the kind gentleman; and then seeing Emma's earnest look, he added; "If your uncle will not mind, I shall be very happy to take you along with us to the blind-school to-day."

"Oh, sir!" cried Emma, with delight sparkling in her eyes.

"My little niece is going to the Zoological Gardens to-day," said her uncle, "and as she returns home to-morrow, she will not have another opportunity."

"If you please, uncle," whispered Emma, "I would rather go with you, if you will let me."

"Well, you are an odd little girl certainly. Here have you been raving about elephants and tigers for the last day or two, and now you are going to give them up for the sake of seeing a party of blind children."

Emma's uncle could not see into her heart; she had indeed longed very much to see the animals, but a sort of wild hope had entered her mind that by going to the blind-school she might see how to teach poor Willie; and the pleasure of the Zoological Gardens was not to be compared with that. So she withstood being laughed at by her cousins and their little friends, and saw them all depart without a sigh.

Emma went with her uncle and his friend to the blind-school. There she saw more than a hundred children, all happily employed, and heard several of them younger than little Willie read the Testament as well as she herself could have done. Her uncle's friend kindly explained to her the use of the raised letters, and made her shut her eyes and try if she could find out any of the words by feeling them.

"Are these Testaments very dear, sir?" asked Emma.

"Not very; but why do you ask?"

"Because, sir, I have two shillings of my own, and I should so like to buy one."

"But what use would it be to you, my little girl; you are not blind, are you?"

"No, sir," said Emma, smiling, "but it is for poo Willie I want it."

"And who is 'poor Willie?'"

Then Emma simply, and without taking any prais to herself, told the history of the little blind boy, an concluded by saying: "If I could only teach him t read, I should be so happy."

"We will see what can be done," said the kind gentle man, who was one of the directors of the blind-school and after speaking to Emma's uncle about it, he told th delighted child that she might, if she liked, remain th greater part of the day at the school, and he would ask on of the teachers to instruct her how to teach poor Willie

Before Emma returned to her uncle's house tha evening, she knew quite enough of the system to fee that, with a little study on her own part, she should soo conquer all the difficulties of it. Her kind friend a parting put a brown paper parcel into her hands, saying "Accept the enclosed books from me, my dear little girl and I wish you every possible success in your undertaking. Perhaps I shall come and see you and you little pupil some day before long."

"Oh, Emma! I wish you had been with us," cried her cousins, when she reached her uncle's house; "we have had such a happy day!"

"And I'm sure so have I," replied Emma.

When she opened her parcel, she found a complete set of the alphabet cards, spelling lessons, and the Gospel of St. John. Emma almost cried for joy, and when kneeling beside her bed that night, most gratefully and fervently did she thank the Author and Giver of all good things for thus unexpectedly enabling her to become indeed "eyes to the blind."

Thus, even a child is known by his doings, whether they be good or whether they be evil, selfish or unselfish useful or useless. Dear young reader! it is pleasant to en joy ourselves innocently; but it is still more delightful to deny ourselves a pleasure in order to make others happy

Sabbath-Evening Recreations.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

VII.

It is a scene of summer beauty in Palestine. The fields rich with their ripe and graceful crop, look like a waving sea of gold, and the reapers have begun their busy work

A small town, built on the brow of a hill, overlooks this glad scene. At its entrance we see an aged woman travel-toiled and weary, who is joyfully welcomed by many who press forward to meet her, while she herself seems overcome by sorrowful recollections.

By her side is a young and lovely woman, a foreigner whose appearance excites much interest and attention.

VIII.

A splendid banquet is before us, the table dazzling with gold and silver. The host is a king in his crown and purple robes, and around him are assembled a thousand noble guests. But, strange! there is no gladness in any face! All sit pale and trembling, and no one is tasting of the royal feast.

Several strange-looking men are grouped together in the back-ground, and seem full of confusion and dismay.

A lady of noble bearing, who appears to have just entered the room, is addressing the king with great calmness and dignity.

KEY TO THE MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES

4. Deborah and Barak. Judges iv. 4—9.
5. Elisha and the sons of the prophets. 2 Kings vi. 1—5
6. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. Luke iii. 3—14.

and he was sentenced to long imprisonment, he yet put from him the counsel I would have given, and hardened himself yet more and more.

The months of his imprisonment rolled slowly on; hard labour told upon his health, and wore down his spirits; but a determination to despise the infliction of punishment, and to spurn the instructions of wisdom, was deep rooted in his heart. Once only was he slightly moved; it was at the sight of his mother's tears and sore distress—the mother who had journeyed far to visit her convict son. Yet no tears of penitence fell from his eyes even then; but with cruel vindictiveness, he laid his ruin to the influences of the wretched home of his childhood. "I was made there," he said, "what I have been and am, and shall be. Let my father thank himself for it."

The weeping mother put me into her boy's hand: "You will read *this*," she said; but he put me aside—"Let my father read it," he said, with a scornful smile on his quivering lip.

The convict youth had other visitors. There came the preacher of the gospel, who, in mild persuasive tones, exhorted to repentance, and spoke of the long-suffering and forbearance of him who is at once "a just God and a Saviour." He said that the past was beyond recall; but that the present and the future might, by God's grace, redeem the past. He quoted my words of encouragement: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." He attempted to convince the culprit that his present degradation and suffering were the natural and proper fruits of his own misdoings; but that a brighter prospect might yet open before him, if, in humble but sincere contrition, he would thenceforth turn from the iniquities which had ruined thus far his hopes in life, and darkened his prospects for eternity. But my owner turned wearily away.

There came also the injured employer, and implored the unhappy youth to believe that there were yet those who cared for him, and would rejoice in his upward, onward progress; nay, who would gladly lend a helping hand with a willing heart to assist him to regain the position from which he had fallen, if he would but be true to himself, and manfully strive against the temptations which had dragged him into sin and shame. He assured him of forgiveness; and sought to turn his thoughts to Him whose love and mercy he had hitherto spurned. But, alas! the kind endeavour met with no response of gratitude.

There came also, once and again, Albert Norton, with sympathy and sorrow.

"James, James, why will you turn away so coldly from me? and why do you speak so reproachfully of Mr. Keen? It is not he who has injured you."

"If he has not, I should like to know who has," said my owner; and his eyes flashed as with fire, while he spoke.

"Ask yourself, dear James," responded his former fellow-apprentice.

It was of no avail. His own guilt the culprit passed lightly over; and he treated as lightly the degradation of his present condition. He did not care what might thereafter become of him: he could not be more wretched than he had been at home: he should get through the world somehow, he said; and it did not much matter how. But while he spoke these boastful words, it may be that his heart quailed at the dreary prospect which spread before him. Had he not already found by dearly-bought experience how true are my words—"The way of transgressors is hard?"

"If you had but read the Bible," his compassionate young visitor began; but he was stopped short by an impatient gesture from the prisoner.

"Will you not read it now? You do not know how much good it might do you, how much encouragement it would give, if you would but listen to its counsels."

My young owner looked around impatiently, and took me from my resting-place in that dreary cell—it was almost the first time he had taken me in his hand there—and laid me open before him.

"Look here," he said fiercely; "and here, and here;" and he turned over my pages rapidly—stopping only for a moment when he caught glances of his former hated task—"and here, and here," he continued, letting his finger rest on one and another of my pages as he went on. "You talk as if I did not know anything about the Bible. Why, I can't take it in my hand, you see, without its opening itself at places where I have had to learn chapter after chapter, and was beaten before I learned them, and beaten while I was learning them, and beaten after I had learned them, because I had not learned them quick enough, or well enough;" and as he said this his bosom heaved with passionate resentment.

Alas! it was too true. Wise is the parent who early stores the mind of his child with my treasures of knowledge, but only wise in so far as he does it with love and kindness mingled.

"I know all about it, because you have told me this before," said the young pleader; "but you know if you had deserved punishment——"

"It did not matter whether I deserved it or

not; it was all the same; sometimes I did, I dare say; but I know that often I did not. Any way, it does not matter; I tell you I hate the sight of that book." And saying this, he cast me aside with violence.

Little more passed then; and the young visitor soon departed, sorrowful.

The day came, at length, for my owner's release from prison. He had endured his punishment; and now the world was before him.

He did not leave the prison alone. His former master was there to encourage him, and to offer him a temporary shelter at his home.

Thither they silently proceeded: silently, I say; for the heart of the released culprit was still obdurate; and sad perplexity was traceable on the countenance of the generous-hearted and Christian tradesman.

Arrived at his home, the silence was broken.

"You do not know, James," said Mr. Keen, "how much pain and trouble of soul this sad affair has given me: and now let us, as far as we can, forget the past, and speak of the future. Have you formed any plans or wishes?"

The youth briefly answered, no.

"Your indentures are broken; and I do not think it would be well for either of us that you should again enter my service. We might, both of us, think too much of your disgrace: you would again be exposed to temptation which you might not have strength to withstand; and I might be too apt to suspect you without cause."

"I would not live here again, if I might," said my owner, impetuously.

"Your father declares that he will not receive you if you return home," continued Mr. Keen.

"He need not be afraid that I shall trouble him," said the youth.

"I cannot suffer you to be cast on the world friendless," the master went on; "I must, at least, make an effort to save you. Are you willing to leave your native country for a time, and redeem, as you may do—God helping you—your character in another land?"

He was not unwilling, my owner said; perhaps it might be the best that could happen for him.

"You can read this letter then," said Mr. Keen, placing before the youth an epistle he had prepared: "you will see to whom it is written, and what I have said concerning you. You shall take this with you, and it will secure you honest and honourable occupation. A ship will sail to the port a week hence; and until then you shall be my guest."

"And who will pay my passage to —— ?" asked the youth sullenly.

"I will," replied the once master, now host; "and be you only true to yourself, and I will hope that we may yet meet again under happier circumstances: if not, and it be ever in my power to do more for you, I trust I shall have the will to do it."

Wonderful is the power of kindness in subduing the passion and pride of man. The heart of my young owner throbbed with unwonted emotions. The barrier of insensibility for a moment gave way. Tears rushed to his eyes and suffused his cheeks, while, in broken words, he expressed imperfect thanks, and his sorrow for past ingratitude and wrong-doing.

And then did the Christian employer, gladly availing himself of the happy moment, speak gently and lovingly of a Father in heaven, and of a Saviour's grace, and besought the rebel—not yet utterly abandoned—to be reconciled to God. In words, few and well chosen, and warm from his heart, he reminded the softened sinner of the words I am warranted to address to all who feel a need of mercy, that he who taketh away the sin of the world, and who suffered, the just for the unjust, that sinners might be brought near to God, is "able to save to the uttermost" all who "come unto God by him." Then kneeling side by side, the host prayed for his guest that, though father and mother had forsaken him, the Lord would take him up, and put the cry of faith and penitence in his heart—"My Father, thou art"—thou shalt be—wilt thou not be?—"the guide of my youth."

LIFE AND ITS WAVES.

"They see Jesus walking on the sea, and they were afraid; but he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid."—*John* vi. 19, 20.

Among the various emblems under which human life has been spoken of, none seems so well able to represent its numerous phases as the oft employed and favourite similitude of the ocean. What can so well represent its ever-varying features, its inconstancy, its treacherous uncertainty, as that element whose very name is instability? Faithless, indeed, has it often proved to the mariner, who, steering by his own compass, and possessing no chart but his own inexperience, has often made fatal shipwreck upon its hidden rocks. But there is One who has made the voyage before us; this dangerous sea has been consecrated by the footsteps of One whose path, like the moon on the waters, has left a shining track for the coming barks; and in the darkest night, and on the stormiest sea, where those footsteps are seen, faith catches a glimpse of the distant shore, hope drops her anchor in trustful expectation, and love exclaims, with Peter, "Lord! if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water."

But who shall enumerate the waves of life? who shall tell in how many instances the waters have risen boisterously round the soul's bark, and half engulphed the frail vessel?

The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches are all so many waves, that come up with the rising tide of life, and beat in their remorseless force against the very heart of the man of business, as he pursues his daily course of mental or physical toil. Whether, in the merchant's office, he pores with aching brow over the intricacies of his commercial relations; or in the primeval forest of the far west, he vainly tries to still the thoughts of home and fatherland that arise in his exiled breast; and sitting at the foot, it may be, of some yet unhewn monarch of the woods, sighs over those hopeless difficulties that still separate him from the land of his birth;—wherever the bark of his fortunes may have drifted, he cannot escape the common lot, but will at times experience those deep waters of perplexity and difficulty whose unfathomed obscurity awake the longing expression, "I would not live alway." Happy those who, in such seasons, can discern amid the darkness, the form of an ever-present Christ, and derive in the Divine assurance, "It is I!" all that "good cheer" which paints on the darkest sky a rainbow of hope.

Is life's sea never disturbed by worse storms than these? Are there not higher waves and deeper gulfs than those of temporal privation and difficulty? Listen to the sigh of the bereaved, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness!" Witness the mother's grief over the lifeless form of her firstborn. In her heart it is the fourth watch of the night; the gloom which has been long gathering round, has now deepened into darkness indeed, even a darkness which may be felt; but the gloom is deepest before the dawn, and the eyes, closed in tears, open to see Him who is the resurrection and the life; who carries the lambs in his arm; and whose voice, as it sounds over the river of death which now separates her from her lost one, whispers the consoling words, "Thy child shall rise again."

While in this mortal tenement, we are often oppressed by many and varied mental trials. When we would soar, we feel, instead of the eagle's wings that should bear us aloft, the chain of this body, which still fetters us down to things terrestrial. "We who are on this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." The wealthy place appears, to our impatient eyes, a land which is very far off, and we are ready oftentimes to cry out, "I shall not see the land that floweth with milk and honey." These are billows indeed, whose threatening crests will often eclipse the beacon light before us—waves that will not be breasted—breakers whose formidable aspect once shook the faith of an apostle, when, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, "Lord, save me!" Nothing but the outstretched hand of Jesus can help then; nothing but the words, "It is I!" can disperse those clouds, through which neither sun nor stars have for many days appeared.

But the last portion of the soul's voyage is through the waters of death. The stream is cold, and the river is deep; but, as Bunyan tells us, Hopeful said of the bed of that river, "Brother! I feel the bottom, and it is good;" and on those whose feet then shall rest on the rock Christ Jesus, the billows, though their touch be chill, shall have no power. The fourth watch of that night must be passed alone; the dearest friend may not then watch with us; but if, "on the darksome sea of death," the eye of faith sees Jesus walking; if the listening ear catches the sound of that voice which spake "as never man spake;" the dread river is safely forded; and the words, "It is I, be not afraid," awake an echo of confidence and peace in the soul, till the bark, its voyage accomplished, touches the blest shore, where death is swallowed up in victory, and where He who upheld the mariner through all his dangers past, shall be "his everlasting light" and his "exceeding great reward."

JOHN FOX, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

Among the ancient churches of London which escaped the devastating fires of 1666, there is perhaps none possessing more features of interest than that of St. Giles' Cripplegate. The building—a fine gothic structure of the perpendicular style, whose beauty is sadly defaced by modern additions, among which we need scarcely notice the Chinese pagoda-like belfry with which it is capped—occupies an interesting site just outside the wall of London in the olden time. In the church-yard, there still exists the finest remnant of this venerable wall with the original half-moon battery, reminding us of times of danger, such as, we trust, will never be permitted to return. The gate which stood in this part of London Wall is said to have been the resort of beggars and cripples, whence it was termed the cripples' gate, and for which reason the church was dedicated to St. Giles, who had the reputation of being their patron.

Associated with Cripplegate church, there are names of great historical value, and some which will be held in everlasting remembrance in the church of Christ. Within the church was interred the illustrious John Milton, who lived and died in the neighbourhood, and who was buried under the clerk's desk, to which resting-

place his remains were conveyed from his house in Bunhill Fields, his father having been interred in the same church twenty-seven years previously. Among other monuments which this sacred treasure-house contains, the most remarkable is that "very fair marble stone," fixed in the south wall of the chancel, containing a Latin inscription, which we must give in the mother tongue of our readers.

"TO JOHN FOX,
The most faithful Martyrologist of the Church of England,
The most sagacious Investigator of Historical Antiquity,
The most valiant Defender of Evangelical Truth,
A wondrous worker of miracles,
Who presented the Marian martyrs, like phœnixes, alive from their ashes:
Chiefly to fulfil every duty of filial affection,
Samuel Fox,
His Eldest Son,
Erected this Monument,
Not without tears.
He died the 18th April, A.D. 1587,
A Septuagenarian."

To some extent we are all acquainted with that great work which the filial piety of Samuel Fox has thus celebrated, as that in which the Marian martyrs, like the phœnix, are as by a miraculous power recalled from their ashes; comparatively little, however, is known of the man by whose more than magic pen these "wondrous miracles" were wrought. We have, therefore, thought we might do some good to our readers, as well as some justice to the memory of John Fox, if we took this opportunity to furnish a brief sketch of his history.

He was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1517, a year most memorable in the history of the church, being that in which Luther began the reformation in Germany. At the age of sixteen, he entered Brazen-nose college, Oxford, where he pursued his academical studies with great diligence and success. At this period he was firmly attached to the errors and superstitious ceremonies of popery; being "ignorant of God's righteousness," he was "going about to establish his own righteousness," for he relied on the "strictly regular and moral life" which he led, instead of trusting in the righteousness of Christ. He laughed at the idea of justification by faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ, and thought himself safe in the imaginary merit of his own self-denial, penances, alms-deeds, and compliances with the rites of the church.

Great was the zeal and perseverance with which this plodding student pursued his studies. It is recorded of him that, before he was thirty years of age, he had read through all the Greek and Latin fathers, all the schoolmen, and the acts of all the councils, besides making himself master of the Hebrew language. While engaged in these studies, he obtained Divine light, and learned the way of salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Having discovered that the Romish church had departed to an immense distance from the faith, practice, and spirit of primitive Christianity, he searched with indefatigable assiduity into the ancient and modern history of the church, that he might be a competent judge in the controversies which were agitated in his day. He learned at what periods and by what means the religion of Christ had become corrupted, and the arguments by which its corruption should be opposed.

The great change which had taken place in his principles was soon suspected, in consequence of his withdrawal from his old popish friends, from the dubious and hesitating manner in which, when he was obliged to be in company, he entered in conversation on religious subjects, and especially from his rare attendance at public worship, at which he had previously been constant and devout. Having thus fallen under suspicion, his enemies watched carefully for proofs of heresy, which were before very long given in sufficient number to lead to his expulsion from the university. Thus he was not ashamed of Christ and his word, and "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Mr. Fox had now to surrender friends, and suffer the loss of all things, including his worldly prospects, for Christ. His step-father withheld from him the estate which his own father had left him, "thinking that he who stood in danger of the law himself would with difficulty find relief by legal methods." For a time he was sustained by the kindness of Sir Thomas Lucy, who received him into his family as tutor to his children; and having married a Coventry citizen's daughter, he lived for some time in the house of his wife's father, whence, a few years before the death of Henry VIII, he removed to London.

For a considerable time after his removal to London, John Fox experienced the bitterness of poverty, being without friends and having very scanty supplies, so that he was reduced to extreme want. It was at this time that he had a remarkable proof of the providential care of his heavenly Father. He was sitting one day in old St. Paul's church—his eyes hollow, his countenance wan and pale, and his whole body emaciated, being within a very little of dying of starvation—when a person, whom he never saw before or since, came and sat down by him, and accosting him familiarly, put a sum of money into his hand, saying, "Be of good comfort, Mr. Fox; take care of yourself, and use all means to preserve your life; for, depend upon it, God will in a few days give you a better prospect, and more certain means of subsistence." This

seasonable prediction was fulfilled; for within three days he was taken into the family of the duchess of Richmond, to be tutor to the children of her nephew, the earl of Surrey, who was then a prisoner in the Tower. Mr. Fox lived with this noble family at Ryegate during the latter part of Henry VIIIth's reign, during the short reign of Edward VI, and part of that of Mary, and is said to have been the first person who preached the gospel in Ryegate.

The Marian persecutions soon began to rage with a fury that made it necessary for Fox to flee to another land for safety. He set sail from Ipswich, accompanied by his wife and several other persons who were expatriating themselves for the same reason; but the vessel had not been long at sea ere a storm arose, by which they were compelled to return to port the next day. Mr. Fox found, on landing, that Bishop Gardiner had issued a warrant for his apprehension, and that if he remained on shore he would have to contend with greater dangers than the winds that were beating outside the Orwell. He therefore used all his influence with the captain, whom he persuaded to put to sea again without delay, though at the peril of all on board; however, through the Divine goodness, they safely reached the desired haven, whence Mr. Fox made his way to Basle.

The city of Basle holds an interesting place in the history of the Reformation. During the Marian persecutions, it was the home of many refugees, who had to escape thither for their lives; and at the period to which we refer, many of the learned men who enjoyed sanctuary there obtained their living by reading for the press—for Basle was then celebrated for its excellent printing—and Mr. Fox for some time obtained his support in the same manner. While thus engaged, he found time also to lay the foundation of his great work, "The Acts and Monuments of the Church."

In 1558, queen Mary was summoned from this world into the presence of that righteous Judge whose saints she had persecuted unto death, and on the accession of Elizabeth, Fox returned to England, where he was hospitably entertained at the house of his friend, the duke of Norfolk, who bequeathed to him a pension. At the recommendation of Cecil, he obtained the prebend of Shipton in the cathedral of Salisbury, which indeed was thrust upon him by the kindness of his friends. For some time before his death, according to some authorities, he was vicar of St. Giles' Cripplegate, and was greatly esteemed by Elizabeth, who called him "her father Fox." Any influence he possessed he constantly used in the cause of truth and charity, and when two Anabaptists were condemned to the flames in Smithfield, he wrote a Latin letter to the queen, in which he told her majesty that "to punish with the flames the bodies of those who err rather from blindness than obstinacy of will is cruel, and more suitable to the example of the Romish church than to the mildness of the gospel."

On his return to London, the martyrologist devoted himself to his great work, on which he expended eleven years of constant labour. For the sake of the greater correctness, he never employed an amanuensis, but wrote every line of his vast book with his own hand, and searched and transcribed all the original papers himself. The toil connected with these labours greatly reduced his strength, and he became so emaciated as to be scarcely known to his friends. Finding that his enemies were endeavouring to undermine the authority of his records, he laboured with the greater diligence to sift the evidence on which his statements were based, and to fortify his assertions by proofs which the most searching investigation could not invalidate. Mr. Fox was greatly assisted in his labours by that pious prelate, Dr. Grindal, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, who, besides his constant counsel and advice, supplied him with materials, which he had collected with great labour. It was owing to Dr. Grindal's advice that the Martyrology was so long in hand, as he recommended the rejection of every narration that could not be satisfactorily authenticated. We believe there is no work extant which is more worthy of the confidence of the reader, incredible as its tales of horror may appear, and none which has formed a mightier bulwark against popery.

John Fox was remarkable for his sympathy with the poor, and his liberality in ministering to their support. It is said that a friend once enquiring of him whether he recollected a certain poor man whom he used to relieve, he answered, "Yes, I remember him well; and I willingly forget lords and ladies to remember such as he." He was remarkable also for his kindness in comforting persons in sorrow, and advising those in perplexity; and it is said that his home was constantly frequented by persons of all ranks, from the nobility down to the poorest of the flock, who went to him for consolation and guidance, and whom he never failed to lead to "Him who giveth wisdom," "the God that comforteth them that are cast down."

The great skill with which he could "minister to a mind diseased" led to his remarkable interview with the celebrated Mrs. Honeywood, a lady who lived to the age of ninety-three. In the days of queen Mary she used to visit the prisons, and comfort and relieve the confessors and martyrs. She was present at the burning of Bradford in Smithfield, and resolved to see the end of his

PORTRAIT OF JOHN FOX.

suffering, though so great was the crowd of people that her shoes were trodden off, and she was "forced to go barefoot from Smithfield to St. Martin's before she could furnish herself with a pair for her money." This lady for many years suffered intensely from anxiety as to her acceptance with God. She gradually sunk into despair, the effect of which was evident in her declining health during a period of twenty years. At length Mr. Fox was sent for, who found her in a mournful state, with a grief-stricken family around her. The holy man prayed with her, and then reminded her of the faithful promises of God, which she, like too many other sincere Christians, could not appropriate to herself. Mr. Fox continued his discourse, and to the surprise of every one present, said to her: "You will not only recover of your bodily disease, but also live to an exceeding great age; and, which is yet better, you are interested in Christ, and will go to heaven when you die."

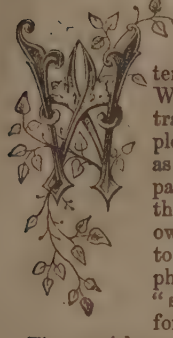
Looking earnestly at him as he uttered these remarks, she answered with much emotion, "Impossible! I shall as surely be damned as this glass will break;" and immediately dashed a Venice glass (which she was holding in her hand) with much force against the wall. The glass fell first on a chest, and then upon the ground, but was neither broken nor cracked.

What the counsels of Mr. Fox had apparently not been able to accomplish, this singular and, as we may not hesitate to call it, providential circumstance effected. It is needful, however, to caution our reader that acting upon such capricious incidents is a course unwarranted by Scripture, and more likely to lead to delusion than safe guidance. Mrs. Honeywood was then sixty years old, and lived in much comfort and felicity, as we have already seen, until she was upwards of ninety, and could count as her descendants above 360 persons.

Mr. Fox died on the 18th of April, 1587, having had such a conviction of the approach of his death that he previously sent his two sons from home, that he might enjoy unmolested communion with God in his last hours on earth. Calmly, and with the full assurance of hope unto the end, did this great and excellent man bid adieu to the trials and labours of earth, and enter among that "noble army of martyrs" whose history it was his great honour to have placed on undying record.

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

III. THE PENITENT.



WE have seen, in the previous history, the nature and extent of Jonah's transgression. We have now to witness the extraordinary manner in which it pleased God to punish it. Just as unrestrained desires are the parents of sin, so sin is always the precursor of punishment. Its own developments are, according to the laws of the moral and physical world, its penalties; "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

The punishment of Jonah was intended to comprehend three objects. One was, to make him sensible of the extent of his own criminality. A second was, to place him in such circumstances as might constitute him a wonder to the Ninevites, and convince them that his authority came from heaven. A third was, to set him up by some recognisable peculiarities as a type of the future Messiah. We shall see, in the course of the narrative, how all these purposes were accomplished.

The levity of scepticism has fastened with peculiar eagerness upon the scriptural account of Jonah's punishment, though for what reason we know not, except that the transaction was unusual, and removed from ordinary usages, and is therefore easily represented by the scorner as improbable, if not impossible. No process of argument is so easy and often so effective as derision. Yet well does Solomon say: "A scorner seeketh wisdom and findeth it not." Before we can estimate the nature of the transaction, we must remove the stand-point from our own times to those at which the incident occurred. The Dagon or fish-god was a familiar object of idolatry, both to the Philistines, as we learn from Scripture, and to the Ninevites, as we find from numerous remnants of ancient sculpture. The circumstance of a prophet associated in so remarkable a manner with the existence of their venerated idol, would prove in Nineveh's eyes a passport to attention, if not to favour; and the whole occurrence would show to the Ninevites that the fish which they worshipped was entirely under the control of the Most High, and so far from being a worthy object of their idolatry, was only God's instrument in punishing a rebellious servant when he refused to testify against their impious superstitions. Such a connection appears to the writer a probable one; and, if true, it abundantly redeems the whole transaction from sneering reproach. We are to witness in this record a miracle; and a miracle supposes in its very nature something singular and contrary to ordinary experience. An occurrence similar to that here related is only irrational to those who assume the antecedent improbability of all miracles, whatever might be the nature of the truth they are destined to attest. And what the infidel really desires in this objection is that there may be no revelation at all.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." There is nothing upon the face of the Scripture narrative to determine what kind of fish this was. It has been too readily assumed by the translators of the New Testament in a corresponding passage,* that it must needs have been a whale, because that was the animal of adequate size with which they were most familiar. But no assertion of this specific kind is made by the sacred writers. The words "fish" and "great fish" are the only terms employed by the prophecy itself; whilst in Matthew the term (κήτος) may denote any fish of considerable dimensions. The theory, which with neological subtlety has imagined the whole miracle to be explicable on the supposition that Jonah, thrown out of a larger vessel into the sea, was picked up by a smaller one which carried him safe to shore, is so essentially meagre and so totally discrepant with the spirit and language of the Divine narrative, that we cannot entertain it for a moment. To believe that interpretation would be to charge the sacred volume with the empty bombast and exemplary absurdity due only to the inventors of such a commentary.

In a lecture published and delivered by him on the whale fishery, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby (no small authority on such a subject) has shown that there is no impossibility that Jonah may have been actually swallowed by *a whale;* inasmuch as there is in that animal a receptacle sufficiently large to receive the whole body of a man without injury. But whales are not common in the Mediterranean; and there is no reason why we should suppose that fish to be concerned in the matter at all. It has been shown, upon high authority, that the animal likely to have been here employed was a fish of the shark kind—the *cancharias*, or *dog-fish*, still found in the Mediterranean, though once much more abundant than now. In common with other sharks, this fish is extremely voracious, and its deglutition is most rapid; whilst the teeth are intended rather to seize the prey than to masticate it previously to its digestion. As illustrations of the natural history of this fish, Bochart has produced the following examples. In the year 1755 one of these sharks was following in the wake of a

* Matt. xii.

frigate, when a sailor fell overboard. Instantly on the alarm being given, a shot was fired at the monster from the ship, by which the shark was killed. The fish was quickly drawn upon deck and opened, and, strange to say, the sailor was taken out alive, and lived many years to relate his wonderful escape. The weight of the fish was three thousand pounds. The same writer records a similar occurrence of a body of a soldier, though this time without life, being found in a destroyed shark. These instances, which seem well attested, show that there is no impossibility in the representation that the fish, if one of a large size, might have swallowed the prophet whole and uninjured; and it is well known that the gastric juice has no effect upon the living animal. *The preservation of Jonah's life* amidst such circumstances is the real miracle, and this must be simply resolved into the Almightiness of God. There is, however, nothing in the miracle itself more wonderful than in many natural events. Is it more strange than that the egg shall become the bird, or the worm the butterfly? or than that the seeds of the Egyptian mummy, after lying in the hands of the dead for three thousand years, should spring and grow? And nothing in this transaction surpasses the wonderfulness of those other miracles by which the authority of the Bible is supported; there is nothing more strange in it than in many of the plagues of Egypt, or the speech of Balaam's ass, or the falling down of Jericho, or the preservation of Daniel, or the walking on the water of our Lord and his apostle. In all these cases it was eminently becoming the dignity of God to show that whatever the ordinary laws impressed upon the world, they are no necessary laws for Him. When he announced to the Jews the coming of prophets, he taught that they should be known by the signs and wonders which should accompany them, and that thus it should be made manifest that they were the messengers of One far greater than themselves. The attestation was as reasonable as wonderful.

It deserves also to be remarked, that however absurd to modern sceptics the miracle of Jonah may appear to be, ancient mythology has many fables which, if they have not derived their origin from that prophet's history, bear at least considerable resemblance to it. The Greek story of Arion, who, when thrown into the sea, was borne to the shore on the back of a dolphin; the Babylonian tradition of Oannes, who was sent to that district to teach religion and morals, and to instruct them in the arts of life, and who was described as coming from the sea in the morning and returning to it again at night, may possibly have had their origin in mutilated fragments of this original narrative.

Jonah, though by this miraculous interposition lost to the living world, was wonderfully permitted to retain his full consciousness and power of reflection. Whilst the honest-minded but idolatrous mariners had been so deeply impressed by the circumstances they had witnessed as to be driven to acknowledge the authority of the Only True God, and to offer sacrifices to Him who had so remarkably detected his guilty servant, the prophet was engaged, in his extraordinary situation, in thoughts appropriate to the past and to the present. Jonah felt that his condition was one of extreme peril, and no way of escape seemed possible. His situation was like that of one beyond this world, and he significantly describes himself (in the ode which he composed on this occasion, and afterwards reduced to writing,) as being in "the belly of hell," or, as we have it in the margin, "of the grave." He was undergoing a kind of living death. The event which had befallen him he acknowledges to be a punishment justly inflicted by God, and he very descriptively represents his own state as being "in the midst of the seas," "compassed about" by "the floods;" whilst all God's "billows and waves passed over him." His life was in peril—"the waves compassed me about, even to the soul" (i. e. the animal principle of life); and he poetically represents himself as having "the weeds wrapped about his head," as "going down to the bottoms of the mountains," and as imprisoned, as if by the adamantine "bars" of "the earth" itself. The situation was almost desperate, yet even there the Spirit of God infused hope into his mind. No lying vanity of heathenism misled him; his cry was to the living God, and it was not unheard. "I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again towards thy holy temple." In his utter prostration, he cast himself upon the mercy of that God whom he had offended. It is an invariable characteristic of true penitence that one step in the process begets another. Jonah begins with humiliation. That induces an abhorrent rejection of the sin which had deceived him. Penitence leads to prayer, and hope springs up in his heart. That hope increases almost to confidence in the certainty of his deliverance; and that again gives birth to thankfulness and resolutions for the future. "I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord." Thus the moral process of purification becomes complete, and the captive in the animal dungeon is already an altered man.

Such, though with characteristic variations, are always the processes of true repentance. The apostle Paul describes them in language not very distant from the present. "For behold this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after

godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in ou; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what ndignation" (against the sin); "yea, what fear; ea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; ea, what revenge." The whole process, when ne Spirit of God takes possession of the mind f the convinced sinner (and the same is true of he backslider), is like that of commencing vege- ation in an arid desert. Every single blade of rass which springs up on its margin, scatters ew seed and projects new soil farther into the arren waste, till all that was once unprofitable ecomes filled with vegetable life. So is it with he soul.

The lessons read to us in this portion of cripture history are very emphatic and im- ressive.

We see what a heinous sin is unfaithfulness o God. Yet it is one of which many hink little; or, if they think of it at all, it is nly as of a sin which implicates ministers alone. But it is not so. Unfaithfulness on their part, ndeed, will be guilt of the deepest dye. "It is equired in stewards that a man be found faith- ul." "His blood will I require at the watch- nan's hands." But who is exempted from the esponsibilities of stewardship? Who is not put n trust with time, money, talents, usefulness, vhich he may employ for God? Who has no estimony to lift up to the world—no sin to re- rove—it may be by speech, or it may be by a onsistent and holy life? "Thou shalt in any- vise rebuke thy brother, and shalt not suffer sin pon him." Who is faithful in the discharge f so great a duty? Who has never held back vords which might have reached the heart of hild, brother, sister, dependent, acquaintance? How many have hesitated to avow themselves Christians, or been indisposed to be known as uch, when the knowledge might have exposed the rofessor to obloquy and contempt! Ah, what owards many of us are! How do those who ould face unblenchingly the cannon's mouth and he pointed steel, often shudder at the finger of corn and tremble at "the world's dread laugh!" Well and wisely does the apostle pray on behalf f his converts, that "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give you he spirit of wisdom and revelation for the ac- knowledgment of him; the eyes of your under- standing being enlightened."* God give us all his grace. Let us not shrink from avowing ur Master, wherever he demands that service of s—even "in Nineveh, that great city."

Some will suppose that because they are not Christians, the force of this responsibility does ot rest upon them. Alas! how erroneous. The drunken pilot must be, indeed, removed from the helm of the vessel he can no longer steer; but is not responsibility upon him, how- ever he may have unfitted himself for its per- formance? Ah, dear reader! you flatter your- self that you profess no religion, and that you are not, therefore, amenable to religious penalties. But it is as impossible for the soul of man to shake itself free from obligations, as for the body to get out of the atmosphere which surrounds it. There is coming a day when we shall find ourselves to have been the tempters of others by idle words, evil practices, and vicious indulgences. Aye, and not only so, but the words we might have spoken, the warnings we might have con- veyed and did not, these will condemn us. Jonah's indisposition of heart to his work was his very crime.

But as we remember our sins, and as we re- member archbishop Leighton's parenthesis, "es- pecially my sins of omission," let us be concerned to seek forgiveness for them. O, however great they may be, we know not what we do when we yield ourselves to despair. That despair is the parent of inaction and death; the deadly tree under the shadow of which no single virtue can grow. Whatever thy case, reader—however deep, however long-continued the processes of thy guilt, rouse thyself from thy dejection. Perhaps thou art far gone, habits have taken hold on thee, "thy iniquity is great, thy wound grievous;" nay, possibly, the human consequences of thy transgression may have already followed thee, and thou art, like Jonah, an outcast. Yet, "if from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him." His mercy is boundless as his nature. How affecting is that prayer uttered at the stake by archbishop Cranmer, who, though, like the prophet, he had fled from God's presence, returned to it, like the same prophet, during his grievous imprisonment. "O Lord, have mercy upon me, a most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner! I have offended both against heaven and earth, more than my tongue can ex- press. Whither then may I go, or whither shall I flee? To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and on earth I find no place of refuge or succour. To Thee, therefore, O Lord, do I run: to Thee do I humble myself. O Lord, my God, my sins are great; but yet have mercy upon me, for thy great mercy. The great mystery, that God became man, was not wrought for small or few offences. Thou didst not give thy Son unto death for little sins only, but for all the greatest sins of the world, so that the sinner returns to thee with his whole heart, as do I here at this present. Have mercy upon me, O God, whose property is always to have mercy. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for thy great mercy. O Lord, I crave nothing for my own merits, but for thy name's sake, that it

* Eph. i. 18, 19.

might be hallowed thereby, and for thy dear Son, Jesus Christ's sake." "I said I am cast out of thy sight: yet will I look again towards thy holy temple."

THE LAST HOURS OF PROFESSOR SCHOLEFIELD.

Professor Scholefield was regius professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge, and died at Hastings on the 4th of April, 1853. Writing of him, one who knew him well thus describes the results of his useful life:—"My conviction is," he says, "that no man did more efficient though *unrecorded* good in his day and generation, by those thousand acts of daily counsel and assistance which his character and position at the university gave him an opportunity of performing, and by which he became ultimately worn out. The results, in the minds and lives of hundreds of young men thus benefited, must be felt in every part of the world, and can only be fully known at the last day." Exhausted by incessant labour, he retired to Hastings to recruit his health, but, as it proved, to die. His last hours are thus described by his wife, in a useful but unambitious memoir of her husband,* which she has published:—

"When we were quite alone, he requested I would read the last six verses of the 73rd Psalm, dwelling particularly on the 26th verse. Then, as if sensible of his approaching end, he asked me if I was prepared if anything should occur; and then said, 'Give my love to all.' I asked, 'Do you mean to every one you know?' He replied, 'Yes, but especially to those nearest and dearest to me.' He mentioned none by name. When I was lying down he said, 'May God bless our whole household, and every member of it.' He held my hand the whole night, frequently pressing it: he was restless, and sometimes a little wandering, but in no pain. At two o'clock, after taking a little refreshment, he said, 'Now let me hear the 125th Psalm.' After reading this Psalm through, I repeated the 26th verse of the 73rd: 'My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' He repeated with a clear voice and great emphasis, 'For ever—that will be a long portion.' I replied, 'Yes, dear, and it will be yours.' He added, 'Amen!'

"This morning I tried to animate his views in prospect of the glories which awaited him, remarking how many he would have to welcome him, and who would be his crown of rejoicing through all eternity. He shook his head, but made no reply.

"Nothing he had ever done or said appeared to give him the least comfort. As a sinner at the foot of the cross he delighted to lie; and taking the comfort of the promises of salvation through the blood there shed, he appeared cheerful and happy. His whole conduct and experience in this peaceful close of a laborious and self-denying life speaks volumes—carrying out to the fullest extent, and showing the reality of those doctrines of full and free salvation through Christ, on which he delighted to dwell in the earnest and affectionate appeals he made to his parishioners from the pulpit—urging them from time to time not to neglect this great salvation, as it was the only resting place on a dying bed, and in the prospect of eternity. O! how many will remember those solemn appeals from their beloved minister; and his dying experience of their reality was very striking. The earnestness of such exhortations was observed to increase every year of his ministry. And latterly there was an elevation in his preaching which seemed to foretell that he had 'fulfilled his course.'

"Before dressing him this last morning, after appearing in deep thought, he said, 'Read me one verse in Jeremiah; I think it is the 50th chapter and 20th verse.' I read, 'In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found, for I will pardon those whom I reserve.' 'That is it,' he said; 'thank you;' and this was the last portion of God's word which he heard. In three hours after he needed no longer this lamp of life, which had so often lit up his way through the wilderness; for he had arrived at the heavenly city, where the 'Lamb is the light thereof.'

"For the last few days, although there were no worse symptoms to alarm, except a daily loss of strength, there seemed a something undefinable, which told he was approaching the confines of the heavenly world. Without imparting my feelings to any one, I silently felt each hour in the position of Elisha, watching every movement, seeming to hear a voice saying, 'Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master this day?' yet we travelled on, with Jordan full in view, without daring to talk of the separation which was about to take place. I have very little doubt but that the same idea had filled his mind, which took such complete possession of mine, but I evidently saw he was reluctant to enter upon any subject which might disturb his serenity.

"When seated on the sofa, he enquired what time he might ride out. Dr. C. said he would not consent to his going in the open chair, but he might take a drive in the close carriage at one o'clock.

* London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

"Before his son went for a walk, he gave him a few more directions about his journey to Cambridge on Wednesday. He then took some bread dipped in wine, and was wheeled in a chair to an open window. We were then left alone, waiting, as he thought, for his own little carriage; but instead of this, the chariot of fire and horses of fire were on their way to take him from us. I saw no difference in his appearance; his eyes, which were fixed on the ocean, were as bright as ever. His breathing was not short, nor was there the least change observable in him. I sat by him, with his hand in mine, for nearly an hour and a half. I then asked him if he would take a little bread and meat for lunch, and have a chop for dinner; he nodded assent, but distinctly said, 'a ride.' This was the last word he spoke. It was nearly one o'clock. I rang the bell to order the carriage, but persuaded him to rest on the sofa before going. He pointed to the nearest one, and it was with difficulty he was laid upon it. He looked very sweetly; there was not the slightest change. I had no apprehension of what was near, until I put a small piece of bread and meat into his mouth, and found he did not receive it. I sat by him, took his hand in mine, felt his pulse— it beat faintly—stopped—then beat once more—he gave a gentle sigh, so gentle I could scarcely hear it—and he was gone! What peace there was in that countenance I can never describe—no appearance of death—but a calm quiet sleep. His happy spirit had unexpectedly escaped from this scene of trial for ever; we were what he wished to be—alone. Dr. B., hearing I was alone, came up, but could only confirm the fact that he was gone. Until my dear son returned from his walk I remained. Oh how changed the scene! He had left his dear father cheerful and able to converse, and now he was gone. To realize the fact was scarcely possible.

"Had the wishes of the university and clergy of the town been consulted, his remains would have been brought to Cambridge, that the respect and affection with which he was regarded might be manifested by according to him the honours of a public funeral. But Hastings had been to him a land of Beulah ere he entered the celestial city; and Fairlight was his favourite place of resort, and was fixed upon as most in unison with his peaceful close."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

DOGS OF THE EAST.

"They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city.—*Psalm* lix. 6.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the east, from times of remote antiquity to the present, a race of wild, or rather perhaps masterless, dogs has existed, to which many pointed allusions are made both by sacred and profane writers, historians and poets. Throughout Egypt, Syria, Kurdistan, Karamania, and Anatolia, as well as in the country around Constantinople, and indeed over the whole of Roumelia, various sorts of gaunt semi-wild dogs roam in packs, not only acting as scavengers, in conjunction with the jackal and the vulture, but also as depredators, and destroyers of weak or sickly animals. In the towns, as Aleppo, Cairo, Constantinople, etc., these street-dogs divide the place into quarters, each quarter having its own peculiar canine population, which in a body resent the intrusion of stranger dogs. During the night, these dogs leave their lurking-places, or lodgments of sufferance—for though deemed unclean by the Moslems, they are not unkindly treated; they prowl about in search of food, barking or howling in concert. In the language of the text at the head of our paper, "they return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city." This comparison of his enemies, by David, to the street-dogs roaming about at night would come with peculiar force to a native of the east, who would well understand a second allusion:* "Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied." In some parts of western Asia, and also in Egypt, where the lean, ill-favoured curs are usually destitute of hair, and are also to a great extent toothless, (of which many specimens have come under our own immediate notice,) these street-dogs either utter no howl or bark, or have but a feeble intonation, and may indeed be called "dumb dogs that cannot bark."† It is upon the most putrescent and disgusting offal that these dogs feed, but whether or not it is from this cause that their teeth and voice are rendered deficient, we cannot satisfactorily determine. With respect to the teeth, however, we may observe that, in the perfect dog, they are naturally constructed for seizing, lacerating, crunching, and splintering, flesh and bone being the substances on which they are destined to act; but where the diet becomes altered, and this alteration continues through a series of years, from generation to generation, a degeneracy in these essential organs may be almost expected; and—though why we cannot clearly see—there is between the teeth and the hair, in carnivorous animals, a certain connection, insomuch that no hairless dog ever exhibits a perfect set of teeth.

In modern days, packs of street-dogs follow the caravans, and regularly leave Cairo with the bands of pilgrims for the city of Mecca;

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* Ps. lix. 15. † Isa. lvi. 10.

they duly return, and are ready to start again the next season. During their sojourn at Cairo, they seclude themselves in the tombs of the Mameluke leaders or chiefs, and in ruins on the outside of the town, where the relics of slaughtered animals, and refuse of a like description, constitute their diet. Such offal is "cast to the dogs;" and this passage reminds us, that during the journey of the Hebrews, through the desert, pilgrim dogs followed the people and attended their camps, watching for the flesh of beasts destroyed by wild animals, which was allotted to them,* no doubt for a good reason—inasmuch as these dogs, though unclean, were, in a minor sense, the self-appointed guardians of the encampment, and were ready to give warning of the approach of strangers, whether friends or foes; they were, therefore, not deemed unworthy a certain provision, and met with no cruel treatment—a point upon which the Mosaic law is very stringent.

This self-appointed guardianship, by troops of masterless dogs, is seen at the present day in the various towns of the east, or rather of western Asia. The quarter of which a certain troop holds the freedom, is the quarter under watch and ward. To this circumstance various travellers bear testimony, and among them Sonnini, who, speaking of these dogs, says: "During the night, they are the terror of thieves. Upon the wharfs, boats and timber, and in the interior of towns, goods are entrusted to their vigilance. An admirable instinct, a natural inclination to make themselves useful to man, induces them to assume a superintendence which nobody confides to them—nobody points out to them; and it would be impossible to approach the property which these voluntary guardians have taken under their care."

Hence it is that, although a Mussulman considers himself defiled if a dog come in contact with him, the race is not excluded from charitable consideration. Many persons periodically distribute food to the dogs of the district, and even leave small sums of money by their wills for this purpose. Nor is the comfort of the females, with their litters of puppies, altogether neglected; and, in short, so much protected are these animals by public opinion, that on various occasions the determination of government to destroy them has been completely thwarted. Formerly, indeed, a public functionary was employed at Constantinople, whose duty it was to provide an allowance of food for the canine population; but such, we believe, is not the case in the present day. To strangers, and especially to Franks, or Europeans, whom they at once distinguish by their dress and general aspect, these dogs, if not actually dangerous, are at least very annoying, especially in the dusk of evening and by night, much to the satisfaction of the bigotted Moslems, who would instantly take their part were any injury inflicted upon one of their number.

It is not only within the walls of the large towns of Asia Minor and Egypt that these masterless dogs abound; they are spread over the country at large, tenanting ruins and old neglected burial-grounds. As in ancient times, these dogs prowl about encampments, and besides the offal of slaughtered cattle, and the carcasses of dead horses, feed also upon the bodies of men left unburied by the troops on their march, or merely covered with a thin layer of earth.

In Psalm lxxix. 3, we read: "Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them;" that is, as a learned commentator observes, "none were allowed to bury them." The despotism of Eastern princes often proceeds to such a degree of extravagance, as to fill the mind with astonishment and terror. In Morocco, no person dares to bury the body of a malefactor without an order from the emperor; and Windus, speaking of a man who was sawed in two, informs us that his body must have remained to be *eaten by the dogs*, if the emperor had not pardoned him." It is the same in Madagascar.

In Psalm lxviii. 23, we read: "That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of dogs in the same." Naboth was slain by Ahab, having been stoned to death.* He was left unburied for the dogs; and when Ahab fell in the battle, his blood, which had poured down upon his chariot, was licked by dogs, according to the threatening of the prophecy. "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."† With regard to the iniquitous wife of Ahab, Jezebel, it was prophesied: "The dogs shall eat Jezebel, and there shall be none to bury her;" and so it was; for when they went to bury her, "they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."‡

Such, then, have been, and still are, the half-wild masterless dogs of Asia Minor. But we are not to suppose that no truly domestic dogs (unclean as the animal was accounted) were reared by the Hebrews; and we know that in ancient Egypt dogs were not only held in high estimation, but placed among sacred animals or divinities; and their embalmed relics may be seen in the British Museum. The dog-star,

* Exodus xxii. 31.

* 1 Kings xxi. 14. † 1 Kings xxi. 19.
‡ 2 Kings ix. 10, 35.

Sirius or Anubis, whose appearance accorded with the periodical rise of the Nile, was deified and represented under the figure of a man, with the head of a dog, symbolical of vigilance, and was worshipped in the temples.

What we have said will serve to throw a light upon the views held respecting the dog by the Hebrews, irrespective of its position among unclean animals. It was a god among those by whom they had been held so long in cruel bondage.

As we have already said, we are not to infer that no domestic dogs were reared by the ancient Israelites; on the contrary, they had watch-dogs, and hunting-dogs, and dogs to guard the fold; and we read in Mark vii. 28, that "the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs"—a proof that this animal was not excluded from the interior of the house. Such, as regards watch-dogs and hunting-dogs, is also the case with the Moslems, whose laws are confessedly modelled upon the Jewish dispensation.

It is not only throughout Asia Minor and Northern Africa that a race, or rather races, (for the breeds are various) of masterless dogs exist. They are found over a great extent of south-eastern Europe, and even in Russia, as high north as the environs of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and often, especially during winter, when other food is scarce, attack both cattle and defenceless persons. It is, however, in India that the troops of masterless dogs have most attracted notice. It is very probable that certain breeds of these dogs—pariah dogs as they are termed—are the descendants of a truly wild breed very numerous in the jungles and forests, and also along the lower range of the Himalaya mountains. They are neglected by the Hindoos, but not altogether so by the Mohammedans, who regard them with some degree of favour, and not unfrequently supply them with food, which they consider an act of charity. They have no owners, and they enter no house, but they are destitute neither of intelligence nor spirit, and some are very pretty—one species being taught to carry little torches and lanterns. Bishop Heber says that he was forcibly struck at finding the same dog-like and amiable qualities in these neglected animals as in their more fortunate brethren of Europe.

The wild dogs of India and Africa hunt in packs, and not only pull down the wild ox and the largest antelopes, but attack even beasts of prey; and the tiger himself is often found torn in pieces by them.

To pursue this subject further would draw us out of the scope of this paper, which is intended to show how natural history, like every other branch of knowledge, can be made to pour forth light and interest on the word of God.

Pages for the Young.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

"NOW, Willie, do you know your parable?"

"Not quite, mamma; I have been thinking about something."

"About what, Willie?"

"Why, mamma, I want you to be so kind as to tell me how I can do what Jesus tells me in this parable; I don't quite understand."

"Well, read it to me, Willie, and then we'll talk about it."

So little Willie, who was only seven years old, read very slowly and distinctly the following parable:—

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

"Now, Willie, what is it you do not understand?"

"Why, mamma, how can I do like that good Samaritan? I don't think there are any thieves about here; and if there were, the police would catch them; and I never heard of any one being knocked down and robbed in this place; so how can I '*go and do likewise*,' mamma?"

"Shall I make it quite plain to you, by telling you a story, Willie?"

"Oh! if you please, dear mamma;" and Willie brought his little stool and seated himself at his mother's feet.

"Once upon a time," said his mother, "a party of boys were gathered together in one corner of a large playground; they were all talking at once.

"'What do you think?' cried one. 'I don't know; what is it?' 'Oh! do tell us,' cried a third.

"'Why, Robert Arnold is coming here to school to-morrow.'

"'Coming *here*,' cried many voices.

"'Yes, his father isn't at all rich now; he has lost almost all his money, and can't afford to pay for a tutor any longer; so master Robert has to be sent to school, and I heard our master tell one of the assistants this very day, that he was coming here to-morrow. Won't we lead him a nice life, that's all; won't we pay him back for all the airs he used to show us?'

"'Yes, that we will,' cried they all. 'I remember how he set his dog on me,' said one. 'And he hit me on the head with a stone, only last holiday,' cried another. 'And he upset Walter Hall's boat when it was sailing on the pond,' exclaimed a third. 'He shall see we don't forget his proud looks; pride must have a fall,' shouted they all.

"These boys all lived in the same town, and the largest house in the place belonged to Robert Arnold's

father. Robert was his only child, and had been very badly brought up. He had been taught to look down on all the boys in the town who did not live in such a grand house as he did; and never having learned that 'God resisteth the proud,' was very vain of his fine clothes and his white pony, and used to look with contempt on every one who was not as rich as he was. You may suppose he was no great favourite with the boys of the town, who used to laugh at his pride and conceit. Whether what they said of him was really true, and that he did set his dog on them, throw stones at them, and upset Walter's boat, I know not; but this I *do* know, that he was a very vain, conceited little boy, and that the fear of God was not in his heart. But troubles had now really come upon Robert's father; his riches had 'taken unto themselves wings,' and he was at last poorer than any of the other families in the town. So Robert must leave the home where he had been so petted and spoiled, and go to school.

"Poor boy! he was really to be pitied, and when he thought of the boys of the town who were at the same school, and that he had made them all his enemies by his foolish pride, his heart sank within him.

"The next day Robert Arnold arrived at school; the master introduced him into the schoolroom, and assigned him his place in a class. Robert was not a stupid boy; but never having been away from home before, he felt awkward and shy, and when school was over and the boys went into the playground, he saw himself shunned by every one. Not a boy came near him, and, solitary and miserable, he was very glad when the bell rang them into school again. But there again was fresh trouble. Robert, although not wanting in ability, had always been used to rely on his tutor to assist him with his task, and now when left to himself could scarcely get on at all.

"The boys had all a long piece of Latin translation given them to prepare for the next day, and before leaving the schoolroom that evening the master called them together, and said, 'Young gentlemen, all those who know their tasks *perfectly* for me to-morrow morning, I will take into the woods nutting with me in the afternoon.' Every face brightened, for the nutting excursion was the great treat of the season. All, therefore, looked happy at the prospect, except Robert Arnold.

"'Don't you like nutting!' whispered a boy to him, timidly looking at the same time to see if his companions were watching him.

"'Yes, very much,' said Robert, 'but I know I shall not be able to do my task; I don't understand the rules.'

"'Walter, don't be a sneak,' cried several boys, dragging him away from Arnold; 'didn't he upset your boat! Be a man, and have nothing to say to him, or we'll have nothing to say to *you*, I can tell you.'

"Walter reluctantly followed his companions; he wanted to do right, but had not the courage to withstand their ridicule. Robert Arnold went into the playground; it was a lovely autumn evening; and taking his Latin lesson from his pocket, he sat down in an arbour, and tried hard to understand it; but all would not do; and feeling at once the disgrace and misery which the morrow would surely bring, he hid his face in his hands, and burst into tears.

"And now all the boys were going to finish their evening's amusement with a game at cricket. The way to the cricket field lay past the arbour. One by one the boys came along. Some looked in and laughed; others sneered; at last came Walter Hall; and when he saw Robert, his pity and compassion overcame his dread of being laughed at, and, regardless of the taunts of his companions, he went up to where poor Robert lay, and gently removing his hands from his face, said in a kind voice, 'I will explain your rules to you, Robert; I don't care about playing at cricket this evening; come, dry your tears, and let us begin.'

"'Oh, Walter! dear, dear Walter!' cried Robert, throwing his arms round his neck, 'how good, how kind! but what will *they* say?'

"'Never mind what they say,' said Walter; 'it is only when one does wrong that one has anything to be ashamed of; and I am ashamed of not having helped you before; but now I'll be your friend through everything, if you will let me.'

"'If I will let you! Oh Walter!' And the two boys sat quietly together, the one explaining, and the other gratefully and attentively listening. Robert soon understood the rules, and did his work for the next day as well as any of them. The friendship thus begun grew stronger every day. Walter's advice was of great use to Robert, who became a clever, amiable boy, and his love and gratitude to Walter were unbounded. But their friendship did not end with their schoolboy days; it lasted through the long after years of an eventful life, increasing their pleasures and lessening their griefs."

"Is that all, mamma?"

"Yes, Willie; and now can you tell me *who* went and *did likewise* in my story?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I knew it all along; it was Walter, of course, was it not?"

"Yes, and what we are therefore to understand from that beautiful parable of our Lord is, that whenever we meet with people in distress, we must consider them as our neighbours, and do them all the good we can. *All mankind* are our '*neighbours;*' they may live in different parts of the world; their skin may be of a different colour from our own; they may speak different languages; but the same great God created them all, and we ought therefore to treat all with whom we have anything to do as neighbours and friends, or as brothers and sisters. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' If a person were always to keep this commandment, he would never do wrong to any one. Pray, then, that God will, for Christ's sake, give you his grace to help you to keep this law; I am sure it deserves to be called, as it often is, THE GOLDEN RULE."

Sabbath Evening Recreations.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

IX.

THE shadows of evening are darkening, and in the dim twilight we look upon a strange scene. It is a tented field, the encampment, apparently, of a vast army; but there is no clang of arms, nor murmur of voices. Death-like stillness is all around. There is not a stir in the camp, save the stealthy step of a few persons of sickly and miserable appearance, who are moving cautiously from tent to tent.

Garments and treasure of various kinds are strewn carelessly about.

X.

We look upon a scene of deep interest. A sacred house of prayer is filled with armed men, who, marshalled in military array, and with their swords drawn, seem prepared for resistance and defence.

Close by one of the massive pillars stands a little child, and on him every eye is turned. He is robed as a king, on his youthful head is the royal crown, and in his hand a copy of the Holy Scriptures. A venerable person in priestly robes stands near him, and he is surrounded by brave and noble men. It is a time of great rejoicing, and the thrilling sound of trumpets mingles with a full choir of voices and instruments pouring forth psalms of praise.

KEY TO THE MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

7. Ruth and Naomi at Bethlehem. Ruth i. 19—22.
8. Belshazzar's Feast. Daniel v. 1—12.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE EXCHANGE OF BIBLES.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. V.

On the evening of his liberation, Albert Norton sat beside my unhappy but now softened owner.

"You are going, James," he said, "to leave us, I hear. I have a farewell request to make, that before you go, you will take a present of my Bible and give me yours instead. We shall thus be reminded of each other when we are separated."

The youth thus addressed hesitated for a little; at last, in a broken voice, he said, "I will."

"And read it? you will sometimes read it? Promise me that," continued Albert, earnestly.

"I don't know; perhaps I may; well then, I promise," said James, after a struggle in his heart.

The exchange was made; and thenceforth I had another owner.

A week later, and the unhappy youth bade farewell to his native land; and I saw him no more.

Reader, seek not to know, and presume not to guess, whether the penitence were transitory or enduring: whether, with full purpose of heart, the young transgressor, who had found what an evil thing and a bitter it is to sin

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against God, turned unto him, and was healed; or whether it happened to him according to the true proverb, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire:" only be sure of this, that there is one of whom I am commissioned to say, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth."

I had found, then, another owner; and, under happy auspices, I entered on the service of the widow's son.

Albert Norton had arrived at the early stage of manhood; and by my Great Master's grace, he had been kept from the paths of the destroyer. In outward conduct he was amiable and unblameable; in the business of life he was diligent and persevering; and in his heart was reverence for all things pertaining to the life which is to come.

I was no longer to be an encumbrance on the book-shelf, and a silent witness against impiety and neglect. Morning and night I was consulted by my new possessor, and witnessed his daily acts of worship to our common Lord.

Touching to my spirit was it to remember the act of self-denial and sacrifice which had made me his. With the faint and distant hope of doing good, he had freely parted with the gift of a dying parent, and adopted me in its stead. Verily, it was an act of faith and love at which man may smile with disdain, but on which He who made man will smile with approbation. And yet before long I made the discovery that, pleasing as was the character of my young owner, it yet grievously wanted establishment and settlement.

Let me premise in explanation, that my new possessor was one of those who, redeeming the time from the ordinary frivolities of youth, give diligence in the attainment of the knowledge of much that is pleasant and profitable to be understood in connection with the works of God and the inventions of man. Thus, among the company in which I found myself, were learned expositors of science and art, professors of history, explainers of the mysteries of nature, and teachers of languages; and to each of these, with many others of a like character, my owner devoted much of the small portion of time which remained to him when released from the toils of business. Nay, there were frequent times when he encroached far into the hours of night in the pursuit of some favourite study, or the investigation of some new and fascinating theory.

A praiseworthy ambition burned in the bosom of Albert Norton. He desired to excel; to move onward and onward; to be distinguishable and distinguished above and beyond those by whom he was surrounded, by rising above the mere pursuit of worldly wealth in the ordinary and daily avocations of life to which he was bound. I know not if fond dreams of future distinction in the higher walks of mental exertion did not sometimes dazzle his imagination; but if so, let me bear record that, in the contemplation of this distant and uncertain prospect, he did not neglect the tangible present, and incur the stern reproof and faithful prediction, "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread; but he that followeth after vanity shall have poverty enough."

And yet was there danger in this, as in all other things pertaining to earth, there is danger. Albert Norton did not forget God, nor suffer his heart to be wholly withdrawn from the contemplation of "the things which are unseen and eternal;" but yet, in the ardour of his pursuit of worldly knowledge, he rashly and immaturely brought his mind into contact with some subtle and ensnaring works, written by men who, wandering from the path of truth themselves, had become the seducers of others—promising liberty, but being themselves the slaves of corruption. Insensibly but gradually my unwatchful owner lost his simplicity of mind, pushing his researches into those departments of revealed truth where reason must yield to faith, and the learner receive instruction as a little child.

I had not been long in his possession ere it was plain that his mind began to be occupied with many doubts and covered with much spiritual darkness; while in proportion as this change took place, his constancy in prayer relaxed, and his tenderness of conscience abated. There were times, indeed, when this darkness in part rolled away, and those doubts were partially removed; but again they returned; and oftener was it the case that he sat with me before him, like one in perplexity, as indeed he was, seeking for light and satisfaction, but finding none.

I could but be cognizant of the fact, also, that among those companions of mine on the book-shelf, were some who treated my authority lightly, or who avoided all reference to my Divine author; and that there were others who condemned me as antiquated and ignorant; not because my statements do not square with any of the discoveries of true science, but because my work and mission having a higher scope and aim than the teaching of human philosophy, I pass such matters over in silence, or only indirectly refer to them. It is true, my owner was vexed when I was directly opposed or treated with contempt; but as the constant dropping of water weareth away a stone, so did the covert attacks thus made upon me—not indeed wear away my high authority, but sap and undermine the entire deference due to that authority in the mind of my owner.

And more than this: among the friends with whom Albert Norton had incautiously been led to interchange thoughts and information on the subjects which engaged his attention, were some who held in scarcely concealed contempt the mysteries contained in my pages, and who would willingly have drawn off his soul altogether from the pursuit of heavenly wisdom, as though such a pursuit were frivolous and vexatious in the highest degree.

Thus, ignorant of that mass of evidence of all kinds which has commanded the assent and reverence of the wisest of the children of men, these thoughtless ones foolishly impugned my account of the creation of the world; first, by ascribing to me statements which I have nowhere made, or by false deductions drawn from statements which I do make; and then, by setting up theories which may or may not be correctly founded, in opposition to those imputed statements and unreal deductions.

They sought, also, to challenge my histories: but in this they signally failed; for the result of every research, and of every new discovery in the antiquities of those nations whose former existence and deeds are by me recorded, was to prove the sterling truth and remarkable correctness of all that my pages contain. I have cause to remember how, on one occasion, the countenance of my owner was lighted up with satisfaction when an intelligent, ingenious, and truthful advocate of mine demonstrated to him the extraordinary and unmistakeable, though designed, harmony which exists between my accounts of past ages and some ancient records, written as with a pen of iron on a rock, which recent industry had restored to the light of day.

Still my owner's peace of mind was not restored. His companions had injected other doubts as to the equity of the dealings of the Most High with the children of men. Sorrowful and perplexed, he turned to me; but inasmuch as he came captiously to question, rather than humbly and submissively to learn, he long sought vainly to have his difficulties solved and dispersed. For, knowing as I did that on these points beyond the province of human reason, it becometh a man to humble himself as a little child, did I rebuke the spirit which presumed to bring to the bar of human powers the mysterious ways and wise designs of Him whom clouds and darkness surround; but the habitation of whose throne is righteousness and judgment, whose mercy is everlasting, and whose truth endureth to all generations. In words such as these did I reprove that spirit of captious inquiry: "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him who formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" And again: "Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness; and from the Almighty, that he should commit iniquity. For the work of a man shall he render unto him, and cause every man to find according to his ways. Yea, surely God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment."

"I do not understand—I am sadly bewildered," exclaimed my owner, in self-communing and in much agitation of mind: "I look for truth, and I know not when I have found it. Oh that I had proof!"—and listlessly he turned over my pages.

"And canst thou by searching find out God?" I demanded: "canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea. If he cut off, and shut up, or gather together, who can hinder him? For he knoweth vain men; he seeth wickedness also; will he not then consider it? For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt."

"And yet," responded my owner, in his heart, "if I could but be assured of this: I know it must be so: there cannot be unrighteousness in the All-wise and Almighty: but there seems so much that is obscure and incomprehensible in what I see around me, that I can but ask, though I shrink from asking—Why, O why, hast thou made all men in vain?" and Albert Norton groaned deeply in spirit.

Then fell a whisper on his soul, conveyed by his faithful memory from the Spirit which is in me—"*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*"

Like the lulling of a sharp and eager pain, or like the hushing of a fierce battle-strife, or like the sudden gleam of sun-light piercing through the dark masses of thunder-clouds, so did these words of mine fall upon the soul of my owner; for therein was he enabled to recognise the mercy and love of him who "spared not his own Son." And then did other words of mine fall soothingly on his soul, as gentle dew on parched grass: "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways and live?" "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent

not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and that men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

"It cannot be," pondered Albert Norton, as these words and kindred declarations of mine passed in review before him, in that beam of light which had broken in upon his soul—"it cannot be that he of whom such glorious things are spoken, can be other than just and infinitely good! And yet——" and once more the clouds began to gather around him, the battle-strife to re-commence, and the pained heart to throb—"and yet is there much mystery. Why this need of mercy? Why was evil permitted, and whence did it arise?"

Once more did memory perform her part, and reminded the doubting student of one who in ages past (as recorded in me) had said: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may DO all the words of this law."

Then did my owner sigh deeply, as one silenced but not convinced; or if convinced, not satisfied; and replacing me on my shelf, he sought relief from inward strife in the pages of a volume which stood near by my side.

And his eye conveyed these words to his heart:—

"Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer's day—
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray;
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man heaven's dread decree gainsay
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages without end?

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem:
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem.
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
For thou art but of dust: be humble and be wise."

THE BURIAL-GROUND AT QUEENSTOWN.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

AMONG the various "show-places" which are the matter-of-course resort of the tourist in Ireland, there are not many which will leave a deeper or more pleasing impression than the justly celebrated harbour of Cork. Independent of its unrivalled capabilities as a naval station, its noble expanse of deep blue water, the frowning headlands which so effectually guard its outlet to the ocean, its islands, the luxuriant woods which fringe its shores, with the terraces of Queenstown rising from the water's edge to the summit of a steep hill-side—all contribute to form one of those combinations of the beautiful which the eye loves best to look upon and is most loth to leave.

It is not, however, of the beauties, whether natural or artificial, of this noble estuary and its surrounding shores, that it is our present object to treat. About a mile from Queenstown, at the side of a lonely road, and in a most secluded situation, is its burial-ground. One possessed of a more peculiarly mournful interest, or fraught with more touching memorials of the brevity and uncertainty of life, it would not be easy to discover. We would ask the reader to enter it in imagination with us.

Tombstone after tombstone marks the resting-place of youth. Few, it would seem, at least comparatively few, are the hoary heads which have been pillowed here. "Aged 18," "aged 21," "aged 32"—untimely one and all! The corn reaped while it was green—the sun gone down while it was day! Nor is this all. Very many of the sleepers here are strangers. The names of distant homes are in their epitaphs—homes which, alas! they left in vain pursuit of health, but to which they were never to return—homes where their memory has been long and fondly cherished, and where they have been, oh! how deeply, mourned and missed. Some few have been drowned in the harbour; but the greater number have come from far—the victims of consumption. They came to rally for a little season in the warmth of a peculiarly mild and genial atmosphere—to kindle once again the expiring ray of hope in the hearts of watching friends and relatives—and then rapidly to decline and die. Of what untold agonies of sorrow has this lone grave-yard been the scene; its old surrounding trees the witnesses, as father, husband, brother, have visited it for the last time before that sad homeward journey, at each remove of which "they dragged a lengthening" and a life-long "chain!"

Here, reader, is one stone; to look upon which—and to indulge in the train of thought which the looking upon it engenders—is surely sufficient recompence for the uphill walk by which we reach the cemetery. "THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE!" Every one is familiar with the magnificent ode on the burial of Sir John Moore, commencing:—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;"

the anonymous appearance of which, in an Irish newspaper, from which it was copied into the leading English and Irish journals, created, many years ago, an almost unparalleled sensation among the admirers of genuine poetry. The gifted author of this beautiful poem takes his own long rest beneath this stone. The proud Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey holds the dust of more than one who was not a whit more imbued with the true poetic spirit than was he who slumbers here.

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin in the year 1791. He was educated at Winchester school, and entered the university of Dublin in 1809. There he was speedily distinguished for classical attainments, and obtained some of the highest scientific honours. The historical society of Trinity College, however, was the arena in which his peculiar talents were most successfully cultivated and displayed. This society originated among the students themselves to supply what they felt to be a serious defect in university education, namely, a school for the culture and development of the arts of composition and oratory, so needful in the professions for which the majority of them were designed. It proved, to a far greater extent than its founders could have anticipated, the nursery for some of the brightest talent which has adorned the church and bar of Ireland. In this society, Wolfe was peculiarly at home; some of the speeches and poems written for it and published in his "Remains" are of singular power and beauty. His successes in science led him to entertain the purpose of reading for a fellowship—the course of study for which is arduous in the extreme, and its exalted position only attainable by ability of the very highest order. The celibacy statute, however, which prohibited the marriage of the fellows, (but which has since then been abolished,) accorded ill with the hopes that a sincere but unfortunate attachment had awakened, and the purpose was speedily abandoned.

In November, 1817, he took orders; and the man whose poetic genius was sufficient to have won a place and name amongst the most gifted of the literary celebrities of the age, or whose scientific attainments could have opened for him a shorter and surer road to eminence, settled down for the brief remainder of his days into the arduous and obscure position of a country curate, in a wild mountainous district in the north of Ireland. The talents and energies of which he possessed so large a share, were now absorbingly concentrated upon the duties of his sacred profession; and the fruits of his exertions were soon apparent in a crowded church and a devotedly affectionate people. There were very many of the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations in the parish with which he was connected, by whom, as well as by his own more immediate flock, he was greatly respected and beloved. The sermons which are published in his "Remains" present a rare combination of originality of thought and beauty of expression, with extreme simplicity of language, having been admirably adapted to the comprehension of the middle and lower classes, of which his congregation was almost exclusively composed. The gospel plan of salvation, "*by grace, through faith, not of works*," in its purity and fulness, pervades their every page.

An outbreak of typhus fever in his parish led to his being overworked. By night as well as by day he was to be found at the bed-side of the sick and the dying. Symptoms of consumption became manifested before long. His biographer informs us that "the habits of his life, while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal, and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books; a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda; and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room.

Change of air, the usual but often vain resort, was recommended. He resided for a while in the neighbourhood of Dublin; was ordered to the south of France, and had sailed for Bourdeaux, but was twice driven back by violent gales, and spent a winter and spring in Devonshire. In the August of the following summer he went to Bourdeaux and back, as some benefit was expected from the voyage. In the ensuing November, he removed to Queenstown, then known only as the Cove of Cork, where, in February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age, he died. The following is the interesting record of his last moments.

"During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, 'This light affliction, this light affliction!' and when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence, that amiable tenderness of feeling, which formed a striking trait in his character: he expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in an adjoining room, and gave even minute directions respecting it.

"On going to bed he felt very drowsy; and soon after the stupor of death began to creep over him. He tried to pray for all his dearest

friends individually; but his voice faltering, he could only say, 'God bless them all! The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them, dwell in them, reign in them!' 'My peace,' said he, addressing his sister, 'the peace I now feel, be with you. Thou, oh God, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer, but was unable to [illegible] credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, 'Close this eye, the other is closed already; and now farewell!' Then, having again uttered part of the Lord's prayer, he fell asleep. 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS.

LETTER I.

"I have been acquainted somewhat with men and books, and have had long experience in learning; and in the world there is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use, and it is want of understanding in them that think or speak otherwise."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

"Let us then study the Bible with silent reverence, with unlimited subjection of the understanding and heart, with deep humility, with fervent prayer."—*Bishop Daniel Wilson.*

My dear ——— There never was a time, perhaps, when an enlightened and devotional study of the Bible was more necessary than the present, whether for the avoidance of terrific snares or the acquisition of the best knowledge. It affords me, therefore, very great pleasure to find that our recent conversation has led you to the holy book afresh, to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its contents, as you have never done before. That wonderful man, Sir Isaac Newton, who accounted the Scriptures to be the most sublime philosophy, studied them with the greatest exactness. And the Rev. Richard Steel, a friend of Philip Henry, says that "one chapter, one leaf, one verse well read and applied, will do the heart more good than a hundred read with half a heart."

I felt certain that Doddridge, and Paley, and Chalmers on the "Evidences," as well as Dr. Gregory's Letters, would be to your taste. I earnestly hope, indeed, that by these and other means, your faith in the "word of the living God" will be established, if it be not so already.

I am most glad, however, that you are so taken with Dr. Bogue's essay as to be alive to the claims the Bible has upon yourself, not overlooking the necessity of being well-founded in its "principles," and the solemn fact that by its truth all mankind will be judged. As such convictions deepen, the inspired volume will be increasingly prized. You will make it your chosen companion, your constant study, and your serenest delight. A great man rightly estimated it when he observed that "it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter."

The *salvation* it makes known with such varied eloquence is the very same which prophets enquired after, and apostles ministered, and into which angels, who "kept their first estate," though not interested in it as we are, "desire," with all the eagerness of students, "to look."

To *us*—and can we forget it?—God's word was *given;* given as an appointed guide, as a "light to our feet," and "a lamp to our path," to make us "wise unto salvation." This it does effectually by humbling our pride, exalting the grace of God, and promoting holiness. And is not the value of the boon increased beyond computation by the fact that there is no other guidance provided? If this be rejected, man leaves himself without a revelation, and so becomes hopeless for eternity.

How ought we then to regard it! to hide it in our hearts! to make it our song! to take it as our heritage! to meditate in it! and to pray that we may behold, in all their grandeur and adaptation, the wonders it contains! "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope."

When the psalmist asked, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" he answered, "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The same thing Dr. Preston urged, "If thou wouldest have much grace, read the Scriptures exceeding much." And what saith the Lord God? "Hear, O Israel, and these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down: and when thou risest up." The apostle Paul exhorted the Colossians to "let the word of Christ dwell in them richly in all wisdom."

But how prone are men in general to an entirely different course; to any wisdom rather than this; to set up any standard rather than the holy records; to accommodate even unerring truth to the doctrines, and humours, and opinions of men; whereas the Bible is too authoritative in its claims to allow of such freedoms. It admits neither of admixture nor substitution. To attempt the one or the other shows an utter want of humility, the prevalence, indeed, of "high thoughts," and is scarcely less criminal than forgery would be. The instruction given to Isaiah was this: "Bind up the testimony, and seal the law among my disciples."

We are neither to add to, nor are we to take from, the things that are written.* "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

On this account there should be a diligent search into the Scriptures as to the things revealed in them. It is a labour which the structure of the Bible requires; and the more so as there is no systematic arrangement of its truths. They were delivered "at sundry times and in divers manners," and that for the "obedience of faith." *Your* faith will come by hearing, and your hearing by the word of God.

Did that connection ever fully impress your mind? The apostle Paul seems to have argued it emphatically. Indeed the wisest of men said, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination."

In this aspect, what force there is in the cautions—"Take heed what ye hear;" "Take heed how you hear;" "Despise not prophesyings." And in the apostolic requirement also—"Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified." Among the first Christians it *was* glorified, for they "gladly received" it. But without *faith* how can it be received? Apart from the exercise of that grace, what avails either reading or hearing it? It surely cannot be enough, great as is the mercy, to be born in a land of vision: nor to live, as we do, in an age when the Bible is circulated more than ever: nor to ascertain the meaning, merely, of the sacred oracles. Our grand aim should be to profit; and to secure that, there must be what the Bible describes as "learning Christ:" as coming "to the knowledge of the truth"—"the truth as it is in Jesus."

With what decision, then, should we shun mere empty notions. How should we hear and read with a due regard to our accountableness, with a particular application to ourselves, that we may be disciples, Christians, believers; that is, persons who embrace the doctrines and imbibe the spirit of the holy writings, in order to be renewed, and sanctified, and saved. How ought those who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious," to "desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby"—that they might not sin—especially that they might not sin in reference to the word of God.† Should they not likewise be constantly laying up something helpful to the acquisition of self-knowledge; to the mortification of selfish desires and affections; to the promotion of a considerate temper of mind; to help, in short, in every duty, in the sanctification of the sabbath, and the work of watchfulness, prayer, and praise.

The elegant and pious Henry Grove recommends not only watching unto prayer, but watching *after* prayer—"to take notice what effect prayer has upon our temper and conduct; whether we are more heavenly-minded, more charitable, more strict, more circumspect."

And with good reason. For without unceasing circumspection, how can a Christian do well, have a healthy soul, or "go forward?" Just glance at the innumerable evils which compass him about—at the hindrances which oppose his progress. How perplexing are temptations! How sudden, not unfrequently, are storms and difficulties! How severe, at times, the unavoidable warfare! How delusive and dangerous the world! How habitual and how subtle the deceits of indwelling sin, to say nothing of the wiles of the great adversary! By meditating upon the subject you will see, not the wisdom only, but the graciousness, there is in the *command*, to "walk circumspectly." Who can pretend to enumerate the disastrous consequences of neglect? or of omitting to "put on" the whole of the armour which infinite compassion has provided? One part of it you know is the "sword of the Spirit," that is, "the word of God."

In the lives of Philip Henry, Owen Stockton, President Edwards, Doddridge, Halyburton, Simeon, and others of the same blessed fraternity, there are many illustrations of the Christian state, of its duties, and its conflicts; there are ample counsels also, the fruit of experience; and important hints are given as to the use and study of the holy word.

But for ordinary purposes I know no better directions on the latter subject than those written by Dr. Doddridge, in the nineteenth chapter of his "Rise and Progress." "I would advise you," is his language, "to read (daily) some portion of Scripture; not a great deal, nor the whole Bible in its course; but some select lessons out of its most useful parts, perhaps ten or twelve verses; not troubling yourself much about the exact connection, or other critical niceties which may occur (though at other times I would recommend them to your enquiry as you have ability and opportunity), but considering them merely in a *devotional** and *practical*

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* See Deut. iv. 2; Prov. xxx. 6; Rev. xxii. 18, 19.

† Mrs. Hulton, the youngest daughter of Mr. Philip Henry, in a "catalogue of sins," enumerates "sins in reference to God's word; not hearing or reading it with attention, reverence, seriousness, but slightly and cursorily."—*The Henry Family Memorialised*, pp. 145, 147.

* The venerable Abraham Booth went through the Greek Testament nearly fifty times, by the simple expedient of reading one chapter every morning the first thing, not so much for the purpose of criticism, as devotion. Works, vol. i., p. lxxviii. 8vo. 1813.

READING THE SCRIPTURES. FROM A PICTURE BY HAYDON.

view. Here take such instructions as readily present themselves to your thoughts, repeat them over to your own conscience, and charge your heart religiously to observe them, and act upon them, under a sense of the Divine authority which attends them."

When once that authority is seen; when once the "eyes of the understanding" are opened; how different will the Bible appear. No longer will it be neglected, or undervalued; but, on the contrary, diligently, thoughtfully, and eagerly perused. It will be loved with unutterable ardour. The disciples with whom Jesus journeyed to Emmaus said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

John Bunyan tells us that when he began to enquire after salvation, he "looked at" the Bible with new eyes, and read as he never did before, especially Paul's epistles. They were "sweet and pleasant." Indeed he was "never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditating: still crying out to God that he might know the truth, and the way to heaven and glory." Accordingly, he represents his Pilgrim with the soul-enriching book in his hand. He "saw him open it, and read. And as he read he wept and trembled, and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do?"

The trueness of the unrivalled allegorist in the above vision, as in other cases, is worth observing; for the instance given is only a specimen of what is common when religion takes hold of the heart. Indeed the quickening of the human faculties under such circumstances is sometimes wonderful; confirming to the letter the Psalmist's declaration, when he said, "The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple." It is marvellous how *inquisitive* the dullest often become when eternal things are *seen*: when the gospel comes, "not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

SAVE THYSELF!

TWO very striking words these; *thrice* uttered within the space of *one* hour—the most solemn hour that ever passed in the history of our world—the hour when the Lord of glory was crucified!

"Save thyself!" so cried the soldiers as they crucified Jesus, and stood around his cross. "If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself." In the very same words railed one of the malefactors who suffered with him: "If thou be the Christ, save thyself." And such also was the taunt of the rulers who witnessed his death: "He saved others; let him save himself!"

This cruel and scornful exclamation of the Jewish rulers is, by one of the narrators, given somewhat differently. He renders it thus: "He saved others, himself he could not save." True words! most true, indeed, and from the lips of an adversary. He could not save himself, because others he would save. Had he saved himself, all others had been unsaved.

This was not the only occasion on which a great truth proceeded unwittingly from the lips of the enemies of the Lord. If even the apostle Peter, at the transfiguration on Mount Tabor, "knew not what he said," when he cried out, "Master, it is good for us to be here, let us make three tabernacles," how much less did Caiaphas know what *he* said when he gave this counsel, "It is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not?" And when Pilate took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," how little did that multitude perceive, when they cried out, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" that they were giving utterance to the most appropriate prayer that sinful men could offer up—the very prayer which, possibly, in a far different sense from what they intended, may have proceeded from the lips of these very men, when awakened to a sense of their guilt, and the necessity of that great sacrifice of atonement which was then about to be offered on the cross! "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" So be it, Lord! Then are we rescued and saved! "It is expedient that one man should die for the people:" nay, more than expedient; it is indispensable—it is an absolute necessity in the moral government of God, if the whole people are not to perish. "He saved others, himself he could not save!" No, verily he could not, and for this very reason—because others he would save. Had he yielded to the cry, all had been lost.

But we pass from the immediate occasion on which these thrilling words were uttered, and would turn them in upon ourselves, and sound them in the ear of every one who has an ear to hear.

Save thyself! It is the irrepressible call to one who is in imminent danger, and seemingly on the very brink of destruction. It is the instant, the instinctive shout of a man who sees a fellow creature lingering in his house while it is in flames, or who descries him clinging to the ship when it is going to pieces, and the life-boat at hand. It was the cry sent throughout the vanquished host on the evening of the bloody battle, some forty years ago, at Waterloo. "Save thyself! let every one take to his horse, or to his heels, if any would escape!"

But in a case much more solemn, infinitely more awful than any earthly crisis, it is the call of God to every perishing sinner of mankind, "Save thyself!" Yes, that do, do it instantly, without one moment's delay! Although Christ could not save himself, thou canst save thyself. Canst thou not?

When flying from some scene of terrible danger, didst thou ever stop to ask thyself if thou couldst walk—if thou couldst run? Art thou willing to be saved? that is the question. Hast thou seen thyself in the grasp of the destroyer? Hast thou felt thyself as in the jaws of eternal death? If so, thou wilt never pause or wait to enquire whether or not thou canst make an effort to escape. "What must I do to be saved?" So cried the half-suicide in the jail at Philippi. And the answer was instantly given: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There was no questioning, when the case was felt to be so urgent, about the possibility of being saved, or the possibility of believing. He believed on God, and was saved—he and all his house. And so mayest thou.

Saved thou mayest be, but not without thine own will and consent. Without this thou never canst be saved; but yield this, and it is done. Thy will is everything, *as to thee*, in this great matter. God is willing; Christ Jesus is willing; the Holy Spirit is willing; art thou? What was the leper's language when he came to Christ? "Lord, if *thou wilt*, thou canst make me clean." What an instructive counterpart to this is there in his saying to the woman of Canaan, "O woman! be it unto thee even as *thou wilt*." The conquest of the will—this, oh my friend, this is the struggle, and it is the victory too.

If men cannot save themselves from impend-

ing ruin, why did the hastening angel lay hold of the lingering Lot in Sodom, and say, "Arise, escape for thy life, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Why does God in his word say, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" Why did John exhort the people to "flee from the wrath to come?" Why did Christ thus speak, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?" And why did the apostle thus write, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him?"

"To be finally saved," as an old writer says, "that is the great aim—man's great work and attainment. Beat your brain, break your sleep, waste your marrow, for riches, honours, pleasures: plot, study, contrive—be as politic as you can; and then kiss the child of your own brain; hug your own inventions; applaud your wits; doat upon your advantages, your advancements. Yet these are all but dreams; when you awake, your soul is empty. You shall confess that to make sure of salvation was the main thing, and no study or occupation shall yield you comfort but what hath been spent for this end. What then should we do but work and pray? 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do.' Pray with David, [illegible] unto God, 'Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.' Psalm xxxv. 3.

"Salvation," then, "is of the Lord." Jonah ii. 9. "Save thyself!" Of thyself thou canst not do it after all. No. Hadst thou a hand in God's sending his Son into the world to save sinners? Neither canst thou have any hand in his sending the quickening Spirit into thy soul. Thou mayest build an altar, and lay the wood in order; but it is fire that must descend from heaven, to light up the sacrifice. Thine own fingers may open the book of God which thine own money has purchased; thine own eyes may take in what is written there; thine own feet may carry thee to the house of God, and thine ears listen to the truth that is there proclaimed; thine intellect may be exercised, thy mind informed, and even joy in thy breast be felt. But it is the sovereign prerogative of the Divine Spirit to touch, and move, and melt *the heart*—"that heart with which man believeth unto righteousness," and to open that "mouth wherewith confession is made unto salvation." The first seed of serious thought must be deposited in thy mind by the Holy Ghost; the first forth-putting of the hand of faith to lay hold of the Redeemer is his operation—unperceived as it may have been; all is of free sovereign grace, from the moment that thou dost bow thy head to receive pardon, to that in which thou shalt bow it to receive thy crown.

And do you ask, How is this? Why is it so? Wherefore must it thus be? Consider, and we will try to make it plain.

Can the white of an egg give to itself a taste? Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Can the leopard wash out his spots? No. Can that which is corrupt be restored to a state of purity and vigour by its own natural energy? Can the body that is mouldering away in the dust start up afresh, by any inherent power, and return to life, and youth, and strength once more? Impossible! And no more can a dead soul make itself alive again.

God gives the command, however, to the sinner to come to him in his own appointed way; and it is his duty, laying aside all perplexing reasoning, to stretch forth the withered hand and be healed. God will be faithful to his promise. "Save thyself!" Yet vain is the hope of him who thinks to do so in a self-righteous spirit. By what means wilt thou do it? By the innocency of thine intentions—the inoffensiveness of thy life—thine own righteousness and good works? Where are these? Nowhere, in the eye of God, whose law, if he be God at all, demands what is absolutely perfect, and will be satisfied with nothing short of it. All these are but phantoms in the imagination—fancies in thy heart of pride! And that proud heart of thine will not suffer thee to be indebted for salvation to another, even to God—will it not? Thou canst not dig, and to beg thou art ashamed. Believe it; thine own works, performances, righteousness, repentance, can do nothing but undo thee, in the day when God shall judge thee.

Will not forms and ceremonies, then, do? a constant attendance upon sacred ordinances, or a stately ritual? No; they never will—never will even seem to do so, in the estimation of any man who really knows what to be saved is, and is in earnest in seeking it. To him, these are nothing better than were the grave-clothes to Mary, while at the sepulchre she sought her Lord.

What, then, is to be done? What is thy resource? Where wilt thou resort to? Submit thyself to God; submit to his righteousness—to his righteousness in condemning thee—his righteousness in saving thee in his own way of grace. He that will not submit to God and to his righteousness would dethrone him—would destroy his authority.

He that obstinately rebels against God and his ways—his justice and his mercy too—says in effect, I will not be a creature! Yet what else can he for ever be?

It comes to this point, then. God has declared

iat the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth om all sin. If so, there is room for no other ode of cleansing, of pardon—no other method f justification—no other way of salvation. Say, ien, (we speak to those who are groaning under ie burden of guilt,) is this blood of Christ suffi- ient for thee, or is it not? If it be not, then iscard the Bible, renounce the gospel and all cknowledgment of it, all dependence upon what provides and offers; plunge into the darkness f atheism, and hug despair! But if it be ufficient, then rest on it as the way—the only ray—in which any sinner can be saved, and by mbracing it, "save thyself!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

'It was a very narrow escape," was the expres- ion of every one who witnessed the occurrence, r heard it from those who were more immedi- tely concerned in it. But here the unanimity nded. Like other events, however, the trans- ction had served to exhibit the different views nd feelings of those who were affected by it.

The escape referred to was connected with he following circumstances.

A few Saturdays since, a train ran off the ines of a railway in an eastern county: it ppears that the vibration of a bridge over which the train was passing jolted the engine off the line, close to which it ran for about fifty yards, and then started off towards the middle of the railway. Owing to the soil being very oose, and the sleepers rotten, the ground was ploughed up and the sleepers broken by the engine, which then sank down till the ground was even with the under part, and thus the train was stopped. There were between sixty and seventy passengers, but none were hurt. Although the occurrence occupied but a few moments, great alarm was felt, and this served to bring out the mental and moral peculiarities to which allusion has been made.

In one compartment of a carriage there were, beside four other persons, a young man who seemed to be a naval officer, and with him a female, who was doubtless his wife, and who was nursing an infant which appeared to be their first-born and only child.

When the grinding and crashing were heard, which all in an instant regarded as symptoms of something seriously wrong, the affrighted mother clasped her child to her bosom, started from her seat, and with a look of horror, cried out—"Oh! (using the Deity's name) what is the matter." Her husband, though also alarmed, tried to calm his wife by saying, "Don't be afraid; God will preserve us."

If they really thought that God would preserve them, those words might have comforted them. It did not, however, seem that God would preserve them; for aught they knew to the contrary, it appeared likely that they would be killed or seriously injured. It is permissible and good to pray to God for protection in times of danger, and he who prays with submission may be consoled by the reflection that God will do what he thinks to be best; but at such a time something more is necessary to peace of mind than the mere hope of a temporal deliverance.

One of the other four was a middle-aged man, who was thrown from his seat when the train stopped. He uttered not a word at the time, but he afterwards said that he fully expected death. Differently from what might have been expected in such a case, he was calm. A sense of sin, and fear of eternal misery took possession of the mind for an instant, but the next moment the thought of Christ as the Saviour of the guilty, and as the rock on which he trusted, produced peace. Thus composed, he was wondering where he should first feel pain, and trying to realize the flight of his liberated spirit from a mangled body, and a scene of ruin, suffering, and grief. The fearful crisis was soon over. None were injured; and instead of hearing, as he expected, angel songs in heaven, he heard many voices shouting out the more terrestrial sounds, "All right," "All right," "Nobody is hurt." Others, with a deeper sigh as they saw how great the danger was, said with much emphasis, "Well, *this is a wonderful deliverance.*" One well-dressed man was heard saying to another, "We ought to return thanks to Almighty God for this." It is doubtful whether they did so, for almost directly they smilingly walked away to a public-house to get something to drink, as though they were more disposed to be merry over the adventure than to praise their Divine Preserver.

Another illustration, also, was afforded of the little right feeling that is manifested in connection with events of such a solemn character. All the passengers had walked on about a mile to a small station, to wait for another train. Among them were several working men, who seemed to be returning from their work in the country, and on their way to the town to receive their wages. One of these, very much to the amusement of the rest, told them that he wished that it had happened on Monday instead of Saturday, as then "the governor" would have suffered through it instead of them. Another walked to and fro, and mimicking the tone and manner of a minister at a burial service, repeated those words in the book of Job—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he flieth also as a shadow, and

continueth not." A loud laugh followed the recitation of these solemn words. How plainly does all this show that the majority of persons are unprepared for death, and that men may recognise the providence of God, may have an acquaintance with the sacred Scriptures, and may be placed in the most perilous position, and yet not fear God or trust in his word. Reader, a new heart is necessary to right feeling at all times. Faith in Christ alone can give peace in time of danger. Only those who have the Holy Spirit within them will be benefited by affliction. At once prepare for death. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

THE APOCRYPHA AND THE REQUIEM MASS.

It is affirmed by St. Paul that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." No language could more strongly indicate the sufficiency of Holy Scripture as a complete rule of faith and practice.

But the question at once presents itself, "What *is* Scripture?" What constitutes the Canon* of Scripture is a subject of controversy at this day. The church of Rome maintains that besides the books of the Old and New Testament commonly received, the so-called apocryphal books are to be regarded as inspired Scripture. Let us then explain what is meant by the apocryphal books, and next see whether Rome's plea for their canonicity is valid.

The word apocrypha literally signifies *hidden* or *secret*. In this sense it is used in Mark iv. 22, where the words "*kept secret*" are the translation of the word *apocruphon*, showing by its sound the origin of the English word "apocrypha." This term was early employed, as Augustine tells us, to signify those books "whose original is obscure, and which are destitute of proper testimonials, their being unknown, and their character being either heretical or suspected." The German writer, Jahn, applies the word in the strict sense in which it has been used since the fourth century, to "*books which from their inscription, or their author's name, or their subject, might easily be taken for inspired books, but which are not so in reality.*"

Now, the church of Rome, we maintain, *has* endorsed, as divinely inspired, books which are "not so in reality." The Council of Trent has incorporated in her authorized editions of the Scriptures, the books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Esdras, Tobit, Judith, and the first and second books of Maccabees. And it has been authoritatively declared, "Whosoever shall not receive them, and every part of them, as sacred and canonical, let him be accursed."*

It is worthy of remark that, at the session which gave forth this decree, only fifty-three bishops were present, a considerable minority of whom were opposed to the decree. "If each represented," as has been well said, "his own flock, they represented no more than the thousandth part of Christendom; and of these fifty-three, some even were titulars, bishops without sees, bishops made for the occasion by the pope; many of them living on his alms, and more than four-fifths of them Italians. All of them were bound by an oath of obedience to him, and none of them were able to open their lips except on topics propounded by the legate, who presided, and had orders to put nothing to the vote which had not been approved at Rome."†

Independently, however, of the character of the Council of Trent, the evidence against the inspiration of the apocryphal books is overwhelming.

First. They were written in Greek and not in Hebrew, and were never admitted by the Jews into the sacred canon.

Second. Our Lord and his apostles, while quoting from and referring to "the law and the prophets," and the "law, the psalms, and the prophets," as the holy oracles of God, never once refer to, or quote from, those books which Rome has decreed to be divine and sacred.

Thirdly. The early fathers of the church of Christ refused to recognise these books as inspired. They are not found in any catalogue of canonical writings during the first four centuries, nor were they regarded as part of the rule of faith till the decision of the Council of Trent, in 1545.

Finally. There is abundant internal evidence that these books are not inspired, inasmuch as they sanction doctrines and practices irreconcileable with the Old and New Testaments, and applaud practices which are evil in the sight of God. Suicide is commended, 2 Maccabees xiv. 42. An angel contradicts himself, Tobit v. 12; xii. 15. The cruelty of Simeon and Levi, denounced by Jacob, in Gen. xlix. 7, is eulogized in Judith ix. 2—9. The doctrine that men are universally sinful is contradicted, Eccles. xiii. 24; while almsgiving (iii. 30), filial obedience (iii. 3), and the forsaking of un-

* The term "Canon" is from the Greek word Κανων, signifying a measuring reed or *rule*.

* Concil. Trid. Sess. 4, Dec. de Canon. Scrip.
† Wordsworth's Letter to Gandon.

ghteousness (xxxv. 3), are set forth as atoning or sin. There are also many contradictions as o matters of fact. Compare Baruch i. 1, 2 with eremiah xliii. 6, 7; 1 Macc. vi. 8 with 2 Macc. i. 6 and ix. 28; and 1 Macc. ix. 18 with 2 Macc. i. 0. In truth, the writers themselves lay no claim o inspiration. "If I have done well and as is tting the story, it is that which I desired; but f slenderly or meanly, it is that I could attain nto." 2 Macc. ix. 38.

And yet it is from this very writer that we ecently heard a quotation boldly and publicly ade by Dr. Wiseman himself, as the text of a ermon preached after THE REQUIEM MASS, and ntended to support the Romish doctrine of urgatory.*

On Tuesday, the 13th of November last, ntering Moorfields chapel, we observed that he windows at the side nearest to the altar were darkened, while the pillars of the building, as well as the pulpit, were covered with black cloth; but that which formed the most prominent object, presented itself in the centre of the church, directly opposite the altar. It was a military tomb, or cenotaph, apparently formed of marble—if not, the painter had produced an excellent imitation. Around and above this tomb were to be seen cuirasses, helmets, and swords, together with the British colours in festooned folds. The design was evidently to give great effect to the service which was about to be performed.

After some half-hour's delay—during which the chink of money in the vestibule constantly fell upon the ear, and a number of strangers entered the building, some dipping their forefingers in the holy-water, bowing the knee to the altar, and making the sign of the cross, while others passed on to the seats, giving "no sign"—the service at length began. A number of boys and men, clothed in white stoles, had lighted up the tapers on the altar and elsewhere, and then disappeared. Suddenly there was a hush in the whispering throng, and as the organ and choir in the gallery burst forth in the elegiac music and song of Mozart's Requiem Mass, the head of a priestly procession appeared at the side of the church, and made its way towards the altar. First came one bearing a large golden or gilded cross; then followed other priests; next, in the centre, was Nicholas Wiseman, the so-called "Cardinal, and Archbishop of Westminster," in his robes, with white satin falling over them down almost to the feet, and with glittering jewels in the crucifix which he wore round his neck. Behind him came a bishop, with mitre on his head; and he was followed by priests and acolytes, perhaps to the number of forty in all.

After many preliminary ceremonies, genuflections, and muttered prayers in an unknown tongue, at length the bell rang, and the "host" was elevated and adored; Dr. Wiseman then ascended the pulpit, and announced his text from 2 Maccabees xii. 43, 45: "And when he had made a gathering throughout the company of 2000 drachms of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem, to offer a sin-offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection. ..... It was a holy and good thought; whereupon he made reconciliation for the dead that they might be delivered from sin."

He commenced by deprecating the idea of preaching a controversial sermon from these words; which, indeed, considering the purpose for which they had met, might be regarded, if not unfeeling, yet "unseemly," and not in harmony with the spirit which should then animate every breast. Nevertheless, the speaker skilfully, may we not say artfully, took for granted "the many proofs" which the Catholic church had "accumulated" for the doctrine of a purgatory and of the value and necessity of prayers for the dead. By the air of authority, also, with which he referred to the text, he evidently wished his audience to believe that it placed the question beyond all controversy. He went on to observe that it was impossible to read or hear the words without remarking a consoling analogy as well as a striking contrast. The text spoke of certain of the Lord's anointed people who had died in fighting the battles of their country, and how Maccabeus their general, knowing that they died in sin, took care to have sacrifices offered to a merciful God that their guilty souls might be delivered from punishment. This "requiem mass" was offered under similar circumstances this day.

"But," continued the speaker, "while the analogy was remarkable, a contrast and a superiority most comforting remained—that whereas under the old law the sacrifices were but shadows and types, now under the new dispensation a sacrifice infinite in its value had been offered by Christ himself, who 'STOOD ALONE and drove out the sellers and the victims;' who offered not the blood of bulls and of goats, but his own most precious blood, the sign and the symbol being thereby abolished."

If the preacher had stopped here, it would have been well. The sacrifice of Christ was perfect and complete. It was offered "once for all." It was a sacrifice also of blood. But in

* The visiting, from motives of mere curiosity, of Roman Catholic churches, or any place where error is disseminated, is not to be commended; but the writer of this paper coming, as he does, in the course of professional duties, much in contact with Romanism, and requiring information as to its shifting phases, felt that his presence at the scene in question was proper.

the mass, Christ is offered afresh! How can this be? The so-called "sacrifice of the altar" is "unbloody." How can it then atone for guilt, when "without shedding of blood there is no remission?"

The attempted argument of the speaker was a complete *non sequitur*: and the attempt to show that this requiem mass was "a most charitable act on the part of the church," paid for as it was by money, conveying false comfort also to the friends of the dead, based too upon a false representation of the truth, and on *a passage from apocryphal writings* condemned by the verdict of the Jews, the fathers, and many Romish doctors, although wickedly endorsed by the Council of Trent, fixed us first with melancholy, and next with indignation. Our feelings were indeed most painful when the sermon concluded with the confident expression of the speaker's conviction that, by reason of this day's service, "souls not a few would pass from the sufferings of the church militant to purgatory, to the bliss of the church triumphant in heaven."

From the Latin inscription on the cenotaph to this effect, "For the souls of those soldiers who had fallen in battle *in the peace of Christ*," as well as from the sermon, it was very evident that the sympathies and intentions of the officers of the requiem mass were extended only to the soldiers who had received baptism in the Roman Catholic church. There was a great parade of wide-spreading sympathy indeed, extending even to some of our "enemies:" but it was not the Russian "schismatics" any more than the Protestant "heretics" who were embraced therein, but only those in the ranks of the Russian armies, Poles and other Romanists, who had not access to the rites of their own church in a dying hour. The mass embraced with these, Roman Catholic soldiers in the French, Sardinian, and British armies. All others were tacitly *excluded*: and Rome, true to herself, was fairly represented in her exclusiveness by the plausible speaker. We thought when the sermon was over, that the service was complete. It was not so. A fresh procession was formed. A circle of priests gathered round the Cardinal, as he took his place behind the cenotaph. Around it he passed, swinging a censer, as if the ashes of the dead soldiers reposed beneath, and they could benefit by it! This was the most shocking part of the whole performance. Had it been a mere theatrical pageant —a piece of tragic sentimentalism suited for the weakest and most romantic minds—it might have been pardonable. But thus to trifle alike with the living and the dead—thus to teach men and women that they might safely go down to the grave with "a lie in the right hand" —thus to assume the vestments of an interceding high priest, and usurp the office which belongs to Him who offers "much incense" within the veil—was surely an outrage not only on common sense, but on the "faith once delivered to the saints."

ON LONGING AFTER HEAVEN.

On earth there is no *rest*. Can a little bark rest on the raging sea? As the earth is ever moving, so are all earthly things. The heart of man in his natural state is unquiet. Its desires are continually roaming in pursuit of fleeting vanities.

On earth there is no *security*. Woe unto the inhabitants of the earth, for the devil hath come down in great wrath, knowing that his time is short. (Rev. xii. 13.) Is your heart set upon earthly things? Oh, how unsafe are you! How many souls has the devil thus entangled and caught in his snare!

On earth there is no *satisfaction*. What the world yields is imperfect, and is doled out in small portions to its deceived and discontented votaries. Look, therefore, my soul, beyond the earth and earthly things. Seek those things that are above.

In heaven there is *rest*. There He dwells, whose heart is open to receive you, and who invites you in the most tender accents. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) There you will find *security*, for the devil is cast out, and will no more find admittance into heaven. In the spirits of the just made perfect, Satan has no part, nor can he do them any harm. There you will find *satisfaction*; you may now say with Asaph, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? God is my portion for ever."

Look upwards, then, my soul; thy treasure is in heaven. All that the earth contains is too small for thee. As little can an atom of earth cover the whole expanse of the firmament, as the things of time fill the immortal soul. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Let your thoughts, and affections, and desires be above. Suffer not your heart to be weighed down by the cares and fears of this life. That is light which ascends upwards. Disburden yourself of earthly things, if you would enjoy those that are heavenly. Let the fire of love, of devotion, of holy meditation, and prayer, bear you heavenwards. Let your conversation be in heaven.

I know that I have as little power to elevate my soul to heaven, as a bar of iron has to mount in the air. But the love of Christ, as a powerful magnet, draws me thither. My cry shall therefore ever be, "Lord, draw me, and we will run after thee." Amen.

Religious Intelligence.

THOSE who desire to see our country saved from the sin of sabbath desecration, will heartily pray for the prosperity of the efforts of the Metropolitan committee, which has just been formed to accomplish some most important objects connected with the observance of the sabbath in London. These objects are, that the attendance of regimental bands, for amusement on the Lord's day, in Kensington Gardens, or in garrison towns, may be discontinued—that the British Museum, the National Gallery and other similar public establishments, may not be opened during any part of the Lord's day—and that alteration be made in the law which prevents the ening of the Crystal Palace and other exhibitions on at day. It is very gratifying to observe the Christian ion displayed in this important movement, which is aded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and supported all the leading Christian denominations.

We have reason to hope that an effectual check has en given to the practice of Bible burning in Ireland. is true that the priest and the youth charged with that ofanity escaped conviction; but it is gratifying to obrve the manner in which public opinion declared itself the subject, and the earnestness with which the crime as denounced even by Roman Catholics high in office, d by various Roman Catholic journals.

In reference to the progress of missionary efforts in eland, some interesting statements were made by the ev. A. R. Dallas at a recent meeting at Freemason's all. It appears that the agents of the Irish Church ission have now more access to the Roman Catholics an at any former period in the history of the society. he number of persons attending the evening classes and ntroversial services has greatly increased. The attenance at the ragged-schools is also increasing; converts e being added to the church; and enquiry after the uth is greatly extending. The priests are now forming omish ragged-schools, and sending missionaries to the aces in which they are established—thus doing homage the work they once vigorously opposed. It is stated at the persons sent on these missionary campaigns e generally foreigners, or those who have seceded from e church of England, and whose zeal leads them into ch excesses that they are the means of promoting the od work they attempt to destroy.

A very remarkable decrease of crime has taken place those parts of Ireland which have been benefited by e labours of earnest Protestant missionaries. In 1853, e number of criminals was 15,144, while in 1854 they ere reduced to 11,788, being a diminution of 22 per nt. In other words, Irish crime, taken as a whole, has sappeared to the extent of one-fifth. That these misonary labours have had much to do with this improved ate of things, is apparent from the fact that in those rts of the country where the missions have been most operation, the greatest decrease of crime has taken ace. In Connaught, according to the statistical returns, ere is one criminal offender for every 700 of the popuion; in Munster, one in 484; in Leinster, one in 2.

One of the most important objects to which the labours Christian philanthropy are now directed, is the establhment of reformatories in various parts of the country. he asylum opened recently in Gower Street for convicts, er they have passed through their term of imprisonent, has already a most encouraging tale of success to give; a meeting was held last week on the premises, which have been enlarged so as to afford accommodation for a hundred persons.

We are this month in possession of many encouraging statements relative to the progress of the gospel in other countries, from which we select first the very remarkable account given by the Rev. J. L. Poore, as to the mission to the Chinese who are settled in Victoria. There are now about thirty thousand Chinese at the gold-fields, and their number is rapidly increasing. Mr. Poore, who was very solicitous for their spiritual welfare, received two thousand Chinese New Testaments for distribution amongst these neglected and degraded heathen, and when much perplexed as to the best mode of distribution, had the great satisfaction of finding that two native missionaries had arrived from Hong Kong, with a view to labouring among their own countrymen. A meeting was immediately called for the purpose of forming a special mission to the Chinese, and was attended by the Dean of Melbourne, and the ministers of the Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist, and Methodist churches, at which it was resolved to unite in the formation of a mission to these Chinese settlers, and appeal to Christians of all denominations for its support. The interest taken in this good work was so great that the requisite funds were immediately raised, and the missionaries sent forthwith to the scene of action, furnished with two thousand Chinese New Testaments. The gentleman who had the great honour of setting this excellent work in motion, asks: "Who can tell what may grow out of this small beginning? What if these heathen be evangelized, and sent back to their native land with the word of God in their hands and in their hearts, to teach and to preach in every city and town to which they may go? . . We shall, if the work go on, have to appeal to the Bible Society for ten thousand Testaments for use in this land; and the prospect of their being scattered here is good, for every man is free to read, to hear, and to worship if he will. No mandarins keep the abject crowd in fear." We pray that, by the Divine blessing on this new mission, many of those "from the land of Sinim" who have gone to our colony in search of gold, may find that true wisdom which is "better than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

Amidst very great opposition, our Christian brethren are pursuing the good work of preaching and teaching the word of the Lord in various parts of Belgium and France, although in the latter country some are still in prison, simply for their zeal in making known the gospel. A visit has been recently paid by the Rev. W. R. Freemantle, to the part of the High Alps which was the scene of the labours of the excellent Felix Neff, and where the visitor was much cheered with the evidence of progress. No part of France presents a more hopeful field for evangelical effort than the district of the Hautes Alpes, and there is none in which the faithful labourer stands in greater need of all the encouragement he can receive. Into these elevated regions the Scriptures are being conveyed by means of colportage, schools are being taught, and the Word of Life faithfully preached. The report of Mr. Freemantle mentions an interesting fact respecting Guillestre, where a commodious house, in good repair, has recently been purchased on very reasonable terms, for the mission premises, and where a congregation of fifty or sixty assembles for worship. This place forms a sort of little metropolis in these interesting valleys, and the occupation of the mission premises by the Protestant teachers has led to the discontinuance of the annual procession of St. Catherine, because the huge Calvary, which formed

the object of their worship, now stands on ground belonging to heretics. Religious persecution still rages in the Haute Vienne and other parts of France. In Bellac, ten persons have been found guilty, some of meeting for religious worship without an authorization of law, and others of having aided the religious association by lending their houses for meetings, for all which offences they are condemned to pay fines and legal expenses. Those who thus suffer persecution for the truth's sake, display a holy courage in the midst of their trials; and, while urgent in their appeals to the throne of grace for support and deliverance, intend at the fitting moment to go direct to the emperor of France, and represent to him the manner in which the favourable intentions which he has expressed as to religious liberty are disregarded by the authorities. They say. "We will speak to him of all those *réunions* where they pray for the welfare of France and for those who govern them. *Réunions* attended by numbers, even though the *procès-verbal* of a Commissary of Police should occasion the most severe consequences. Resting upon facts of this nature, we must hope that the claims of conscience will at length be heard. Of this result we have a fair conviction, and it is this conviction which sustains our hope and inspires our courage." In Lower Brittany, the Baptists are exposed to similar persecutions. One of them states that recently the mayor and curé of Louargat visited a part of the district, to exhort all not to take lessons, and to warn the poor that the parish relief, in bread, etc., would be stopped to those who should continue to do so. In one house the *curé* acknowledged that the Protestant New Testament was like his own, except in a few words, but stated that he and the other priests had received orders to put down this teaching. It is hoped that, notwithstanding all the opposition of the bishops, this instruction may be continued, from the fact that it is conducted in private houses, against which it appears there is no law.

The Belgian Evangelical Society is devoting its strength principally to Brussels and Gand; and, referring to the latter of these places, the report just issued states that the sermons of the missionary have attracted so much attention as to be noticed in the journals. "The Romanist party, seeing our worship well frequented, thought that they ought to cause trouble there, in order to have a plea for closing it. They therefore sent a number of persons to make a noise during the sermon. The burgomaster, warned of what was about to take place, sent the police, who seized some individuals, and prevented the intended disorder. No attempt has since been made to disturb us."

The London Missionary Society has just received from its devoted missionary, the Rev. R. Moffat, his long expected journal, comprising the varied incidents of his visit to Moselekatse's country, situated about four hundred miles north-east from the Kuruman. The journalist speaks much of the present position of Moselekatse—the Napoleon of the desert—described in one of his former volumes. This chief, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, having effectually crushed all the neighbouring tribes, rules over an immense extent of country with an iron despotism. He is adored as a god by his prostrate vassals, and owns no law but his own capricious will, and yet he is overcome by the firm bearing and gentle counsels of the Christian missionary. Although there is little reason to hope that his hard heart has been touched by the appeals of the gospel, he is made to do the bidding of the missionary with the pliancy of a child. So entire and confiding are the love and veneration of Moselekatse for Mr Moffat, that he has made the most extraordinary concessions to gratify him, and given him free permission to proclaim the message of salvation to his assembled warriors; although in the full consciousness that the truths delivered are utterly opposed to his arrogant pretensions. Mr. Moffat thus relates his interview with "the once vigorous and active monarch of Matebele, n aged, lame in the feet, incapable of standing or mov himself on the floor." "I entered, and he grasped hand, gave me an impressive look, drew his mantle o his eyes, and wept. Some time elapsed before he co even speak or look at me. . . . After some minu spent in this way, he repeated my name several tin adding, 'Surely I am only dreaming that you are Moff I remarked, that God whom I served had spared us bo and that I had come to see him once more before I di and though very sorry to see him so ill, I was thankful God that we were permitted to meet again. He poin to his feet, which I had observed to be dropsical, said that they, as well as other parts of his body, w killing him, adding, 'Your God has sent you to help and heal me.'"

The accounts from Constantinople of the circulation the sacred Scriptures among the Turkish population most gratifying. A letter from that city states t "the time has come for working good to the poor Tu who is now buying up and reading with avidity, and defiance of all ulemas and turbaned authority, Go Bible, wherever he can meet with it. A Turkish bo seller in Constantinople offers to sell as many Bil as the Society may wish to place at his disposal. He s he has read the book, and finds it worth its weight gold, and asks why he should not circulate it among people, that they may read it too. On some of friends warning him, and telling him that he might br himself into disgrace and death, he replied: 'You wrong: the time is come: I have no fear: so give me many of your books as you like to sell, and I will co for more very soon. We are tired of the Koran; there no food for the mind in it, as there is in your book.'"

EVENING HYMN.

(From the German of Peter Herbert, who died 1571.)

The night has come—the hour for peaceful rest;
Oh Saviour! bless us, then we *must* be blest.
No harm will shake us,
If Christ in keeping take us,
Till morning wake us.

Oh, Sovereign Lord! yet Guardian Friend parental,
Our watch be Thou, to chase the powers ungentle:
The Christian sleeping,
In thy blest angels' keeping,
Ne'er wakes for weeping.

Oh! let us fall asleep 'mid thoughts of Thee,
And when we wake, in Thy blest presence be;
For aim and ending,
Let all we do be tending
To thy commending.

Oh! lull the sick to sleep on Thy dear breast,
And help the poor, and give the landsman rest,
Let widow'd sorrow,
In hope of Thy blest morrow,
Sure comfort borrow.

Our only help, our one sure hope alone,
Art Thou, blest Lord, on Thy bright glory-throne;
Thou, truest Lover,
Our head from harm will cover,
Till time be over.

Oh, Father! let Thy will on earth be done,
Thy name rever'd, Thine endless reign begun;
And grant us never,
Till made Thine own for ever,
From earth to sever.

J. Y

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE SURPRISE IN THE GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. VI.

I HAVE spoken of the mental disquietude and conflict which my owner at times experienced in his anxiety to explore the secret motives of God's dealings with men, instead of humbly and devoutly receiving on trust those statements of mine which, being above the grasp and comprehension of human reason, though by no means adverse to it, cannot be otherwise received; and I have yet sorer struggles to record.

My readers will not have forgotten the question which, on one occasion and for a moment, dispelled the gloom which hung over the soul of Albert Norton—the question, namely, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" It may be also that you, reader, will remember by whom and to whom, and on what occasion, this inquiry was first put, as well as the question it elicited in reply, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?"

Not long was it ere it became manifest that the secret soul of my owner was agitated with this same question, and with doubts and disbelief concerning the object of his mission and the nature of his person, of whom I am commis-

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sioned to declare that he is at once "the Root and the Offspring of David"—the Creator and the created—the "Son of God" and the "son of man." Gradually and unsuspectedly did this cloud of doubt rise and thicken and darken; and long did it overspread the soul of my owner, until all around seemed "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

And what, then, was the false gospel which had thus entangled the soul of Albert Norton? Briefly it was this: "Man," say they who teach it, "is not utterly depraved and ruined: he has in himself, the germ of self-regeneration and progressive advancement to purity of heart and life." They perrert the plain declarations which the Holy and the Just has, by me, given, that a sacrifice for sin was needed to restore the sinner to his favour; and infer that the sufferings and death of "the Sent One" are no more efficacious in taking away sin than was the blood of bulls and goats, which had through long ages been slain and offered on Jewish altars; in short, that the idea of an atonement for guilt is the dream of enthusiasm and folly.

Yet did these teachers profess reverence for me, while they turned the truth of God which is in me, into a lie; and while they robbed the Anointed One and the Saviour of his highest dignity and honour, they declared him to be worthy of great respect and regard, as the highest of created beings, and as having set an example of holiness of life, and of patience under suffering, and of heroic fortitude and contempt of danger, worthy to be followed.

More could I tell, if more need be told, of the doctrines which these persons had embraced, and by which the mind of Albert Norton was bewildered and led astray from the simplicity of the gospel, to follow the devices of human wisdom. Let it suffice, however, to say that, professing to do honour to Jehovah, they turned with angry impatience, or with supercilious disdain, from the message which he has given of his Son.

Wonder not, reader, that after my owner had embraced the speculations of a philosophy which opposes itself to the very essence of that Spirit from which I derive my being, and rejects the way of salvation from eternal ruin which it is my office to reveal and magnify—wonder not, I say, that I became to him a text-book for curious inquiries, rather than a guide to everlasting life and happiness. He did not, indeed, discard me; nor did he cease to offer prayer to the Majesty of Heaven, and to proffer adoration at his footstool. But, alas! of little avail was it to his soul that he sought my guidance and instruction, while proudly putting aside the key to my sublimer mysteries. Vainly is worship paid to the Eternal by sinners of earth, when they contemptuously refuse to approach him in the only way which he has appointed and proclaimed, according to the words of him who declares, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by ME."

But God, who is rich in mercy, did not permit my young owner to walk in the light of his own fire, and in the sparks that he had kindled. After a long season of dissatisfaction with the creed he had adopted, and of vain attempts to produce in himself, by much circumspection and self-denial, a conformity to the moral requirements of the Governor of the universe, Albert Norton sank into deep and long sadness of soul. Self-blinded as he was against the glorious revelation which God has made of himself in his dear Son, he yet could but perceive the spirituality of the Divine law, and felt that though he was outwardly correct in his deportment before men, the heart was not right with God.

Strong temptations were permitted to assail his soul; and the commandment which was ordained to life, he found to be unto death. It needs not, reader, that I should narrate to you the suggestions which were permitted to harass and distress my young owner, nor how the allurements of the world and the flesh laid hold on his imagination, and occupied his thoughts and desires through the business of the day, and the retirements and solitude of the night; and how his love for learning and his thirst for self-improvement seemed extinguished and quenched in the fiercer flame of unholy emotions. Be it enough to say that thence arose such severe and long-continued struggles in his inner man, as compelled him in bitterness to exclaim, "When I would do good, evil is present with me"—such struggles as prostrated the powers of his body and laid him on a bed of sickness.

Pallid and feeble, Albert Norton at length rose from his sick couch, and, disabled from present exertion in the business of life, took his journey from the busy city to the quiet home of his widowed mother. He did not leave me behind.

"My poor boy, my dear Albert, how thin and sad you look!" was the first greeting of the anxious mother, when her son entered her habitation. But home, with its rest and quiet, and a mother's and a sister's love (for Albert had a sister), ere long brought back some degree of life to his spirits and health to his countenance.

It was some weeks after his return home that, taking me in his hand, he retired with me to a lonely but lovely nook in his mother's garden. Arching overhead were trees which shadowed a rustic seat, and at his feet glided the gentle stream of a broad placid river, and there in self-

communing and thoughtful retrospect, he turned over my pages.

It may be that the restless agitation of his mind had given way to the influence of bodily anguor, and that the scenes and remembrances of home had renewed in him his former thoughts, and emotions, and desires. Be this as it may, tears welled from his eyes as he held intercourse with me, until gently closing me, the exclamation burst from his lips mournfully: "Oh that I were with me as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head! Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!"

A voice from behind him—it was a loving voice, even the voice of his mother—suddenly fell upon his ear: "Albert! you are not happy."

"No, mother: but I did not know that you were near me."

"And I knew not that you were here till I heard your voice. I did not come to listen; but you spoke, and I heard. Do you not know where to find God, Albert?"

"Come and sit by me, mother, and I will tell you something of what my thoughts have been," said my owner; and he drew his mother to his side. So they sat together—the sickly youth half resting on the matron's stronger arm, while with averted eyes and a faltering tongue, he spoke.

He told how in days gone by he had vowed a vow that his father's God, and his mother's God, should be his own God; and how he had obeyed his mother's request and his father's dying injunctions, and had ever reverenced the written word, and sought by prayer the favour of the Most High; how, also, he had found pleasure and profit in thus drawing near to God. Then he told how doubts and sore distress had arisen in his soul—dishonouring thoughts of the ways and character of the Most High.

"Albert! my son, my dear son!" exclaimed the awe-stricken mother, in tender, gentle accents of reproof.

"I know that you will blame me for such feelings, mother," continued my owner; "nay, myself shuddered when they entered my soul."

"It was very wrong, Albert, to cherish them—a sin to be deeply repented of. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"Ay, dear mother, and so I whispered to myself; I strove against the rebellious thought; and, mother, I prayed to be delivered from it."

"And you were delivered from it, my dear Albert, were you not? Is it not written, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me?'"

"I do not know whether or not I was delivered from it," replied my owner, sadly. "I certainly lost the painful impression which had been made upon my mind. But other thoughts have arisen since then; and though they seemed, for a time, to give me satisfaction—I do not know—I am not quite sure—in short, I am bewildered and confused. I cannot see my way through it: all seems contradictory and mysterious; I can *prove* nothing, and I can believe nothing without proof."

"What is it that troubles you, Albert?" asked the mother, with a look of deep concern.

"Oh, many, many things," he replied; and then he said, how impossible it was to understand, and how difficult to believe in the incomprehensible conjunction of the Divine and human nature in one person—the efficacy of a sacrifice for sin—a vicarious sacrifice—the death of one to cancel the guilt of myriads, to whom the righteousness and obedience of that one could be imputed, as though it were theirs.

A look of anguish overspread the mother's face for a moment; and was I mistaken in the belief that from her heart ascended the prayer of faith, "Jesus, thou Son of David, thou Son of God, have mercy on my son!" And do I not know that the calm and tranquil aspect which chased away the momentary sorrow, like day succeeding to night, was the result of that prayer—answered in her soul by Him whose promise I am permitted to bear to all who love Him—"It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Oh, woman, great was thy faith!

"Son, answer me truly," said the mother; "and say, had your sickness been unto death, and you had been summoned in spirit to the inner world, would that spirit of yours, in its own merits, have stood spotless before the throne of the Eternal and the Holy One? Could it have borne the blaze of his purity? the searching of his eye?"

"No, mother, it could not; and when I thought of this, his terrors made me afraid. 'Who can be just before God? If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?' I thought of these words; and I felt them to be true. I feel them to be true now."

"And could you gather no hope and comfort from the words that follow those—'But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayst be feared?'"

"Only a partial gleam, now and then, mother," replied Albert, sorrowfully; "and when I thought I had laid hold on such a hope, it slipped from my grasp."

The commiserating parent laid her hand upon me, and opened me at these words: "When God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he swore by

himself, saying, Blessing, I will bless thee; and multiplying, I will multiply thee. And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise." So, "God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." "Albert," continued the mother, "what do you suppose that hope to be? What can it be, if it is not salvation by Christ; in whom we have redemption, through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins? Albert, my beloved one, is it nothing to you that Christ died and rose again? nothing, that he ever lives to make intercession for them that come unto God by him?" And the mother's voice trembled with earnestness, while tears filled and dimmed her eyes.

My owner did not immediately reply. It may be that he was at a loss for words. "I know," he said, at length, "that Christ died, and rose again; and that, in some way, the influence of his death and resurrection extends to all; but have not others died as martyrs also, and sealed with their blood the testimony they delivered?"

"And is this all, Albert?" asked the mother, earnestly. "Is it only as a martyr that Christ died?"

"And an example, mother; oh yes, as an example of the endurance of the contradiction of sinners against himself; wherein he has set us an example, that we should follow his steps; 'who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.'"

"Go on, Albert; this"—and the mother laid her hand again fondly on me—"this witness does not leave off there." And then, quoting my words, she added, with emphasis, "'Who, his ownself, bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed!' Is there any meaning in these words, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, there is doubtless a meaning, though it may not be precisely that which you—I mean, that which is often attached to it."

"And what meaning does your creed attach to it, Albert?" she demanded.

"Mother, I have no creed. That is, I feel so bewildered with conflicting thoughts and feelings, that though, before my illness, I fancied I had a creed, it has gone from me. I know not what to believe."

On the mother's lips hung a reply and a reproof; but the reproof died away, and t reply was soft, gentle, and subdued.

"I am a poor weak reasoner, Albert; and dare not carry on an argument in which y might obtain a fancied victory, and I susta a verbal defeat. But though I may not reas I can say with the apostle of the Gentiles: *know* whom I have believed, and am persuad that he is able to keep that which I have co mitted to him against that day.' Will you le me your Bible for a few hours, Albert?"

My owner seemed disappointed that mother forbore to meet his objections; but looked fondly at her and smiled. Soon aft wards they parted, and I was taken by t anxious widow to her chamber.

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTUR

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN RICKERTON WILLIAMS.

LETTER II.

In the waters of life, the Divine Scriptures, there are shallows there are depths: shallows where the lamb may wade, and de where the elephant may swim. *Bishop Hall.*

The Scriptures take all in it requisite either for counsel or com for necessity or delight, for knowledge or action, for direction in or consolation in death.—*Rev. George Swinnock.*

When the king of Israel said, "The law of t mouth is better to me than thousands of g and silver," could he have conveyed more clea his impression of the measureless extent and calculable worth of Bible treasures?

The phrases, "the wisdom of God," and "word of Christ," both applied to the Scr tures, confirm the psalmist's creed. They g the impression also of astonishing dignity, of exhaustible variety and fulness.

In whatever light you view the inspired lume the "fulness" is striking. The proof an intrinsic sufficiency accumulates; and does its universal concernment to manki Have we not in it discoveries as ample as need possess, both of God and his will? of own deep moral delinquency and necessities? the amazing system of reconciliation? of words of "eternal life"—the "faithful say that Jesus came to save sinners?" That gos of which Paul was "not ashamed," because i the "power of God to salvation."

It is the topic thus referred to that makes Bible the book it is to believers; that cau them to rejoice in its widening circulation; t renders the preaching of it as important in th eyes as the great apostle just named says it w in his; that leads them to magnify it, to per it with constancy and self-diffidence, with fa humility, and prayer. Their language is, "Tea me thy way, O Lord: I will walk in thy truth "I am a stranger in the earth: hide not t commandments from me;" that is, "*Show* th

to me, show me Christ, the 'unspeakable gift,' of whom the word testifies, and in whom all fulness dwells."

One of the sons of the Rev. Samuel Clarke, so well known as a biographer, writing a "Poetical Meditation" upon the Bible, styled it the "*Great* Word," thereby proclaiming not its vastness merely, but its varied perfections and utility. The lines appeared in his father's "Mirror or Looking-glass for Saints and Sinners" (the third and last edition of which appeared in 1657), where it would possibly have remained, had not the venerable Sheffield poet, Montgomery, printed it (January, 1838) in the "Congregational Magazine." The article appeared subsequently (December, 1849) in the "Christian's Penny Magazine."

And how are all representations of the greatness and usefulness of God's word confirmed as well as illustrated by the *certain efficacy* which is associated with it in the Divine promises. "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Nor is the statement affected by the mournful fact that the promised effects have hitherto been comparatively few. God is faithful. There is no defect in him or in his word. It is man who is to blame, because guilty of indifference and unbelief. And the church of God also is guilty, being deficient in energy, and faith, and prayer.

With the *use* of "the word," no doubt defects, by reason of human infirmity, have always been associated; sometimes so as to hinder the admiration which ought ever to be cherished for it as the "*great* word." Its force and majesty have seemed to be even impaired. Have not expositions weakened it in some instances by dilution? by what the late Sir Fowell Buxton called "milk and water?" Others have seemed as if afraid of making it too prominent. It was no ordinary man—Joseph Mede—who said, "Despise not the bare reading of the Scriptures, for they are the oracles of God, and God's Spirit may be in the mouth of the reader."

With whatever difficulties the "word" may now be mingled, whether arising from the nature of things, or the ignorance, the prejudices, varied opinions, or the doings of mankind, how it rejoices the spirit to know that a time approaches when all such evils will cease—when that which is dark, even in Scripture, will be made clear, every analogy be fully understood, and all difficulties be removed. Now, at best, we only know in part; "but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see through a glass darkly, but *then* face to face. *Then* shall I know even as also I am known."

Baxter exulted in the anticipation of such bliss. "If the written word," he says, in his "Saints' Rest," "be so full of consolation, what overflowing springs shall we find in God? If his letters are so comfortable, what are the words that flow from his blessed lips, and the beams that stream from his glorious face? If Luther would not take all the world for one leaf of the Bible, what would he take for the joys which it revealeth? If the promise be so sweet, what is the performance?"

And, in his "Dying Thoughts," we see even the terrors of the "last enemy," though involving final separation from the "precious word," vanish before his elevated contemplations. "To leave my Bible and go to the God and the heaven that are revealed, will be no otherwise a loss to me than to lay by my crutches or spectacles when I need them not, or to leave his image for the presence of my friend."

THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

THERE is something ominous and terrible in the very name of the *Dead Sea*, associated as it is with the fate of those guilty old cities, Sodom and Gomorrha, the fame of whose iniquities and sudden destruction has survived the lapse of ages, and will endure to the end of time.

The record of these events forms one of the most impressive and instructive narratives in the history of the Jewish nation, and is written in the latter part of the 18th and the 19th chapters of Genesis. We will beg our readers to turn to those chapters, and carefully to consider the account there given of the visit of the three angels to the patriarch Abraham, and the announcement made to him of the coming judgment, with all that followed upon that announcement, up to the final catastrophe; when, we are told, "The Lord rained down upon Sodom and upon Gomorrha, brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground."

Having thus looked back through the long vista of bygone years, we shall, perhaps, be prompted to ask if there be yet any remains of those smitten cities, any scattered and blasted ruins, to tell where once they were; and what is the present state of that district thus blighted by the artillery of heaven, so that "the smoke of the country went up, as the smoke of a

furnace." Of late years, the Dead Sea and its valley have excited the interest and stimulated the energy of the learned and enterprising. All that had been told, from time to time, by the few adventurous travellers who had approached its mysterious shores, tended strongly to excite curiosity, and not even the sufferings and death of those who attempted more recently to complete those investigations, sufficed to deter others whose efforts have been more successful, though almost equally fatal.

There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one can venture upon the sea, which they call "the sea accursed of God," and live; and the sad fates of the unfortunate Costigan and Molyneux seemed to corroborate the truth of the Arabian saying. The first of these officers spent but a few days upon it, and the latter only twenty hours, returning to the place from whence he had embarked, without landing upon its shores; the one was found dying upon the shore, and the other expired almost immediately after his return home, of fever, contracted from its waters. Undaunted by these sad precedents, Lieut. Lynch, a bold and enterprising officer of the American naval service, proposed to the government of the United States to undertake an expedition for exploring the river Jordan and the Dead Sea. His application (made in the autumn of 1847) was received with favour, and preparations liberally provided for carrying out the object. A ship was prepared to carry him to the coast of Syria; two metal boats were provided, to be carried overland, from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee; and a stout crew organized to accompany him, furnished with every requisite. He has since published a narrative of this expedition, which contains the best account that has ever been published of those regions.

Capt. Allan, of the royal navy, has since followed the same route, and recently published a work entitled, "The Dead Sea, a new route to India." From this twofold source we shall endeavour to give our readers a clear and succinct account of the Asphaltic Lake and the surrounding country.

The Dead Sea, according to Capt. Allan's able description of it, is an elongated body of water, about forty miles in length, with long valleys descending to it at either end. Capt. A. believes that where the Dead Sea now is, there was formerly a deep, dry vale, which, at a remote period, was filled with water from the Gulf of Akabah. Some mighty natural agency, probably volcanic, threw up the bottom of the strait, and closed the communication, leaving an immense valley, at the bottom of which, not less than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, lies the motionless Dead Sea, barely preserved at its level by the tribute of the Jordan and the Arnon. It had long been supposed that the eruption by which the "Cities of the Plain" were destroyed had produced the chasm of the Dead Sea.

Travellers, in theorising on the subject, have taken different views as to the manner in which the dread catastrophe occurred; but though they have yet been unable to agree in what way the Divine wrath was manifested, all who have ever visited these regions agree that they bear the impress of solemn awe, and seem marked by the brand of heaven's displeasure. Capt. A. says: "'The strange scenery,' as dean Warburton aptly calls it, surrounding this mysterious lake must strike with astonishment those even who are not disposed to connect it with miraculous intervention. In all my wanderings, I have never seen anything so likely, on a cursory view, to create a belief in preternatural agency."

To the same effect Lieut. Lynch writes: "It is for the learned to comment on the facts we have collected; upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical; and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain."

Capt. Allen left Jerusalem in December, 1849; crossed the brook Kedron, once a proud river, in the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, and visited the poor village of Bethany: "Soon after leaving Bethany," he says, "our route lay among wild and bare hills, more desolate than the imagination can conceive. . . . . Two shepherd boys were the only human beings we encountered; and the summits of one or two hills, scantily tinged with green, were our farewell to vegetation, except in the occasional appearance of a thorny shrub. The rocks, brilliant with various colours, increased in ruggedness, till we reached a terrific gorge or ravine, at the bottom of which a brook foamed and struggled to reach a goal far beyond that of the ordinary destination of rivers. The road to Jericho descends rapidly in this gloomy valley, and as the gorge widens, it shows the valley of the Jordan, still far below, bounded by the rugged mountains of Abarim and of Moab; the counterpart, apparently, of those among which we were journeying."

From a neighbouring height the Dead Sea first met his view; the surrounding precipitous mountains were lighted up with the lurid rays of the setting sun, while deep embosomed in their midst, like a great shadow, lay the strange Lake of Death, catching no tint of the gorgeous light above. As he gazed, the traveller acknow-

ledged that he had never beheld a scene so extraordinary. "It seemed," he says, "to be something supernatural, as if the sun deemed that too much was expected of him in requiring his rays to illumine and gladden depths far below the bosom of the ocean."

The next morning a ride of an hour and a half, over a strongly inclined plain, brought him to the banks of the Jordan, and to the place cleared away for the approach of the pilgrims—a lovely bend in the river, bordered by willows and tamarisks. "It was a pretty scene; the trees were gilded with the morning sun, which was gorgeously reflected in the turbid water, 'yellow as Tiber,' and rushing silently, but with great swiftness."

From this point the entrance to the Dead Sea is only a few miles distant; but before we usher our readers upon its waters, we must endeavour to trace Lieut. Lynch's progress in descending the Jordan, from the Lake of Galilee to the "Pilgrim's Ford."

Many difficulties had to be encountered ere the party reached in safety the watery starting-point. At length the boats (transported on trucks drawn by camels) were brought safely to the high ground overlooking the Sea of Galilee, and were launched upon its blue waters, amid a crowd of spectators, curious to see so strange and novel a spectacle. The first sight of the lake is thus described by Lieut. Lynch: "Like a mirror it lay, embosomed in its rounded and beautiful but treeless hills. How dear to the Christian are the memories of that lake, the lake of the New Testament! Its waters have borne upon their surface the Son of God. Its cliffs first echoed the glad tidings of salvation, and from its villages the first apostles were gathered to the ministry. Its placid water and its shelving beach; the ruined cities, once crowded with men, and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God, all identify and attest the wonderful miracles here performed; miracles, the least of which was an act of mercy of an incarnate God towards his sinful, erring creatures. . . . . The roadside, and the uncultivated slopes of the hills, were full of flowers and abounded with singing birds, and there lay the holy lake consecrated by the presence of the Redeemer! How could travellers describe the scenery of this lake as tame and uninteresting! It far exceeded my most sanguine expectations." From the Sea of Galilee the expedition proceeded to the exploration of the Lower Jordan—a work of difficulty and danger, owing to the perilous nature of the navigation, the stream abounding in rapids, cataracts, and innumerable rocks. In general, the boats had little need of the oars to propel them; the current bore them along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour. The river, in its eccentric course, curved and twisted, north, south, east, and west, turning in the short space of half-an-hour to every quarter of the compass; seemingly desirous to prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley, and reluctant to pour its sweet and sacred waters into the accursed bosom of the bitter sea."

The description of the scenery, as they continued to descend the almost unknown valley of the Jordan, is striking: "For hours, in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream, like tresses; and creeping mosses, and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff-swallow wheeled over the falls, or went, at his own wild will, darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals.

As they advanced, the views became increasingly picturesque, with glimpses of the mountains far above the plain; while here and there a gurgling rivulet poured its tribute of pure water into the now discoloured Jordan. The river was falling rapidly; the banks showing a daily fall of two feet, and frequently sedge and drift wood were seen lodged high up on the branches of the overhanging trees, conclusively proving that the Jordan in its "swellings" still overflows the lower plain.

The voyagers were accompanied by a division of their party, moving parallel with them on the land. The appearance of the dreary solitudes they traversed, of the storms and atmospheric oppression, with the description of the various Arab tribes they passed through, and the perpetual calls upon them to guard against their treachery, imposition, and hostility, are strikingly detailed. The character of the scenery in these dreary solitudes is wild and impressive; no sound in all the wide waste; profound silence, withering heat, and blinding glare. The wind, "without which even solitude is incomplete," sweeping over the barren plains, with mournful sighing, even in the broad and garish day. Here the gleaming of dawn deepens at once into the intensity of noon, one dazzling glare ever scorching the eye; while night does but smoulder the flame which seems to be consuming earth and heaven. Day after day there is no change; the curse of sameness is upon nature, and wearies with its monotony. A strange and solemn scene!

SUNSET ON THE JORDAN.

At length, on the evening of the 17th April, (a week from the time they launched the boats,) the party arrived at the "Pilgrims' Ford." The next morning, before dawn, they were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, they beheld thousands of torch-lights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Scarcely had they time to move their tents before they were upon them, rushing down to the river-side in all the wild haste of a disorderly rout—"an immense crowd of human beings, consisting of some thousands; men, women, and children, of every age and hue; Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, Africa, and America. On they came, talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun: with their eyes strained towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing precipitately, rushed down the bank, and threw themselves into the stream. They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times below the surface, in honour of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle or some other utensil from the river. . . In an hour they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank was left to the silence and solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream!"

On the following day the expedition proceeded on its way, and "at 3.25 P.M. passed by the extreme western point, where the river is one hundred and eighty yards wide and three feet deep, and entered upon the Dead Sea."

WATCHFULNESS.—How strange that good men should ever suppose themselves to be in the path of duty when they visit their closets but seldom. Well did Thomas a Kempis say: "The more thou frequentest the closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereunto, the more thou wilt loathe it. If in the beginning of thy conversion, thou passest much time in it, it will afterward be to thee a dear friend, and a pleasant comfort."

If we have any vigilance, do we know how to "watch unto prayer?"

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING THE HEART IN THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY DR. ALEXANDER.

1. CAREFULLY shun all those circumstances and things which are known to have a tendency to damp the fervours of love, or to extinguish this holy fire. Here a large field opens, but we have not time to occupy it. A few things only, out of many, can be noticed. Above all, avoid every sinful indulgence. Known, allowed sins of every kind are as water to the fire. The love of God cannot live in the heart, where any sin is indulged. Fleshly lusts war against this holy principle. Flee youthful lusts. The love of the world is a common and insidious foe. Avarice may be indulged to a great extent, and yet no overt act committed which will alarm the conscience. We should remember that solemn warning, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world." Desire of the good opinion of men often leads even Christians to an undue conformity to the world. "How can ye believe," says our Lord, "who receive honour one from another?"

The neglect, or careless performance, of the duties of the closet, cannot but have the effect of cooling the ardour of piety in the soul; especially the neglect of reading the word of God, which is calculated to furnish fuel to the fire of Divine love.

Avoid, also, contention and strife, as exceedingly inimical to the peaceful spirit of piety. "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Every species of pride and vain-glory tends to extinguish the holy fervours of Divine love.

In short, whatever thought, feeling, desire, imagination, word, or action has a tendency to grieve the Holy Spirit, should be solicitously avoided.

2. To keep ourselves in the love of God, we should often meditate on the superlative moral excellence of the Divine character, as displayed in his works and word. The habit of associating the idea of God with every object of nature, is one of the happiest which can be formed. It brings God near to us wherever we are, or whatever we may be doing. In all our blessings and enjoyments, we should gratefully acknowledge God as the Author, "the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good gift, and every perfect gift."

God's providential dealings towards us, personally, in giving us so favourable a lot, in the circumstances of our birth and education in a land of churches, sabbaths, and Bibles, and in preserving our lives in the midst of dangers, or rescuing us from the grave, when in an unprepared state, should have a powerful effect in stirring up our minds to acts of gratitude.

But nothing so powerfully affects the mind which has within it the principles of true piety, as a contemplation of the love of God as manifested in the gift of his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, to die on the cross for our salvation. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us." "We love him because he first loved us." Nothing is so powerful to excite love as the well-grounded persuasion of the love of God to us. This motive, so frequently presented in the Scriptures, should not be repudiated as unworthy or selfish. It is a noble trait in any mind to be susceptible of lively gratitude for benefits received. Much of true piety on earth, and much of the holy exercises of heaven, consist in the flow of grateful affection. "To him who loved us, and gave himself for us, be honour and glory and praise," will be the everlasting song of the redeemed.

3. Every habit and affection is preserved in vigour and increased by frequent exercise. If we desire to strengthen any member of our body, or to render our senses more acute and susceptible, we find no method more effectual than to exercise incessantly those parts which we wish to improve. Habits and affections of the mind follow the same law, and are strengthened imperceptibly, but powerfully, by exercise. Even in regard to our affection to earthly friends, if we seldom think of them, and do not enjoy their company, our love grows cold. Hence, memorials of absent friends, and correspondents by letters, are so much in use, for it is found that the frequent recollection of those whom we love keeps alive our affection, which otherwise would be apt to die away for want of exercise. Thus it behoves us to keep ourselves in the love of God, by frequently calling up in our minds the idea of his excellence and his ineffable love to us.

The cultivation of other holy affections, and the conscientious discharge of all incumbent duties, will also help to preserve alive our love to God.

4. The greatest hindrance to the exercise and increase of our love to God, is our blindness of

mind and unbelief. The objects of sense too much occupy and interest us; while spiritual and invisible objects are obscurely perceived, and make a feeble and transient impression on the mind. Although we know that God is ever present with us, and takes cognizance of all our thoughts and actions, yet how little are we affected habitually by this truth!

In order, therefore, to preserve our souls in the lively exercise of the love of God, we must seek an increase of that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen"—that faith which "sees him who is invisible"—which looks not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen and eternal. The close connection between faith and love is manifest from the nature of the case; as no object can be loved which is not perceived; and the more vividly an object of love is presented to the mind, the more is the affection increased in vigour. The Scriptures also teach, that it is "faith which works by love." This connection between faith and love is distinctly and explicitly taught in the context: "Wherefore, building yourselves up in your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God." Let us, then, often present that important petition, "Lord, increase our faith."

5. But in the words just recited, we are admonished that this desirable object cannot be accomplished by mere human effort. It is a solemn truth, that "without Christ we can do nothing." Hence, while we are exhorted to act, and to exert ourselves to exercise faith, and to keep ourselves in the love of God, we are instructed to "pray in the Holy Ghost." Without the efficient aid of this Divine agent, all our efforts will be fruitless; but Christ has graciously assured us that the Holy Spirit will be given to those who ask for this best of gifts. We need this aid that we may pray aright, "praying in the Holy Ghost;" and we need the same efficient operation to give exercise to faith and love, and every grace. It is a delightful promise, that the Holy Spirit shall take up his abode in believers; so that their bodies become, as it were, temples of God. "Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

II. The motives which should induce us to use all means to keep our souls in the love of God, are the strongest that can be conceived.

1. By doing this we shall best glorify God upon earth. Every true Christian has this as his chief end; but all do not keep the object sufficiently before their minds, and all do not pursue steadily that course which leads directly to this end. Inferior objects, because they are present and visible, and occupy the attention of those around us, too frequently draw us off from our proper course. Now, to prevent this forgetfulness and unsteadiness, nothing will be so effectual as the lively exercise of the love of God. This holy affection will give a right direction to the thoughts, and elevate the heart from low and grovelling, to high and heavenly objects. The love of God will give alacrity and energy in the performance of every duty; will enable us to bear with patience every affliction; and will render our devotional exercises not only pleasant but profitable. Unless we have the love of God in exercise, we cannot glorify him; and our most painful services will be worthless.

2. The next motive which should influence us to perform faithfully the duty enjoined in the text, is, that this will be the most effectual method of promoting the welfare and salvation of our fellow creatures. Man is not placed here to live merely for himself. He is bound to love his neighbour as himself—to do good to all men, especially to the household of faith. He should imitate his Divine Master, who went about doing good, both to the bodies and souls of men. Christ expects his disciples to abound in good works, to let their light shine, that others seeing their good works may glorify their Father in heaven. And when he comes to collect his sheep into the eternal fold, he will make their affectionate assiduity in ministering to the necessities and comfort of his poor and afflicted brethren, the measure of the reward which he will confer on them. Now, the love of God is the root from which every branch of true piety springs. The love of our neighbour cannot exist in vigour, unless it derive daily strength from the love of God. If, then, you would abound in the fruits of holiness, be careful to water the root. "Keep yourselves in the love of God," and you will not cease to do good, as you may have opportunity, to your fellow men.

3. Lastly, the more we keep ourselves in the love of God, the more meet shall we be for the heavenly inheritance, where perfect love reigns in every heart. Not only so, but the richer

reward will be possessed; for notwithstanding the imperfection of our services, God is pleased to make our good works here the measure of the reward which he will bestow hereafter. All his people are equally justified, but all will not be equally glorified. "In our Father's house are many mansions," and some are doubtless much nearer to the celestial throne than others. Some saints will occupy, in heaven, a much higher and more honourable place than others. All will be as happy as they are capable of being; but the capacity of those who loved God most fervently and constantly, will be greater than that of those who loved less.

THE CHAPEL IN THE WILDS.

In a solitary spot, on the confines of one of the largest farms into which the district on the northern bank of the Great Fish River is divided, there stood, some years since, a small building, with low thatched roof and whitewashed walls; it was a house of prayer built up in the wilds; and every Sunday the scattered inhabitants of the surrounding farms might have been seen hastening towards it, some on horseback and others in the large wagons drawn by long strings of oxen, which are the only conveyances the ill-made roads permit of being used.

The little chapel was capable of containing about sixty or seventy persons, and the uncovered benches that stood in rows across it were usually nearly filled by a plain but respectable congregation of farmers and their families, some of whom had come several miles to listen to the preacher, who, standing behind a simple desk, poured forth the most earnest and eloquent appeals to them to delay no longer, but to seek the Lord while he might be found.

As all should be in their Master's service, this pleader for the souls of his hearers was evidently most eager and heartfelt in his endeavours to persuade them to tread a path which is not only that of pleasantness and peace, but of everlasting joy. Yet though his eye lighted up when he proclaimed anew the angelic cry of peace and good-will towards men, or dwelt on the glorious hope of the Christian and his sure trust in the Divine Redeemer of the world; at other moments it was meek and subdued, and his face was pale and worn for one who had seen but two and twenty summers, as if he had passed through the deep waters of affliction, though now, by the Divine mercy, they had been rolled back from his soul.

It needed but to look on that man, and to listen to his energetic descriptions of the terrors of the wrath to come, and his thrilling entreaties to his hearers to flee from it, and seek refuge in the mercy of God through the blood of a crucified Saviour; it was but to see the joy which lighted up his gentle face when he spoke of the rejoicing in heaven over one penitent sinner; to be sure that his was no common history, and that he had suffered much before the peace which passeth all understanding had descended on his soul. From his own lips, and those of his relatives and friends, we subsequently learned that history; and it seems to us one which cannot fail to interest all those who love to hear by what means God sometimes turns the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, and makes the desert heart to blossom as the rose.

About the year 1810 or 1811, Charles B——, the preacher of that little chapel, was born in London; he belonged to a highly respectable family, for he was the grandson of a general officer, and his father held a high official appointment in London, which he retained for the first ten years of Charles's life. But at the end of that time, the failure of his health induced him to resign it, and go out to the Cape of Good Hope as a settler, hoping, like the thousands of other emigrants who embarked at the same time, that he should acquire fortune as well as regain health in that salubrious, far-off country. But the man who had hitherto been accustomed to a life of refinement and the duties of an office, was little fitted for the rugged difficulties of an early settler's career, where not only a house must be built before he could possess a shelter, but the bricks must be made, and the lime burned with which to build it; where fields must be enclosed before they could be tilled; and cattle and sheep must be sought at great distances, and purchased, ere food could be obtained for the family; where, in fact, all the phases of civilisation must be gone through ere its comforts could be enjoyed.

While all these wants and difficulties were with much exertion overcome by his father—for the poorer settlers who had come out under Mr. B——'s auspices, as head of their party, had the ingratitude almost to refuse their services for payment now they had arrived in their new country—Charles was delighted with the share of the duties that fell to his lot, which was herding the flock of sheep his father purchased. There, seated beneath a tree on the edge of a plain, or in some shady nook in the hill-side where he could overlook his charge, the boy would remain all day alone with nature, without hearing the voice or seeing the face of any human being.

It was a strange and charming life to one who knew nothing of the world save through books; and he would gaze in unwearied admiration on the new and beautiful forms of the trees, and

flowers, and birds, as they bloomed or flitted around him, and think how fair and bright was the world in which his lot was cast. But he thought of nothing farther. While all other learning had been freely bestowed, that most precious knowledge of God had been utterly neglected, for though his family, as a matter of course, professed and called themselves Christians, the Spirit that giveth life, it is to be feared, was wanting.

Thus, in the midst of God's beautiful works, the boy thought not of Him who clothed the lilies, and gave swiftness to the wings of the birds; nor did he remember that it was to the same Almighty Hand he owed the power of enjoying the fragrance of the one or the beauty of the other. Therefore it was the love of the fading creature, and not of the Everlasting Creator, that grew up in the young boy's heart as he lay there beneath the laurels. And when, after a time, native servants were obtained, and he was released from his employment, his love of nature still continued, and he would spend whole days among the wilds, subsisting on the game he shot; or, if that failed him, eating the small juicy leaves of a shrub called elephant's cabbage, boiled in a little tin pannikin he carried with him.

Meanwhile, with the passing years, a great change came over the frontier districts of the Cape colony. What was at first a pathless wilderness, had become a civilised land, dotted over with scattered homesteads. Charles's father had become the possessor of two large houses, and two or three beautiful farms; but with all that he was not a prosperous man, for he had entered on a mode of life he did not understand; and while his poorer neighbours rapidly improved in circumstances, it was only by remittances from home that the head of the party was able to maintain his place.

Nor did those years work a less change in Charles himself. Beneath the influence of a warm climate and an invigorating air, he sprang rapidly up, and by the time he was sixteen, in appearance as in strength, he had attained manhood. As the years went on, he also acquired unusual skill as a marksman; and before he was eighteen, there were few along the frontier could compete with him. Armed only with his rifle, he would venture out among the fiercest animals of the wilderness, braving the panther in his lair, and fearing not to encounter the most dreaded animal of the South African wilds, the ferocious rhinoceros, that rushes on his foe as soon as he sees him, and seeks to trample him beneath his feet, with the same rage that he does the fire which the traveller, unsuspicious of his vicinity, has lighted to deter the approach of other wild animals.

Many were the dangers Charles B—— encountered in these adventures, and as many the providential escapes which followed them. "But," he used to say, "I never thought of regarding them as the merciful interpositions of my Heavenly Father, nor perceived that an Almighty Hand was spread out over my reckless head; but blindly considered them as the effects of my own surpassing skill, and became more daring in consequence."

And these lonely wanderings in the bush were alternated with seasons of social merriment. No party was complete without the young hunter and his violin; and he enjoyed them all with a zest that, he said himself, nothing but his youth could excuse, even in one who saw no deeper purpose in life than to make it pass pleasantly. But while his heart was thus filled with vanity and folly, his conduct must have been such as to win him the respect of the world, for he was very soon after appointed Veldt Cornet, a situation of some consideration for so young a man. By the Dutch law, which prevails greatly at the Cape, the Veldt Cornet occupies a position somewhat below that of a magistrate, and he is the only person in authority in the rural districts, where he acts as coroner, and in some degree as registrar; for no interment can take place without his permission, and he is bound to aid the officers of the law when called upon.

Shortly after this appointment, when Charles B—— must have been nearly nineteen, he had a singular dream. "Had I not told it at the time," he said to us, "I would never have mentioned it subsequently." We shall briefly record it. Taken in connection with a subsequent transaction of his life, it will be found to present a singular phenomenon. Still, natural causes will, it must be remembered, often account for such impressions, without drawing on a miraculous solution.

He dreamed he was at a celebration of manly and athletic games, and that after a time there came a trial of skill in shooting, and he stood up in his turn to compete for the prize. But when he presented his rifle to take aim, by one of those sudden transformations we meet in dreams, the round target changed to the form of a man, and he shot it through the heart. A shudder of horror rushed over him as the figure fell; but he was proclaimed the victor, and they led him to the judge of the games to receive his reward. When he raised his eyes, by another strange transformation, he found that it was no longer the adjudicator of the games who was before him, but that he stood in the presence of a criminal judge, seated upon the bench, and surrounded by all the stern state of a court of justice. In either hand the judge held a

volume, one or other of which he offered to the victor as his prize; one was the law of England, the other was the commentary on the Bible. The young man thought he paused, and considered within himself. "I know a good deal of the law of England," ran his reflections, "but very little of the Bible; I will choose the commentary." And it was given to him.

He then sank into a deeper sleep, and his dream ended; but when he awoke the next morning, the remembrance of it made a considerable impression on his mind, and he related it to his relatives and some friends who were with him at the time. But the impression was not of long standing; it soon wore off, and was forgotten; and he continued shooting, violin-playing, and jesting as before, without once thinking that death must come to end these vain follies, and that after that would come the judgment, when he must answer for all the deeds done in the flesh.

Only a short time had passed when his dream was forcibly recalled to his mind. A constable came to him, and demanded that as veldt cornet, he should afford him assistance to enable him to arrest a criminal, who had lately committed a capital crime—murder, if I recollect rightly; and who had now taken refuge among the fastnesses of the neighbouring mountains, whence he mocked at the constable's unaided efforts to capture him.

By virtue of his office, Charles was entitled to call on any reasonable number of persons to assist in the cause of justice. But the very difficulty and even danger of the expedition, against one of such desperate character as the fugitive was known to be, gave it a charm to the adventurous disposition of the young veldt cornet; and arming himself with his rifle—as every one on the frontier does, when he goes any distance from home—he set off with the constable in quest of the offender.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH;

OR, THE MISSION TO TERRA DEL FUEGO.

PART I.

The extreme southern coast of the American continent, with its adjacent groups of islands, bears the character, as our readers are probably aware, of being one of the stormiest and most inhospitable regions of the globe. The doubling of Cape Horn rarely fails to constitute an epoch even in the most eventful life, so vivid is the recollection ever afterwards retained of the tempestuous sea, and, if possible, still drearier and more repelling shore, with which the voyager has there made unwelcome acquaintance. Huge cliffs and snow-clad mountains, vying with each other in gloomy and hopeless sterility, seem to warn the weary wanderer of the ocean against seeking shelter or refuge upon land. These remote and forbidding regions, however, are not without a native population, possessed of at all events an average amount of intelligence and capacity for civilization, but sunk in the extreme of barbarism. To these, as to all the nations of the earth, in fulfilment of the Redeemer's prophecy, must the gospel be preached before the coming of the end; and, accordingly, it pleased Him who knows when and how to provide himself with fitting instruments for the commencing or the completing of each department of his wondrous work, to kindle an interest and a love for the souls of these poor dwellers on the outskirts of humanity, which has proved itself to be stronger than death in the heart of one, to a brief sketch of whose tragic but deeply interesting story we would bespeak the attention of our readers.

Captain Allen Gardiner was born in 1794, near Wallingford, Berks. An early love of enterprise and adventure led to his adoption of the navy as his profession. He had been religiously brought up from childhood by parents of decided piety, and the seed of Divine truth which their hands had been privileged to plant was first quickened into life by witnessing the revolting worship in a heathen temple in China. An ardent missionary spirit was the natural result of a conversion thus effected; and not long after it was called into earnest operation in behalf of the population on the borders of Chili and Buenos Ayres; of whose spiritual and mental degradation he was an eye-witness when serving as lieutenant in H.M.S. Dauntless.

The preservation of the independent tribes in this particular locality, from the popery which the Spaniards had forced upon the neighbouring territories, he regarded as providentially laying them open for the preaching of the pure gospel of the grace of God. Accordingly, on his return to England in 1823-4, he endeavoured, but without success, to induce the London Missionary Society to take up the cause of the South American Indians. It forms an instructive instance of how a purpose which the Most High has implanted will outlive disappointment and discouragement, to find Captain Gardiner thirteen years after this failure, and after having spent some portion of the interval in a missionary effort in South Africa, setting out upon his own account for Buenos Ayres, and making an earnest attempt, which the constant warfare between the inhabitants and the Pampas Indians rendered altogether abortive, to introduce the word of God amongst its benighted population. Of this, however, far stronger instances will come before us as we proceed.

Mendoza, the Araucanian Indians, south of the boundary of Chili, and Valdivia, were in succession attempted by this intrepid soldier of the cross. In each of these territories, however, he found a more strenuous opponent in the papal superstition than heathenism in its direst forms could present; and he was thus led to think of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego as more likely to prove favourable, being remote from popish influence, than the comparatively civilized interior. There can scarcely be found a more striking testimony to the irreparable hostility of the church of Rome to the spread of evangelical religion, and her preference for heathenism to Bible Christianity, than the language of Captain Gardiner's "Earnest Appeal to British Christians in behalf of the Patagonian Indians," which he published on his return to England. Speaking of his efforts in Chili, he says: "It became evident that nothing could be accomplished (humanly speaking) for the spiritual benefit of the Indians, unless they could be approached from a quarter which was not margined by papists, and over which they did not exercise a direct influence." The result of his efforts in England was the formation of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, under the auspices of which, but at his own expense, he sailed for Patagonia on the 12th of December, 1844, in company with Mr. Robert Hunt, missionary catechist, on board the brig Rosalie; and anchored on the 18th of February, 1845, in Gregory Bay.

Here the two adventurers were left as strangers in a savage land, with no protector and no friend, save the ever-present and all-seeing One. The crew of the Rosalie had aided them in the disembarkation and erection of their wooden houses, and the landing and storing of their provisions, after which the vessel proceeded on her way. After some months of extreme hardship and privation, during which they were exposed to perpetual annoyance, and on more than one occasion to imminent danger, from the lawless and predatory habits of the natives, they learned from the captain of a Spanish vessel which put into Gregory Bay, and from a Roman Catholic priest who was on board, that possession of Patagonia had recently become a subject of dispute between Chili and Buenos Ayres, by one or other of which it would be speedily appropriated; and that, therefore, all hope of carrying on missionary operations unchecked by papal interference was at an end. This intelligence, together with the pillaging propensities of the natives, determined them upon abandoning the station. The resolution to do so had no sooner been formed than the arrival of a homeward-bound English ship, the Ganges, enabled them to carry it into immediate execution; and with heavy hearts they re-embarked their stores, and left the scene of their intended labour of love before it had been well begun.

The missionary spirit of Captain Gardiner was, however, no more daunted by this than it had been by previous disappointments; nor was his interest thereby diminished in that peculiar region in behalf of which it had been so strongly excited. After a brief sojourn in England, we find him again setting out for South America as the agent of the Patagonian Missionary Society, in founding which he had been mainly instrumental, for the purpose of acquiring recent and general information as to the actual condition of the aborigines, before taking any definite steps towards the forming of a new station there.

His companion upon this occasion was Frederico Gonzalez, a young Spaniard, and the scene of his exploratory labours was Bolivia. Harassing and painful journeys through vast desert and forest districts, where fever and dysentery dogged their footsteps, and on more than one occasion laid them altogether prostrate, formed the chief features of this expedition. Captain Gardiner, however, deemed himself more than requited for all his toil and suffering, by a permission obtained from the president to carry on missionary operations among the aborigines, and a promise of protection for the missionaries so long as they confined their efforts exclusively to such. Upon his return to England, and the laying of his statements and appeals before the committee, it was determined not only to establish a station in Bolivia, but also to prepare and send out an expedition to Terra del Fuego, of which he, as before, undertook the management. Again was he completely foiled in his efforts by the conduct of the natives, who proceeded without ceremony to pull the clothes off the backs of himself and the four seamen by whom he was accompanied, as also to appropriate their provisions and property of every description; and his speedy return, together with the unavoidable abandonment, owing to obstacles of a different character, of the station so recently established in Bolivia, would have seemed to ordinary minds a final closing of the door of hope upon missionary effort in South America. Not so, however, with him, whose heart God had so filled with love for the souls of the perishing heathen. Where others saw but lamentable failure, he beheld indications of future success. The Fuegians, he felt satisfied, were open to the reception of the gospel, were it but proclaimed to them in their native tongue. "Those who stole" would, under its benignant influence, learn to "steal no more." And until the language could be acquired, the plan which he devised was that of decked boats to hold

their provisions, and to serve, if needful, for a place of residence, which being moored off shore, would render them secure from molestation. This plan, which the Patagonian Missionary Society felt itself too much exhausted by previous unsuccessful efforts to undertake without aid, was submitted in turn to the Moravians, and to the missionary societies of Scotland, by Captain Gardiner in person, who visited Saxony and Edinburgh for the purpose; but in each instance it was, although with much reluctance, declined. A Christian lady, however, contributed to the Patagonian society no less a sum than one thousand pounds, and immediate preparations were made, upon the receipt of this sum, for an expedition.

Mr. Richard Williams, surgeon, of Burslem, and Mr. John Maidment, a Sunday-school teacher in London, offered themselves as catechists. Three Cornish fishermen, named John Badcock, John Bryant, and John Pearce, as boatmen; and Mr. Joseph Erwin, of Bristol, as boat carpenter; were selected, as men of approved Christian character and principle, to accompany the expedition; and once more, and as it proved for the last time, did this tried and faithful messenger of Christ traverse the wastes of ocean to his distant death-scene on that dreary shore. Country and kindred and father's house were again and finally forsaken, in the spirit of a self-denying faith not less fervent than that of Abraham of old. The expedition sailed from Liverpool in the Ocean Queen, September 7th, 1850.

[To be continued.]

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know;

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Pages for the Young.

THE STORY OF ESTHER.

MANY little boys, and girls too, I dare say, are thinking just now, what a noble thing it is to be a great soldier, to fight great battles, and to gain great victories. They have read of Waterloo, and they hear of Alma and Inkermann, and the struggle before Sebastopol. Ah! children, you see but the outside show of what is really one of the most terrible evils ever found in our world. You don't think of the wounds, and the bloodshed, and the suffering, and the death. A great captain, if a truly benevolent man, shudders when the "glory" of the fight is talked of, as he gazes on the ghastly scenes of a battle-field.

But there is another kind of honour which it thrills one's heart to think of—the honour of helping to make a great number of people good, and therefore happy. Happy, too, not only while they are in this world, but long after their bodies are laid in the grave—happy for ever. If it were told to you of a little boy whom you saw, that his thinkings, when a man, should be carried for long years after he was dead, into towns and villages and country-places which he never even heard of, and there in all kinds of homes, rich and poor, would be the means of leading some people to love the Saviour, and thus to love all men, to be good and useful while in this world, and happy with Jesus in "the better land" for ever—would you not look at that little boy very often, and say to yourself, "What a blessed thing it is to have such a life before one!"

Just such a little boy was Philip Doddridge. He was born in London, about a hundred and fifty years ago, and was the twentieth child of his parents. He was a delicate child; and because he was so weak and puny, I dare say his good mother would take greater pains to amuse and instruct him than if he had been a stronger little fellow. Now we must remember that all the good which Philip Doddridge has done was caused by his love for the Bible, and the blessed truths found in it. He wrote a great many books to explain these truths, and persuade people to believe and obey them. One of these is called the "Family Expositor," and at this moment it is read in many homes, helping young and old to understand God's word better than they did before.

It is pleasant for us to know the way in which, when a boy, Philip Doddridge learned for himself what this book contains. In those days it was the custom to line the chimney corners with Dutch tiles, on which were pictures of Bible stories. You all like to look on pictures, and no doubt little Philip did so likewise; and from these pictures his wise mother taught him a great deal about the scenes described.

We shall suppose it is Sunday evening. Mr. Doddridge's family have been at public worship twice that day, three hours each time; for the public services were then much longer than they are now. Philip is perhaps a little tired, but directly he looks at the blue tiles, and his mother sits down to tell him about the pictures, his eye brightens, and there is no more yawning. Here is a king with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, and a lady at a little distance, looking very timid and rather frightened. "Who are these people?" Philip asks, and his mother replies that if he sits quiet, and is very attentive, she will tell him about them. We do not know the

exact words she used, but we may suppose that she thus related the beautiful

STORY OF ESTHER.

"You know that, for their idolatries and other sins, God permitted his chosen people, the Israelites, to be conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who carried away many of them to his own land, far east from their beautiful mountain country of Palestine. Seventy years after, and when Nebuchadnezzar had been a long while in his grave, the kingdom of Babylon, ruled by his son, was in its turn conquered by the Medes and Persians, under their great leader, Cyrus. Now God disposed the heart of Cyrus to favour the Jews, and he sent out a proclamation to tell them that they might return to their own country. A number did return, but many did not. They chose to remain in those eastern countries over which they were scattered, where many of them were born, being the children and grandchildren of the men whom Nebuchadnezzar carried thither, and where they had now their trades and homes. But we must not suppose, therefore, that they did not care for Judea and Jerusalem, the land which God had given to their fathers. These they loved dearly; Judea, not Babylon or Persia, they thought of as their own real country. And better than mere love of country, not a few of them, we may hope, did in heart and in truth love and serve the Lord God of Israel, who, you know, is the only living and true God.

"Years passed on, and the Persian empire, in which the Jews of whom we have been telling remained, was governed by a king named in the Bible, Ahasuerus. He was a very great monarch indeed. There were 127 provinces under his rule. From Ethiopia, that is Africa, to India, this immense kingdom lay. One of the capital cities was Shushan, which stood east of Babylon, a very grand and splendid city then, though now there is no town there at all, but only a heap of ruins.

"Well, once on a time there was a great feast made, and the princes, that is, the men who ruled the provinces under the king, were assembled at Shushan, where they had probably come to do homage to their sovereign lord. These men were great and rich men, so rich sometimes that we read in history of one of them offering a Persian king a present of some millions of money. The feast made for them was, you may be sure, a very grand one, and it lasted a very long time, about six months. When it closed, the king made another feast to the people of Shushan, which was kept up for seven days.

"So great a king had, of course, a very magnificent palace. There still remain the ruins of one ancient Persian palace, at a place called Persepolis.* These ruins show three terraces of building, rising one above the other, with beautiful pillars and sculpture. On the highest of the terraces, and near a separate building, which is supposed to be the king's private house, is a great hall, beautifully ornamented with a number of pillars. This hall does not look as if it ever had a roof or walls, and it is very likely that 'the court of the garden of the king's palace,' where Ahasuerus gave his feast, would be such another hall. The floor, we are told, was marble, of different colours; and there were curtains of white, green, and blue, hung to splendid pillars. Above, there would be an awning of gay coloured and rich cloths to shade the whole. One side would be open to a lovely garden, and all round the hall there would be rich sculptures and ornaments. Nothing that was rich, or costly, or beautiful, was wanting. They drank wine out of cups of gold of varied patterns; every sight was of pleasure, every sound of mirth.

"At the same time the queen, Vashti, gave a feast to the women. You know that the habits of the Persians then and now, and indeed of most people who are not so blessed as to enjoy the light of Christianity, are very different from ours. It is the true religion which makes happy homes in this world—homes where fathers and mothers and children live happily together, seeing each other freely at any time, and enjoying each other's company always. Even in the palace of our queen, and the castles of our nobles, this is the case, and it causes more happiness to those who possess these splendid mansions than all their riches and fine gardens. And this, let us never forget, we owe to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah! how true is it that godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as that which is to come.

"The queen, then, and her women, had a house of their own; and they, too, as I have already told you, had a feast. Meanwhile Ahasuerus, who, although he was a great king, was not a good or a wise man, drank so much wine that he does not seem to have known very well what he was doing. In this state he began to boast of the beauty of his queen, and presently he sent a message to tell her to put on the crown-royal and show herself to his princes. Even in our country, it would not be pleasant for a lady to go where there was a party of drunken gentlemen, to be stared at. In Persia, it was a great deal worse; a lady would be thought quite disgraced by doing so. There, ladies do not go into company with gentlemen, or associate with them as we do in this country. They have a house for themselves, where nobody comes but their husbands or near relatives; and when they go out, they are always closely veiled, so that no one can see their faces. You may suppose, then, how shocked Vashti was, when the king's command was brought to her. I dare say she guessed that he had been taking too much wine, and perhaps she thought that when he became sober he would be better pleased with her for disobeying than for obeying his command. At any rate, she determined not to go, and sent back word refusing to appear. Terrible was the scene which followed. You must know that the power of Ahasuerus was not guarded by laws as that of our queen is; he was what is called a despotic monarch, and might do anything he chose, however unjust or wicked. If any one offended him, he could deprive him of all his property, or he might have him put to death, and nothing could be objected to it. Here, then, was the man to whom millions of people rendered the most abject submission—the man whose power over the largest kingdom in the world was boundless—publicly disobeyed by his own wife. There was an immediate stop to the merriment of the party; the king's anger was deep; the princes were astonished and frightened. The question arose, What is to be done to the woman who has disobeyed the king's command? and it was decided that her husband should see her no more; that she should be queen no longer; that all her rank and state should be taken from her.

"Poor Vashti, no doubt, was trembling in her palace all this while; for it was a bold step she had taken. We are not told how she felt when the harsh sentence of Ahasuerus was brought to her, nor do we know what became of her afterwards; but I think if she were allowed to live in peace, she need not be sorry to be sent away from this prince. But perhaps you ask, 'What of Esther? I thought it was the story of Esther you were going to tell me.' So it is; and this is to prepare you for it, as you shall hear next Sunday.

* Those children who go to the Sydenham palace may see there in the Nineveh court, some pillars made in imitation of those at Persepolis.

KEY TO THE MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

9. The Lepers in the Syrian Camp. 2 Kings vii. 3—8.
10. The Coronation of Joash. 2 Chron. xxiii.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

ALBERT NORTON PONDERING HIS MOTHER'S LETTER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. VII.

ALBERT NORTON'S mother's heart was sorrowful: she was in heaviness for her first-born, her only son. He had never before been the cause of grief. Obedient, loving, tender, and irreproachable had he ever been; nor had any change passed over him; and yet the mother wept.

Hope had been strong and lively in her soul—hope, not so much of her son's temporal well-being, as of his better life. She had thought that he was grounded and settled in the faith, and could not be moved away from the hope of the gospel which he had heard—that, like a youth of whom I tell, having "from a child known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus," he would not be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." She knew that there were mysteries in those Scriptures; she knew where to lay her finger on that declaration of mine, that "without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh;" and that the mes-

sengers of my Great Master spoke "the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world" —this very mystery of godliness; she knew that I contained and delivered "some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest unto their own destruction;" but the mother's hope had been that her beloved son would "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ," and that his faith "would not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." She knew that the things which were "hidden from the wise and prudent," had been revealed even unto babes, and to all who, as little children, in simplicity and sincerity, desire to learn of the great teacher sent from God. She knew that no man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father; and who the Father is, but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him: but she knew also that this Divine knowledge is promised to all who seek it; and her hope had been that her son had sought and found it.

And now, instead of this, did it seem that he was wandering, doubtful and perplexed, in the mazes of scepticism and unbelief; that his soul murmured against the ways and counsels of the Almighty and Allwise; that he trusted to his own understanding, and was ready to reduce the revelation of heavenly love and mercy towards a guilty world, and high and inscrutable designs of Infinite Wisdom, the sovereign will of Jehovah, the glory and the glorious mystery of the Divine nature, and the whole course and entire plan of redemption, to a system of human philosophy—to be subjected to human physical laws, tested by human devices and established by human arguments, or to be rejected as unworthy of human credit and reception.

He could not rest satisfied in this chilling atmosphere of doubt and denial: and this was hopeful. Yet did the mother dread that her own weak powers of argument might not be availing to break through the meshes of sophistry, and worldly wisdom, and vain philosophy, in which his soul was entangled; nay, that he might be thereby confirmed in his disbelief; therefore had she wisely shrunk from the conflict of words. Yet had she faith in prayer; and the prayer of faith ascended that day from her heart to heaven, while with many tears she made supplication for her son, that the wisdom which is from above might be given him, and that to the proud waves of unsanctified intellectual murmuring and disputation might be spoken the words of sovereign but loving rebuke, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further."

The believing mother had faith also in the power of the Divine word—the sword of the Spirit; and that day did she, intelligently turning over my pages, place marks, here and there, for the direction of Albert's eye to such declarations of truth, as she judged and prayed might be made "mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong-holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ;" and so might convince the bewildered doubter of his errors and his danger.

She wrote also, with a trembling hand, such words as these:—

"I know, my dear Albert, that you will read the passages in your Bible which I have marked, and which I now ask you to read, for you have ever given heed to my wishes and requests. May God, the Holy Spirit, give you a right understanding of his own imperishable truth.

"If I write more than this, it is not for argument; for I am weak in that in which it may be you are strong. I have never read the Bible, Albert, for controversy, but for the hopes and supports it gives. I cannot reason on Divine providence; but I know that God has said to me in his word, 'In all thy ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy paths;' and 'the very hairs of your head are numbered:' and I believe it. I cannot begin to explain the mysteries of Divine government, for I feel that clouds and darkness are round about *his* throne, whose glory it is 'to conceal a thing;' but I know that he is holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works; and that he will not, cannot disgrace the throne of his glory: this satisfies me. I am unable to explain, neither can I understand, the nature of Him whom 'no man has seen, nor can see;' but I know that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself;' and when I am told, in the words of Divine inspiration, that 'in the beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with God, and the WORD was God;' and that this 'WORD was made flesh and dwelt among us,' I feel no difficulty in believing this testimony which God has given of his dear Son; and I thank God that help is laid on one who is so mighty to save; and that the sinner's substitute is the very being whose laws he has broken.

"Again: I cannot reason about the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, nor can I distinguish between the various opinions which men hold concerning this; but I rejoice to know that 'holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;' and I am satisfied that what I find *here* is pure and true.

"I cannot tell why," continued the mother—her pen slowly tracing the operations of her mind as she went on—"I cannot tell why God saw fit to appoint his Son to be the surety of sinners, to assume their nature, and to die in

their stead; but though I cannot understand, and much less dispute about this glorious revelation, oh, how thankfully would I accept and how devoutly adore the mercy which offers to me, guilty and undeserving as I am, this unspeakable gift!

"But, dear Albert, you say that Christ died as a martyr; and you cannot perceive by what process of human reasoning it can be shown that his death could satisfy Divine justice; and that his righteousness can be imputed to those who believe in his name."

"I do not read the Bible thus. In every age there were those who sealed the Divine truth with their blood; from Abel, through Old Testament times, to Zacharias, were many who 'had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: . . . . of whom the world was not worthy.' And in New Testament history, we have the martyrdom recorded of Stephen and of James, as witnesses for Christ; and we know that others of the apostles, and multitudes besides, 'counted not their lives dear to them,' and suffered for his name. But to none of their sufferings were such purposes assigned, such effects ascribed, as are uniformly ascribed to the sufferings of Christ himself. Where are their deaths by martyrdom spoken of in such language as this, 'He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him;' 'He laid on him the iniquity of us all: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed;' 'He was delivered for our offences, and rose again for our justification.'

"But I have done. May God give you grace, my dear son, to attain to a right knowledge of him 'whom to know is life eternal;' and may it be said of you, as the Saviour said to Thomas, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;' and may it be yours to say of him, who is all the salvation and all the desire of his people, 'My Lord, and my God.'

"And yet have I not done. Forgive me, dear Albert, if I seem importunate. How can I be too earnest or too importunate when I fear your eternal happiness is at stake — when I see you trembling on the verge of a precipice, and another step may plunge you into reckless indifference or despair. Dear Albert, I can understand now what Paul felt while he wrote, 'I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' If Paul might say this for his brethren, may I not say it for my own and only son?

"Dear Albert, you have confessed to not being happy; you are not at rest. I thank God you are not. And yet, oh that you were at rest and happy. Listen, dearest, to him who says, 'Come unto ME all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

In the solitude of his chamber, my owner sat, with his mother's letter before him, and with me on the table by his side. Thoughtfully and with emotion he read the lines her pen had traced, and thoughtfully also he drew me nearer to him, and sought for those statements of mine to which that letter had directed him.

They were not new to him. Again and again had he read them; but now in loneliness and heart distress, and anxious solicitude, my words entered his heart with a new and more solemn meaning, while I spoke of him whom human philosophy degrades to the level of fallen man, as "the image of the invisible God—the first-born of every creature—by whom all things were created, both in heaven and earth, visible and invisible—who is before all things, and by whom all things consist."

With an agitated mind, he perused my testimony concerning the Son of man; that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself;" and that to him is ascribed by the sanctified ones around the throne of the Eternal, in language of devoutest worship and adoration, the merits of their salvation and exaltation, in terms such as these, "Thou art worthy; . . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests."

I will not weary you, reader, with recounting how, from day to day, my young owner returned to the study of my pages; how at times a languid smile played for an instant on his lips; to be chased away by a deeper gloom of uncertainty and doubt; how at times he seemed to receive into his soul a glimmering of dawn, and then an overshadowing of darkness; and how the great enemy of God and man strove to bar against the truth every avenue to its glad reception. Verily, the strong man armed had taken possession of the goodly palace of Albert Norton's soul, and fortified it with pride of intellect and carnal reason.

How shall I record the struggles of soul through which my young owner then passed; and the darker than midnight darkness which preceded the dawning of a brighter day than he had ever yet known—the day ushered in by the rising of the Sun of righteousness upon his bewildered soul, "with healing in his wings?" How speak of the victory of that Stronger One

who took to himself his own power, and came in upon the "strong man armed," and overcame him, and took from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divided his spoil?

How shall I tell of the blessed shame and confusion of face, of the "godly sorrow which worketh repentance," of the "repentance unto life which needeth not to be repented of," of the joy and grief, the self-abasement and exultation, the defeat and the triumph, all strangely commingled in the soul of Albert Norton, when the light of heaven streamed in upon his mind, and the love of Christ which passeth knowledge obtained full possession of his heart, and faith inspired the glad acknowledgment, "Thou art the Christ, O Jesus—the Son of the living God—the only-begotten of the Father—my Lord and my God!"

Flesh and blood had not revealed this unto him; but God himself.*

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS.

LETTER III.

I [illegible] volume, independently of its divine origin, [illegible] [illegible] What sublimity in some passages! [illegible] What tenderness, and simplicity, and nature [illegible] Joseph? The resurrection of Lazarus? [illegible] elders of Ephesus?—*Rev. William Jay.*

EVERY reference to the poetry of Milton, to say nothing of his prose works, shows with what complacency he delighted in the beauties of the holy volume. Addison's "Notes" too, upon "Paradise Lost," are illustrative of the author's "infinite allusions to places of Scripture," and the "glorious images on holy writ" make the matter still more manifest.

A higher authority still, the psalmist of old, was enchanted with the subject. "The law of the Lord," he writes in the 19th Psalm, "is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes: the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward."

All the foregoing epithets are observable: and I have before me, in the handwriting of Mr. Matthew Henry, several choice sermons preached by himself, upon a portion of them; each discourse serving to unfold the charms, as well as the properties, of the all-perfect volume. "Let us acquaint ourselves," he says, in one of them, "with the sweetness that is in the word of God, and let it be sweet to us. Get a new nature, spiritual senses exercised. Let the objects of faith be real to you. O, taste that the Lord is gracious. Abound in the pleasant duties of religion, joy in God, and thankful praises. Other exercises of godliness are in order to these. Learn to draw sweetness from a promise. Call the sabbath a delight. Having drunk of this water of life, hanker not after stolen waters."

Did you ever notice with what elegance the joyfulness alluded to in the foregoing paragraph has been touched by an old English writer, Isaac Walton? And not only so, but how vividly that fascinating old man has shown his sense of the beautiful in the Bible? Whether dwelling upon the 104th Psalm, "wherein for height of poetry and wonders the prophet David seems even to exceed himself;" or, "the humble, lowly, plain style of Amos" when compared "with the high, glorious, and eloquent style of Isaiah," the quaint and quiet old man seems alike at home.

A late lecturer on prophecy, the Rev. John Davison, after mentioning the prophet Isaiah as most full and explicit in delineating the Messiah's kingdom of redemption, and as equally distinguished for the copiousness and variety of his lessons of holiness, notices the book of Deuteronomy as inferior in sublimity to nothing in the prophets. "There may be found in it the pathos and sublimity of religion, in a strain not to be surpassed in any part of the Old Testament."

Some of the finest illustrations with which Burke enriched his ornate "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," were selected from the inspired pages.

Mr. Hervey devoted a considerable part of his "Theron and Aspasio" to displaying the attrac-

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* As cases similar to those referred to in this chapter are not uncommon, it may be well to remind the reader of the distinction between the province of reason and faith. The former enables us accurately to test the grounds of miracle, type, prophecy, and other evidence by which the Bible so incontestably proves itself to be the word of God. Upon these points reason can be exercised fully and with advantage. Faith, having thus exhibited her credentials to demand this concession from our mental powers, then steps in, and calls upon us to receive, with teachable humility, those doctrines concerning the eternal world, the Divine nature, and the way of salvation, which Scripture reveals. Many of these doctrines are confessedly mysterious (just as many phenomena in nature are and ever must be); these, therefore, we must receive as little children, remembering that in this world we are, as it were, in a state of spiritual infancy, and that much which seems obscure to us now will be made clear in eternity.

tions of the Scriptures. And observations from so competent a pen, uniting adequate scholarship with the profoundest veneration for the Divine word, are worthy of special notice. Accordingly, his best biographer, the Rev. John Brown, has employed one entire section of the memoirs, in *proof* of Mr. Hervey's affection for the Bible; an affection the more observable, because cherished by one who had been peculiarly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity; but who saw, at length, greater beauties and choicer treasures in the inspired books than are to be found in "all the libraries" of the learned and polite.

The labours of Bishops Lowth and Jebb have exhibited fully what solid grounds there are for such a preference—the one in his "Prelections," and the other in his "Sacred Literature."

Nor must the "Lent Lectures" of Bishop Porteus be overlooked. That popular preacher used the first of those gentle compositions for a compendious view of Scripture, and in it extolled the sacred history; a theme to which Dr. Watts had previously invited attention in one of his works.

In historic details, there is a perfection in the writers of the Old and New Testaments, which no other authors, how much soever they have aimed at it, have been able to equal. There have, however, been many imitations, especially of the poetical parts. Dr. M'Culloch in his "Literary Characteristics" has shown what extensive obligations the writers of English poetry are under to the "Bards of the Bible."

The man of God, while seeing this, carries his estimate further. Not only are the Scriptures superlatively admired for their inimitable beauties, but they are made the only rule and reason of his faith. They become to him the conveyance of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Having a spiritual taste, they are relished as his food. They are consulted as his oracle. They are made the companion of his best moments, and the vehicle of his strongest consolations. He loves the very language of the Bible, and prefers the copious use of it to all other.

It would be pleasant to dwell upon the "remarkable simplicity" conspicuous "in the plan and design of the gospels as histories;" upon their impressive conciseness and inflexible adherence to truth; upon the Divine eloquence of the Saviour's parables, the Acts of the Apostles, and the epistolary writings in general, particularly those of the apostle Paul. But all this has been done with singular gracefulness by the late Rev. W. H. Parry, a native of Shrewsbury, in an "Essay on the Literary Beauties of the New Testament," which, in the year 1813, gained the Norrisian prize at Cambridge. I would therefore refer you to that work.

A taste for the word of God, I may observe, will generally be found united with an admiration for his works in creation.

In Holy Scripture, indeed, the revelations of God are closely connected with his *works*. What is the 65th Psalm but a discovery and acknowledgment of the same God—in nature, providence, and grace? While attention is required to his will, and submission too, his works are celebrated as "great" and "wonderful," as "sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." You may have observed this union in the "song of Moses and the Lamb." "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

Milton styled them "glorious," and they filled him with ineffable happiness. So they did the heavenly-minded Flavel. Can any pen describe the exalted pleasure they afforded to Boyle, and Boerhaave, and Ray, and Derham, and Cowper, and Wilberforce, and Chalmers?

Hervey's whole works are filled with exquisite descriptions of the beauties of creation, in union with expositions of the work of grace.

It is told also of the venerable Mr. Romaine, who was the attached friend of Hervey, that he studied nature with the Bible in his hand.

In the memoir prefixed to the posthumous remains of Dr. Waugh's talented son, we are informed how "lovely scenery" prepared him to understand and relish the impressive descriptions of the sacred prophets when exhibiting the moral influence of the gospel, by allusions to Carmel and Sharon, to green pastures and pure and gentle streams of water.

You see in Lady Colquhoun's life, what a spell the works of the Most High imparted, in her case, to his word.

The fact is, that the truth, under such circumstances, appears to be what it really is—the word of Him "who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is." How vivid was the association in the mind of Dr. Chalmers! With what eloquence he argues in his discourse on Psalm cxix. 89, 90, 91, the faithfulness of God in his word, from the constancy of God in his works.

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

PART IV.

The revelations of time are as extraordinary as its concealments. By processes, as slow and as sure as those by which vegetation can overgrow a given spot, time has often hidden familiar objects from the view; and, on the other hand, by means almost as sudden and startling as those by which the bursting thunderflash illuminates the dark night, it has brought

its departed things once more into vision. Such has been the alternating history of ancient Nineveh. After having disappeared from the sight of mankind during long ages till it has come to be regarded like some ancient grave, the inscription of which has been defaced and its very tradition doubtful, by a sudden and surprising touch of Almighty Providence it has undergone a peculiar resurrection; and though life and power are wanting, the dead city has been made to stand before us in its ancient cerements, to confirm the truth and to increase the power of the declarations of the word of God. Wonderful is the hand by which all this is done. Sublime and fearful are the suggestions it furnishes! "The stone shall cry out from the ground, and the beam of the timber shall answer it." Before that power, what concealment is possible? In vain do men call even upon rocks and mountains to cover them. "Surely the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

The reader of the Bible is able, after the recent discoveries made on the spot, to realize the position of ancient Nineveh in a manner which a few years ago would have been impossible. He can walk, in imagination, amidst scenes as ancient as old Troy, though till now much less familiar; and can realize the accompaniments of sacred story, when as yet even antiquity was young; when men had scarcely emerged from the periods of patriarchal simplicity: and when the name of the Messiah was a dark and mysterious portent, known only to a select few in the world of which he was hereafter to become the Saviour. Yet even in the days when Jonah prophesied, about 800 B.C., most of the conspicuous monuments of ancient Nineveh were already existing. By the banks of the Tigris, men referred to the deeds of their fathers in ages long gone by, and there, stimulated by the memory of their warrior predecessors, they nursed their dreams of conquest, and imagined themselves destined by Providence to be the masters and subjugators of the world.

Such was the city in which, after his remarkable deliverance, the prophet Jonah was called to minister. What was his appearance, as he conveyed to this guilty capital the messages of heaven, we are only able to conjecture. He might have had "his raiment of camel's hair with a leathern girdle about his loins," or he might have been distinguished by no external appendage from the mass of those around him. But he was sent to preach, and perhaps was the first missionary ever commissioned to the heathen with the messages of God.

In what particular place Jonah recovered his liberty, after the remarkable suspension of his faculties, we do not know; nor are we told how long was the interval between the first Divine command and the second. It is probable, however, that immediately after his deliverance, "the word of God came to Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and preach there the preaching that I bid thee." *Now*, God was obeyed without hesitation. The mental and moral process through which the prophet had passed rendered him as prompt as he had been before reluctant. "So Jonah arose and went to Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord."

Nothing can more distinctly prove the veracity of the Bible than the perfect correspondence between the ascertained site of Nineveh and the descriptions of its magnitude given in the book of Jonah. "Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey." They who form their notions of ancient cities from the times when fortified walls are no longer in use, and when means of transit are abundant, possess a very imperfect conception of them. In those days not only was it necessary always to garrison a large body of men within capitals, but to grow within their defending walls the food required for their sustenance, as well as for the provisioning of the inhabitants in case of siege. The best accounts of Nineveh represent it as exceedingly large. These descriptions are sustained by the prophecies of Nahum. In that book, mention is made of its broadways, its walls and defences, its river gates and palaces, its strongholds, the houses of its gods, and its abundant population. In the prophecy of Jonah, this population is described as comprising "more than six-score thousand persons, who could not discern their right hand from their left." These were infants; and calculating from their number, it seems rational to compute the Ninevites at about a million. This mass was not, however, cooped up in tall and thickly set houses, but was widely distributed; and required a three days' journey in order to overtake it.

Let us imagine the herald prosecuting his new and peculiar task. He advances a day's journey into this city. What sights met his eye! sights with the minute details of which the antiquarian would give much to be familiar. Here he passes beneath the lofty steps of the towering palace, casting his eye upward to the gorgeous edifice terraced above him, and glittering with its profusion of woodwork and curtains and brilliant ornaments. Perhaps he stays at the foot of the flight of steps leading up to the elevation (distinguished like Solomon's throne by the lions ranged on each side), to proclaim his message to the attendants of the court. There he wanders amidst the low-roofed and ill-constructed houses which marked the presence

of the people, whose abject wretchedness and squalid aspect told too surely the tale of their poverty and oppression. Again he would stand in the midst of a group of helmeted and well-panoplied soldiers, fresh, perchance, from some recent victory, or flushed with the hope of some new conquest. Further on, there might pass him on his way the war-chariot with its wicker construction, fitted only to carry the fierce bowman, equipped with the apparatus of conflict, and borne along by the spirited and powerful horse; whilst the driver would pause a moment in his career to listen to the extraordinary tale of the new visitant. Perhaps in the train of the warrior might be seen rows of captives, recently taken in war; some in attitudes of the most painful suffering, as the goad or the lip bridle drove or led them forward; and others, whom all hope seemed to have deserted, as they thought of their contumelious slavery. Or, possibly, as Jonah spoke, the retinue of the monarch himself would appear; and the sovereign, drawn by his rapid horses, attended by his feather-bearing eunuchs, and covered over with the royal canopy or parasol, would ask his errand through his attendants, and receive with surprise or consternation his reply. But whoever might be his auditors, all received the same message. The tinge of wickedness, though in differing degrees, was common to the whole population. Everywhere was deceit and fraud, "lies and robbery," respecting no rights, and only intent on deluding and deceiving. There was not a monument on which the eye could rest which did not give superhuman honour to some earthly monarch, or set up something base in place of the divine, or mark the bloody subjugation of some people whose only crime was that they had tempted the cupidity or pride of conquest of the Assyrians. Everywhere was sensuality, degradation, drunkenness; and so far from these things being regarded as their disgrace, they were openly and unblushingly set forth as objects to glory in. The preaching of Jonah would not be very dissimilar from that of Nahum: "Woe to the bloody city!" "Thou art vile;" "for over whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?" Accordingly, in the name of the righteous Judge of all, Jonah declares that the idolatry of Nineveh—inasmuch as it was in a great measure wilful, seeing that by means of the Jews the truth of God was so near to them—would not be permitted to stand in excuse of its sins. Coming to the Ninevites like a being from another world; punished because of his original reluctance to speak to them in a manner which they could peculiarly comprehend; telling them his own story as the symbol of his Divine authority; his denunciation was peculiarly powerful. Men had not then learned the scepticism which believes nothing; their own consciences bore witness that his denunciations were too true; and great and small trembled as he declared, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Jonah's message was evidently not a prediction, but a premonition. Indeed, there never was a threatening of God which was intended to be irrespective of character; nor is there any condition of the sinner upon earth under which timely repentance will not disarm God's terrors of their sting. Even when Ahab, the wicked king of Samaria, who lived about Jonah's time, and to whom God's severest denunciations were addressed, "rent his clothes and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth and went in ashes;" God turned away from him the punishment he had threatened, and deferred the indignation he had deserved. So the declarations of Jonah were suspended upon the reformation of the Ninevites, and his message was less severe than merciful.

And now we see a great and general awakening amidst the whole people. The mailed bowman prostrated himself for the first time before the God of heaven; the idolatrous priest saw the object of his abject worship to be no longer divine, and ceased his reverence to the shrine of the sun, the moon, or the sacred tree; the long processions of the idolatrous gods were discontinued; the tide of conquest was stayed, and mercy influenced the hearts of the victorious towards their captives; even the haughty monarch of Assyria believed himself to be human, and bent in humble adoration before the God of heaven. A fast was proclaimed; the whole population clothed themselves in sackcloth, and the king arose "from his throne, and laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." In accordance with the Eastern usages of that day, and with the despotic habits which sought to make the royal proclamations felt in every quarter, even the beasts bore the general emblems of humiliation and mourning. Virgil, representing the mourning for Pallas, describes the quadrupeds as being deprived of water and of grass, and speaks of their great sufferings in consequence. Thus the command goes from the royal throne: "Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing; let them not feed, nor drink water."

We can hardly conceive of the greatness of this humiliation among a people so proud as the Assyrians then were. What must it have appeared in the eyes of nations subjugated by its yoke, or seeking, in terror, its friendship! If ambassadors from Egypt, or Samaria, or Bactria, or Media beheld this scene, what must have been their scorn as they saw the mighty powers of Chaldea learning religion from the

JONAH PROCLAIMING THE DOOM OF NINEVEH.

Jews! But wherever repentance is sincere, similar general manifestations are always apparent. He who is truly sorry for his sins, must not greatly wonder if his former companions accuse him of gloom, and censure him for a mean subserviency to the terrors of a world to come. But such processes, though for a time they seem to be, and are, melancholy, are the true road to genuine cheerfulness; for he who is at peace with God, and in no terror of his frown, is in reality the only happy man. The effect of the Ninevitish repentance was conspicuous. "God saw their works, that they turned them from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not." Ah! if this humiliation had been more deep and permanent, Nineveh might not have presented the desolated ruin which at this moment it does!

NEGLECTED VINES.

"I LITTLE thought," observes a writer in an American journal, "in the month of May, when the vines I had so carefully planted first began to peep above the earth, that the August sun would be streaming sultrily into my room. I looked forward to a thick curtain of green leaves and varied blossoms, in the shade of which I might languidly repose, hushed to sleep by the voice of humming-bird and bee, as they sipped from my sweet blossoms. At night too, I fancied the rays of the moon peeping through the interstices of my vine curtain, fanned, perhaps, by the evening breeze; painting witching, fantastic pictures upon the floor and wall; ornamenting my plain whitewashed ceiling with the most elegant frescoed figures, and imparting freshness and beauty to my night visions. Such were my pleasant day-dreams as I watched the little green sprouts just appearing above the earth.

"They were but dreams; and I sit with a plain muslin curtain before me, through which the summer sun blazes fiercely, and can blame no one but myself. My vines grew well. They were blessed with rain and sun, and thrived as fast as I could wish; but, alas! I trained them not. When advised by experienced friends to train my vines, I replied, 'It will be long ere such tender sprouts put out clinging tendrils. My work shall begin in time.' So from day to

ay I said, 'they are too young.' At length, eminded by the summer sun, I turned my houghts to my vines, determined now to guide hem well, but found, to my sorrow, it was too ate. While I had slept and procrastinated my luty, the sun and rain of heaven had done their ork. My little sprouts were strong stems, ith delicate tendrils clinging lovingly in all directions to the poisonous weed, the unsightly ock, and leafless shrub; while some, entwined ogether, lay upon the wet ground, among the oots of grass and weeds, blossoming sweet pale owers in the midst of the beating rain, upon he rough earth. My heart smote me as I tried o raise the stems and unwind the clinging tenrils. It was too late; they chose the weeds nd rocks, and even the prickly thistle, in preerence to the slender cord and sunlight, to hich I in vain invited them. The few stems hich I tore from their support died, refusing o cling. Well, my vines are gone, and lie groelling on the ground through my neglect, while , Jonah-like, mourn the absence of their beauiful shade to protect me from the burning sun. May I not, like Jonah, receive a solemn lesson rom my loss; one which will lead me to guard ell the tender immortal blossoms committed o my trust, watching and guarding each clingng tendril into beauty and light.

"Never must the Christian mother say, 'Too oung to begin,' but drive the stake and fasten he cord ere yet the vine begins to cling, that very step may be heavenward. The mother's rayer and faith, like the stake and cord, must egin with life. The guidance is a daily work. ach stray tendril must be patiently wound ithout crushing its fragile beauty. Many days f care will pass before bright blossoms appear. he vine may seem complete, and the mother eek rest, but let her turn away, and some wayard shoot has gone from her guiding hand into orbidden ways.

"How many mothers who have pictured to hemselves an old age of happiness under the hadowing care of loving, dutiful children, now ive neglected, exposed to sorrow and toil, beause the work of training was postponed till the assions had acquired strength, and the wayward oy formed friendships and tastes beyond a nother's control. Oh! if we would see our preious children, who now seem so lovely and inocent, growing up in the sunlight of religion nd purity, blessing their families, and gladdenng the heart of their parents, we must begin raining young. Remember they must cling; hey are formed to cling; and evil influences, ke poisonous weeds and polluting earth, are earer to them than the warm sunlight into hich you seek to guide them. We forget, hile they lie helpless in our arms, or run about our path, that the clinging tendril is putting forth with fatal power; that the character for good or ill reaches maturity in the short summer of youth; that the soul destined for eternal life and glory may, in an unseen moment, commence a downward tendency, clinging with death-like grasp to all that is vile and unworthy.

"As surely as the vine, when patiently trained, will repay our care, and shelter our heads from the burning sun, so, according to God's word, will the Christian mother's work be rewarded; but it must begin in time, and be patiently, lovingly, and prayerfully continued, till the luxuriant foliage and blossoms of maturity appear in the bright sunlight. May not many mothers ask, Am I neglecting my vines?"

THE TRIAL OF FAITH;

OR, THE MISSION TO TERRA DEL FUEGO.

SECOND PAPER.

A YEAR and three months went by without any tidings from the distant shore to which the devoted missionary band had been followed by the fervent prayers and heart-shed tears of many dear to them, both in the flesh and in the spirit; and deeply painful were the anxieties entertained in their behalf. They had taken with them a full supply of provisions for six months. Early in January, 1851, the secretary of the society had made diligent enquiry for a vessel to convey a second six months' store; but a difficulty altogether unforeseen was now found to exist; the reply from every port, both home and foreign, being to the effect that no vessel would risk her insurance by an attempt to land a freight so small. At length the committee were informed that a ship was about to sail on the 21st of April, for the Falkland Islands, from whence a boat was despatched by government every month or six weeks to Terra del Fuego; and through this channel the needful supplies were sent out.

Not long before the departure of the ship, the anxiously expected letters from Captain Gardiner and his companions were received. They had been written immediately on their arrival at Picton Island, the spot selected for their station, and gave a very cheering account of their prospects. The delay in sending supplies had not caused much uneasiness to their friends in England, as Captain Gardiner had assured them that fish and fowl in abundance were easily to be obtained. The lapse of six months more, however, without any further tidings, created fresh alarm; and an application to the Admiralty at once obtained a formal order to Captain Morshead, in command of H. M. S. Dido, then on the point of sailing for the Pacific, to touch at Picton

Island, and make every inquiry after the fate of the missionaries.

In January, 1852, the weary silence concerning them was darkly broken. A letter came to inform the committee that Picton Island had been visited by a Captain Smiley, in an American pilot-boat, in the month of October. His journal, which was enclosed in the letter, stated that on entering Banner Cove, the place originally fixed on for the missionary station, he found the words "GONE TO SPANIARDS' HARBOUR" painted on the rocks. He, accordingly, made for Spaniards' Harbour, where a heart-rending scene awaited him. No living object met their anxious gaze as the crew of the little vessel approached the desert shore. One missionary boat they found drawn up upon the beach, on entering which a body, long lifeless, proved to be its only occupant. The bones of another strewed the beach. The grave of a third was soon discovered. Books, papers, medicine, and clothes were scattered on every side; and from the names on some articles of clothing, as well as from some fragments of a journal, they were led to believe that those of whose calamitous end they had obtained such mournful evidence were Pierce, Williams, and Badcock. They learned, from the fragments of a journal, that the sufferers were altogether out of provisions, and in a fearful state from scurvy, on the 22nd of June; that on the 28th, Badcock had died of starvation; and, that on July the 2nd, Williams was delirious. No trace of the fate of Captain Gardiner, Mr. Maidment, or of their two other associates, could be found, as a violent gale drove the boat from her anchorage, and obliged them to leave the scene of this doleful tragedy without any further search.

While hopeless certainty thus darkly settled over the lot of three of the members of this ill-fated expedition, suspense reached its highest and most painful climax with respect to Captain Gardiner and his missing companions. Captain Smiley had stated it as his opinion that they might very possibly have reached the Falkland Islands; and the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," continued to be entertained concerning them until the 26th of the following April, when letters arrived from Captain Morshead, of the Dido, by which it was at once and bitterly extinguished. The Dido, in accordance with her instructions, had made for Banner Cove, Picton's Island, and on seeing the inscription "GONE TO SPANIARDS' HARBOUR" on the rocks, had left for the latter place, without in the first instance fully exploring the cove. Here they found the other boat lying on the beach, and beside it the body of Captain Gardiner. A large cavern was in its immediate vicinity, and in it they discovered the body of Mr. Maidment.

Captain Morshead writes: "Among Captain Gardiner's papers I extract the following:—'Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed till noon, and I have not seen him since.' Again, on the 4th of September, he writes, alluding to Mr. Maidment:—'It was a merciful Providence he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body.' Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it. We were directed to the cavern by a hand painted on the rocks, with Psalm lxvii. 5—8, under it. Their remains were collected together, and buried close to this spot, the funeral service being read by Lieutenant Underwood. A small inscription was placed on the rock near his own tent; the colours of the boat and ship struck half-mast, and three volleys of musketry were fired as a tribute of respect to the dead."

A paper was found, on which were written the heart-rending words: "If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbour, on the south side. *Delay not; we are starving.*" Captain Gardiner's and Mr. Maidment's journals were also found and forwarded to England, with a few extracts from which, as given at length in the deeply interesting volume which records the history and operations of the Patagonian Missionary Society from its commencement,* we shall conclude this portion of our narrative.

From the natives, the missionary party had experienced the same merciless spirit of rapine which had caused so much previous discouragement; and the decked boats which they had brought with them, according to Captain Gardiner's plan, alone enabled them to persevere in the intercourse without which a knowledge of their language could not be obtained. They suffered much from hurricanes, and consequent injury to their boats, during the winter months. A large damp cavern, with the sea at high tide rolling far into its mouth, (that in which the body of Mr. Maidment had been discovered,) was frequently their sleeping-place. It was, however, as fresh provisions, in the first instance, (and of provision not long afterwards,) began to fail them, that faith's severest trial had come on. Fish, owing to the prolonged continuance of tempestuous weather, had very rarely been obtained. The sea-fowl, for the same reason, could be got at but seldom, and with great difficulty. Scurvy, in its most alarming form,

* "Hope Deferred, not Lost. By Rev. G. P. Despard. London: Nisbet and Co.

ad soon attacked and disabled them. The isits of the natives were few, and from their redatory habits had tended rather to injury han advantage. Yet day after day, as hope rew fainter and strength and nature failed, he triumphs of grace shone more conspicuously, endering them faithful missionaries and able ninisters of the gospel of Christ, if not in their ives, at least in their deaths, by exemplifying he power of the Spirit of God to comfort and ustain the soul under the sorest and most trying lisasters. The following lines written by Captain Gardiner, expressive of his feelings nder such circumstances, will, we doubt not, e acceptable to our readers:—

PIONEER CAVE. *May* 8.

Sweet peace have they whose minds are stayed
Firm on the Rock in Zion laid;
No anxious cares disturb their rest.
Whate'er of earthly ills betide,
Amid the storm serene they ride;
Their souls in patience are possess'd.

Children of Him whose watchful eye
Regards the ravens when they cry,
What need they fear or bode of ill?
They know their hairs are numbered all,
Nor can the smallest sparrow fall
Without their Father's sovereign will.

Then come what may, we'll humbly wait;
His arm was never bared too late;
The promise will not cannot fail.
Though dark the night, the morn will break;
His own the Lord will not forsake;
The prayer of faith shall yet prevail;
And we shall deem the trial sweet
That laid us waiting at his feet.

The following extracts from Captain Gardiner's ournal will still further evince the "strength nade perfect in weakness" which they enjoyed. Thursday, July 3. During these last few days re have had many trials, but our mercies have bounded. On Sunday morning, June 29th, Ir. Maidment and I were called up with the ot unexpected intelligence of John Badcock's eparture, which took place at about eleven 'clock on Saturday night. His illness (the curvy) commenced about the middle of March. Ie has been a great sufferer, but throughout as exhibited the patience and resignation of a rue Christian. During some portion of his llness he was distressed with doubts as to his cceptance with God; but these were entirely emoved towards the close, and he entered into is eternal rest in a most triumphant manner. Shortly before he expired, he requested Mr. Williams, who was lying near him, and suffering lso from the same complaint, to join him in inging a hymn. He then repeated the 202nd f Wesley's collection:—

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;"

and sung it through with a loud voice. In a few minutes afterwards, he ceased to breathe."

"Friday, July 4. We have now been more than seven weeks on short allowance, and latterly even this has of necessity been curtailed. The meat and biscuit of our share (in the cavern) was all expended on Wednesday, so that we have now remaining half a duck, about one pound of salt pork, the same of damaged tea, a very little rice (a pint), two cakes of chocolate, and four pints of peas, to which I may add six mice. The mention of this last item in our list may startle some of our friends, should it ever reach their ears; but situated as we are, we partake of them with a relish, and have already eaten several; they are very tender, and taste like a rabbit. Among the losses occasioned by the high tide of June 30th were some pieces of fox, which had been salted and smoked as a stand-by in case of need. In noting down our wants and difficulties, I would not conclude without expressing my thanks to the God of all mercies for the grace which he has bestowed on each of my suffering companions, who with the utmost cheerfulness endure all without a murmur, patiently awaiting the Lord's time to deliver them, and ready, should it be his will, to languish and die here, knowing that whatever he shall appoint will be well."

"Monday, August 25th. On Saturday afternoon, Pearce came over, bringing us heavy tidings; Joseph Erwin was fast failing, and had not spoken since the previous day. Mr. Williams considered him beyond the power of human aid. Yesterday Mr. Maidment went to Cook's River, and found that he had been removed from us, and entered his eternal rest, at six o'clock on Saturday evening. Thus one and another of our little missionary band is gathered by the Good Shepherd to a better inheritance, and to higher and more glorious employments. Our times are in his hands; and he can raise up others far better qualified than we are, to enter into our labours. The jelly weed has of late proved so indigestible to me that I can scarcely take any of it, and am again reduced to mussel broth, with occasionally some limpets, as they can be procured."

"Wednesday, September 3rd. Mr. Maidment prepared the grave, a wide one, in which two of our fellow-labourers were laid side by side. He returned perfectly exhausted. The day also was bad, with snow, sleet, and rain. He has never since recruited from that day's bodily and mental exertion. Wishing to spare him the trouble of waiting on me, I proposed to take up my quarters in the boat. Feeling that I could not possibly effect this without crutches, Mr. Maidment kindly cut me a pair. We set out together, but I soon found that I had not

strength to proceed, and was obliged to return before reaching the brook on our own beach. Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed until noon, and I have not seen him since, consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom he served so faithfully."

"Thursday, September 4th. There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow-labourer has ceased from his earthly toils. Under these circumstances, it was a merciful providence that he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body. Fearing I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some water. He graciously answered my petition, and yesterday I was enabled to get out, and scoop up a sufficient supply from some that trickled down the stern of the boat by means of one of my india-rubber overshoes."

"Friday, September 5th. Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feelings of hunger or thirst." His last lines were addressed, September 6th, to Mr. Williams. They were very indistinct. "Yet a little while and though . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though . . . days without food . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . heaven. Your affectionate brother in . . . ALLEN F. GARDINER."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

THE CHAPEL IN THE WILDS

CONCLUDED.

In a short time Charles B—— and his companion reached the mountain where the outlaw was lurking, who not only refused to surrender when called upon, but threatened, if they advanced any farther, to shoot them both. The constable shrank back intimidated from the rifle that was pointed at them: but Charles's was a heart that never knew fear, nor ever shrunk from the call of duty, so he continued to advance. Again and again the ruffian warned him to desist, telling him he would never suffer himself to be taken; but still Charles persevered. Then with a fearful oath, and exclaiming, "I am no worse off than I was," the fugitive presented his rifle at Charles, and the click of the lock echoed among the rocks.

It was a perilous moment for Charles, for the next would have seen the contents of the ruffian's weapon lodged in his body; and raising, therefore, his own rifle, he fired hastily. It was entirely an act of self-defence, yet Charles said that never should he forget the horror he felt when he saw the man fall, for, like the figure in his dream, he had shot him through the heart.

In a state almost of frenzy he went into Graham's Town, and surrendered himself to justice, that a legal investigation of the act he had committed might take place. He was put in prison, and though it yet wanted some weeks to the assizes, singularly enough, no attempt was made to bail him out, notwithstanding that the nature of the act was perfectly well known. But Charles had no wish to be at large; he was overwhelmed with emotion at finding the blood of a fellow-creature on his hands, and full of unavailing regrets that he had fired, as he considered, so hastily, and had not made use of his surpassing skill to maim the man instead of killing him, and thus saved his own life without taking that of another. That the life of the man would have been forfeited to the law was an argument powerless to comfort him. The thought continually thrilled him that he had sent a fellow-creature to his account with his sins upon his head, and even at the moment of his death in the act of attempting to commit another offence. "And am I," he asked himself, "more fit to die than he was? Am I prepared to appear before my Almighty Creator with my countless sins against him unrepented of?"

The inquiry startled him, for it was the first time in his life that the thought had ever occurred to him that he had sins, and that he owed duties to God, duties which his conscience told him he had utterly disregarded, inasmuch as he had lived entirely to himself, acting as if he knew not that there was a God, and calling himself a Christian while he despised the cross.

Now, in his day of trouble these recollections came crushingly upon him, almost reducing him to despair, until, like a beacon on the eye of the storm-tossed mariner, came to him the Bible. It was opened and searched, and that with an anxious and eager heart, and with fervent and earnest prayer. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Charles read these promises and believed them. In constant and fervent prayer he sought the blessing, and, like all who put their trust in the Lord, he was not confounded. As when the angel of the Lord appeared unto Peter in the prison, and loosed his bonds and set him free; so now in his prison, the same Lord was pleased, of his infinite mercy, to loose the bonds from off his spirit, and to set his heart free that he might turn to him and love him with all his heart and all his soul.

When the day of his trial came, Charles was calm and composed, for he put the issue in His hand who guideth all things; but he was greatly agitated by the manner in which the verdict of "justifiable homicide" was returned, and by the encomiums bestowed by the judge on the courage and energy he had shown in the cause of justice. He felt (as we have said before) that the skill God had given him in the use of the rifle should have been exerted to save the culprit's life while he incapacitated him from further resistance, though in the moment of deadly peril he had not thought of such a course.

Charles was now free, but he left his prison with regret, for it was the most blessed abode he had ever possessed. Within its gloomy precincts he had first experienced the grace of God, first known the riches of Christ; and it seemed even hard to leave a place hallowed by such precious recollections. But he quitted it a very different man to what he had entered it; for he went forth with the earnest desire to pass the remainder of his life in God's service. To become a preacher of the word was now his most ardent wish; and this desire he confided to the clergyman of the little town of Bathurst, some twelve or fourteen miles distant, who did all in his power, by religious instruction and the loan of books of divinity, to prepare him for entering on the path he had chosen.

Meanwhile Charles B——'s every-day life was anything but peaceful; his family and friends were greatly displeased at the change which had taken place in his manners and disposition. Never since his release from prison had his rifle been seen in his hand, or his violin been taken from its case, while his former merry acquaintances were only tolerated in the hope of speaking a word in season to them. The young man was declared a gloomy fanatic, because his heart was changed and his spirits subdued by suffering. Such being the general feeling towards him, it is not greatly to be wondered at that, when he entreated to be permitted to visit England, in order to go to college and study for the church, the permission was unhesitatingly refused. This was a great disappointment; but with all the resignation he could summon, Charles bore it; and trying to banish from his mind the hope he had so long cherished, he began quietly and steadily to devote himself to the duties of a farm. But the desire to be about his Master's work was not so easily to be crushed, and finding no wider sphere would be allowed to him, he ere long fitted up a little building as a place of worship, where each Sunday he addressed all who would come to hear him.

It was at this time that we first became acquainted with Charles B——, who was then passing through what was most probably the happiest phase of his life; for while he attended diligently to the duties which devolved upon him in the management of the farm, and of his father's worldly affairs, he yet laboured zealously in his Master's service, in the narrow sphere in which he was placed; and mingled freely with the humblest and lowliest around him, with the hope that, by so doing, he might lead them nearer to the foot of the cross. His hope was not disappointed. On all, his kindly interest in their concerns, his good advice in their difficulties, and his Christian charity in their disputes, exercised a beneficial influence, while there were many who believed that to his fervent and zealous ministry they owed the opening of their eyes to eternal realities.

In this commendable course of life Charles continued for the next two years, when he married, making choice of one who seemed well suited to him; for from her childhood upward she had evinced a deep love for Christ, and an earnest desire to walk in his way and fulfil his commandments. Some pursuit independent of his father's farm now became needful to Charles, that he might be able to sustain the new charge which he had undertaken. To become a teacher of youth was the employment most consonant to his feelings and habits of thought; and he accordingly opened a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, where his success far exceeded his expectations. But he had not been established there more than a year, when, like the rush of a mountain torrent, the Kaffirs swept over the frontier, leaving fire and desolation in their track, staining the land with blood, and raising over it the wail of the helpless orphans whom they scourged with the wands of their assegais. Charles's new home was far enough from the frontier to escape a visit from the savage horde; but both his father's houses were laid in ashes, and his large flocks and herds swept off; though the family having, by one of those merciful providences with which, notwithstanding our unworthiness, God surrounds us, gone into Graham's Town to spend Christmas, escaped the fate which otherwise would certainly have befallen them.

And what Charles felt more than all the rest, his little chapel—where, for more than three years he had breathed so many fervent prayers; where he had laboured so earnestly to show to others the path he himself had found so pleasant and so peaceful; and where, as he hoped, more than one had been brought to see the evil of his ways, and to resolve, with God's help, to lead a new life—it, too, had been devoured by the flames.

Then, throughout the length and breadth of the hitherto peaceful colony, there was the

gathering into bands of all the men, both young and old, to go forth against the savage invaders, for the defence of their hearths and homes. In such a cause Charles B—— was not likely to be backward, and the rifle that for six years had hung upon the wall was taken down, and Charles went out with his countrymen against their foes.

For some months he remained with the little army, which was all that the limited resources of the colony enabled it to send out against the legions of Kaffirs that threatened to drive the white men into the sea. At first he was only a simple burgher—as the militia, according to Dutch custom, are called; but soon his bravery, energy, and intelligence, and the respect universally felt for him, caused him to be promoted to the rank of captain.

Meanwhile the colonists were prevailing against their enemies, and the tide of war had rolled back into Kaffirland; but they found great difficulty in subduing a foe which kept itself hidden among the mountain fastnesses, or hung on the outskirts of the army among jungle impenetrable to all but themselves. On one occasion it was necessary to communicate with some distant point, and Charles's well-known courage caused the offer to be made to him, whether he would undertake to thread the dangerous defile leading to it. He at once agreed, and thirty volunteers were soon found to follow such a leader; and well supplied with ammunition they left the camp, followed by the cheers and good wishes of their comrades.

Days and weeks passed by, the tide of war ebbed and flowed, but nothing was seen or heard of Charles B—— or his companions: the enemy, too, gathered in such force in the neighbourhood of the defile, that it was impossible to examine it, but all could guess only too well the fate of the little band.

A few months went on, and peace was again restored to the frontier; still no tidings were heard of Charles and his party, till one day a Kaffir came into Graham's Town, wearing a little ornament—I think a seal—hung round his neck, which was recognised as having belonged to the subject of my narrative. Upon being questioned, the native gave such answers as changed doubt into certainty, stating that he was one of the band which had killed Charles, and offering to bring in his jacket for a reward, which was immediately promised. A terrible sight that jacket was, stiffened with blood, and cut to pieces with assegai stabs, through which the wearer's life had ebbed away. And a sad tale it was that the Kaffir, and other companions of his, who came in with various little articles they had taken from the slain, had to tell: how, when the white men were in the midst of the defile, they had surrounded them by hundreds; and how the little party had defended itself so bravely that, notwithstanding their superior numbers, they had been long unable to prevail against them.

And thus it pleased God to terminate the life of one to whom he had shown great mercy and favour, inasmuch as he had not only made the light from above to shine in upon him, illuminating his darkness, but had also deigned to employ him in his service. Many of our readers will doubtless feel that to have fallen in the midst of some more tranquil scenes would have better befitted the calling of Charles B—— as a Christian teacher; but he acted from motives of duty satisfactory to himself, and in a spirit of what he deemed devotion to his country's welfare.

What Charles's thoughts may have been in his last hours we cannot, of course, tell; but we doubt not they were those of thankfulness and joy to him who had taken away the sting of death, and that even in the midst of that fearful scene he was ready to exclaim with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." And, oh! what a glorious change it must have been, to pass away from yelling savages and gleaming assegais, into the regions of everlasting peace and tranquillity.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, wood, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost:
Little feet will go astray:
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you:
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed:
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

SPIRITUAL PALMS.

ough the palm starts belt up from the burning nd, the sand is not its sustenance. The dust may ve swept hot and stifling round its stem; but clear at dust away. The sand grows humid as you dig, d, by the time you reach the white fibres of the tap, e veins of water flow. And as, by and by, you ze on the fringy rootlets floating in the well, you scern the secret of its joyous growth. No matter at the sky is brass and the desert dust, when crystal fe is throbbing perennial and plentiful below. Doubtess this is a dry and thirsty land; but it is the land here ever and anon the eye is gladdened by some oodly palm. In strange and unexpected places you eet with fresh and lofty Christians. You wonder ow they thrive. They do not grow as the lily; for e lily is found in green pastures, and they do not elong to a lifesome communion. Nor do they spring s the willow; for it springs by the water-courses, nd they have not the benefit of the purest ordinances nd the most refreshful ministrations. They are trees f the desert, like Enoch among the giant sinners of n early world; like Joseph among the wizards and east-worshippers of Egypt; like Daniel in voluptuous Babylon; like David Brainerd among Indian savages; like Henry Martyn in stony-hearted Persia. Their life is hid. So pure amidst depravity, so loyal to God amidst idolatry, so devout and fervent amidst atheism and blasphemy, their heavenly-mindedness is a miracle. But beneath the dusty surface of this godless world, there is a well of water springing up to everlasting life. There is no spot so barren, and no soil so burning, no place nor period so adverse, but faith can find the Holy Spirit there. It needs only faith's penetrating root descending beneath the things which do appear, to fetch up spiritual refreshment and [illegible] where others pine and die. From a secret source the believer in Jesus draws his life. The morning portion of the word, the morning prayer, the morning meditation; these are the "stolen waters" which keep him green all day; and even in the desert there is a dew which, descending on its branches overnight, brings him forth fragrant and vegete to the morrow. You, my friend, who lead a life of secularity or drudgery—you who are often sighing, "Lord, what a wretched land is this;" remember that it is the land of the Bible, the land of prayer, the land of the promises, and, above all, the land of the Comforter's presence and power. To say nothing of periodic rains and weekly showers, the affluent irrigation of sanctified sabbaths and communion feasts—a daily text and daily prayer, with the whole heart in them, would make you flourish like the palm. You would realize something of the life of God in your own soul, and your shining, healthful aspect would draw forth the exclamation, "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."—*Emblems from Eden.*

In prayer, it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

Laziness.—A lazy Christian shall always want four things, conduct, content, confidence, and assurance. God hath made a separation between joy and idleness, between assurance and laziness, and therefore it is impossible for thee to bring these together that God hath put so far asunder.

Pages for the Young.

THE STORY OF ESTHER.

PART II.

IN this city of Shushan, just at the time we were talking of last week, lived a Jew of the name of Mordecai, the descendant of a man who had been carried to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar. Some of his relations were taken to this land also, one of whom, an uncle, died, leaving a little daughter named Hadassah (a myrtle), or Esther. Her mother was dead also, and she was an orphan, poor child. But you know who has promised to be the father to the fatherless, and the orphan's stay. And this Father above provided a very happy home for little Hadassah. Mordecai took her to his own house, and adopted her as his daughter. And dearly did he love the lonely little one. Hadassah was a very beautiful child, but as everybody who came near her seems to have loved her, I think she must have been, what is better than beautiful, good and amiable. No one will love a child merely because she is pretty, unless her conduct is beautiful also. That is the kind of beauty which will last always and please always.

Mordecai appears to have held some situation about the palace, for it is said he sat at the king's gate. From this we are not to suppose that he was a porter, or something of that sort. It was and still is customary in the East for officers of the court and the state to wait about the gates, and in the outer courts of the palace, till the king shall require their attendance.

Whatever Mordecai was engaged in during the day, he would be delighted to get home in the evening to his little Hadassah. And then he would tell her the wondrous story of her people's history; how God had chosen them from among all nations to be his own peculiar people; how he had with great miracles delivered them from their tyrant in Egypt; how he had made the sea open before them when they left that land, and the Jordan when they reached Canaan; how he had fought for them then, and put them in possession of the land promised to their fathers. Of David and his deeds of bravery he would tell, and of Solomon and his magnificent temple. And he would picture Palestine with its hills and valleys; Jerusalem too, not so fine a city as this Shushan, but how much more noble, with its circle of mountains, and above all, as being the city of the living God. He would tell her that the God of the Jews was the only true God; that all the gods whom other nations worshipped were no gods. He would not fail to inform her that though God justly permitted his people to be punished for their sins, he still watched over them in love; that his providence ever interfered on their behalf; that no power on earth could ever crush those who were the chosen people of the Lord of lords and King of kings; that when things seemed saddest for them, He raised up a deliverer; that their friends were blessed, while it was a dangerous thing to be found amongst their enemies.

The child's bright eyes would grow brighter still, and her fair cheek flush, as she listened to the thrilling tale. She little thought then, that to the Jewish children of after times, her own name would be one of the most interesting in the list of the deliverers of their nation.

Years passed on, and the little girl had grown into a young woman. One day Mordecai came home from the court with the sad news of Vashti's disgrace. Presently a search was made for beautiful maidens, that Ahasuerus might choose from amongst them another queen. A

strange proceeding this, and a barbarous and wicked one [illegible] think. In our country such a thing could not happen. But as I have told you already, it is to the religion of Jesus we owe our better laws and customs.

Among the maidens brought to the Persian king's court was Esther. We are not told whether she or Mordecai liked that she should go. Perhaps Mordecai, knowing how unsafe his countrymen were under this foreign government, thought that if Esther pleased the king and became queen, she might be a shield to them. At any rate, she was brought to the palace, and placed in the house of the women. There were a great many other women there, and a number of officers and attendants, all under the charge of one man, named Hegai. Now Esther pleased this man, as she did everybody, and that is the reason why I thought she must have been very amiable. And Hegai gave to her and her maids the best place in all the house, and was very kind indeed to her. But I think her heart must have been often very sad. Though this house of the women was a fine gay house, and they had beautiful clothing, and delicious food, and rich ornaments, they were, after all, prisoners. They could not go out and see their friends and enjoy the society of good and wise people, or visit the poor and the sick, as English ladies may do, nor had they books or the means of getting knowledge at home. Their lives must have been very dull, and, what is worse, they must have been useless, and their thoughts and talk very silly.

Esther was indeed much better off than the others, because she had learned about the true God, and had been taught, we may hope, something of the character of the worship he required, a holy and spiritual worship, offered by hearts which had been taught by his own Spirit to hate sin and love holiness. Now if she really loved this God, and thought much about him, that would save her from [illegible] her dear friend and father, Mordecai, she was not allowed to see now. And his home, poor man, was very lonely without Esther's bright face, and he thought much about her, and no doubt prayed much for her, and every day he walked [illegible] that he might perhaps hear how she was, and get some news of her.

By and by Esther was brought into the presence of the king, and he was pleased with her, and determined to make her queen. There was news for Mordecai when he came one morning to the palace! Esther, his own simple loving Esther, made the greatest woman in all the world—the queen of the largest and richest empire in the whole earth! I think it is very likely he would go home directly, and shut the door, and pray God, the Lord God of Israel, to take care of this young one, a daughter of his people, raised to so great a height; to grant that she might not forget to serve Him amidst the many temptations by which she was surrounded, and that she might be a means of blessing to her people, the Lord's own Israel.

Now again there is to be a great feast in the royal palace of Shushan. The [illegible] hung over and around the beautiful hall. One can scarcely imagine the riches and splendour displayed. Troops of feasters are there, the princes and nobles of the land, in honour of the new queen. Yes, Esther is queen; and surely her young heart thrilled when the crown-royal was put on her head, and she felt that she was so. But I think that presently a shade of thought and care, perhaps almost a look of sorrow, would pass over her fair face as she thought of the sweet days of her childhood in Mordecai's home, when she listened to tales of the distant Judea and sang David's psalms; and perhaps she thought, "Though I am queen of this great kingdom of Persia, the little land of Judea is far dearer to me still." It is true, Esther had now the finest rooms and richest clothing, and greatest number of servants, of any lady in the kingdom. But it is not these things which make people happy. It is what we *are*, not what we *have*, that makes us happy or miserable.

There is one very pretty thing told of Esther now. Though she was queen, she was as anxious to please Mordecai, and as submissive to his commands, as when she was a little child in his house. It is said, "Esther did the commandment of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him." We may be quite sure that she had been a very dutiful, obedient child, one who did cheerfully and from love whatever she was desired; when we find her behave in this manner, in the high station to which she was raised. I think there is nothing in the whole story more lovely than that which shows how this great queen, in the midst of all her pomp and state, humbly revered and affectionately obeyed the guardian of her youth, though he was but an attendant at her [illegible]. You will perhaps think, and well to think much, of a far higher and more wondrous example of humility and submission which we have in the childhood of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was "subject" to his mother and her husband.

The customs of the country of course did not allow Mordecai to visit Esther; but they sent messages to each other through her servants. And thus it happened that Mordecai was able to do the king a great service. There were two wicked men in the court who had determined to murder Ahasuerus. Mordecai found it out, and sent word to Esther that she might tell the king, which she did, and so his life was saved, and the two traitors were hanged. Then an account of the whole matter was written by men whom we shall call secretaries, in a book named the book of the "Chronicles," where a record was kept of all that occurred connected with the kingdom. Ahasuerus was very glad to have escaped this danger; but he ungratefully neglected to bestow any reward on his deliverer, Mordecai.

Sabbath-Evening Recreations.

[illegible] PICTURES.

XI.

In an apartment of a lowly dwelling sits a blind and aged man. He is alone, and the expression of his countenance tells us that his mind is fully occupied in [illegible] but sad thoughts. His eyes are closed to the world around him, but the soul within is full of light.

He sits in a listening attitude; and presently the sound of approaching footsteps is followed by the entrance of a woman, apparently of humble station, bearing some choice delicacies intended as a gift. The blind man at once addresses her in words of warning and reproof, but with heartfelt sympathy; and his words reveal to us that his visitor, beneath the lowly guise of a peasant, conceals the lofty rank of a queen, and the beating heart of an anxious and sorrowing mother.

XII.

It is night; but in the clear full moonlight, the ruined walls of a city are distinctly seen. A horseman, followed by a few [illegible] of the gates, and descending into the valley rides slowly on. He pauses beside a fountain, which vividly reflects the brilliant light of the stars, and looks around upon the scene, which he contemplates with profound and melancholy interest.

After some time he returns, and following the course of a stream, which, gleaming like a thread of silver, winds its way into the valley, he re-enters the city by the same gate.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

ALBERT NORTON RECEIVING COUNSEL FROM HIS LATE EMPLOYER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP VIII.

I RETURNED with Albert Norton to his former situation in the city. His health seemed re-established, and he had to fill up his place in the business of the world.

A great change had passed over him. He was the same, yet not the same. In his outward bearing, it may be, none would have detected the difference; but in his heart was shed abroad that holy peace to which it had before been a stranger. He had found the rest for which he had longed; and by the sanctifying influences of God's good Spirit, he was delivered from the doubts and evil suggestions by which he had been so long enslaved.

His converse with me was more pleasant and profitable to himself—because more humble and holy—than it had ever before been. He no longer came to me as a disputant, but as a learner. He did not, as formerly, seek to bend me and my sayings to his own misformed opinions or imperfect apprehensions; but, forgetting his philosophical theories, received, because "as new-born" he desired, "the sincere milk of the word," that he might grow thereby.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

He had "tasted that the Lord is gracious," the Lord Jesus, the Lord his righteousness, and to him "coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious," he as "a living stone" was being built up into "a spiritual house," one of "a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

Albert Norton had, before this, manifested much loveliness of character; but now a new motive was imparted to his soul, and a new object set before him—a motive of love and gratitude, and an object to glorify his heavenly Father and his Saviour.

No longer was he bewildered in his devotions, nor distressed with apprehensions that such prayers as he would offer were entirely beneath the regards of the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity; he had now a name and a righteousness, and an atoning sacrifice, and a mediation, on which to rest his hope and his faith; and he embraced, in its boundless extent of meaning, the promise which the Divine object of his faith and adoration has placed on record. "Whatsoever we shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

I have elsewhere recorded that my young owner was ambitious of distinguishing himself; that he had cultivated his mind, and stored it with much knowledge. I have shown that it was the pride of these intellectual acquirements which led him astray from the truth, and not the knowledge itself. Nor did he, now that his pride was humbled, and he had been led back again to the simplicity of the gospel, blame or abandon the former objects of his researches. His ambition remained; but henceforth it was sanctified, "made meet for the MASTER'S use, and prepared unto every good work."

He had an object now—an object which he had wanted before. It was no longer self-glorification in the talents he had received and improved; but it was an ardent desire that these talents should be consecrated to the honour and glory of him who had entrusted them to his care. His language was, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

In his daily intercourse with me, I, on one occasion, reminded him of the parable of my great Master and his, in which a man is represented as calling his servants together, and putting into their hands talents of money to be employed for him during his absence in a far country, and the fearful consequences which attached to the "wicked and slothful servant," who went and hid his talent in the earth, and would have returned it to his Master unimproved.

Albert paused at this recital; and though he could not justly be accused of conduct like unto this, it was not difficult to see that his soul was disturbed. "What am I doing?" he questioned within himself, "what for my Divine Master? Am I improving the abilities I have received as they ought to be improved? What would I say to Him were he to come and reckon with me?"

Shall I tell how earnestly his prayers were that night offered that he might be instructed and directed in the right employment of his talents, so that he might at last receive the blessed and gracious approbation of his Lord and Saviour? "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have said that Albert Norton was ambitious; and here was his ambition now centred—to live for his Saviour, to labour for him, to have no will but his. "Not my own—not my own," he frequently whispered to himself, when alone with me. "'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are his.'"

My readers will not so far misunderstand me as to think that my owner, in his desire to do *great* things for his Master, overlooked and neglected those daily opportunities of doing *little* things, which are presented to every Christian. This was not his way. I could tell, if need were, how closely he adhered to the exhortation I give to young men in the words of an apostle, "to be sober-minded," and to such as are in positions of trust, to "show all good fidelity," and to "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things;" and how he was "not slothful in business," while "fervent in spirit," thus in both ways "serving the Lord."

Many months passed away, and in the constant intercourse I held with my owner, and the services in which I was employed by him and with him, a new and happy era had arrived in my history. With him I visited the abodes of poverty and vice, took part in the instruction of the ignorant and of those who were out of the way, and strengthened the faith of the weak and halting. Not unfrequently did I, in his hand, become "the sword of the Spirit," wielded dexterously by him to the cutting asunder the knotted bands of sophistry, and in putting to flight the suggestions of infidelity, which entangled others as they had once entangled his own soul; and by this means did I put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. And in these services of faith and courage in the cause of his Master, did Albert Norton receive advantage from the intellectual resources of his cultivated mind; so that the carnal wisdom which, unsanctified, might have led him into the

outer darkness of unbelief, being sanctified by the Spirit of grace and wisdom, gave dexterity and skill in the holy warfare in which, at such times, my owner acquitted himself courageously as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

At length the time came when Albert Norton was released from the engagement which had bound him to his employer, and he was free to enter, if he should so choose, upon the business of life. It was then that his determination became known that he would thenceforth devote himself to the higher and more arduous service of his Lord; that, abandoning all expectation of future success in commercial life, he would, as a minister of the gospel, "know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

"Consider well what you do, Albert," expostulated his kind friend, Mr. Keen; "you have fine prospects of advancement in life; you have industry, perseverance, good business talents, a capital connexion, friends who will readily exert themselves in your favour: these, in addition to the property you inherit, will all but ensure success. In a few years you would, with these advantages, be, in all probability, a rich man. Have you thought of this?"

He had thought of it, my owner said, and indeed he had.

"In the altered course you contemplate," continued his friend, "all these advantages will be lost; you will enter upon a scene of self-denial, probably of many mortifications; you will incur the blame of some, the contemptuous pity of others. Are you prepared for this?"

"God helping me," replied Albert, "I am prepared, at least, to expect it."

"I trust, Albert," said his friend and adviser, "that you have counted the cost; if you build your hope of success on the chance of becoming popular, of pleasing men by your eloquence as a preacher of the gospel, of discovering new truths, or of placing old truths under new aspects, or of starting some new theory to captivate the multitude; or if you hope to attain to an easy competence by casting off the trammels of business, and entering upon what some may think a gentlemanly profession; think well of it. It is not too late to draw back. You have not yet put your hand to the plough."

"I believe I *have* counted the cost," said my young owner, quietly: "and I trust that my motives are so far pure that no expectations of worldly advantage or criminal ease have influenced me."

"I am convinced of this, Albert," continued Mr. Keen; "and yet I have known instances, and sad ones, in which restless dispositions, an uneasy longing for change, some worldly disappointment, or a cowardly shrinking from work in the ordinary walks of industry, and a fancied prospect of a less laborious mode of subsistence, combined—I will say this—with an uninstructed zeal and a vague expectation of being worthily instrumental in saving souls, have induced young men to enter into engagements, of all others the most momentous, and have given occasion for reproach from the enemies of the gospel, and live-long regret from its friends. You have thought of this?"

"I have, indeed," said Albert Norton.

"I feel sure that you have," resumed his friend: "and yet it is right that I should remind you of these fatal mistakes."

"It is kind and faithful," said Albert.

"And the peculiar trials which the fulfilment of your present desire involves; have you sufficiently calculated these, Albert? have you thought that as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, you must 'be instant in season and out of season;' must speak the truth, 'whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear;' must be subjected to the cavils alike of the ignorant and of the wise; must, in the apostolic sense, make yourself all things to all men, so that you may win some; that you will, probably, find your fondest hopes blighted, at the moment of fancied success, and be tempted to exclaim, in bitterness of soul, 'I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought?'"

All this had my young owner considered.

"And the worldly sacrifices, you should think of these again, Albert," continued his faithful counsellor; "think of what, with God's blessing on your exertions in business, you may attain to—wealth, comfort, luxury, a high standing in society; think that, with all this, you may have enlarged means of doing good to the bodies and souls of men. It is not necessary, Albert, as some seem to suppose, for a man to be a public instructor of others from the pulpit, in order to be useful in his day and generation. You know and recognise this, I am sure. Well, then, on the other hand, you must look for a life of comparative obscurity and privation, a small income, many worldly cares pressing upon you, an uncertain position in society. Have you thought sufficiently of all this?"

"I have thought of it all," replied Albert, firmly; "I have endeavoured to think of the advantages I might expect or hope for by following out my present course; and the sacrifices I must make in abandoning it. I have tried to shake my own purpose, and to persuade myself that it is a whim of idleness and youthful folly, or of unsanctified ambition. I have prayed never more earnestly than for this, that God would search me in this matter, and try me; that he would direct me by his Spirit, and lead

me in his providence; and the conclusion to which I have come is that whatever powers of mind I may have, *must be* consecrated to him. I dare not resist the conviction; and I have so far put my hand to the plough—to this plough—that I dare not turn back: I would not if I could, and I could not if I would. I cannot but speak the things which I have heard, and seen, and felt; and I feel as though I must say of myself, 'Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel.'"

A few days after this, my owner left the busy city behind him, and returned to the home of his widowed mother. A few weeks yet later, and in the small room of a college, very distant from his home, and among strangers, Albert Norton had entered upon a new kind of life, and one that was to prepare him for the accomplishment of the earnest desire of his soul, the ministry of the gospel.

RELIGION AN INTERNAL PRINCIPLE.*

Religion is the *art of being, and of doing, good:* to be an adept in it, is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and deed. And the school for learning this art is, not the closet, but the world—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is, therefore, an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that, whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution is everything. It is true indeed that prayer, holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the church, are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop be not more abundant. They are, in short, but means to an end—good, only in so far as they help us to be good and to do good—to glorify God and do good to man; and that end can perhaps best be attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No man can be a thorough proficient in navigation who has never been at sea, though he may learn the theory of it at home. No man can become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet: he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a school-boy soldier after all. And, in the same way, a man in solitude and study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what is technically called "the religious life." But never, in the highest and holiest sense, can he become a *religious man*, until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind. Tell us not, then, that the man of business, the bustling tradesman, the toil-worn labourer, has little or no time to attend to religion. As well tell us that the pilot, amid the winds and storms, has no leisure to attend to navigation; or the general, on the field of battle, to the art of war! Where *will* he attend to it? Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion, I repeat, is, mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world; the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the star-light of duty and the compass of Divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honour of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life. Away, then, with the notion that ministers and devotees may be religious, but that a religious and holy life is impracticable in the rough and busy world! Nay rather, believe me, *that* is the proper scene, the peculiar and appropriate field for religion—the place in which to prove that piety is not a dream of Sundays and solitary hours; that it can bear the light of day; that it can wear well amid the rough jostlings, the hard struggles, the coarse contacts of common life—the place, in one word, to prove how possible it is for a man to be at once "not slothful in

* From "Religion in Common Life," by the Rev. Mr. Caird. A sermon published by her Majesty's command.

business" and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Another consideration, which I shall adduce in support of the assertion that it is not impossible to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists, *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive.*

There is a very common tendency in our minds to classify actions according to their outward form, rather than according to the spirit or motive which pervades them. Literature is sometimes arbitrarily divided into "sacred" and "profane" literature, history into "sacred" and "profane" history; in which classification the term "profane" is applied, not to what is bad or unholy, but to everything that is not technically sacred or religious—to all literature that does not treat of religious doctrines and duties, and to all history save church history. And we are very apt to apply the same principle to actions. Thus, in many pious minds, there is a tendency to regard all the actions of common life as so much, an unfortunate necessity, lost to religion. Prayer, the reading of the Bible and devotional books, public worship—and buying, selling, digging, sowing, bartering, money-making—are separated into two distinct and almost hostile categories. The religious heart and sympathies are thrown entirely into the former, and the latter are barely tolerated as a bondage incident to our fallen state, but almost of necessity tending to turn aside the heart from God.

But what God hath cleansed, why should we call common or unclean? The tendency in question, though founded on right feeling, is surely a mistaken one. For it is to be remembered that moral qualities reside not in actions, but in the agent who performs them, and that it is the spirit or motive from which we do any work that constitutes it base or noble, worldly or spiritual, secular or sacred. The actions of an automaton may be outwardly the same as those of a moral agent, but who attributes to them goodness or badness? A musical instrument may discourse sacred melodies better than the holiest lips can sing them, but who thinks of commending it for its piety? It is the same with actions as with places. Just as no spot or scene on earth is in itself more or less holy than another, but the presence of a holy heart may hallow—of a base one, desecrate—any place where it dwells; so with actions. Many actions, materially great and noble, may yet, because of the spirit that prompts and pervades them, be really ignoble and mean; and, on the other hand, many actions, externally mean and lowly, may, because of the state of his heart who does them, be truly exalted and honourable. It is possible to fill the highest station on earth, and go through the actions pertaining to it in a spirit that degrades all its dignities, and renders all its high and courtly doings essentially vulgar and mean. And it is no mere sentimentality to say, that there may dwell in a lowly mechanic's or household servant's breast a spirit that dignifies the coarsest toils and "renders drudgery divine." Herod of old was a slave, though he sat upon a throne; but who will say that the work of that carpenter's shop at Nazareth was not noble and kingly work indeed!

THE DEAD SEA.

SECOND PAPER.

The entrance upon the Dead Sea is thus described by Captain Allen: "We crossed some long straight lines, like raised beaches, covered with pebbles; and on reaching the margin of the sea, which had a beach of similar appearance, we had to ride to the eastward, some little distance, to reach the spot where the mouth of the Jordan shoots its turbid waters into the clear blue water of the sea betwixt two jetty-like banks of mud, of its own formation. The discoloration of the water could be seen far from the shore. Some of our party bathed in the sea, and found it extremely buoyant. We observed, as most travellers have done, a prodigious mist, rising from the sea, heightening the aerial tints of distance, so as completely to efface the outline of the mountains to the southward, though the weather was very fine."

The general appearance of the mountains, on both shores, as far as the eye could reach, he paints as rugged and precipitous in the extreme, "rising, with forms never seen on the ordinary borders of lakes, as if the depths of this strange sea had been prematurely laid bare, before they had been prepared to assume their new character of dry land. The cliffs seemed to be rent into ravines, on leaving the water's edge; in receding, they rose into innumerable peaks, but with a tendency to group themselves into successive plateaux." After expressing the astonishment and curiosity excited by scenery so peculiar, the captain says: "While the extreme wildness and singularity in aspect of the scenery surrounding the Dead Sea—the Lake Asphaltites of the ancients—must have been known in all ages, the peculiar phenomenon of its depression, at all events, was not noticed till the visit of Messrs. Moore and Beck, in 1837. The fact, however, was soon established by scientific observations."

Lieut. Lynch and his party in the boats had to encounter a sharp gale as they passed from the Jordan into the Dead Sea, so much so that

at one time the boats were near foundering. The sea rose, with the continually increasing wind, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left them covered with incrustations of salt, that caused a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, and was exceedingly painful to the eyes. Happily the storm was of short duration, and it was succeeded by a calm, and then the blue sea was smooth as glass. As night set in, the land-party approaching the shore, the two companies joined in pitching their tents in a cane-brake, and "wet and weary, threw themselves upon a bed of dust beside a fœtid marsh; the dark-fretted mountains behind; the sea, like a huge cauldron, before, its surface shrouded in a lead-coloured mist."

Towards midnight, the distant sound of the convent-bell of Mar Saba, broke the deep silence of the wilderness—a grateful sound, for it was a sign that man was near, and told of human wants and human sympathies to the wayfarers on the borders of the Sea of Death.

The first excursion on these dreary shores is thus described: "The scene was one of unmixed desolation. The air, tainted with a sulphureous smell, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so light a green. Except the cane-brakes, clustering along the marshy stream, there was no vegetation whatever; but barren mountains, fragments of rocks, blackened by sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea, with low, dead trees upon its margin. All within the scope of vision bore a sad and sombre aspect. We had never beheld such desolate hills, such calcined barrenness!"

The statement that nothing can live upon the shores of this sea is abundantly disproved by the testimony of both authors. They frequently started a partridge, a snipe, or a duck, and occasionally saw traces of wild beasts, and now and then a beautiful butterfly flitted past; but the general hue of almost all birds, beasts, and insects, was a stony gray colour, closely resembling that of the rocks they haunted. The shores of the sea, as they advanced, still remained bare of vegetation; lofty arid mountains shut in both sides of the waters with a low flat shore skirting them. One of the loftiest of the mountains on the Jordan shore — the peak of Makülla—had, even more than the rest, the aspect of having been scathed with fire; and was so regular in its stratification, as to present a scarped fortified appearance. A solitary tree, larger than any they had before seen upon these shores, is described as being about the size of a half-grown apple tree. The naked mountain sides and summits, and the bare shores, the solitary tree alone refreshing the eye—all else within view, dreary, utter desolation — no being seen, no sound heard—profound, awful solitude — what wonder the travellers said, "The curse of God is surely upon this unhallowed sea!"

One of the greatest anxieties of Lieut. Lynch was the difficulty of procuring provisions; water was brought by the Arabs, who clustered around the camp of the travellers—poor, miserable beings, the wandering tribes of those deserts, who came soliciting charity and pilfering, and became so troublesome that it was necessary to get rid of them, excepting such as were needed to bring water, or act as guides. There was fear lest the train coming from Jerusalem with their supplies should be plundered, and none of the party could be spared to go for more aid, as every one was fully occupied, "sounding the sea, taking topographical sketches of the shores, and making astronomical and barometical observations."

A peninsula cuts the Dead Sea into two distinct parts; and having completed his set of observations, and formed a sort of permanent camp at Engaddi, to be the depôt and temporary home of the expedition, Lieut. Lynch started on a reconnaissance of the southern part of the sea.

The scenery here presented no variation; there were "the same bold and savage cliffs, the same broad peninsulas or deltas, at the mouths of the ravines, some of them sprinkled here and there with vegetation." The first night gave them a warning of what they might anticipate. It was so oppressively hot, that, unable to bear the covering of an awning, they crawled out upon the open beach, and lay with their feet at the water's edge. At midnight the thermometer stood at 88°. But with the true spirit of dauntless adventure, Lieut. Lynch says: "Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, there was a pleasure in our strange sensations, lying in the open air upon the pebbly beach of this desolate and unknown sea, perhaps near the sites of Sodom and Gomorrha, the salt mountains of Usdum (Sodom) in close proximity, and nothing but bright familiar stars above us."

In the morning on awakening he found a young quail at his side, which had evidently nestled there, for protection from the strong hot wind.

Steering in a direct line, for the north point of Usdum, he landed, and found many dead bushes along the shore, incrusted with salt. It was a broad flat, marshy delta, the soil coated with salt and bitumen, yielding to the foot. He writes: "At 8. 30, started again, and steered E.S.E., sounding every five minutes, the depth from one to one and three-quarter fathoms. Seetzen saw this salt mountain in 1806, and says he never before beheld one

so torn and riven; but neither Costigan nor Molyneux, who were in boats, came further south on the sea than the peninsula. With regard, therefore, to this part which most probably covers the guilty cities,

> 'We are the first
> That ever burst
> Into the silent sea.'

"At nine o'clock, we hauled more off shore; and soon after, to our astonishment, saw, on the eastern side of Usdum a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. A. and I went up and examined it. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. . . . . Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains." In all probability this pillar is of precisely similar formation to that which Josephus mentions as existing in his day, which he believed to be the identical one into which Lot's wife was changed.

Coasting along the southern shore, which presented a mud flat, terminated by high hills, Lieut. L. says: "It was indeed a scene of unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Sodom, with its conspicuous pillar, reminding us, at least, of the catastrophe of the plain: on the other, were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which Lot found shelter. To the south an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girding the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their foes; and to the north was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist, while many fathoms deep in the slimy mud beneath it, lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrha.* The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration."† Shortly after a purple haze spread over the mountains, presenting a most singular and awful appearance, and presently a hot blistering sirocco burst over them; the thermometer rising immediately to 102°. The men, closing their eyes, to shield them from the fiery blast, pulled with all their might, and succeeded in gaining the shore—exhausted, but with grateful hearts to find themselves safe. A miserable night followed; tormented by thirst, devoured by mosquitoes, and exhausted with heat, they threw themselves on the ground, with eyes smarting, skin burning, lip, tongue, and throat parched and dry: they wrapped the first garment at hand around their heads to keep off the stifling blast; and in their brief and broken slumbers drank from ideal fountains! At midnight the thermometer stood at 98°; and shortly after the wind changed and it dropped to 82°—"comparatively cool."

This was the extreme south end of the sea; the whole shore was a mud-flat, terminated by the high hills, bounding the ghor to the southward. "I shall ever regret," says Lieut. L., "that I was not authorized to explore the southern ghor (or valley) to the Red Sea."

On their way back to Ain Jidy (Engaddi) the voyagers were overtaken by another sirocco, and suffered much. At one point they found a shallow bay, "mentioned," says Lieut. L., "in Joshua xv. 2. Everything said in the Bible about the sea and the Jordan, we believe to be fully verified by our own observations." At length they approached Ain Jidy, and had the joy of seeing the white tents of the camp, the line of green, and the far-off fountain, speaking to the weary ones of shade, refreshment, and repose. They found all had been well in their absence. Engaddi, with its "stongholds," is familiar to us, as the place where David fled for refuge from the fury of Saul. Its lofty mountain, with caverns on its sides, towers 1500 feet above the shore; and one-third up is its far-famed fountain, "the diamond of the desert." Lieut. L. ascended to it, and found the traces of former habitations in the rocks—caverns and excavations—probably one of them "the cave of Adullam." It was said by the Arabs that they had existed from time immemorial, and that there were vast chambers cut out in the rock. The beautiful fountain, with its clear running stream issuing from the rock, carried verdure and beauty on its course, "the very Egeria of fountains." The view from it was magnificent, particularly towards Usdum and the southern end of the sea.

The day after their return was the sabbath. "It was spent by some of us," says Lieut L., "in the quiet recesses of the ravine, endeavouring to observe the day of the Lord." Thus far they had enjoyed good health; but there were symptoms of no good omen. The figure of each had become dropsical in appearance. The faces of all were inflamed and swollen. The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and the forerunner of his presence was visible in the scarlet flush of the cheek and the heavy lethargy of the eye. It was necessary to seek change of scene, to re-invigorate the exhausted powers

* This is the opinion of the author; but is only one of many hypotheses upon the subject. Capt. Allan believes they were destroyed by *fire from heaven*.

† At this point, in full view of the peninsula, he named its northern extremity "Point Costigan," its southern, "Point Molyneux."

SOUTHERN END OF THE DEAD SEA, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF USDUM.

of the men; and Lieut. L. resolved on paying a visit to Kerak, the capital of Moab, whose two sheiks, the one a Christian and the other a Moslem, had invited the strangers to visit them in their mountain fortress, seventeen miles distant. We cannot follow the party on this visit, though there is much to interest, especially in connection with the poor Christian Arabs they found there, who, amid the oppression of their more powerful Mahommedan neighbours, still remained faithful to their creed, and, in the midst of deep poverty and trial, had even commenced building a church, to serve the double purpose of a place of worship and a strong hold for their wives and children in times of peril.

Having completed this visit, the Lieutenant cruised along the Arabian shore towards the river Arnon, on which Aroer, one of the principal cities of the Moabites, was situated. Eight miles north from it, there is a mountain, supposed to be Mount Nebo, whence Moses beheld the Land of Promise.

Willingly would the enthusiastic adventurer have carried his researches still further; it was not until compelled by the increasing exhaustion of his party, and the oppressive state of the atmosphere, that he yielded to necessity, and broke up his camp, having the boat taken in sections to Jerusalem, while he himself proceeded on an expedition to the sources of the Jordan.

"The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk, and '*overwhelmed*' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the former averaging *thirteen* the latter about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest, and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea. Between the Jabbok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a similar break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the watercourses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarcely be a doubt that the whole ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded most probably by an eruption of fire and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain."

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

PART V.—THE TYPE.

In all ages God has his own peculiar modes of setting forth important truths. Among other means, none is more remarkable than the system of *types*. On this subject some explanation and illustration may not be unsuitable.

It is well known that nothing makes a deeper impression on the mind of a child than a picture. The Jewish mind was thus childish, not because of any defect in the intellect itself, but because, till the Saviour came, all religion was only in its germ and imperfect development. The whole Jewish system may be regarded, therefore, as presenting a series of pictures, the better to enable those who looked on them afterwards to recognise the features of the great Messiah. The believer amidst them walked as in a kind of gallery. For instance, here his eyes rested upon a delineation, familiar to every age, of two brothers, one of them a murderer and another a victim. Two separate altars appear beside them; one of these, bearing an offering of first-fruits, shows, by its downward flame, Divine rejection. The other, bearing upon it a slaughtered victim, demonstrates similarly, in its upward flame, Divine acceptance. The preference of Abel's offering to that of Cain, and the remarkable manner in which Abel's blood seemed to bring God out of heaven, were very striking, and could not fail to leave upon the mind of the Jew the strong, though perhaps mysterious, impression that blood had some singular power with God. This impression was deepened by a thousand other representations.

In another compartment the worshipper's eyes would rest upon the equally familiar picture of the brazen serpent. He saw around him the people of Israel in every form of misery, distress, and torture. But the picture represented the serpent of brass lifted up in the midst of them, and at the sight of it disease fled and health reappeared. What could the Israelite learn from this? He learned that God was able, by very unlikely means, to heal the diseases of the people; that all might be healed by one common remedy; that that remedy must be lifted up in sight of all. *What* was that remedy? There was nothing now to tell; but that it was not the brazen serpent itself was evident from a companion picture, which represented Hezekiah destroying this very brazen serpent, because the people had begun to worship it.

And thus it was that God taught the Jewish people. Abraham told them how man was justified by faith; Melchisedec how there was a priesthood greater than Aaron's; Moses how man might be a mediator between heaven and earth. At the same time Melchisedec taught how the priest might be the king, and David how the king might be also the prophet.

Familiarized thus with the general truths of gospel religion, it might have been expected that these truths would lose their strangeness when combined in the Messiah. Thus a set of marks was furnished by which he would be known and his teaching appreciated.

In this sense Jonah was a type. In his case was seen a prophet, entrusted with a Divine commission, lost for "three days, and three nights" to the visible world, yet not by this means forfeiting his prophetical character, but rather deriving power from its suspension. He comes to the Ninevites as one who had "been dead, but is alive again;" as one who "had been lost, but is found." He speaks of himself as having been restored from the "belly of the grave," though *his* was a living grave. How admirable was the representation thus beforehand conveyed of Jonah's greater successor—of One over whom death had no power!

The correspondence between the duration of Jonah's captivity in "the heart of the fish" and that of Jesus in "the heart of the earth," was also exceedingly remarkable. The Jews were accustomed in their calculations to speak popularly of a part of a day, as if it had been a whole one. Thus it is said, "Eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child," though the day of the birth and that of the circumcision were only fractional. So it is in this narrative; the "three days" include the day of Jonah's being thrown into the sea and that in which the fish threw him forth again. In like manner our Lord, having lain in the grave on the night of Friday, the whole of Saturday, and part of Sunday, was, in Jewish phraseology, described as rising "after three days," or "on the third day." Not less remarkable was the point presented in this transaction, but much more fully accomplished in the antitype than in the type, of a prophet consigned to death, but miraculously returning from it that others might be saved.

True it is that most of those Jews who lived in the time of our Lord were heedless of these analogies, and did not mark the correspondence between Him and the prophet who had borne the messages of God to Nineveh. Indeed, Jonah was not very highly distinguished by the Jews, probably from the fact of his having been a messenger to the Gentiles. But, however despised the prophet might be in the earlier days of Jewish history, there came a time in which his wonderful adventures and their correspond

ence with the transactions of Christ's life were brought to mind. And when the apostles preached the risen and ascended Jesus; when they proclaimed the intelligence of his recovered life in the very presence of those who could most easily have disproved it had it not been true; and when they proclaimed this in connexion with that greatest of all miracles, the descent of the Spirit, many were the minds which would be struck by the remarkable resemblance in their outward condition between Jesus and Jonah, and who would see in that resemblance a new mark of our Lord's divine mission.

That this impression was a strong one upon the minds of the early Christians we learn from the inscriptions in the catacombs at Rome. These catacombs were, it is well known, the place of burial of the persecuted servants of their Lord, whilst the inscriptions on them, many of which are yet extant, marked the religious impressions which were uppermost in the minds of the deceased and of their survivors. Among other emblems, that of Jonah disgorged from the whale, evidently regarded in its reference to Christ, is very prominent. The figure of a fish itself occurs still more frequently. It was regarded as conveying an allusion to the supposed efficacy of the waters of baptism. The letters of which the word fish was composed anagrammatically represented "Jesus, Christ, Son of God, the Saviour" (ΙΧΘΥΣ—Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ), and the emblem included also in it a reference to Jonah's miracle as typical of our Lord.

What tended, however, to give the greatest emphasis to the force of this type were the words of our Lord himself, recorded in Matt. xii. 39—41: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly (or the fish's belly), so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold, a greater than Jonas is here." The lessons arising from the analogy were not more pertinent to the Jews than they are to us. In these words our attention is called to a higher messenger and to a nobler message than any which Nineveh ever knew.

Jonah was but a man—a man of flesh and blood like ourselves. He was not only a man, but a very imperfect one, bearing, though a true messenger, many marks of inferiority and disgrace. But who claims *our* attention and regard? It is he who came down from heaven! It is he who is the very image of the Father's person. It is he before whom the seraphim veil their faces in prostrate adoration. At his voice, heaven's high armies marshal themselves that they may execute his will! The voice which sounds to us is that at which earth and sea shall hereafter shrink away. If, then, the voice of Jonah had authority to rouse a guilty world from its slumbers, much more ought Christ's. O let us hear him, for well he deserves a hearing. All the welfare of our souls depends on his message. Blessed are the eyes that see him and the ears that hear him. Let us listen to him now; for there is coming a day when, if it be disregarded, that voice shall thrill in our ears mingled with the remonstrances of conscience for ever. Of him we are told: "Him shall ye hear in all things which he shall say unto you; and it shall come to pass that every soul that will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people."

Not less important is the *object* of the message. Jonah's was an announcement of warning and of wrath. Christ's is one of mercy and salvation. He does not come with the severe and naked intimation which stirs the mind to its lowest depths. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." He bears, it is true, the warning of God; but the love of God, at the same time, beams in his eye. He tells us of the Holy One, that we may draw nigh to him and seek to be like him. He tells us of the reign of sin ended, and of the reign of righteousness and of peace set up in the heart. From him we learn how heaven may be gained, how sin may be conquered, how a white robe may be procured and worn, how an endless life shall be conferred on all who receive and obey his words. Oh joyful news! We have gone astray; but he tells us that it is not too late to return. The many aggravated forms of our rebellion haunt our memories; but the door of mercy is not yet shut. Let us receive him as he deserves to be received. "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come unto him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Jonah came from the grave to speak and to testify. But his entombment arose from his own sin—his unwillingness to carry to Nineveh "the burden of the Lord." How different was the antitype! If he suffered, if he disappeared from the living world, it was mercy, pure mercy, which made him die. The disappearance of Jonah increased the power of his message. How much more should that of our Lord do so, when "he was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities!" There is no character in which he can address us which has such power as "the Lamb that was slain."

Nineveh heard and repented, though it was only a Jonah who testified against it. But what

will be the danger and what the guilt if we, addressed by a greater than Jonah, addressed by the Son of God himself, repent not? Where will be our excuse—where our escape? It is a fearful thing for warned men to stand face to face with faithful human messengers who have often spoken to them in vain. But who among us shall be able to confront "the Man of sorrows," when he shall appear as judge? Who shall be able to bear "the wrath of the Lamb?"

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS.

LETTER IV.

TESTIMONIES TO THEIR VALUE BY EMINENT MEN.

"All grace grows as love to the word of God grows."—*Rev. Philip Henry.*

"For my part I would not exchange the pleasure of converse with the Scriptures and Divine things for all the delights of the sons and daughters of men, and the peculiar treasure of kings and provinces."—*Rev. Matthew Henry.*

"KEEP up a clear love to the word of God. Love to meditate upon it. Love that which will help your acquaintance with it; and improve that acquaintance." This is counsel that can never be unreasonable. Indeed the more you consider the subject, the less will you wonder that Christians universally see the matter in the same light. Are not "the thoughts of God disclosed by his word? his mind by his speaking? The Scriptures are nothing else but the heart of God laid open to the eye."

Hence real Christians esteem the holy volume to be the "Book of books;" they regard it "as a letter of love from heaven, which cannot be perused too often." There is, in their estimation, nothing like it. Sometimes it is to them what the perspective glass was to Christian and Hopeful at the Delectable Mountains; they see the gates of the Celestial City through it.

You cannot marvel that it should be "the joy and rejoicing" of all Christian hearts; that those who have felt its power should exult in it as their treasure, as the charter of their inheritance, as their comfort under afflictions, as all (as the accomplished Mrs. Berry of Warminster declared it to be) they *want*. It was *the* book of Mrs. Talbot, of Reading; and Mrs. Clegg of Manchester, noted for her attachment to the works of the "old divines," made it her daily companion, and had it always at hand. Who loved, or revered, or commended the Bible more than the devout, and charitable, and learned Witsius? Dr. Claudius Buchanan could read the Bible when he could read nothing else; and the father of Bacon, the sculptor, seldom sat down to a meal without opening the word of God.

Fox, in his Martyrology, gives a valedictory letter by Bishop Ridley, in which that godly martyr takes a tender farewell of Pembroke Hall, his own college at Cambridge, "ever named to be a great setter forth of God's true word." And he adds: "In thy orchard (the walls, buts, and trees, if they could speak would bear me witness) I learned without book almost all Paul's epistles, yea, and I ween all the canonical epistles, save only the Apocalypse; by which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me to heaven. The Lord grant that his zeal and love towards that part of God's word which is a key and true commentary to all the holy scripture may ever abide in that college so long as the world shall endure!"

Archbishop Sandys, setting forth his love to the holy book, calls it (I use the Parker Society edition of his works) "a most precious jewel, meat, drink, a present remedy, a staff, a sword, a lanthorn, a bright shining star, a message of reconciliation, the engrafted word able to save the soul, the word of life. Whoso loveth salvation," he adds, "will love this word, love to read it, love to hear it; and such as will neither read nor hear it, Christ saith plainly they are not of God."

Mr. Ignatius Jurdain, an alderman of Exeter, not only read the Bible above twenty times over, but with special observation, as appeared by the asterisks and marks in the copy he used.

The Rev. Hugh Broughton, a native of Shropshire, and eminent for his devotion to the Hebrew tongue, made the scriptures, because of his fervent love, his especial study; and, according to Dr. Lightfoot, was remarkable for exciting others to read the Bible.

The excellent President of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Robert Harris, cherished a like affection; and that others might do the same, bequeathed to his children and their children's children a Bible with this inscription: "None but Christ."

Mr. Philip Henry, who blessed God for every book, and chapter, and verse, and line in the Bible, left to each of his four daughters Poole's "Annotations,"* requiring them to make daily use of that valuable work for the instruction, edification, and comfort of themselves and their families.

The poet Herbert, in his verses entitled "The Scriptures," designates them, one book of infinite sweetness.

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* The second volume of Poole's Annotations, which belonged to Mrs. Tylston, Mr. Henry's second daughter, containing the original manuscript record of the fact of its bequest by her father, is now in the possession of Dr. Davies, Whitefriars, Chester, a descendant.

Dr. Bates's love to it led him sorrowfully to remark that, although there are above eight thousand hours in the year, there are few of them employed in reading inspired truth. The late accomplished Bishop Jebb lamented, in the same spirit, that the Scriptures are more praised than read, more circulated than consulted.

The "Life" of Professor Halyburton is a fine exhibition of regard to the Scriptures, and strong affection for them. Among the last words that eminent man uttered, were these: "Study the word. Observe the accomplishment of it. The book of God is a rich treasure, a sweet book. Make much use of your Bibles."

That "Life" was introduced to the world by a "Preface" from the pen of Dr. Watts, a kindred spirit, especially in the estimate he had formed of God's holy word. Nothing can exceed in tone, or sentiment, or poetry, the notices taken of it by him in some of his "Psalms and Hymns," and, indeed, in his writings generally.

Was it not the like warm affection that made Dr. Edmund Staunton so remarkable for familiarity with the Scriptures? His biographer tells us that his head was instead of a concordance; that he seldom wrote a letter in which he did not add three or four Scriptures for a postscript; and that he did not often visit or meet a friend without, at parting, leaving some Scripture with him, which he begged him to think upon.

It is attributable to the same course that the venerated Brown, of Haddington, so treasured up the holy volume that if a text was quoted, he could repeat it, explain its meaning, and point out its connexion with the context. In a letter which he addressed as "dying advice to his younger children," the good man said: "My soul hath found inexpressibly more sweetness and satisfaction in a single line of the Bible, nay, in two such words as these—*thy God*, and *my God*—than all the pleasures found in the things of world, since the creation, could equal."

And what but that same love caused Henry Martyn to commit large portions of the inspired pages to memory; and to repeat them during his solitary walks at those times when he was not expressly meditating on some scriptural subject, which was his general custom? Indeed his veneration for the word of God was so deep, that when a suspicion arose in his mind that any other book he might be studying was about to gain an undue influence over his affections, he instantly laid it aside, nor would he resume it till he had felt and realised the paramount excellence of the Divine oracles: he could not rest satisfied till all those lesser lights which were beginning to dazzle him had disappeared before the effulgence of the Scriptures.

It was the privilege of Mr. Martyn's biographer to prepare the life of another clergyman, less known than Martyn, but in some respects a more perfect specimen of the lettered and godly divine; I mean the Rev. T. T. Thomason, whose "erudition has seldom been surpassed," and who was remarkable for his love of the Scriptures, and his acquaintance with them in their original languages. Mr. Thomason had read the Greek Testament so often, and with so much care, that it was scarcely possible to mention a passage in English for which he could not immediately quote the original. He had the Hebrew Bible divided into several small volumes, and he was never without one of them in his pocket. His usual relaxation from severer studies was his reading of this, and every fragment of his time was gathered up for the purpose of adding to his stores of biblical knowledge.

My late venerated friend, the Rev. Peter Edwards of Wem, of whom you may see an account in the Congregational Magazine, for December, 1833, constantly carried in his pocket the Psalms and Lamentations in Hebrew, (his favourite language,) as edited by W. Robertson, in 1685. How often have I seen him take it out, read a portion, and expatiate upon its charms!

During a visit Dr. Chalmers paid me, I observed that he had his Greek Testament always about him, and evinced his love to it, and his care of time, by frequently opening it to get a glance of some precious truth. And we are informed by his son-in-law that, during his latter years, whatever the pressure of his engagements, or wherever he sojourned, he never omitted his daily portion of Scripture reading; and for his own benefit used a pen, after the example of Sir Matthew Hale, to clothe his first and readiest thoughts in words—words now happily made public.

Another good divine, the late Mr. Thornton, of Billericay, made the New Testament the constant companion of his walks and travels.

Sir Andrew Agnew carried about with him a little pocket edition of the Psalms in the prose of the Bible, and "when kept waiting in people's houses, or when alone in a quiet road, or on a journey, he would resort to this treasury of religious experience; and "you have no idea," he would say, "and I cannot give you any idea, of the comfort I have thus experienced, the direction and calmness of purpose and feeling under many trials, which this blessed book has brought to me."

The Rev. Legh Richmond's "Domestic Portraiture" furnishes another instance, in his son Wilberforce, of the same warmth of attachment

to the same blessed object. "Read the Bible. Read the Bible," said the dying youth; "let no religious book take its place." "I think," he added, "that religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful, but they will not do instead of the simple truths of the Bible."

So thought that excellent Christian lady, Mrs. Sheppard, whose "desire to cherish in herself and others the habitual recollection of God's word, and a devout temper of heart, was evinced by her preparing for the press the well known "Companion for the Afflicted." She said to her surrounding friends, with deep earnestness, as death approached—"O love your Bible; *live* upon that precious book. I have not lived on it enough."

Who delighted more in the Scriptures than my cordial friend, the Doddridge-like Joseph Hughes? You see it everywhere in Dr. Leifchild's memoir of him; but especially in the treatise he himself published on their "excellence"—a pamphlet which excited the strongest admiration of Dr. Parr.

I would fain indulge the hope that such memorials as these will have their legitimate influence upon yourself; that you, likewise, will be so

"Smit with the love of sacred song,"

as to catch the noble impulse. For, is it not ennobling to cultivate acquaintance with God? with what he has *said*, and said to *us?* To have communion with him in his *word?* Since he has "*written* to us the great things of his law," let them not be "counted strange:" rather let us be growingly familiar with them.

It was such conduct that made the martyrs, and the Protestant divines of the Reformation, to say nothing of their immediate successors, and not a few believers of later date, the men they were. Acquaint yourself with their history, and you will see how deeply they were read in the oracles of God. Hence their "knowledge of the truth," a matter so indispensable to man's safety and happiness. Hence too the great care that their flocks should do the same: not merely hear and read the word, but do it *so* as to gain the greatest benefit.*

Some of the extraordinary men to whom I have referred, studied the Bible on their knees. All of them were men of prayer, and men of faith. They had "power with God." Their hearts were full of grace, and well established with it. Instead of being carried about with "divers and strange doctrines," or "ever learning," but making no progress, they received the word into "teachable" minds, with great "meekness" and with "true affection." Resembling the "contrite" man, to whom the Lord says he will "look," they "trembled" at it; they believed it; and held it fast as "engrafted" and "faithful." It abode in them. They were "stedfast" in it. Beholding themselves in it as in "a glass," they took their estimates by it; walking in it as "the law of the Lord." They were made free also by it, and sanctified by it. And inspired, yea transported by its elevated themes, they yielded to it the entire homage of their hearts.

Like holy Mr. Corbet (see his "Self-Employment in Secret") they used the Bible for rightly understanding those marks of sincerity which it "sets down" in order to "peace of conscience, and assurance of their good estate towards God." As a matter of course, they abounded in all the observances of religion; they lived holily and died blessedly.

The above examples will suffice to show how it was that he, and so many "worthies," reached the gigantic Christian stature for which they are famed.

* See the 2nd volume of the "Morning Exercises," pp. 47—71. 8vo. 1844. 5th. edit.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH;

OR, THE MISSION TO TERRA DEL FUEGO.

THIRD PAPER.

Our readers will have probably concluded the perusal of the tragic narrative of the fate of Captain Gardiner and his companions, given in a preceding number, with the impression upon their minds that, beyond the proof which it affords of the existence of the martyr's spirit strong as ever in the hearts of some at all events of the Redeemer's true disciples, there is in it little to encourage missionary effort; nay, on the contrary, that there is much to depress those who are particularly interested for the evangelization of the Patagonian and Fuegian tribes. "They loved not their lives unto the death," might well have been inscribed by their sorrowing countrymen upon the graves in which were laid the wasted forms of these devoted "followers of the Lamb." But it required a strong faith indeed to avoid regarding the cause in which they had suffered as being also buried with them. There were, however, some possessed of such a faith; some who felt that efforts such as these could not have been designed to prove altogether fruitless; and that as, in the day of battle, the fall of the foremost only clears the path of duty for those who follow in their track; so, in the conflict with the powers of evil to which all true soldiers of the cross are committed, failure in the commencement should but stimulate to a more combined and energetic

attack. Accordingly, a vessel named the "Allen Gardiner," was despatched once more, in the autumn of 1854, of the safe arrival of which at its destined station intelligence was duly received.

Profiting by sad experience, the directors of this expedition carefully avoided the causes of previous disaster, as far as human forethought, combined with earnest prayer for Divine guidance in all things, could enable them to do. The expedition consisted of fourteen persons. The Falkland Islands, where an English colony already exists, and where provision can at all times be had in abundance, has been chosen as the locality for their station, from whence frequent excursions may be made to the adjacent coasts of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. Already they have two Patagonian natives amongst them, from whom the language can be acquired, and whom they hope speedily to train so as to qualify them to be the instructors of others in the arts of civilized life, in the principles of honesty (of which they are so sadly deficient), and above all, in the glorious gospel of the grace of God. Success seems thus far to have smiled upon their efforts.

Keppel Island, which they have selected for their station, and which has heretofore been uninhabited, contains ten thousand acres. Its soil is good, with abundance of peat and shrubs for fuel. It consists of two ranges of hills, between which is a broad well-watered valley, with three large fresh-water lakes at one end. The hills are green to the summits, and the scenery monotonous, but not unpleasing. There are large patches of ground covered with Falkland grass, and some neighbouring islets are altogether overgrown with it. This plant grows in tufts, each tuft being raised on a heap of withered blades, and forming a dense mass like rotten wood; it seems admirably adapted for fuel. The tufts hang drooping so thickly on each side that cattle might be sheltered among them almost as warmly as under a roof; and the whole plant being often as high as seven feet or more, redeems the country from the charge of total barrenness, though altogether destitute of trees. The young buds, when the outer leaves are stripped off, are white and sweet like a nut, and may prove useful as an article of food. Wild fowl and seals are to be had in great abundance, and there are rabbits in the neighbouring islands.

Keppel Island has excellent anchorage close to the landing-place, and a harbour where boats can discharge at any time of tide. It is also well sheltered from south-westerly and north-westerly gales.

We shall now close our narrative of this interesting, although heretofore unfortunate mission, with a brief description of those to whom it is the object of these repeated efforts to convey the glad tidings of salvation through a Redeemer's blood.

The Patagonians are distinguished for their lofty stature, being usually considerably over six feet in height, as also for their roving habits. They traverse, in search of game and pasture for their horses, from the river Negro on the north to Magellen's Straits on the south, a distance of eight hundred miles. They feed upon the flesh of mares, the ostrich, the armadillo and guanaco. They never till the ground, and live almost entirely on horseback, the children riding from the age of three years. They are exceedingly dirty in their habits, but are said to be mild in disposition. Their number is computed at six thousand. The Fuegians differ in very many respects from the Patagonians. The pursuits of the latter are altogether inland; they have no connection whatsoever with the ocean; while the Fuegian islanders subsist on fish, otters, and seals; and when reduced, as they not unfrequently are, to extreme hunger, they are cannibals. The old women of the community are then seized upon and suffocated by being held over smoke, and their flesh is greedily devoured. They wear no clothes except a small skin hung upon the shoulders and covering the back to the waist, and are extremely squalid and forbidding in their appearance. Their habitations are merely a few poles drawn together at the top and covered over with pieces of bark, or stuffed between with moss. They are exceedingly true in taking aim, and a stone from their hand or from a sling is almost as unerring and destructive as a rifle bullet. Their number is almost equal to that of the Patagonians.

The religion of these wild tribes is, like that of their North American brethren, a profession of faith in one great Good Spirit, conjoined with a debasing fear of innumerable evil spirits, whom they seek to propitiate by means of their medicine-men or wizards. The latter forms the really practical part of their religion, and degrades them to a low rank indeed in the scale of virtue and morality.

It constitutes a not uninteresting feature in the history of the efforts which are being made to cause the light of the glorious gospel of Christ to shine upon these dark places of the earth, that six congregations of converted New Zealanders have contributed to their support; and that contributions towards the same cause have been forwarded by recent converts from popery, from Connemara, in the west of Ireland, with a request to "to tell the gentlemen only to preach the sweet gospel to them, and it *must* convert them; it has converted *us*, and we were as bad as they are."

Pages for the Young.

STORY OF ESTHER.

PART III.

THIS evening I am going to tell you of a man whose name has not yet been mentioned in our story, but who has a great deal to do with it. The kings of Persia had in their courts, for their ministers of state and counsellors, certain great men who had the title of princes. These princes were very rich and powerful. At this time there was one called Haman, and the king liked him very much, more than any of the others. He was his favourite, and he commanded that every one should honour Haman. So when this prince passed out at the palace-gate, every one bowed to him, and showed him respect—every one but Mordecai, who never took the least notice of his presence.

Now in the East great attention, much greater than with us, is paid to these outward marks of respect, and all the people about observed Mordecai's conduct, and said to him, "Why don't you bow to Haman? don't you know that the king has commanded us all to do him honour?" But Mordecai never heeded them.

"Why," you may ask, "did he act in this way?"

One reason, perhaps the chief one, I will tell you. Haman, we are told, was an Agagite. Agag was the name of the kings of Amalek, and the Amalekites, you remember, were a very wicked people, and great enemies of the Jews. They were extremely powerful till subdued by the Israelites, who were always deeply hated by them. To an Amalekite then, one by nation a bitter enemy of his race, Mordecai would not do honour; and besides, he no doubt knew that Haman was himself a very wicked man. And so there he stood erect, day by day, as Haman passed out at the gate.

By and bye, some one pointed this out to Haman, and he watched and saw this one head covered, where all others were uncovered; this one figure unmoved amidst a bending crowd. Now he might have thought, "What does it matter to me whether Mordecai pays me respect or not. I have honour enough without his regard. But Haman was a very proud man, and, like all proud men, acted foolishly. He was malicious and revengeful, and these are terrible qualities to cherish in one's heart. Take care, my child, and when such feelings rise in your heart, be sure to ask the aid of God's Holy Spirit to crush them: they are very displeasing to him, and nothing can make you happy if you indulge them. It is a worse thing to hate than to be hated. You do yourself a great deal more harm by keeping malice in your heart, than you can ever do to the person whom you hate.

We shall see what Haman got by such feelings. In the first place, he could not enjoy the great things which he possessed. He had greater riches almost than we could count, a magnificent palace, a wife, and children, and friends; he was the king's favourite, next to himself in rank, honoured and courted by every one, except this single man, Mordecai. Still all was of no avail. He went home sad and discontented because this Jew would not bow down to him. Oh! foolish Haman!

So day passed after day. Every time Haman came to the palace-gate he watched Mordecai, and a dark, wicked frown passed over his face, as he observed that his own presence was unheeded. And dark, dreadful thoughts rose in his heart. "I will be revenged," he thinks, "and a great revenge shall be mine. I hate not only this Mordecai, but I hate all the Jews, the enemies of my nation, and I shall have them all cut off at once. Then triumph, Amalek, over your ancient foes," I dare say he said, with a bitter smile which it was terrible to see.

Now, unhappily, Ahasuerus was a careless, pleasure-seeking king, who paid little attention to the good of his subjects. Some think he is the king known in history as Xerxes, who invaded Greece with an immense army, but suffered a great defeat; who on that expedition was foolish enough to scourge the sea, and throw fetters into it, because a bridge which he had caused to be built across the Hellespont was destroyed in a storm; and whose whole life was filled with cruel and foolish actions. Whether this is the same king or not, Ahasuerus does not appear to have been a wise or good ruler, who thought much about the welfare of his people. And I think Haman knew this, and took advantage of it to propose his wicked scheme. He told the king that there was a race in his dominions, whose laws were different from those of all other nations, and who did not keep the king's laws, and that it would be for the king's interest to have them destroyed. But as they all paid a tax called the capitation, or head tax, and by their death the king would lose a great deal of money, Haman offered to make up for it by paying into the royal treasury a sum of ten thousand talents of silver, which is equal to two millions sterling. This shows what a very rich man he was. But, as I have told you already, such immense wealth was often possessed by the great officers of state in the ancient Persian empire.

The king refused to accept Haman's money, but consented to his wicked proposal; and giving him his signet-ring, to seal with, which would give the royal authority to his orders, he left him at liberty to carry out his plans as he liked.

Haman's first care was to fix on a lucky day for the execution of his plot. In the East, and especially in Persia, people think a great deal about what they call lucky or unlucky days. For everything they have to do, great or small, they try to find out a lucky day. The king keeps an astrologer to direct him in this matter; and everybody tries to find it out some way or other. The casting of lots was a mode much in use in ancient times. It was the plan Haman took now. It was in the first month the lot was cast. Then month after month, and day after day in each month, was tried, but they did not find a favourable day till the twelfth month. Thus they were obliged to fix a day so far off that nearly a whole year would pass before the cruel slaughter would take place. It was not by chance that the lot so fell. It was directed by One higher than man, but not for the purpose which Haman intended.

All is now arranged. The order for the destruction of the Jews is prepared by the king's secretaries, sealed with the king's ring, and carried by the king's messengers to every part of his dominions. This was indeed a critical time for the people of God.

Oh! what weeping and wailing were then heard over the length and breadth of his lands. It was a dreadful fate; old and young, man, woman, and child to perish together. One refuge only remained to the Jews: it had been an unfailing one to their fathers, and it was still open to them. They fasted, humbled themselves before the Lord God of Israel, joining with fasting, no doubt, earnest and fervent prayer for his almighty help in this the time of their greatest need.

At Shushan, of course, the dreadful news was early known; and we are told that "the city was perplexed." Many who were not Jews were no doubt grieved at the madness of the king in thus destroying so large a number of his most industrious and valuable subjects. Esther, however, did not hear of the affair at first. When she went into the palace, Mordecai had charged her not to mention that she was a Jewess, and the secret seems to have been still kept. Her servants, however, knew of her friendship for Mordecai, and one day they came and told her that he was standing before the palace gate, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The wearing of this coarse cloth as a sign of mourning or distress of any kind is often mentioned in Scripture. The custom was a general one in the East. In China, where ancient usages have been so little changed, there is worn for mourning a large white linen cloth, dirty, and sewn coarsely with strips of half-ravelled linen in place of buttons and button-holes. All classes of people wear the same, the rich nothing finer or better than the poor.

Dressed in this sad way, and uttering piercing cries of lamentation, Mordecai stood before the palace gate. He did so purposely that Esther might hear of it, and thus he might get a message sent to tell her of the frightful danger of the Jews. The queen was very grieved when she heard of her friend's distress, and sent out clothing to him, which he refused to take. Then she sent a message to ask what was the cause of this dreadful affliction. And now the whole story of Haman's plot was brought to her, and a charge from Mordecai "that she should go in unto the king to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people."

Esther would have done this with all her heart, but there was great danger in even trying it. She sends word to Mordecai to remind him that there is a law to put any one to death, whether man or woman, who shall dare to come unto the king into the inner court, without being called, that is, unless the king choose to hold out to such a person the golden sceptre that he may live. As for herself, she tells besides, that she has not been called to come unto the king for thirty days. And I dare say that she thought that since he had not asked for her for so long a time, he did not love her so much as he had done once, and therefore she would be in the greatest danger if she ventured to break any of the laws of the court. Mordecai was displeased, however, that she should think of herself in such a case. He sends to tell her not to suppose that she will escape the danger which threatens her people because she is in the king's house; that if she refuse to interfere for them, deliverance shall be sent for them from some other quarter, but that she and her father's house shall be destroyed. And then he adds, that perhaps God's providence may have made her queen just that she might be the means of saving her people from this destruction. Esther at length takes courage, and resolves that she will risk every danger for her nation; and she sends to Mordecai the noble reply, "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." At the same time, with a pious feeling of her dependence on God, and with faith in his power to save her and give her success, she desires Mordecai to assemble all the Jews in Shushan that they may fast three days and three nights, while she and her maidens will fast for the same time; and having thus put their case into God's hands, she will then go to the king. Oh! what a blessing is prayer. Even poor timid Esther is by it made strong and valiant for that trying occasion.

Poor queen! brave though she be for her people's sake, her young heart trembles, and sinks within her many a time as she waits for an opportunity of seeing the king. She knew how often he acted justias the humour of the moment led him, and it was dreadful to think that her life and that of thousands hung on his passing whim But she knew there was One who could turn the hearts of all men as he would, and this reflection alone comforted her.

As the king's wife, she dare not appear at a public levee in the outer palace, but sometimes he gave audiences in his own private residence, and Esther made up her mind to go to one of these. Ahasuerus would be seated, according to the Persian custom, at the upper end of a hall which was open in front, so that he could see the whole apartment, and the court into which it opened, where the nobles who had a right to be near, usually waited, till called to the king. In this court Esther stood, and oh! what joy filled her heart, when, as the king's eye fell on her, she saw him lift the golden sceptre and hold it out to her. This was the sign of favour, and gave leave to approach. "He is not displeased then," she would think, "with the liberty I have taken; he will listen kindly to what I have to say. It is much to be sure even of this."

When she came to him, his words were full of encouragement. "What wilt thou, queen Esther?" he says, "and what is thy request? it shall be even given thee, to the half of the kingdom." We are not to suppose that he meant to give her the half of the kingdom. It was the custom in Persia for the king to command a certain province or city to supply a particular article to any person whom he chose so to favour. One province would supply bread, another wine, and so on. Thus he would give to Esther, he says, as many as half of the provinces of his kingdom to furnish her with all she could desire.

Esther did not tell the king just yet, what she really wanted. She was still afraid of what he might say, and thought it best to wait a little. At present she only begs the favour of his coming to a banquet which she had prepared for him, and asks him to bring Haman along with him. The king at once promises to go and tell Haman to prepare for this great honour he was to have. At the feast, Ahasuerus again desires to know what it is the queen wishes to ask; but, for some reason or other, she still puts off, and just entreats that the king and Haman will come the next day also to a banquet she will get ready for them. How very high Haman seemed to be now. To be twice invited alone with the king, to a feast made by the queen, was an honour which the habits of the country rendered one of the greatest possible.

You see, dear child, how Esther trembled when she approached this earthly king, and how happy she felt when the golden sceptre was held out to her. Yet she had given Ahasuerus no cause to be angry with her. And at the worst he could merely kill the body, while the Saviour tells us not to fear "them who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Against this great Being you have sinned many, many times. You have given him cause to be justly offended with you. Yet, in wonderful mercy and love, he is holding out to you the golden sceptre. He so loved sinners that he gave his Son to die for them; and he is willing to pardon and receive, and sanctify by his Spirit, so as to make dear children of his own, all who come to him through Jesus Christ, trusting to the work of the blessed Redeemer, and to it alone, for salvation.

KEY TO THE MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

11. The prophet Abijah and the wife of Jeroboam. 1 Kings xiv.

12. Nehemiah viewing the walls of Jerusalem. Nehemiah ii. 12—14.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

ALBERT NORTON DYING IN HIS SISTER'S ARMS

THE STORY OF A POCKET-BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. IX.

I PASS over the events and experiences of the years of my owner's collegiate life. Yet may I not speak of the ardour with which Albert Norton entered on his new engagements, and the vigour with which he maintained them? No indolent student was he. Eagerly did he embrace every opportunity of extending his researches in any department of science; but more earnestly still, and with a burning zeal which neither pain nor weariness could quench, did he study "the oracles of God."

Shall I tell of the humility which spread over his spirit a hallowing influence, and made him appear to himself as "less than the least of all saints?" or of the watchfulness unto prayer, lest he should enter into temptation, which marked his daily course? or of the renewed and constant dedication of heart and soul and intellectual acquirements to the one object of his life—the preaching among men "the unsearchable riches of Christ?" or of the trembling fear lest he should be deceiving himself, and that the words of Jehovah, recorded in me, should have

significance for himself? "I have not sent these, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied;" lest also, he should again be entangled in the snares of false philosophy, and thus deny the Lord, his Master?

All this might have been seen in my owner.

I have spoken of pain and weariness. These he had often to bear; for in the unwearied activity of a mind concentrated on one sublime and overpowering object, did Albert deprive himself of needful rest. I do not praise him for this.

At length the day came when he was to enter upon the active duties of that life of personal consecration in the service of his Lord and Saviour to which he was called. I accompanied him to his new abode. It was in a populous city—a city like that of which I speak, wherein I tell that it was "wholly given to idolatry." Its idols were commerce and gold. Yet not *wholly* thus given; for even there were many—yet how few among the multitude!—who had nobler aspirations, and who amidst the incessant cry around them of "Who will show us any good?" could say, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Among these was the lot of Albert Norton cast; and with strong emotions of faith and fear did he enter upon his work: faith, in the promise that the word of his heavenly Master should not return unto him void; fear, in the contemplation of the moral wilderness around him, which impelled him to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

And then were the bonds of love and confidence strengthened and drawn more closely between my owner and myself. In times of spiritual conflict and darkness—and they were many—it was mine to furnish him with arms with which to "resist the devil;" and to shed divine light upon his soul. When fainting in spirit beneath the work on which he had entered, and feeling his own weakness, I could remind him that his sufficiency was of God, and could declare to him his promise, who has said to every servant of his, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." It was mine also, daily, to call to my owner's mind strong arguments with which to put to silence the ignorance of the foolish, or the sneers of the profane, by whom he was surrounded. And here might have been shown that the learning and philosophy which had formerly wrought mischief in his soul, because it had not been subordinated to the "wisdom which is from above," when thus subordinated, becomes powerful in the defence of truth and righteousness.

Much of the spirit of his Divine Master and Exemplar might have been seen, also, in the youthful advocate of his cause and claims—"the meekness of wisdom," and the untiring energy which triumphs over the weakness of nature, and whose motto is, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Much also might have been seen in him of the spirit which animated the apostle to whose declaration I bear witness, that he "counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Truly did Albert Norton watch for souls, as one who must give account; and even in the seclusion of his study, it could be known that his labours in the work of the ministry were abundantly successful. Much might I tell of once hardened rebels against God, that in private intercourse with him who had been instrumental in awakening alarm in their souls, confessed and lamented their former course, while they asked, in agony of spirit, "Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Much also, of the cast-down, the tried and afflicted, into whose souls he poured the rich consolations of the gospel of peace. And much, too, of the careless and unconcerned whom he had roused from their lethargy, and in whose hearts had sprung up the desire to "see Jesus."

A sharp and sudden pain; a cry of bodily distress and anguish. Albert Norton was seated by his desk; paper lay on it, and the pen was in his hand, when paleness like that of death overspread his countenance, and, placing his hand upon his head, he sank prostrate and insensible. The cry reached the ears of those in whose house he dwelt, and brought them to his side. Then were there hurryings to and fro, lamentations and sore distress; for the young preacher had been stricken down in his prime, and lay helpless on the couch from which he might never again rise. But for the painful struggle for breath, it might have been believed that the "last enemy" had gained the literal victory permitted to him over the natural bodies of those whose spirits are beyond his power, and who, in the dread strife, may exultingly exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? . . . . Thanks be unto God who giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

They said that his brain had been overtasked, that his exertions were too mighty, and that nature had given way. But he did not hear; or, if he heard, he understood them not.

Long time did my owner remain in unconsciousness of all around. A blank page of his mortal existence had been opened upon him. It had no memory nor present interest in anything that was done under the sun, nor hope nor fear in the future. As a mother nestles her little weary one to rest, and watches over its couch, so did the High and Mighty One, with more than a mother's tenderness and infinite love and power, lay his weary, spirit-stricken, tried, and tempted child to sleep, and watched over him with his never-sleeping, never-slumbering, omniscient eye.

In that season of death-like repose did the tempter flee far away, shrinking from the eternal guardianship of Him who, in the mysterious wisdom of his love, had permitted him to harass the soul of his servant, but who, in stern rebuke, now said, "Here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

Days of anxious watching passed away, and then my owner's spirit resumed its consciousness. With a wondering gaze he looked around him, and saw, bending over his couch, his widowed mother.

"What does it mean?" he asked, in feeble accents, and vainly striving to raise himself from his pillow.

"Albert, my dear son!" exclaimed the mother, tenderly; and then she told how he had been found, days ago, senseless in his study; how, in haste, they had sent for her, and that he was yet too weak to hear more.

"I feel I am weak," he said, smiling; "but, mother, I am very happy. That 46th Psalm, mother."

I was on a table by the bed-side; and the mother turned over my pages.

Years before—do any of the present readers of my story remember my former history?—years before had my first owner written from my dictation the words which follow, for the comfort of his mother: many times, since then, had other owners of mine received and imparted comfort and peace from them; and now a mother, for the comfort of her dying son, whispered them gently in his ears.

"'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

"'Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

"'Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

"'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

"'God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.'"

Albert Norton was surely dying—slowly, lingeringly, but doubtless dying: none were deceived; all believed it; he knew it himself. His sun was going down while it was yet day; his work was nearly done.

Deep and solemn were the feelings, and heartfelt the lamentations, of many, who had anticipated for the young preacher long years of vigorous, active, and successful labour in the spiritual vineyard of his Lord, and theirs. And as in the chamber of the lifeless saint at Joppa were congregated weeping widows, whom she had blessed, "showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them," so in the ante-room to the sick chamber of my owner were seen, from day to day, agitated and sorrowing converts and disciples, who wept while they told of the great things God had done for their souls by the instrumentality of him whose voice they should no more hear, exhorting men, by the long-suffering and forbearance of God, and by the offered mercy of the Redeemer, to be reconciled to him.

Many were there also who had turned away with indifference from the living voice of the preacher, who now were smitten with compunction, and bethought themselves of the former lessons of his lips and life.

And wise and pious men said it was mysterious that one who seemed so fitted for the Master's service on earth should be so soon and so suddenly stricken down.

To see his old home once more, and there peacefully to die! Albert had no other wish respecting himself; and that was gratified. I was his companion still; and there, lovingly tended by the gentle hands of his mother and sister, he daily declined.

A soft summer breeze entered the open window of his chamber; and the setting sun brightened the walls with its parting beams. For many hours Albert had lain still and speechless; and only his short, quick breathing broke the solemn silence; and yet, by mortal ears, might have been heard another painful sound—the fluttering pulsation of the strong struggling heart which would soon cease to beat—ah! how soon.

Suddenly the dying man raised his head from his pillow, and made signs for me to be put into his hands. He opened me, sought for one moment with an earnest glance over my pages, and laid his finger on one of them. The

mother, with tearful eyes, followed the sign, and with a trembling voice murmured in his ear, "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

A smile of intelligence passed over the countenance of my owner as his mother finished reading, and then he gently sank back into his sister's extended arms.

She leaned over him and kissed his brow: it was marble cold.

"Mother, mother, he is dying! he is gone!"

It was even so; with that smile his spirit had passed away.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

A SUNDAY in the land of Knox and presbytery! This was to us both a novelty and a treat. The day and the worship both have features that are strange to us with only our southern experiences, and we intend exhibiting some of these in the present paper. Let it be understood that, by some means or other which require no mention, we are in the commercial capital of Scotland on the Saturday evening. The city is then busy, bustling, and alive, yea, teeming with life under its manifold developments. We leave this apparently unallayable ferment, and retreat to a pleasant suburb of the city, to pass the night. We sleep through the Saturday night, and awake on the morning of a Scotch sabbath.

Being the guest of a worthy elder of one of the Presbyterian churches, we had a good opportunity of observing the sabbath at home as well as in church. The first exercise this morning in the social circle was worship; and in this it was evident that each of us was expected to take a personal share, as a Bible and psalm-book were put into the hands of every one present—a custom which (thanks to the wide diffusion of at least the rudiments of education in Scotland) scarcely the humblest servant is ever disqualified from complying with. Our host read, in broad and strongly marked Scotch accent, the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;" which we all cordially joined him in singing, undismayed by its somewhat rough and cumbersome metre. We were then bidden to turn to the Scripture for the morning portion, which we reverently followed the householder in reading; his prayer followed, most fervent and affectionate throughout, though somewhat longer and more doctrinal than we had been accustomed to in English families.

Worship being over, we breakfasted. We then left our suburban abode, and leisurely sauntered into Glasgow itself. We left the city on the previous evening abounding in noise and crowds, in buying and selling, in hurrying to and fro, in fact, in all the hubbub, swelter, and heat that a great city usually generates; but how has the scene changed this morning! What a magic influence has been rung down upon those fermenting masses by the strokes of the twelfth hour of the night! what a mighty spell seems to hold firmly bound all the energies of commercial life! how irresistible a charm has softened down the roar and turbulence of the last night into the quietude and silence of this morning! It is now scarcely ten o'clock, and the thoroughfares of last night seem almost deserted of human beings; only at intervals can a solitary creature be seen. The rumble of a solitary cab on the stones far behind us, strikes the senses as in melancholy contrast both with the stillness of to-day and the confusion of yesterday. The advance of some steamer or other craft quietly up the river, and the belching forth of occasional volleys of smoke from some of the tall chimneys around us, are about the only remaining indications of that active, eager industry of Glasgow which on other days suffers no shadow of a check. The whole city seems to be holding its breath, life is suspended, business is sleeping! It is the sabbath, and that explains the sacred phenomena; and never to our minds did the sabbath seem so "touching in its majesty;" it was it that had arrested the surgings of human life, and had calmed down such impetuous labour into such perfect rest. The true words to express the feelings then within us are those of Wordsworth:—

> "Ne'er saw I, ne'er felt a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> The very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still."

We had now some half hour's walk to take before reaching church, and during this interval the symptoms of life began gradually to increase. As we walked through street after street, we observed men with their families continually issuing from their houses, evidently bound for the house of the Lord; and here and there a vehicle quietly outstripped us, bearing the wealthy or the weak to their respective churches. But, however much these symptoms multiplied, they did not seem to disturb the quiet, or to mar the peaceful order of the day. It wanted about a quarter of an hour to service time when we reached our church, and we determined to go in and sit in peace till worship commenced; but as we were entering, we had to pass by two grave and respectable gentlemen at the door, who had between them and under their care a small table,

surmounted by a plate, over which was drawn a clean white cloth, on which were lying a few coins of different metal, and one or two notes which had been placed there by the few persons already in the church; and judging that something was expected of us also, we somewhat confusedly sought for a small offering, which having deposited in the plate, we walked in. After having seated ourselves not far from the door, we for the next fifteen minutes observed persons continually coming in, whose numbers became all the greater, and their succession all the quicker, as the hour of worship drew nigh. We observed also that at every entrance there was a rattle amongst the contents of the plate at the door, and for the last few minutes before eleven o'clock there was an incessant chink, chink, chink, which gradually diminished as service commenced, and soon after altogether ceased. We afterwards learned that this is a custom invariably observed by all the churches in Scotland, and that no one, not even the poorest worshipper, ever enters his church on the sabbath without dropping his contribution into this receptacle.

To return to the service, however. Being comfortably seated in the church, we watched its rapid filling up with great interest, and then directed our gaze to the spot whence we expected the chief edification of the morning. A minute or two before eleven o'clock, a man wearing a thick black Geneva cloak entered the desk beneath the pulpit, the seat of the precentor: punctually at eleven, the minister emerged from his vestry and ascended the pulpit, attired in a neat black silk preaching robe, and the cuffs of his coat surmounted with "weepers": these latter peculiarities consist of an arrangement of white crape drawn over the cuffs of the coat, and we were told they indicated that he was going to preach a funeral sermon that afternoon.

The service was now began by the minister reading the 100th Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," etc. Meantime the precentor was arranging some signal-boards on either side of his desk; on these the name of the tune to be sung was exhibited, so as to be read by the whole assembly, and for the psalm announced the tune could be no other than the "Old Hundredth." As soon as the psalm was read through, the singing commenced: we now expected, by the immense congregation, a noble hymn of praise would be raised, but how great was our disappointment to hear none but the precentor's voice to the end of the first line! the second, however, somewhat reassured us, as by that time many of the congregation had joined in the service, and before the first verse was completed the bulk of the assembly had added their voices to the sacred strain, then truly could we feel and say—

> "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
> A whole assembly worship thee."

After the psalm had been sung, the minister offered prayer, reverently approaching the great throne, and speaking to Him who sat thereon, with lively gratitude offering thanks for the church's mercies, making solemn confession of sin, and earnestly supplicating all the blessings of the Divine new covenant upon the assembly. The vast multitude, standing erect, seemed to be solemnly endorsing the address of their representative to heaven; their reverent posture appeared to give the pledge of their hearty consent to the utterance of the prayer; it was their standing Amen to every passage of the earnest address. Towards the close of the prayer our sensibilities, however, were more than a little hurt by an apparently hasty eagerness on the part of the assembly to have it over. They seemed to have some instinctive apprehension of the approaching conclusion, and then there commenced a shuffling of feet, a rustling of ladies' dresses, a creaking of seats, and that miscellaneous whirring which a large assembly shifting their posture always produce. This unexpected move on the part of the congregation completely cost us the last sentence of the prayer; but we noticed that by the time the Amen was spoken, every person present seemed to have resumed his seat. After the service, we expressed to the minister our sense of the great discomfort he must feel in such an irregularity, as well as of its great discordancy with the otherwise devout demeanour of the assembly; but he assured us that it was customary, and that custom had made it regular, as well as taken away the reproach of irreverence which we had been ready to impute to its practisers. After the prayer, we observed the elders enter the church who had hitherto had charge of the afore-mentioned plate at the door. The gatherings of to-day were for no special purpose, but being now secured, would be consigned to the treasurer, for the domestic purposes of the church.

The reading of the Scriptures came next, in which exercise we observed no mere listeners, as all present seemed to turn to their Bible and follow the minister with the eye as well as the ear. We were now again called on to sing. A psalm was read as before, and the precentor exhibited his signal as previously, but this time the peculiarities of the Scottish version of the psalms came out with more emphasis than before. The 100th Psalm was familiar to us, and has in it fewer of the crude arrangements of the verses than were in the one given us to sing. The sentiments in this psalm would undoubtedly

meet with the respect and consent of all Christian minds, but the structure and form of the lines would not gain such unqualified admiration. It seemed to us very strange that Scotchmen, who had such admirable materials for good psalmody, should be satisfied to have them forced into a vehicle so unpolished and rude. Such unrivalled materials might be wrought up into impassioned poetry, and their arrangement become unexceptionably metrical; but in the existing version, poetry is scarcely recognised, and rhythm is held in brave defiance. The reading of these psalms frequently produces sounds that are very harsh, craggy, and grating to English ears, and anything except a sense of order, beauty, or good taste is excited by it.*

We must now return from this digression. Notwithstanding our criticism, we sung the psalm. The sermon came next—no, not the sermon! Sermons are not common in Scotland on the sabbath morning; the teaching of the morning is presented in the shape of an exposition, and such we had to listen to. The minister announced as his subject a part of some chapter in one of the epistles, which the congregation were already finding up in their Bibles. After having read the verses through, he just indicated their position in the chapter, and cleared away any difficulties the context might suggest, and then expounded the verses seriatim, with great luminousness and vigour. Nor had he completed his labours when he had evolved the several doctrines of the passage, and indicated their place in the great Christian system. He was not merely going through the cold processes of demonstrating problems, or of proving propositions by the rigid axioms of science; he had a warm, fresh, and Christian heart himself, and out of this he spoke words that failed not to go gently and impressively to the hearts around him. His own seemed to beat in unvarying unison with the hearts he was appealing to; he knew their wants, and strove to supply them; their perplexities, and sought to resolve them; their temptations, and laboured to fortify them; their weariness, and he spoke words in season to them; he "prayed men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God," and Christians "to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called."

The discourse occupied nearly an hour in delivery, yet the congregation gave no sign of weariness; in fact that could not be, under a discourse so intelligent, so informing, and so earnest. More than once while listening to the exposition, we breathed the fervent wish that out of every one of England's thirty thousand pulpits, there came sounds as certain, clear, and refreshing as we were then hearing; and our thoughts turned with sadness to many a pulpit which we knew at that hour to be the scene of solemn trifling and semi-popish charlatanry, pregnant with mischief and woe to many of our fellow-immortals. Such kinds of religious forces, however, will not do in Scotland. The people know their Bibles too well to be satisfied with, or even to tolerate them; and this biblical knowledge is owing to their good training in childhood, followed up and advanced by such masculine and effective pulpit teaching as we have been mentioning. Religious Scotchmen refer with a just and glowing satisfaction to the quality of their sabbath instructions, and rank among the strongest inducements to a careful home study of the Scriptures, these morning expositions with which they are blest.

But to return from this further digression. When the exposition was over, prayer was again offered, another psalm was sung, some notices of meetings in the week were read, and the benediction pronounced. Now again a scene was presented that an Englishman would not fail to notice. Almost as soon as the service was over, most of the male part of the assembly rose, put on their hats, and began to leave the church, with the same gait and air as they would the exchange; this is, we believe, altogether Scottish, yet it is not a want of reverence for the Lord of the house. It is a perpetuated protest against the old popish arrangements, which used to exact so much knee-bending and other personal distortion from the worshippers on entering or leaving the church. In this matter, however, we think there is room for improvement.

Morning worship being now over, there was an interval of very little more than an hour before the afternoon service. The public sabbath services in Scotland, to an Englishman's thinking, follow too closely upon one another; persons living at any considerable distance from the church must feel the inconvenience. It is impossible to dine between the services, hence it is no unusual thing to see persons remaining in their pews after the morning service, and there eating the luncheon their prudence had prepared; indeed it is useless to think of going home to dine and then coming back to the afternoon service.

We had a long walk to take to the church where we intended to hear a sermon in the afternoon, and as we went along it was interesting to mark the difference the complexion of the street presented now from what it did early in the morning. Multitudes were afoot, clad in their best attire; their countenances looked

* Our correspondent is probably not aware of the high merit the Scotch version possesses, of being perhaps the most faithful rendering of the psalms into metre that is extant.

cheerful, as though unoppressed with the ordinary haste of life; toil did not drive them along, but they were calmly enjoying their day of rest, and a good proportion of them were keeping holiday. If any string of these people be observed, it will be found, most likely, to terminate or to break at the door of some church or another. We found ourselves gradually drawn into a crowd of people which seemed to have one point in view, and at last most of us defiled into the same building.

We have consumed so much space in our remarks upon the morning service, that a line must suffice for our afternoon experiences. The worship was conducted precisely as in the morning, with the substitution of the sermon for the exposition; in all other respects the description of the one is applicable to the other. By four o'clock the public worship of the day had closed.

Our paper, too, must now be brought to a close: we have only further to say that after service we made our way home through streets, now much more lively than we found them in the morning, though none the less orderly; and having refreshed ourselves, composed ourselves for a quiet evening of reading and reflection. While we were thus occupied, our host was worthily employed in instructing his children and the servant; a method of spending the sabbath evening very usual among pious householders in Scotland. General biblical reading and explanations, questions upon the sermons of the day, and examination in the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," are, we believe, the chief elements in this engagement. To this day, with its most delightful experiences, we had now to say adieu, and as we did so, we heartily desired for every land a sabbath with as much rest, quiet, and excellent teaching as Scotland is preeminently favoured with.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

SPIDERS IN KING'S PALACES.

THE accompanying illustration is copied from an engraving in a Chinese Encyclopædia, which in some of its volumes treats of insects. A diadem spider is selected as one of the fairest specimens of the family, and that too with propriety, since it presents the gayest colours, makes the most ingenious web, and spins the finest silk. It seems to have been the spider which Solomon had in view, when he reckoned it among the things which are exceeding wise, and said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." (Prov. xxx. 28.) Spiders are distributed into groups in reference to the web they make, which seems to have a connection with their form. This is an interesting fact, and exemplifies a general rule in natural history; "that there is a correspondence between the habits and the outward shape, as well as there is between the habits and the internal structure."

Of all the groups, no one is so easily studied as the one represented in our illustration, because it selects the most conspicuous spots for the erection of her net, and is never interrupted in her operations by the presence of a spectator, unless he attempts to molest her. The web woven by this spider is like a wheel of many rims, or concentric circles, and thus, in some measure, represents the orbs in which the planets revolve. Many lines are conducted from a centre to the surrounding objects, which lines are united to the rest respectively by the circles just mentioned. The gummy nature of these threads renders them adhesive, so that contact alone is sufficient to fasten any two of them together. In forming these circles, the spider pulls out the thread with her feet, and applies it to the several radii or spokes in succession, as she walks round. The sagacity of the creature is chiefly seen, however, in the use of various stays to keep the structure steady. It is often placed in a windy situation, and consequently requires additional support. In our engraving, a line is carried from the corner of the web and made fast to a tree, that the gusts of wind may not disturb her net. A place where currents of air are running to and fro seems to be selected because many insects are driven by these currents against the web.

The sagacity of this spider in selecting a proper site for her net, and her skill in rendering that net proof against ordinary breezes have been noticed by the Chinese, who while they gave it one name expressive of the pearl-like roundness of the body, they added another which refers to its knowledge, and literally signifies the wise insect. And hence their ideas about it in this particular exactly coincide with the views of Solomon, who classed it among creatures that are exceedingly wise.

In one of their books, they mention one kind which haunts houses and streets, and say it never is found among herbs. This agrees with the character of our domestic spider, and might seem to be that insect, were we not told that it is spotted with red, which shows that it is one of the diadem kind. The web is also said to resemble a fishing net suspended from four posts, which is capable of elevation and depression by means of lines. This description suits the web of the diadem, which though nearly vertical is suspended by lines from different points.

In the streets of Canton, the writer has often

seen this spider as it rested upon the centre of a circular net, which reached across the street. It had so placed its net as to be secure from man, since it was far above his reach as he walked beneath, and could not be assailed from a window, as the fronts of the buildings are destitute of such an accommodation. Here on a fine silky web, while its large round body reflected a beautiful assemblage of the liveliest colours, it rested in peaceful slumber, which no uproar of voices below could interrupt, till a luckless fly fell into its toils. Then, as if by instinct, it would suddenly awake, seize its prey, bind it fast, and then return to the centre of its net to enjoy its slumber afresh.

The expression "taketh hold with her hands," even as it stands in our translation, is remarkable, for her feet are likened to hands on account of their use in constructing a web. While busy in weaving, the three hind pairs are occupied in drawing out, measuring, and applying the thread or woof. And so well does she judge of the different lengths required, that they never require alteration. The length necessary to reach a certain distance, that is, from one thread of the warp to another, is drawn out with a single effort and instantly applied by one of the hind feet. The operation is so rapid, that it is difficult to see all the details of it, and is well fitted to show the exquisite skill of the creature. In the original, the word signifies to handle, or play upon, as men do upon a harp or guitar, and thus the movements of the spider are compared to the fingers of a musician, who touches the strings so as to bring out a harmonious result through the skill and experience with which he is endowed. He lays hold of them with the perception of an artist. Thus even does the insect world declare the Creator's glory.

There are but few allusions to the spider in the sacred volume. The fragility of its web is, however, adverted to by Job, as an emblem of the insecure and baseless character of the hope of the hypocrite. Plausible and esteemed he may be among men; he flatters himself that all is well with him, but his expectation is vain. His hope shall *perish*: his trust shall be as the spider's web. Oh! for sincerity of purpose and a heart that is upright before God!

THE PROPHET OF NINEVEH.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

PART VII, AND LAST.

No book is like the Bible for the candour with which its various writers describe their own faults and imperfections. We have witnessed the repeated injunctions which sent Jonah to Nineveh. We have seen the manner in which the disobedience of the prophet was punished by God, and how that punishment added a new element of impressiveness to the message which the prophet at last bore. We have observed also the remarkable penitence and humiliation displayed by the Ninevites themselves. All this the pen of Jonah himself has recorded. We are now to receive his description of an incident which, but that he himself has related it, and that it is part of the holy book of God, and that, further, when deliberately examined, it is found to be in entire accordance with well-known principles of human nature, would appear almost incredible.

Let us contemplate the scene. We are led back from 1856 over some three thousand years, to that magnificent city of the East which then stood in all its splendour on the banks of the Tigris. Instead of entering the city itself, however, we are carried to the eastern side of it, far away from the river (where we may suppose the crowd to have been usually the greatest), till we reach a spot favourable for seclusion and self-communing. There sits, under a temporary booth of his own construction, beneath which he might obtain some shelter from the sun's rays, the prophet of Galilee. Within his view lies the metropolis to which he had been sent with such strong denunciations of the Divine anger. Although his eye might scarcely be able at a single glance to take in so wide a circuit as the entire city, he could yet see the principal objects which distinguished it. Within his view were the walls and fortresses, the palaces of the kings, built upon their elevated terraces, and glittering with all their gilded cornices and hanging draperies, the houses of the Ninevitish gods lifting themselves above the surrounding level. There were the points about which the remembrances of Nimrod and Semiramis were gathered. There were the wicked temples on which the eyes of the father of the faithful had themselves rested, and which God's voice had commanded that patriarch to forsake. But why does the eye of the prophet look upon these scenes as if he expected some sudden catastrophe, and why does his face gather blackness because that catastrophe does not come? We turn to the sacred page for the explanation.

"It" (that is the repentance of Nineveh and God's forgiveness) "displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry." Never surely was any spectacle more utterly humiliating than that here presented. The impotence of the anger is contemptible. The presumption of the anger well-nigh incredible. How short-lived are our best resolutions! A very little time since Jonah's mouth was uttering every expression of humiliation and self-abhorrence. "But there are some," said the late Mr. Cecil, "who can only see God in a dark night or a storm." Jonah found the whale's belly more favourable to his piety than the dry land. And why so angry? On first reading the verses, Jonah's conclusions seem singular and almost unnatural. He was aware from the first, it would appear, that the intentions of God regarding Nineveh were not necessarily destructive. He knew that no sentence of utter and hopeless rejection was to be pronounced over it. Observe his words—"I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish; for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." Nor was this any mere hasty expression; for when his sentiment is recalled to his mind, with the renewed and deliberate inquiry, "Doest thou well to be angry?" the prophet persists in his avowal.

Whence then was the cause of Jonah's anger?

It would appear that Jonah was, in the strictest sense of that expression, a Jew. As a Jew he would regard with no little disfavour the increasing power of an empire which it required no spirit of prophecy to see would one day become a formidable rival to the Jewish nation. His patriotism alone, therefore, would lead him earnestly to wish its downfall. As a Jew, moreover, he would entertain a pious horror for the impious idolatries which Nineveh enshrined. Its absurd, cruel, and licentious worship would be, in his eyes, a monstrous profanation of the first ideas which God had planted in the human heart. Very unwillingly had he conveyed messages of warning to this city. It would have much better accorded with his notions that Nineveh should have been destroyed, as were Sodom and Gomorrah, by fire from heaven, than

that they should have been warned with a view to their repenting. But, unwilling though he had been, he had been compelled to go, and to proclaim in the midst of that idolatrous people the mercy of the God of his people and his own disgrace. He had perhaps seen, to his surprise, some of the modes of penitence exhibited by the inhabitants; without waiting to see the whole he had retired, thus to give vent to the vexation and self-importance of which his soul was full. Was then Nineveh indeed to be spared? Would God have mercy on that city of Bel and Nisroch, that city which flayed its enemies and put bridles in the lips of its captives? Where then would be the boasted pre-eminence of Israel and Judah? Where would be his dignity as a prophet of the Lord? How would he be worthy to rank with Elijah, who had made intercession to God against Israel, and, when threatened with personal violence, had called fire from heaven to consume successive captains and their fifties? Would not men say—Where is the Lord God of judgment? and despise him who had borne to them in vain the messages of that threatened judgment?

Such is, then, the attitude in which this prophet is found, and such are the feelings now stirring in his mind. We must not fail, however, to add to our estimate of Jonah's conduct two things. First, that this was an age of incomplete religious attainment—a time when the great doctrines of Christ were as yet unknown, and when the royal law of love had been imperfectly promulgated; and next, that inasmuch as the account is given by Jonah himself, we must set his candour over against his moroseness, and may well suppose that, by the time he wrote his book, he had repented of the spirit in which he had indulged.

To what reprehensible lengths was the prophet carried when he said, "I beseech thee, take my life from me, for it is better for me to die than to live." The desire to die is a very common form of irritation and impatience, but it is usually equally ignorant, cowardly, and presumptuous. God had of old very imperfect servants. Witness Judah, Samson, Jonah. And has he none now? Even Elijah had wished to die, but under circumstances much more extenuating than those of the present prophet.

The manner in which this discontented and rebellious spirit is met by God is peculiarly striking. In a quiet manner, though in a miraculous one, and without apprising Jonah of his intention, he causes to grow up over his head a plant, the thick shade of which adds materially to the shelter which Jonah sought. Though our translators have unfortunately called this "a gourd," there is little doubt that it was a plant of a different kind, the *palma christi*, the green leaves of which spreading out widely in the shape of a hand, and growing with extreme rapidity and great luxuriance, overspread the prophet's light arbour, and gave him ease in so hot a climate by its grateful imperviousness. How inconsistent is man! There are times and there are feelings which allow even little personal luxuries to divert the mind from serious sorrows, especially if those sorrows are more the results of temper than of deliberate conviction. The prophet's darkness is soothed "till it smiles." "So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." But now comes another step of God's process. A little worm the next morning attaches itself to the verdant stem—scarcely to be called wood—of the moist tree, and it withers. Simultaneously a hot sirocco wind, blowing from the east and intensifying the sun's rays at each successive moment, caused a sultriness so overpowering, that in the withering of the shadow of his plant, all the moroseness of the prophet returns, and he says, "It is better for me to die than to live." Poor pitiable human nature! Well does Pascal say: "Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. *Our true dignity consists in thought.*" Jonah had not this dignity. Alas, how many have it not! How many are driven by checks and misadventures, very slight in themselves, into acts of open rebellion! What makes many a house intolerable from the temper of one of its inmates? Only an uncomfortable atmosphere. What made Peter deny his Lord? Only the taunting words of a servant of the high priest. What has turned that young man away from the house of his God and the religion of his fathers? Only the sneering remark of some worthless friend. What has caused that haughty man to renounce his profession of religion? Only a casual offence he has received from some professor like himself. O, what humiliating disclosures there will be in that day which shall reveal the dependence of great things upon little; nor are these the only connexions in which the lesson is pertinent. It reprehends all exorbitant grief for the loss of worldly comforts, whatever they may be. "Have you not forgiven God yet?" said a friend to a widower who had been unduly sorrowing for the loss of a beloved wife. How many are the occasions on which God says to us, "Doest thou well to be angry?" He who by Christian principle mortifies selfishness, will stand in little danger of being ruined by excessive sorrow.

Nineveh repented; but Nineveh's repentance was transitory. It sinned again, and sinned more deeply than before. To all its previous

transgressions it added the aggravated one of oppressing the people of God. How great an insult God deemed this we are taught by many passages of the book of God. "Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed? and against whom hast thou exalted thy voice and lifted up thine eyes on high? even against the Holy One of Israel. But I know thine abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me." Nineveh's destruction came at length. Many were the incursions it had made upon the kingdom of Judah, as related in the historical chapters of the Bible. At length Sennacherib gathered together his forces in the time of Hezekiah for a final overthrow. The result of his attack is well known.

"The might of the Gentiles, untouched by the sword,
Has melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

But the time of Nineveh was not even yet come, not yet was "its iniquity" full. Nineveh survived till about 600 B.C., more than two hundred years after the transactions of the book of Jonah. During all that time the threatenings of God were impending over it, but not yet executed. According to Ctesias, the increasing effeminacy of the sovereigns of Nineveh at length provoked Arbaces, the commander of part of the Assyrian army, to rise in rebellion against Sardanapalus, and to lay siege to the capital. The great strength of the city, however, rendered the proceedings unavailable till a flood of the river Tigris threw down a large portion of the city wall. Sardanapalus then gathered together his wives and treasures, and set fire to the palace in which they were assembled, himself perishing in the conflagration. This perfectly corresponds with the prophecies of Scripture, which announced (Nah. ii. 6) that "the gates of the rivers shall be opened and the palace shall be dissolved," that Nineveh should be taken while its inhabitants were "drunken" (i. 10), and that the "fire should devour its bars" (ch. iii. 13). Not long after this period (there is some difficulty in making out the precise history), it would appear that Nineveh was utterly destroyed. Every trace of the ancient city bears witness of its destruction by the operation of fire, and fully has the prophecy of Nahum been fulfilled. An "utter end" has been made "of the place thereof." "Out of the house of its gods" is "cut off the graven image and the molten image." Its "grave is made." It is "empty, and void, and waste." "Nineveh is laid waste." "There is no healing of its bruise; its wound is grievous." Thus remarkably does every event of the present day give confirmation to the Scripture and emphasis to the question, "Who hath hardened himself against Him and hath prospered?"

Nineveh yet preserves among its ruins the traditional tomb of the prophet Jonah, thus adding another corroboration to the evidence already existing of the truth of the sacred story.

We may not, however, dismiss Jonah without remarking how strongly his history displays the evils that attend an imperfectly developed Christian character. Reader, if you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, seek to adorn his doctrine by a holy conformity and consistency of walk. Those who feel by personal experience the difficulty of this attainment will be the most ready to make allowance for the infirmities that mark too many of God's children; but the world gives no such toleration. It notes with severe eye each deviation from the standard. Seek then the Holy Spirit's influence, and having obtained it, watchfully preserve it; mortifying each besetting sin; striving to have each excrescence of character pruned, and every deficiency in it filled up, until the whole renewed man assume the fair and beauteous proportions of the Great Model set before us for our imitation.

ALL MAY DO SOMETHING.

A HEAVY rain detained us one summer noon at a quiet country inn, now almost forgotten, but a busy place enough previous to the iron reign of the railway king. The apartments were large and comfortless, and we endeavoured to amuse ourselves by examining the pictures upon the walls, and the old china on the high mantel-piece. A glass case stood between the windows, containing some rare shells, and seaweed, and bright-tinted birds, which had evidently been brought "from beyond seas." At the other end of the room was a table with some books upon it—the books one is almost sure to meet with in quiet country places, such as, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Dairyman's Daughter," etc. Above all, there was the "book of books;" but, alas! the dust lay very thickly upon its faded cover. Well, perhaps there might have been other Bibles for use. We trust that it was so. This was a very large one, full of quaint pictures, and containing upon a yellow, time-worn leaf, a long list of children born and dead. Poor, lone, childless, and now widowed mother! no wonder that she looked so pale and sorrowful.

We glanced out of window at the pouring rain, dripping and plashing from an adjoining out-house into the court-yard beneath. And then, half sighing at the dreary prospect before us, turned away and took up one of those dusty books. It proved to be an odd volume of an old missionary magazine. We had been pondering a good deal over such subjects of late, and wishing ourselves very rich in order that we might be able to assist in this glorious cause;

and because we were not rich, contenting ourselves with mere wishes; forgetting that although we might not be able to furnish the gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, the humble free-will offering of goat's hair and ram's skins would not be unaccepted.

The first thing we read was that several farmers in the United States had agreed to devote an acre or two of land to the furtherance of missionary objects. The idea struck us as being a somewhat novel one, and we tried to picture to ourselves—as we have a habit of doing, thus endeavouring to realize what we read—we tried to picture to ourselves those sturdy agriculturists, reaping the golden grain, and gathering in their little harvest for God. It may be that those few consecrated acres brought a blessing upon all the rest. At any rate we can be sure that they brought a blessing upon the souls of the respective owners.

Next came an account of the produce of a lucern field in Jersey, dedicated to the same purpose, and realizing the sum of five pounds. Then, the profits of a strawberry bed, by a lady, value one pound two shillings and sixpence. A small sum, it may be, for a lady. She might easily, perhaps, have drawn forth her purse and laid it down at once. But it would not have been nearly as pleasant. It would not have been like really working for it. We are sure that the bed must have been carefully watched and tended, or it would not have proved so productive. And then what a labour of love to gather the ripe fruit, prepare it for sale, reckon up her small gains, day by day, and lay them aside for the holy cause. We could fancy her singing to herself, as she worked in her pleasant garden, that beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber's, commencing—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

Next followed the account of a sheep, called "the missionary ewe," belonging to a young man in the Isle of Anglesea, the lamb and wool of which sold for upwards of half a guinea. And lastly, a brood of chickens, the property of a poor boy, who had nothing else to give. It is not stated what sum of money the chickens realized when sold; it may be only a very small one; but it could not have been smaller than the widow's two mites which make a farthing, and of whom our blessed Saviour said nevertheless, "Of a truth this poor widow has cast in more than they all. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

I closed the book and began to think. What could I do? I was no agriculturist—had no lucern fields—no pleasant garden, and strawberry beds—no sheep, nor even a brood of chickens. I was but a dweller

"Mid busy mart and crowded street."

And then I recollected having somewhere heard of a young dressmaker, who made a resolution to put all the halfpence which she received in payment from her customers into a missionary box, which she kept for the purpose. And now, from that time, no one ever seemed to ask her for change, but always had the halfpence ready; and yet she was none the poorer. It was a prosperous year with her, she said; work came in faster than she could do it without assistance, and her missionary box was filled to overflowing.

Let no one say that they have nothing to bestow. All may do something, if they only try. Those who love God will try—do try—have tried. It may be that those sturdy New England farmers, of whom we had just read, had been long since gathered to their forefathers. The lucern field bears another grain. The pleasant garden is untenanted. The "missionary ewe" is forgotten. The boy became an aged man. But the record of those by-gone days still lives, and speaks, and beckons us onward to tread in the bright foot-marks of those who have gone before.

While we thus mused and pondered over the lesson conveyed in the above simple statement—a lesson of love and helplessness, which we would that our gentle readers would also endeavour to lay to heart, and work out in their several spheres of daily life—a sudden gleam of sunlight fell upon the open page before us. We looked into the court-yard beneath, and the old outhouse, what with the raindrops and the sunbeams, looked just as if it was hung all over with coloured stones. There was a patch of blue sky over-head. The little midges came out and danced in the soft summer air, and the birds sang in the tall trees as if for joy that the fine weather had come again.

Such was the commencement of a brief summer tour, full of happy memories, and abounding, as must always be the case, with innumerable causes of thanksgiving to that God who not only preserved from known but unknown peril; bringing us back in safety to our beloved home, even as we trust that he will also bring us, for Christ's sake, and in his own good time, to our home in heaven.

Pages for the Young.

STORY OF ESTHER.

PART IV.

On the day we were talking of last Sunday, Haman left the court with a joyful heart, and prouder than ever. But at the gate he met with the old vexation — Mordecai moved not. Haman went home filled with anger. He told his wife and friends of the new honours heaped upon him at the court; he counted over all the great and desirable things which he had; but he acknowledged, wretched man, that Mordecai had the power to prevent his having any pleasure in them, he could enjoy nothing while this Jew sat at the king's gate. It was not enough that through him the whole race was to be destroyed. His anger was so fierce that he could not wait till that time came. He must have immediate vengeance. Then his wife and friends advised him to erect a gallows fifty cubits high, and ask the king's permission, which doubtless he would at once obtain, to have Mordecai hanged on it. And with this advice Haman was well pleased.

That night Ahasuerus could not sleep. This was no chance occurrence. The Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, kept the king's eyes open, and inclined him to desire, rather than any other amusement, that the chronicles of the kingdom should be read to him. By the same unseen but Divine hand, the reader was directed to that part which told of the deliverance of Ahasuerus from the conspiracy of his two chamberlains. The king immediately asked what reward had been bestowed on his deliverer, Mordecai. "None," was the reply. Eager, at length, to show his gratitude, he inquired who was then in attendance in the court, and on being told that Haman was there, he commanded his immediate admission. Now it happened that Haman had just come to ask the king's consent to Mordecai's death. Before he could offer his petition, however, Ahasuerus asked him, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" Haman, supposing that he himself was this man, answered, "Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head. And let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honour, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour.'" This seems to us a strange way of bestowing honour, but it was the fashion of the East, and even yet processions of honour are common there, which would look very odd indeed in our streets. Haman's advice, however, seeing that he thought this honour was to be given to himself, shows how very high his ambition had grown. To receive a dress from the king, a dress of the kind which he wears himself, is thought a high honour, and is given with a great many ceremonies. But it is often given to great nobles and special favourites of the monarch. The Persian kings gave Median dresses, like those worn by themselves, and no one dared to wear a dress of this kind, unless he had received it from the king. No doubt Ahasuerus had already given such a present to so great a favourite as Haman. This you see is not what Haman now asks. It is that the favoured man should wear the king's own dress, put on his own crown, and sit on his own horse. In Persia, the king's person was held in the very highest veneration, and his dress considered so sacred, that for any person to put on what had been worn by the king was counted a crime worthy of death. To do so by the king's own order was of course an honour of the very highest and rarest kind. Ahasuerus, however, agreed to every part of Haman's proposal; but what was the horror of this wicked man, when he was told that not for him, but for the hated Mordecai, this wonderful honour was intended! what his agony when the king ordered him to do to Mordecai all that he had said, and go through the streets before him proclaiming, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." Was it not a bitter procession to Haman, not only to witness the triumph of the man for whom he had built a gallows, but to be compelled to proclaim it himself. The ride over, the miserable man rushed in haste to his home, "mourning, and having his head covered."

But he was not left long there. You remember that this was the day on which Esther was to have her second banquet, and while Haman and his wife and friends were talking and grieving over what had happened, in came the king's chamberlains to hasten Haman to the palace for the feast. There was Esther waiting, not so pale and trembling as she had been for some time, for the events of the morning had given her strength and joy and hope. Surely, she thought, our God who has given to his servant Mordecai so great a triumph, is about to deliver his people from all their enemies. Well, the banquet is all ready, and Esther is entertaining her two guests, when the king once more asks what her request is, promising as before that it shall be granted even to the half of the kingdom. Don't you fancy how the queen would look now, as she stood up to plead for her life and the life of her people. Her cheeks had again grown pale, and her voice was a little tremulous, but wisely and well she laid the case before the king. "Then Esther the queen answered and said, If I have found favour in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage." And Ahasuerus, how did he look when he heard this? Astonished and enraged that any one should have dared to think of harming his wife, the queen whom he had placed on the throne of Persia, "Who is he," he said, "and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" Alas! for Haman, bad and cruel as he is, one can scarcely help pitying him as Esther replied, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." So great was the king's anger that he rose hastily, left the room, and went into the palace garden. Haman at once saw what danger he was in, and in an agony of terror he entreated the queen to intercede for his life. In doing so, he fell on the couch (called the bed) on which Esther reclined. Now it was against the law for any one to sit on the royal seat, and the king returning at that moment, was made still more angry by seeing Haman there. At once he condemned him, and with fearful haste he was taken away, and hanged on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. David says of the wicked man, that "he made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made." So was it with Haman. On the gallows which he had wickedly set up for an innocent man, he was himself put to death

But still there remained the terrible sentence sent out against the Jews. Now again Esther goes to the king, falls down at his feet, and with tears begs that it may be removed. Ahasuerus is very willing to do so, but the Persian law will not allow him to reverse any order he has once given. All that he could do now was to give the Jews the right of defending themselves, and killing whoever attacked them, and to spread the word over all the empire that they were the people whom the king favoured. So Ahasuerus gave his signet ring to Esther and Mordecai, as he had done to Haman before, and told them to write to the governors of all the provinces, whatever they liked for the Jews, and seal it with his ring, so that it would certainly be obeyed. How quickly the king's secretaries were again set to work to write the letters for the Jews! how the posts were hurried with them over all the great empire! how intense the joy of the poor Jews as the happy news was proclaimed in town after town! Instead of fasting and weeping, they now had "light, and gladness, and joy, and honour:" "a feast and a good day."

You can see now the purpose for which God's providence so disposed the lot which Haman cast as to give the day fixed on for the execution of his plot at the distance of nearly a year. If an earlier day had been chosen, the Jews living in those provinces which lay far away from Shushan, would have been destroyed before the second and favourable orders could have reached them. Once a year, a feast was held in remembrance of their deliverance, and this feast they called the Feast of Purim, that is, the Feast of the Lots. This name they chose, no doubt, because of the happy falling of the lot for them.

The day which that lot had fixed for slaughter did come, and a dreadful slaughter took place on it, not of the Jews, however, as Haman had intended, but of their enemies. This seems to us a sad part of the story, and we are thankful, and should be so, that under the Christian law the Lord's people are not required or allowed to avenge themselves on their own and God's enemies, but only to forgive them and pray for them. In Old Testament times God made his people sometimes the instrument and means, in his own hand, of punishing the wicked, and hence we read of sad killing work in which they were engaged. At this time a great many of their enemies in this Persian empire were slain, the rulers of the provinces and the king's officers helping the Jews to destroy those who hated them and sought their hurt. Even Esther, whom we love to think of only as gentle and amiable, we find asking that Haman's ten sons should be hanged upon the gallows, and that at Shushan two days instead of one should be given to the Jews in which to destroy their enemies. And it was done as she wished. How glad we should be that it never falls to the lot of Christian women to make such sad requests; that works of love and mercy only are required of them. The Lord has given to us all more knowledge of himself, and far higher privileges than he gave to his ancient people. How careful should we be to use them aright.

As for Esther and Mordecai, their lives, as you may suppose, now passed very happily, and they no doubt were all ready to [illegible] for the queen told Ahasuerus what relation Mordecai was to her. The king raised Mordecai, one step after another, till he made him the greatest man in the kingdom of Persia next to himself. He "went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad." It is very pleasant for us to know that the people of Shushan were so glad that Mordecai had this high rank and great power given to him, because it shows that they believed him to be a good and righteous man who would do justice to every one. He was now prime minister of the whole kingdom, and might do much harm or much good to the people, just as he was inclined. We have reason to believe that he would use his authority in such a way as would be for the good of the kingdom.

In this story of Esther, you observe how the Lord cares for his own people, and makes everything turn out for their good. It was he who raised Esther to the throne, who, as I have already told you, directed the lot which Haman cast, who kept the king from sleeping and brought Mordecai's good deed before him, just at the time when the doom of the Jews was to be fixed, who turned the plans which their enemies laid to destroy them into the means of [illegible] for them. It was he who made Mordecai, an Israelite whose whole heart was devoted to the cause of his people, so great and powerful, that all the Jews in the Persian empire were favoured for his sake.

It is so still, though now the care of our heavenly Father is generally shown in a different way. Our Lord tells us that even the hairs of his people's head are all numbered, and that no real evil will be allowed to happen to them. They may suffer sickness and poverty and the loss of dear friends, and many distresses, but these are all sent for their good; just as a kind and wise father sees it necessary to give bitter medicine to a sick child; or to punish one who does wrong that he may not learn such habits as would make him miserable; or to subject another to a hard and difficult course of education that he may be fit to fill some important station in after life. So the Lord teaches his people, but all is done with love which can never get cold, and with wisdom which can make no mistake as to what is best. Then this Friend has perfect knowledge and almighty power, as well as perfect love and wisdom. No sorrow or danger can come near his people, no enemy hate them, and no difficulty vex them, but he sees all, and has power to deliver them from all, for he is Lord of heaven and of earth, and [illegible] is ruled by him. What a blessed thing it is, then, to be cared for by such a friend. Surely a little boy or girl who loves the Lord has nothing to fear. Who would not wish to be a happy lamb in his safe and blessed fold? Well might an English poet say—

> "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
> How sure is their defence;
> Eternal wisdom is their guide,
> Their help Omnipotence."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Can you give an example of a commemorative name being given to an altar?
2. What contrast is given in Scripture between the way in which men regard the memory of the righteous and wicked after death?
3. Which tribes of Israel were first carried into captivity, and why?
4. How came they to live in that part of Canaan, and how can you connect their choice with the fact referred to in the last question?
5. Where is a vineyard first mentioned in the Bible?
6. Give some passages in which God promises to supply the temporal wants of his people.
7. How should charity lead us to treat the faults of others?
8. How long a time was required to elapse, according to the law of Moses, before the Israelites might gather the fruit of a young tree?
9. Point out the first three occasions when the Passover was celebrated.
10. When were judges first appointed?
11. What command was given with reference to the kings of Israel, to ensure their acquaintance with the law of God?
12. What two men were prophesied of by name long before their birth?

Religious Intelligence.

London, January, 1856.

Every true friend to our national prosperity must take a deep interest in the struggle which is now proceeding in reference to the observance of the Lord's day in this metropolis. Within the last few months, orders have been given for the attendance of a regimental band in Kensington Gardens on the afternoon of the Lord's day. Notice has also been given that a motion will be made in parliament for the opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery during the same period. This motion, if carried, will naturally lead to the opening of the Crystal Palace, and other similar exhibitions, on the Lord's day. In furtherance of these objects, an organization has been formed, under the title of the National Sunday League, one design of which is to enrol the working classes of this country in a formidable opposition to that sacred institution which is the highest glory of our land. The real friends of the working man have, in their turn, combined, and the metropolitan committee for promoting the observance of the Lord's day, having just reorganized itself, is doing its work with great earnestness. We trust that the readers of the Sunday at Home will readily co-operate with that committee, by attending its meetings, and joining in the petition to parliament in favour of the important objects to which its efforts are now directed, and which are as follow:—

"1. That the attendance of regimental bands for amusement, on the Lord's day, in Kensington Gardens, or in garrison towns, or wherever else troops are stationed, may be discontinued."

"2. That the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other similar public establishments, may not be opened during any part of the Lord's day." And—

"3. That no alteration may be made in the law which prevents the opening of the Crystal Palace, and other exhibitions, on that day."

While we pray for a blessing on these combined operations, and are not without hope as to their success, we would urge the duty of individual exertion and prayer, in order that now, "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord may lift up a standard against him." Every one among us who knows the value of the Christian sabbath should withstand the growing desecration of the Lord's day, by river steamboats and by railway traffic, by cheap excursion-trains, and the various artifices employed to allure people from their homes. We beg to repeat the exhortation of those who are earnestly striving to preserve our national religious privileges: "Dissuade your neighbours from going near the railway stations on the Lord's day; and do what you can to set the railway servants free. Dissuade your neighbours from using the post-office on the Lord's day, and let the public servants have rest."

The canvass for an increase of scholars in our sabbath-schools in London, and in various parts of the country, is proceeding apace, and with most encouraging results. In Birmingham, five thousand fresh scholars were obtained as the result of a canvass. Edinburgh and Glasgow are following this excellent example; and in the latter city it is expected that four thousand may be added to the number of scholars. Important meetings are also being held in the metropolis.

Very sad illustrations of the necessity of all the Christian efforts we can make for our own country have been given recently in the number of deeds of cruelty and the horrible murders which have been perpetrated. The case of Abraham Baker, who was executed for shooting a young woman, his fellow-servant, in Southampton, is very affecting and instructive. This young man was considered at one period to be influenced by religion, and his crime was committed under the control of jealousy and passion. In a letter written shortly before his death, he says to the chaplain: "May you be enabled to show to the rest of your flock the way to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—which sin shortened my life. What has brought me here? Pride, short prayers, and not reading my Bible; sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness, which ended my days for shooting my fellow-creature."

To all the sincere friends of peace, it is most gratifying to find that there is a prospect of that blessing soon being restored to the nations. It is the duty of the Christian to pray that "the council of peace" may be established, and that the work of destruction may be brought to a speedy termination; that the arts of peace and the labours of love may prosper, and the nations learn war no more.

The British and Foreign Bible Society announces the completion of its edition of the Old and New Testaments in the Chinese language, in a compact form, and for the low cost of eighteen-pence. Of this edition, 115,000 copies of the New Testament have just been printed, and five thousand of the Old. This great achievement has been accomplished, by the Divine blessing, at a time when the Chinese empire is opening in a remarkable manner for the reception of the word of God. During various journeys lately taken by the missionaries and colporteurs, about a thousand New Testaments, two thousand portions of the same, and five hundred Bibles, have been distributed; and Dr. Medhurst states that persons arrive from distant parts, who have read and approved the Scriptures, and appear to have learnt and obeyed the heavenly lessons they impart. By a most gratifying coincidence, it is announced that the South Sea missionaries have just concluded the arduous and important work of translating the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments into the Samoan language. This is said to be the first complete edition of a translation of the Scriptures which has been printed on the Society's paper in the country in which it was translated.

Of the zeal and perseverance with which the work of Bible distribution is carried forward in Germany, we have a pleasing illustration in the following account, given by one of the colporteurs of the Bible Society. He says: "Yesterday I visited some mining works. After having sold several copies in the workshops, I was asked whether I was disposed to visit the men down in the mine itself, which I assented to. A man with a lamp accompanied me, and then we first descended two shafts, and passed through a long gallery till we came to a cavity, in which many men were at work. The person who accompanied me called them together, and my operations commenced. They began to examine my books, and however dreadful the place seemed to be to me, yet it was a joyful moment

But now most of the men cried out, 'We have no money here.' 'That is of no consequence,' said the surveyor of the mine, 'I will pay out the money for all of you who buy;' and then turning to me he said, 'You can come to me next week and receive the money for all the books you sell here.' On this many hands were stretched forth, and I gave a book to as many as were inclined to purchase. Then I was led through several other passages, and everywhere I found purchasers. So the Lord sends his word into the lower parts of the earth."

Among the marks of progress of the work of the Lord among the heathen, we have much pleasure in noticing the ordination as a minister of the church of England of a Punjab Sikh, David Singh, who has been for about nine years a convert, and has maintained an excellent Christian character as a catechist at Cawnpore. He had been strongly recommended for the work of the ministry, and after due examination, was ordained as a native pastor by the bishop of Calcutta, at Allahabad, in October last. Other converts of the Sikh tribes are associated with him in his labours; and thus the late enemies of our rule are becoming the propagators of our faith. This, however, is but one of several delightful instances reported this month by the various Christian missionary societies labouring in India, of the all-conquering power of the word of the Lord. It should at the same time be observed, that there is in Bengal a great amount of fierce persecution endured by the faithful followers of Christ, and apparently the result of hostility to the light of the gospel, and the protest it makes "against all unrighteousness of men."

The people to whom we refer are the converts made to the truth through the labours of the Baptist missionaries in the village of Baropakhya, near Barisaul. The owners of the estate on which these Christians lived appear to have become alarmed, lest their illegal gains should suffer if Christianity spread on their land among their ryots.

On a sabbath evening in July last, the Christians of the village of Baropakhya had returned from their usual service in the chapel. Little suspecting the plot formed against them, they had all retired to rest; but before day-break a band of nearly two hundred men, most of them armed with clubs, entered the village, and set fire to five of the twelve houses in which these persecuted people lived. Into one of them a spear was thrown, wounding a little child of only four years of age, by the side of his parents. Then fourteen men, women, and children were dragged out, but not until a struggle had taken place in which one of the Christians was wounded in several places and another severely beaten. Each family was then bound, and led off to a common rendezvous; being dragged away through mud and water, amidst the vilest abuse and most dreadful threats, to a neighbouring village. They were afterwards conveyed from place to place, that they might be concealed from the police, who were sent by the authorities for their rescue. They were not delivered up until they had been charged to state that they had been carried away and kept in concealment by the missionaries. When the time for examination arrived, they triumphed over all the threatenings made against them by their persecutors. Not one of these fourteen sufferers, not even the timid young women, disappointed the hopes which their teachers had formed respecting them. Their reply was, "We are Christians; and, do what you will, we shall be Christians still." One of their number, who had taken to the court of justice the cords with which he had been bound, holding them up before the magistrate, cried out, "Judge of the district; I am not a dacoit, or a thief, or an evil doer, but *because I am a Christian* I have been bound with these bonds. To you I appeal for justice." Facts such as these ought to be widely published among us, to awaken her sympathy for our suffering Christian brethren, and to make us thankful that we are exposed to no such trials in taking our place among the disciples of the Lord.

The most encouraging accounts are given by the London Missionary Society of the success of its labours in the Loyalty Islands, Polynesia. The missionary writing from the Island of Nengoné states that about three thousand of the people have embraced Christianity, and all are most eager to be taught and obtain clothing. Any small issue from the press is prized as a nugget would be by the Australian miner, and is sought after with equal avidity. The missionary, the Rev. J. Jones, says: "Each one secures his books in a neat bag of native plat. A slate is generally esteemed by all, but by the boys and young men in particular, many of whom can write very nicely; and those who possess slates may be seen on sabbaths taking down portions of the sermon. After service, each slate forms the nucleus of an inquiring party for the purpose of obtaining information on the various topics of the discourse. They then prepare themselves for the questioning service, which usually follows each sermon. These invaluable labours are being prosecuted in an island, the population of which is estimated at about 8000, more than a half of whom are still in gross darkness. The missionary states that within the last few weeks one man had been killed and eaten who had overstepped the boundary of his own tribe, in search of his wife, and such cases of cannibalism are said not to be infrequent among the heathen portion of these islanders.

In our last notice we referred to the visit of the Rev. Robert Moffat to Moselekatse, the aged king of the Matebele. A further portion of this interesting journal presents this faithful missionary observing Christian worship among his travelling companions and attendants, and pleading with the aged king for the privilege of making known the way of life to his subjects; but, alas! pleading in vain. "I told him," says the missionary, "of the sabbath, its nature and requirements; my character, and my duty as a Christian missionary; described the value of knowledge, and instanced a letter from Mrs. Moffat, which a hunter had forwarded by one of his people; how it told me of what was going on at the Kuruman, and that Mrs. M. was praying to God that he might be led to hear and believe the gospel." These appeals have hitherto been unsuccessful, and yet we trust that they will not eventually prove to have been made in vain. What an occasion do they give us for going to the throne of Him who has this king's heart in his hand, and praying that it may be opened to the truth, and that this people may learn the way of salvation.

YET THERE IS ROOM.

THERE is room for the worn and weary,
All faint on a toilsome way,
Who have borne, through this desert dreary
The burden and heat of the day.
For the faint ones and the fearful
There are homes of rest above;
For the woe-worn and the tearful
There is room in a heart of love.

There is room for souls returning
From the wandering ways of sin;
There can be no fear of spurning
From the arms that shall take them in.
To each is a welcome offered;
"There is room," is the angels' call:
Oh, haste to the banquet proffered;
There is room in heaven for all!

VESPER.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO THE YOUNG BRIDE.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. X.

TIME rolled away; seasons came and departed; autumn, with its alternate sunshine and gloom; winter, with its chilling blasts; spring, with its returning life, passed over the house of mourning. The chamber in which Albert Norton died was rarely entered; and there I remained silent on a shelf, crowded with companions, all equally neglected. Around was confusion. It had been Albert's room when he was at home; and everywhere were relics of his mortal existence; the toys of his childhood—his garments—his books—packets of written papers—the couch from which he had been removed to his coffin, divested of its furniture—trunks, filled with his worldly goods, which had been sent to his early home from his lodgings in the city; all this, and more, was there to remind the living of death and the dead.

It seemed as though the sorrowing mother and sister dreaded to open afresh the wounds of their hearts, by intermeddling with the contents of that chamber, and thus recalling to memory him who was gone. Blame them not, reader. They sorrowed not as having "no hope;" for

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the same faith which assured them that "Jesus died and rose again," gave them also this certain persuasion, that "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Yet did they sorrow.

But grief such as theirs admits of many alleviations; and time brought these. The chamber door was, at length, thrown open; painful mementoes of the departed were put out of sight, or otherwise disposed of; pleasant ones were retained and arranged; furniture was dusted, the bed taken away, a carpet spread on the floor, books re-arranged; a jar of fresh summer flowers was placed at the open window, and daily renewed; and resignation, if not perfect cheerfulness, began to smile around.

From this time, that room was a favourite retreat of Grace Norton; and her young, gentle, affectionate countenance, and her light, healthful, elastic step, banished loneliness. To mortal senses and perceptions, that must have been a pleasant chamber. Its windows opened towards the south; a scene of natural beauty opened in the distance—woods and fields and a sparkling river. Beneath was a garden, from which arose a goodly perfume, while the soft summer wind rustled in the leaves of roses which covered the walls of the habitation, and hanging around the window, cast a softened shade within.

And here did Grace Norton, sometimes her mother also, pass many hours of pensive thoughtfulness. If together, they sat and wrought with their needles, and sometimes talked of Albert, till their eyes overflowed with tears, not entirely of grief. Not always of Albert, however. They conversed also of another; and of Grace's approaching nuptials.

"I wish I were not going so far away, mother; or that you would alter your mind, and take up your abode with us," said Grace, in one of these conversations. "You will feel lonely."

"Lonely, perhaps, sometimes, but not alone," replied the mother. "I wish, indeed, that you could be nearer; but the wish is a selfish one. You will be happy with your husband; and I —I trust I shall not be unhappy with my God ever near me, and his word for my guidance and comfort."

"Still, if you would leave this place and go with us?"

The widowed mother shook her head, and smiled. "It is not easy to transplant an old tree, Grace," she said. "I have lived here more than half my lifetime. Here God has blessed me with innumerable mercies, and has seen fit to try me with some sorrows. Here your father lived and died; and here Albert died also. I could not tear myself away without much pain and sorrow. Besides, it is better for husband and wife that no near object of affection should ever appear to interrupt their oneness of daily intercourse. We shall see each other sometimes, Grace, and think of each other often; but when married, you will have new thoughts and objects, with which even a mother could not interfere."

It was plain from this that the mother and daughter were to be separated by distance; and that Grace would soon bid farewell to the home of her childhood was proved by many circumstances which I need not record.

Meanwhile, I had been removed from the shelf, and occupied an honoured position on the work-table by the window; and often, when Grace Norton was alone, did she turn to me for encouragement and direction.

It was manifest, by many tokens, that those into whose hands I had passed, though they had been called to pass through much sorrow in bereavements, were sufficiently provided for in worldly wealth; and it was pleasant to see how, in respect of this, they gave diligence to use aright the blessings of God's providence, by the constant employment of their time and property in seeking to do good and to communicate to others.

Nor was it a matter of light import to them to have both the desire and the wisdom to exert aright the talent which God had thus committed to their stewardship. "Charge them that are rich in this world," is the direction given to me, "that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." And many such things as this are, by me, coupled with expressions of just anger against such as trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches.

Much could I tell of the secret kindness of my gentle mistresses to the afflicted and distressed, especially to their brethren and sisters in Christ who were thus tried and tempted. Much also of their self-denial in many matters which might have been lawful for them, but which it pleased them to forego, so that their means of benevolence might be enlarged.

Nor was my Master, and their heavenly Father, unmindful of their works of faith and labours of love. Watering others with the dews of Christian liberality, they were themselves watered with the approbation and smiles of Him who had set them an example that they should follow in his steps; and who, though he was rich, for their sakes had become poor, that they,

through his poverty, might be rich, when perishable gold and silver shall for ever have passed away. And think not, reader, that these are vain words which the Son of man declares, by me, shall be addressed to those on his right hand, in the day when he shall come to judge the world in righteousness, and to give to every man according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me:" and doubt not that they who have but a cup of cold water to give to a disciple of their gracious Lord, and who give it for his sake, shall receive his approving commendation.

The time came swiftly on when Grace Norton was to put on the attire of a bride, and when the habitation which had not long since witnessed the tears of a mother for her first-born child and only son, was lively, in all Christian liveliness, with a wedding feast. It needs not that I should detain you, reader, with remarks upon the wedding guests, and with a description of wedding garments. Let me only say that among the guests, though unseen, was He who, when on earth as man, honoured the marriage feast at Cana, in Galilee, with his presence; and that far above the "costly array, and gold and pearls" of worldly grandeur, which wealth on such occasions delights to exhibit, was the true value and diguity of the bride in her spiritual adornment, "even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Then came the painful parting of mother from daughter; but ere this, I had obtained a new owner in the young bride herself. I was put into her hands by her mother on the eve of her departure to her new home.

"It was our dear Albert's Bible, Grace," she said, with a quiet smile but a faltering tongue: "let it be yours now." And thus, thenceforth —for a time—I was hers.

I was once more in, or near to, a populous town; for the husband of my new owner was engaged in commerce. Of him I, for some time, saw but little, for on our arrival at my owner's new abode, I was conveyed to her own room, into which he rarely entered. Yet could I tell, by unmistakeable signs, that Grace Norton had chosen wisely and well; and that while her husband was one who would "live joyfully with the wife whom he loved, all the days of the life" which were given them, he had also given heed to the earnest invitation of Divine wisdom—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

And grievously do they misapprehend my spirit, or libel my character, who dare to affirm of me that I am a foe to social and domestic happiness, that I poison the streams of daily bliss by the ill-timed solemnity which I impart to those who are led by my counsels. Little do they know of his loving and happy presence by whom I am sent, who say that thoughts of HIM fill the mind with unreal terrors, and shroud even the face of nature with gloom. What is nature, in its loveliest, sunniest aspect, but a faint reflection of the bounty and smiles of him who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; and what am I but the messenger and the message of his eternal love, who "delighteth in mercy," and "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men?"

Happily, then, did my owner pass her days, in the cheerful performance of the duties of life, and pleasant were the smiles which lighted up her countenance when the return of evening brought back her husband to her side.

It might be seen at this time that God was blessing the husband of my owner with prosperity, and that the enlarged means of usefulness thus placed within their reach were not unimproved. Not grudgingly, and as of hard necessity, did they contribute of their substance to the advancement of the cause of their God and Saviour in the world; nor boastingly, as though they were laying the MOST HIGH under obligations to themselves by the extent of their services; and thus bringing upon themselves the deserved reproof, "Who hath required this at your hands? Bring no more vain oblations." "I will take no bullock out of thine house, nor he-goat out of thy folds. For every beast of the forest is mine; and the cattle upon a thousand hills." "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts!" But rather as freewill offerings of gratitude and love, did the prosperous and happy pair cast into His treasury, who "loveth a cheerful giver," and in the spirit of the ancient king—"the man after God's own heart"—of whom I tell, whose language was: "Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? *For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.*"

And thus some years passed away, bringing with them no changes in my condition; and but few in those of my owner, save those which mark the advance of youthful prime to maturity:

the light step of maidenhood became more staid in the matron; and the occasional laugh of happy glee gave place to the more sober but not less happy smile of cheerful content: save also those changes which mark the advance of a renewed soul in the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace—the gradual growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Changes also had there been in the household of my owner. "Children are an heritage of the Lord;" and her children were rising up "to call her blessed." And in the anxious solicitude of that Christian mother for the eternal well-being of her little ones, did my own earthly existence seem renewed, as, from my pages, she taught them, as they were able to bear it, the knowledge of their Father in heaven, and of their gracious, loving Saviour; and as she encouraged them to lisp their infant prayers at his footstool; and as she read to them the inscription on my page, written by my first owner's parents, and wondered what *his* future life had proved.

And much would it have encouraged that affectionate and sometimes anxious mother could she have known that those written wishes had been realized, and that, by God's grace, I had been that first youthful owner's guide and support in times of darkness, perplexity, and sorrow; his joy in adversity; his comfort in death; and his harbinger to the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE LOST.

We have inherited a nature which is, in many respects, in sympathy with the prince of darkness, and its perverted passions are ready to second his foul suggestions. There is also implanted in this nature a conscience, by which we know right from wrong, and there are aspirations and affections still left there which point us to something better than sinful pleasure, and more permanent than this fleeting world. Between these two contradictory elements of our being, there must be collision, and in the fact of this collision rests our hope of deliverance from the baser propensities of our nature. But, as this contest advances, if the nobler powers of our being do not soon begin to get the mastery, they gradually lose their vigour, while the enemy gains strength by every victory. Such is our fallen constitution that, just in proportion as one part is weakened, the other increases in power, not only in virtue of the territory which is acquired by conquest, but also by the growth of essential interior strength. There may come a time, when all that seemed to promise us deliverance from the tyranny of sin ceases to make further opposition, and then for a while there may be peace in the soul; then we enjoy the world, then we can be merry without restraint, then we can give free play to every fond desire, then youth may slide by in dance and song, and maturity be only the perpetuation of youth, and old age the period of grateful repose after excitement, and then——

But, reader, let us go up into yonder darkened chamber, before we proceed further. There is lying on this bed, a white-haired old man; his probation is over, and the portals of another world are opening to admit him. Look at him for a moment, while we recall the history of his probation. It seems but yesterday that he bounded into the arena to run the race of life, with an elastic step and a sunny brow, his clear voice ringing cheerily in the air, and his eye flashing with the excitement of high hope. From the common experiences of boyhood, he passed on to the period of more advanced youth, and then began the eventful contest between the evil that was in his nature, and the Spirit which summoned him to overcome that evil. No peculiar temptation beset him but such as is common to man; and had he been willing to endure the temporary pain which was needed, in order to his spiritual discipline, and bend his heart to the yoke of God's law, the victory over corruption might have been triumphantly accomplished. He was fully conscious that this discipline was needful, he knew that it ought to be regarded as the grand business of life, but it demanded sacrifices which it was hard for youth to make; and thinking that time would make that trial less, he resolved to enjoy the pleasures of sin *for a season*. Thus, without any outbreak of iniquity, without greatly offending man, or any loss of reputation, he glided on to the season of maturity. But the great internal conflict with the heart's corruption, the stern discipline of the soul, to which God imperatively calls every human being who would see his face in peace, remained undetermined. He was not fit to die, and he knew that he was not, and shrunk from death; but then that dread event seemed to him no nearer now than it did in his youth, and neither did it seem to him any easier to crucify the natural desires of the heart. And so he glided on to old age, the fires of earthly passion gradually smouldering, the energy of evil seeming to decay, but, alas! with no corresponding revival of the energies of virtue. The powers of darkness may appear to have left the field, but it is because they have won the field, and the day is theirs. All is over now, and the aged man is about to leave the world, the work left undone for which he was sent into the world. Had such an end been foretold him in his youth, as the certain result of such delay as he then medi-

ated, he would sooner have plucked out his ight eye, and cut off his right hand—he would ave stretched his body on the rack, or given imself to the flames—rather than have delayed or one hour the submission of his soul to God. But now that hour has come, and his sun is set- ing, he endures no agony; for the capacity to uffer seems gone, his moral nature is benumbed, is intellect is clouded; and without a fear, ithout a *hope*, without a thought of the past or f the future, he passes from his probation to is recompence. It is a quiet end, if indeed it ere the end; but if there be anything to come fter, if there must be a reckoning, if there ust be a destiny hereafter corresponding to the haracter—for the sake of such a life would you e willing to die such a death?

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. BOARDMAN JUDSON.

More than twenty years ago, Captain F., a British officer stationed at Tavoy, left that own, accompanied by a few followers, on a unting expedition, and strolled far into the ungle, among the wild dreary mountains of the Burmese wilderness. As he pursued his way, e was overtaken one night by a violent storm. The heavy rains which deluge this country in he summer had not as yet commenced; but they ere near at hand, and now sent an earnest f their approach which was anything but agree- ble to the traveller. All along his path hung he dripping trailers of foliage, and beneath his eet were the roots of vegetables, half-visible, alf-hidden in the mud; while the dark clouds, ith the rain almost incessantly pouring from hem, and the wretched clusters of bamboo huts hich appeared here and there in the gloomy aste of the wilderness around, and were digni- ied by the name of villages, made up a scene of lesolation absolutely indescribable.

A heavy burst of rain coming on in the early norning, just as the Captain approached a zayat, r open shed erected by the wayside for the emporary accommodation of travellers, drove im for shelter to this refuge, as he was at some listance from one of those primitive villages of hich we have spoken. Having hastily stepped eneath the roof, the young man, in no very ood humour with Asiatic jungles and tropical ains, somewhat sulkily "whistled for want of hought," as he watched the preparations which is servants were making for his morning re- ast.

"Ah! what miserable corners this world has, idden beyond its oceans, and buried amid its rees!"

This sage reflection had scarcely been made, when he was startled by the sudden apparition of a fair, smiling face, approaching the entrance of the zayat. The dripping figure of the lovely vision soon conveyed to him the information that the lady was a fellow-traveller, who had been overtaken by the storm which had driven him to this shelter; and so dispelled the illusion which at first led him to imagine, that she must have stepped that moment from the clouds! A party of wild Karens, the natives of those mountainous regions, gathered around her, bearing various slight burdens bespeaking human wants and cares.

The lady appeared as much surprised at the rencontre, so wholly unexpected on either side. She, however, curtseyed with ready grace, and made some pleasant remark in English, and then turned to retire. Here was a dilemma! He could not suffer his companion to go out into the rain, but how could he offer her suitable accommodation? The wretched hut, and the still more wretched breakfast! He hesitated and stammered out an apology; but her quick apprehension had taken it all in at a glance, and she at once relieved him from his embarrassment. Mentioning her name and errand, she smilingly added that the emergencies of the wilderness were no novelty to her; and now she begged leave to add her breakfast to his own, and make up a pleasant morning party. Then, beckoning to her Karens, she spoke to them in a few unintelligible words her wishes, and disappeared under a low shed—a mouldering appendage of the zayat. She quickly reappeared with the same sunny face, and in dry garments, and very pleasant indeed was the interview which followed between the pious officer and the lady-missionary.

This lady was Mrs. Boardman, then a widow; and she was engaged, at the time when Captain F. so unexpectedly met her, in making a tour, in the Karen wilderness, for the purpose of visiting the native converts and instructing them in the truths of the gospel, while her husband's successor was engaged in the study of the language. She was accompanied by her only child, her little George, a lovely boy of three or four years old, who was borne in the arms of her attached followers, beside her. Through wild mountain passes, over swollen streams and deceitful marshes, and among the craggy rocks and tangled shrubs of the jungle, she made her lonely way. Doubtless many a tale of thrilling interest she could have recounted of her adventures in these expeditions, but she was naturally of a modest and retiring temper, and even her most intimate friends could not succeed in drawing from her any details on the subject. They knew only that, impelled by earnest deep-rooted love to the work which she had spent

her life in effecting, she had found herself constrained to remain at her post, when death had carried away her fellow-labourer, her friend, her husband.

"When I first stood by the grave of my lost one, I thought," she wrote, "that I must go home with George. But then, these poor, inquiring, and Christian Karens, and the schoolboys, and the Burmese Christians, would be left with no one to instruct them; and the poor stupid Tavoyans would go on the road to death with none to warn them of their danger. How then, oh! how can I go?"

So she remained; left alone, indeed, with the wild, simple mountaineers flocking about her, and looking to her lips for the words of life and truth. It is said that she performed her important duties, so weighty and momentous as seldom fall to the lot of woman to fulfil, with a gentle, modest, and humble grace, that bespoke her partaker of the mind of her Divine Master meek and lowly of heart. And yet, with that soft womanly gentleness of manner, there was the firmness of Christian principle and the courage of true faith.

One of her letters, written to a friend during this time, gives us some idea of her daily life and labours. "Every moment of my time," she says, "is occupied, from sunrise till ten o'clock in the evening. It is now late bed-time, and I am surrounded by five Karen women, three of whom arrived this afternoon from the jungle, after having been separated from us nearly five months by the heavy rains. The Karens begin to come to us in companies; with them, and our scholars in the town, and the care of my darling boy, you will scarce think I have much leisure for letter writing. Oh! how our poor Karen brethren feel the stroke that has fallen upon them! and well they may, for he was to them a father and a guide!"

Having thus taken a glimpse at this true-hearted woman in the midst of her career, we will follow her back to the days of her childhood, and give our readers a short sketch of her life up to the time at which we have first introduced her to them.

Sarah Boardman Judson was born at Alstead, in the state of New Hampshire, Nov. 4th, 1803. She was the eldest child of Ralph and Abiah Hall, who removed, while Sarah was but a child, to Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. In her infancy, (to use her own pretty words, penned in early childhood,) she had lived "among beautiful groves, orchards filled with fruit-trees, and gently gliding streams." At that early age she gave promise of the beauty she possessed in after years. Her features were faultlessly moulded; her eyes sunny, blue, and gentle; her complexion transparently clear and her hair soft, "brown in the shade and golden in th sun." This lovely child was not what is com monly called the "favourite of fortune;" sh was the eldest of thirteen children, and in he earliest days learned the stern lesson of life, an became inured to toil and care. A tiny m volume, in a girlish hand, remained, in afte years, a relic of her busy childhood; and in it simple sentences was recorded the experience o her daily life. "My mother cannot spare m to attend school this winter," she writes, "so must make every effort in my power to improv at home." This short note, written at an ag when few children can frame a correct sentenc is characteristic of her mind. Improvemen mental improvement, was the great object afte which she sought.

Care always regulates and balances a characte by inducing sober thoughtfulness. And at th age of twelve years, Sarah had learned habit of thoughtfulness: although not decidedly pious her mind was already imbued with serious fee ing, and her little diary records the beginnin of a new year with this resolve, "I will thi year try to be truly thankful, and not forge the good God who so kindly watches over m youthful days." She very early showed a singula fondness for poetry, and whenever she coul spare an hour she tried to give utterance to he feelings in verse. There was left among he treasures a large mass of these poetical frag ments, some of which gave good promise. Bu the young songstress had no leisure. He hands and her thoughts were continually busy and she was busy to the end. From first t last her life was one of constant, diligent, bus activity.

At the age of seventeen there came a change— a birth unto new life. She shall tell it in her ow words. "I have this day, (June 4, 1820,) in th presence of the world, the holy angels, and th omniscient God, publicly manifested my deter mination to forsake the objects of earth, an live henceforth for heaven. What have done? Do I realize the import of the ste I have taken? Oh, my Saviour! I am weak and the heart is deceitful, but I do hope in th mercy."

The very same day she writes of "a long an serious conversation" she had held with he "beloved sister Harriet;" to whom she spoke o the affairs of her soul, urging her to seek salva tion where she had herself sought it, and found Already the little missionary was at work seizing on the field that lay nearest her, an labouring in her home circle. And even then the shadow of her future life began to be cas forward upon her spirit. "It is my arden desire," she said to a young friend, "that th glorious work of reformation may extend ti

every knee shall bow to the living God!" She could not bear, she added, to be inactive, while knowing that thousands were, at that hour, kneeling before senseless idols! Scarcely had she entered on the way of Christian life, ere she breathed the spirit of self-devotion, and sighed, "Oh! that I, too, could suffer privations, hardships, and discouragements, aye, and even find a watery grave, for the sake of bearing the news of salvation to the poor heathen."

Rare aspirations! strange and fraught with meaning! No mere enthusiastic utterances of fancied zeal; for the time was at hand when they were to be put to the test, and prove themselves sincere and lasting.

For the few years immediately succeeding her public profession of religion, the young disciple continued "deeply engaged in (her) studies, and other avocations numerous and imperious." One of her friends has related some particulars of her conduct at this period. She was zealously engaged in the work of tract distribution, and continued assiduously visiting in a certain district as long as she lived at Salem. She also established a prayer-meeting with some young ladies, her companions, which was greatly blessed to the good of those who attended; and she engaged in various efforts to instruct and assist those around her.

One anecdote, illustrative of her mode of conveying reproof and instruction, shall close our mention of these earlier years. At a house where she was visiting, a young gentleman had left a pack of gaming-cards on the table. Sarah saw them there, and wrote on the envelope, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Startled and conscience-stricken, the gentleman endeavoured to discover whence the warning came. But all he ever learned was conveyed in these lines, which reached him some time after:—

> "And wouldst thou know what friend sincere
> Reminds thee of thy doom?
> Repress the wish; yet thou may'st hear
> She shed for thee a pitying tear,
> For thine are paths of gloom."

We must now prepare to follow the young and ardent Sarah across the blue waters, to her far distant home in the land of the heathen. On the 4th of July, 1825, she was married to the Rev. George D. Boardman, of whom a slight sketch is thus drawn:—"His figure, though manly, gave no indications of physical strength. There were blue veins on his temples, a flush upon his cheek, and at times a kindling of the eye, which told a sad tale, that might be read with ease. It is seldom the destiny of one like him to number the threescore years and ten allotted to man. But on that brow, and in the eye, and round the pensive mouth, there was a something full of promise, a high-toned devotedness of character, and a solemn earnestness, that sufficed to indicate the mind within."

The two young enthusiastic spirits seem quickly to have recognised the kindred ties that bound them. There was but one meeting, and they had seen into each other's soul, and were thenceforth *one*. It was not, perhaps, to be wondered at that her family did not yield her up without a struggle. Poor Sarah had to bear her burden alone; for she received no encouragement from those she most loved, amid the sore struggles that accompanied the sacrifice she was making. The mother wept in anguish, and exclaimed, "I cannot part with you;" and her father's acquiescence was not yielded. But at length the hour came when she was to leave her father's house for ever; and she was seated in the stage-coach that would convey her to the ship which was to bear her "over the dark and distant sea." The family group had assembled to gaze at her for the last time; and her loving heart craved one only word: "Say, father, you are willing I should go," she cried, as she looked out at the coach window. "Yes, my child, I am willing!" was the answer; and so was the treasure resigned; and the glad spirit was sent on its way with cheerfulness. "Now I can go joyfully!" she responded: nor did she ever "look back" to the things which she had left behind; nor turned again by the way she had gone.

It had been the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman to proceed at once to Rangoon, and commence their life-labours immediately at that station. But on their arrival at Calcutta, they learned the disastrous tidings that all missionary labour was suspended at Ava, and that their fellow-missionaries, after enduring imprisonment and sufferings innumerable, had escaped with their lives only.

Under these circumstances, their only course was to remain at Calcutta, until the close of the war, and endeavour to prepare themselves for future usefulness. And here, for several months, they continued, studying under the instruction of a Burmese teacher. Here she wrote home: "I am blessed with excellent health, a most affectionate husband, a lovely infant daughter, and everything, in my outward circumstances, to make me comfortable and happy. I can truly say, 'My cup runneth over.'"

During her residence in Calcutta, Mrs. Boardman was in a situation of some danger to her spiritual well-being. A lovely wife, a fond proud mother, a most attractive companion, and an accomplished lady, she was described by her

A ZAYAT AND BURMESE TEMPLE.

English friends around her as "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman they had ever known." But this worldly prosperity and admiration were unfavourable to the growth and development of heart-piety. They were not fitted to prepare her for the missionary work on which her heart had been set. Imperceptibly her spirit lost its high tone of feeling, and the eye of her faith was dimmed. She afterwards, in a season of great trial, acknowledged that a single error, which stole upon her insensibly, through the speculative conversation of a friend who had much influence over her, brought a shadow and darkness over her mind. She ceased to discern the Divine Providence in the minute affairs of life. While she never questioned that the Almighty exercised a general superintendence over all events, she lost her hold on the simple, life-giving faith, that his goodness and mercy extend to the minutest things—that his Providence watches over our lying down and our rising up, and ordereth all our ways.

From this seductive and dangerous influence she was removed by the summons to a new and far different scene. On the 17th of April, 1827, the Boardmans arrived at Amherst, the place decided upon as the seat of the new missionary station. In two days after their arrival, Mrs. Boardman was first attacked by the disease which finally, after a long interval of health, brought her to the grave. Shortly after, it was decided that they should remove to Moulmain, and thither, carried in a litter to the water-side and placed in the boat that was to bear her to her new home, the languishing invalid was conveyed. About a month after her arrival, she wrote, with revived spirits and health, "It is our earnest desire to live, and labour, and die among this people."

Only four days after she had thus uttered the earnest devotion of her heart, a strange scene occurred in the dwelling-place of the defenceless and unsuspecting foreigners. During the night their house was pillaged, every article of value taken away, and, though strict search was made throughout the neighbourhood, no trace of the marauders was ever discovered.

It was at Tavoy, whither he repaired in the spring of 1828, that Mr. Boardman's missionary career really commenced. Here both husband and wife proceeded diligently to lay the foundations of the work, amid "unwearied toil, repeated repulses, and discouragements."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

CHRISTIANS of different ages have been the subjects of operations of the Spirit which have elevated the consciousness of their adoption, in a most exhilarating and transporting manner. They have hardly been able to contain themselves under the joyful emotions and sensations thus produced. These, however, should be carefully distinguished from the mere fervours of enthusiasm, and the rhapsodies of a heated imagination. Strong emotions may be produced by exciting appeals or representations from without, or the fervid operations of the mind's own powers. None, however, need be imposed upon by these extravagances so as to mistake them for the genuine exhilarations of the Divine Spirit, if they attend to the following marked points of difference. In this latter case the subjects of them are persons of sound, scriptural piety, of great sobriety of judgment, and acknowledged excellence of character. In the former they are usually sciolists, or new converts, of lively fancy and active imagination; but of no established character for sanctity or practical godliness. In the one case these exhilarations are in strict accordance with Scripture, and expressed in its own language: in the other, they are beyond Scripture, or beside it, and are frequently accompanied with calls to some extraordinary work, for which the party is fitted neither by nature nor by grace; or with impulses of an extravagant character, which have no warrant in Scripture. In short, when they are real and Divine, they increase the attention to the active duties of piety at the time, and when they subside they leave a visible improvement in the whole tone of the Christian's spirit and character, just as the face of Moses shone with an unusual lustre *after* the Almighty had ceased to talk with him. But when these illapses are of a lower origin, they administer not to the real holiness of the individual, to his humility or his usefulness; but are often accompanied, while they last, and followed after their cessation, with wide deviations from the line of duty and propriety. We have thus an effectual touchstone by which to try the spirits, and to see whether they be of God. He has not left his work without those characteristics which, in the view of every serious and considerate mind, at once discriminate it from all counterfeits or spurious imitations.

We may observe again:—These manifestations of the Spirit are sovereign in their communications. God reserves to himself the liberty of bestowing them according to his good pleasure, both as to the "times and seasons," and as to the individuals who are selected to receive them. But though they can neither be commanded nor anticipated by us, we may observe, as a general rule, that they are usually afforded in hours of devout meditation or earnest waiting upon God in his ordinances. Sometimes, indeed, they are preparatory to a more than ordinary encounter with difficulties; at others they occur as the recompence of fidelity and courage. The transfiguration of Christ prepared himself and his disciples for the agony, while the sight of his ascension, and the subsequent gifts of the Spirit, compensated them for his departure. But it is in perilous times, times of fierce persecution and conflict for the truth, that God has been most wont thus to favour his servants. To this let the songs of martyrs in prison and at the stake bear witness. Frequently have such raptures been experienced during the agonizing period of dissolving nature. God has enabled the departing spirit to triumph, as Stephen did, over all the terrors of the dying hour. Not in apostolic times only, but in all times have Christians been thus enabled to say, "As dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." And sometimes he has, by special manifestation of his gracious presence, made such seasons and such scenes exhilarating and glorious to a still higher degree. It has been not merely a triumph, but an ecstacy, a joy that overflowed with the fulness of glory.

Doubtless, there have been many participators of these heavenly exhilarations, who have not put them upon any permanent record. The fear of being deemed presumptuous, and the humility that kept them jealous of themselves, might deter them; but this was not doing God honour. "Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Others have acted differently and more wisely, with whose accounts most pious persons are familiar. The Rev. John Howe is an instance, not unknown, but deserving to be known more

extensively. In a leaf of his Bible, these words were found written with his own hand: "Dec. 26, 1688. After I had long, seriously, and repeatedly thought within myself, that besides a full and undoubted assent to the objects of faith, a vivifying, savoury taste and relish of them was also necessary, that with stronger force and more powerful energy they might penetrate into the most inward centre of my heart, and there being most deeply rooted and fixed, might govern my life; and that there could be no other sure ground whereon to conclude and pass a sound judgment on my good estate Godward; and after I had been, in the course of my preaching, long insisting on Paul's testimony of good conscience; this morning I awoke out of a most refreshing sleep, having had a most ravishing and delightful impression, as if a wonderful and copious stream of celestial rays from the lofty throne of the Divine Majesty had darted into my open and expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency, reflected on that very special pledge of special Divine favour vouchsafed to me on that noted, memorable day: and have, with repeated fresh pleasure, tasted the delight thereof.

"But what of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable beauty of my God, and the most pleasant, inexpressible fairness of the Holy Spirit, on Oct. 22, 1702, (thirteen years afterwards,) far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressible melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes for joy that God should *shed abroad* his love through the hearts of men so abundantly; and that for this very purpose mine own heart should be so signally possessed of and by his blessed Spirit."

Dr. Calamy, who preached his funeral sermon, says: "It was observed, and is to this day, I believe, remembered by some of his flock, that in his last illness, and when he had been declining for some time, he was once in a most affecting, melting, heavenly frame at the communion; and carried out into such a ravishing and transporting celebration of the love of Christ, that both he himself, and they who communicated with him, were apprehensive he would have expired in that very service."

The Rev. John Flavel, the well-known author of several standard theological works, gives, in his "Treatise of the Soul of Man," the following account of a season in his own religious experience, modestly relating it in the third person; "that in a journey on horseback he fell into a divine meditation, wherein he had such tokens of the love of God, and his interest in the Divine favour manifested to him, that *greatly surpassed all the rational and inferential evidences he had ever experienced of the Divine favour.* His rapture," he adds, "seemed so great that he imagined it would be too much for his weak body to sustain, and was constrained to pray that God would either strengthen his nature or restrain further Divine communications, saying, 'Lord, either withhold thy comforts, or enlarge the vessel to contain them, for I cannot bear these joys.'"

Mr. John Janeway, brother to the author of "A Token for Children," which has been greatly blessed, gives the subjoined account of a gracious visitation thus afforded to his aged and declining parent, after a season of deep dejection and abasement. "I visited him in his sickness, and found him in perfect possession of all his faculties; but, owing in a great measure to his constitutional melancholy, under dark and dismal apprehensions as to his standing right with God, and in a posture for future happiness with him. 'O, son,' said he to me, taking me by the hand, 'this passing into eternity is a great thing. This dying is solemn work, and enough to make any one's heart ache that hath not his pardon sealed;' adding, 'I am under no small fears for my future state. O that God would clear his love; O that I might be able to look death cheerfully in the face!'

"I retired deeply affected, after having suggested to him suitable topics of spiritual relief and comfort. I continued earnest in prayer with God, for his recovery out of that desponding state and experience of the light and glory of God's salvation. On my return, I found him in a flood of tears, which prevented him for awhile from speaking. At length he exclaimed, 'O, son, it is come. Now it is come. I bless God I can die. *The Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit, that I am his child.* Now I can look up to God as my dear Father, and to Christ as my Redeemer. I can now say, This is my friend, this is my beloved. My heart is full, brim full. I can hold no more. I know now what that sentence means, *The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall fill your hearts and minds.* I know now what that white stone is, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. And that weeping which you saw just now, was an overpowering flood of joy and rapture, which I could not restrain; so great was it that I could not for my heart contain myself; neither can I express what glorious discoveries God has made of himself to me. And had that joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body.'"

Yet must we not live upon these excitements, nor upon the expectation of them. The ordinary witness of the Spirit, by our own consciousness of possessing a gracious character, may be, and doubtless is, sufficient to carry us with com-

fort through our earthly pilgrimage. These illapses of the Spirit, these enkindlings of heavenly joys, are cordials to exhilarate rather than daily nourishment to support. They teach us what God can do, and has in store for us. Yet nothing hinders us, but our own unwatchfulness and unbelief, from aspiring after something of the same kind. Let us not forget, that in moments when these joys are least expected, but most needed, they may be enkindled within us. In some dire calamity; in the hour and power of Satan's temptation; under the stroke of bereavement, which rends the heart from earthly joys, and leaves it open to none but spiritual consolations; or in the conflict of nature's last sighs, these consolations of God with us may be neither few nor small. If, then, there be days of darkness before us, let us not, in anticipating their possibility, fail to anticipate the rainbow of hope in the cloud.*

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS.

LETTER V.

"Read and study the Scriptures carefully, wherein is the best learning, and only infallible truth."—*Archbishop Usher.*

"It is good for our profiting in reading the Scriptures, to observe special passages."—*Rev. Isaac Ambrose.*

In reading, especially Christian biography, it is interesting to notice, when practicable, how the Bible, so dear as a whole to such as are born again, has had its *separate* attractions, just like those spots in a landscape which taste, when cultivated, dwells upon with extraordinary delight.

Of Andrew Melville, whom Dr. M'Crie has immortalized, we only know that he often repeated favourite sentences from the Psalms in Hebrew. We are left ignorant what they were. In the case of many others, however, we know more.

Luther preferred the gospel of St. John to all the other sacred books, as containing more of the language of Christ himself. And that passage, (Rom. i. 17,) "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith," was "as the door of paradise" to him. How often did he meditate upon and sing the 46th Psalm; yet he said the 118th Psalm was *his* psalm.

One of Melancthon's favourite texts was Isa. lix. 21—"As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: my Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth, of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever."

To "holy Bilney," the martyr, 1 Tim. i. 15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief"—was "a sea of sweetness."

That renowned preacher, Robert Bolton, signalized "those sweetest promises," Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" Rev. xxi. 6, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely;" John vii. 37, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink;" Isa. lv. 1, etc., "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," etc. "Let," he said to the fearful believer, "thy trembling heart cleave to this impregnable truth, and thou art safe for ever."

Bishop Sanderson commended the frequent use of the Psalms of David, speaking to this purpose—"That they were the treasury of Christian comfort, fitted for all persons and necessities; able to raise the soul from dejection by the frequent mention of God's mercies to repentant sinners; to stir up holy desires; to increase joy; to moderate sorrow; to nourish hope, and teach us patience by waiting God's leisure; to beget a trust in the mercy, power, and providence of our Creator; and to cause a resignation of ourselves to his will; and then, and not till then, to believe ourselves happy."

Dr. Henry Wilkinson so delighted in 2 Chron. xxv. 9—"The Lord is able to give thee much more than this," as to frame from it his admirable treatise "On the All-sufficiency of God;" a doctrine which, he thought, will, amidst the various dispensations and vicissitudes of providence, be a divine cordial to relieve a fainting spirit, and swallow up and overcome all outward troubles, as Aaron's rod swallowed up all the rods of the Egyptian magicians.

The no less pious Philip Lord Wharton, while creating a trust for the annual distribution of 1050 Bibles, and so showing the love he felt for God's word as a whole, evinced his special estimate of the 1st, 15th, 25th, 37th, 101st, 113th, and 145th Psalms, by requiring that each child should repeat *them* "without book" before receiving a Bible.

The Honourable Sir Robert Harley often mentioned with joy 1 Cor. x. 13—"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." He said it was the first place whereby God gave him comfort. He often repeated too those golden texts, Rom. viii. 28, 32, "We know that all things work together for good to them that

* From "Christian Experience," by Dr. Leifchild.

love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" He said he knew no such cordials.

Philip Henry chose as his motto Rom. vi. 14—"Not under the law, but under grace." David's psalms and Paul's epistles were his especial delight.

The Rev. John Janeway particularly prized the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of John, and the 54th chapter of Isaiah. Baxter says, in his "Saints' Rest," that there is more worth in those four chapters, John 14, 15, 16, 17, than in all the books in the world beside.

Oliver Heywood advised to lay up such Scriptures as Rom. iii. 24, Isa. liii. 4—6, Isa. xliii. 25, Heb. viii. 12. He thought them worth "mines of gold, yea, all the world, in a day of darkness to the doubting Christian."

Bunyan tells us how "blessed" 1 Pet. i. 21, and 2 Pet. i. 16, were to him, when imprisoned; and what "great refreshments" he found in John xiv. 1—4, John xvi. 33, Col. iii. 3, 4, Heb. xii. 22—24, and 1 Pet. i. 8.

Lady Mary Vere, early left an orphan, felt a peculiar interest in Gen. xxii. 14—"In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." She chose for her motto, and it was found written in the front of most of the books in her closet, "God will provide."

The Rev. James Hervey was specially attached to Isa. xl. 11, Matt. xii. 20, Phil. i. 6—9, Rev. iii. 19.

Dr. Doddridge exceedingly liked the 89th Psalm.

In President Edwards's "Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in the Conversion of many hundred Souls in Northampton," he says: "While God was so remarkably present amongst us by his Spirit, there was no book so delightful as the Bible, especially the book of Psalms, the prophecies of Isaiah, and the New Testament."

That devoted missionary, David Brainerd, tells us how in reading the 3rd chapter of Exodus, and on to the 20th, he saw more of the glory and majesty of God discovered in those chapters than ever he had seen before; especially were the 3rd and 4th, and part of the 14th and 15th chapters, unspeakably sweet to his soul.

Butler, bishop of Durham, the author of the "Analogy," uniformly regulated his conduct by the apostolical precepts contained in Ephes. iv. 31, 32—"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

How exquisite the love of Bishop Horne to the book of Psalms. In the preface to his well-known commentary upon it, he tells us of the gladness with which he composed that popular work. "Could the author," is his language, "flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for he then grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent on those meditations on the songs of Sion he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and move smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet."

The meek and humble Robert Hall of Arnsby, who wrote the "Help to Zion's Travellers," found such singular comfort in Isa. xli. 14—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob"—as at times to be quite overpowered with it.

Lady Glenorchy mentions part of the 3rd chapter of the epistle to the Romans, where our state by nature and the way of redemption through a propitiatory sacrifice are set clearly forth, as having been much impressed upon her mind in answer to importunate prayer. "The eyes of my understanding," she writes, "were opened, and I saw wisdom and beauty in the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer."

The excellent wife of the Rev. Samuel Lavington, of Bideford, had learned to dwell with peculiar pleasure upon Isa. xxvi. 3—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee," and often repeated it.

Mr. Romaine fed for *temporals* upon Matt. vi. 32—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things"—meat, drink, and clothing, noticed in the preceding words. For *spirituals* upon Eph. i. 3—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." For *eternals* upon Rom. vi. 23—"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

So valued was 1 John v. 12—"He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the

Son hath not life"—by the Rev. Henry Venn that he said he had been "preserved" by it. He saw in it that Christ was enough for peace, and joy, and comfort.

Sir Richard Hill tells us that the contemplation of the Lord Jesus in his pastoral office brought the greatest delight and comfort to his soul. Those words, John x. 11, 28—"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep;" "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand"—were sweet to his taste.

His brother, good old Rowland Hill, used to observe that there are some texts of Scripture which seem to contain the whole Bible in a few words. "Where," he would ask, "is the beginning and where is the end of that text, 'Christ is all and in all?' It contains all the Bible in one sentence. Christ is 'the one thing needful;' here again is the Bible in a few words. 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' is another beautiful text of the same kind."

The Rev. Richard Watson remarked, how very rich the epistle to the Romans is, especially the 3rd chapter, in setting forth the atonement: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

So captivated was the accomplished Cornelius Neale with 1 Tim. i. 15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief"—that he desired to have it inscribed upon his tomb.

Mr. Orme, the lamented biographer of Owen and Baxter, thought Acts ii. 41—47 to contain one of the most beautiful pictures of religion which is anywhere presented in the word of God. And he unfolded it in a discourse on Christianity as understood and practised by the early Christians.

In Mr. Jay's Life of Cornelius Winter, whose presence, as I can well remember, "was the very element of piety," we are told that once, when he met with a painful accident, just after visiting a venerable dying woman, to whom he had read the 12th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, he said that every word was precious. but the 9th, 10th, and 11th verses came with such light and energy to his soul, that he could immediately have preached from them.

No verse refreshed Mr. Wilberforce more than Ps. cxlvii. 11—"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in his mercy." But such was his attachment to the writings of the apostle Paul, that he intended to write a work whose main purpose would be to enforce the duty of a diligent and attentive perusal of them.

When no other passage of Scripture attracted the particular attention of Mrs. Graham of New York, the epistle to the Hebrews was her usual study.

Bishop Burgess, who used to commit to memory whole chapters of the Bible, found the most sustaining words to be Rom. v. 1—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Bishop Jebb's favourite text was Ps. xxiii. 6—"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

John Taylor signalized the 12th chapter of the epistle to the Romans. "If," said he, "we had no other directions whatever for our conduct than those contained in that beautiful chapter, it would make a heaven upon earth, were they but attended to. It is an excellent chapter to read very often, and deeply and daily to study."

The 15th chapter of Luke's gospel seems to have been Mrs. Fry's favourite; and well did she exemplify its lessons.

Sir F. Fowell Buxton, who read an epistle at a time, was fond of the first epistle of Peter, the epistle of James and John, and that to the Colossians. The book of Psalms, too, had much of his regard, especially the first five verses of the 103rd.

We are told that during the last two or three days of Foster's life, the Scriptures, chiefly the psalms, were by his own desire exclusively read to him.

Lady Colquhoun held the 21st chapter of Matthew especially dear, and could seldom read the 22nd verse without tears:—"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." When near her end, the word of God was everything to her. Such texts as Isaiah xxxii. 2, John xiv. 27, John xvii. 24, and the last nine verses of the 6th chapter of the epistle to the Romans, were cordials which her spirit drank in when it cared for nothing else.

Dr. Chalmers derived much comfort from the text, "Be careful *for nothing*, but *in everything*, by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God."

Mr. Gilfillan pronounces the last six or seven Psalms to be the Beulah of the book. *There* (see his "Bards of the Bible") the sun shineth night and day, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

How commonly did Dr. Pye Smith give utterance to 1 Cor. xv. 10—"Not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

A PLEA FOR THE GIPSY.

THERE lives amongst us a strange wild people, of whom it may be truly said, as of Ishmael of old, "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them;" and to convert whom from the error of their ways would surely be a work acceptable to the Lord. The task would be a difficult one, but not hopeless, as the following slight sketch, written by one who had ample opportunity of testing the truth of what she affirms, may serve to show.

"A family of gipsies," writes this lady, "had for many years fixed their head-quarters in the neighbourhood of my own early home, and very disagreeable visitors they were considered to be. Did a donkey go astray, was a hen-roost depopulated, or an orchard robbed of its apples, every one was ready to say that the gipsies were the culprits, and they were thus made to bear the blame of all the mischief perpetrated in their vicinage; and in too many cases these accusations were no doubt true. But whilst we were constantly hearing of some fresh act of their dishonesty, we ourselves enjoyed a perfect immunity from their thefts, and we attributed their forbearance to the gratitude which they professed to cultivate for an act of kindness once rendered by my mother to a poor gipsy woman who was dangerously ill. They never forgot the assistance which had at that time been rendered to them; and whilst they spared our poultry-yard, and avoided our gardens, neither I nor my brothers and sisters ever passed the gipsy camp without receiving some evidence of their good-will; even the young men curtseying to us, to our great amusement. Nor were these gipsies satisfied with such lively manifestations of their own gratitude, but insisted on other tribes treating us with like respect; and many are the stories I remember of the anxiety they showed to protect us from every possible annoyance. For instance, on one occasion, I was riding through a very solitary lane, and had only a servant with me, when I suddenly came upon a party of gipsies, who surrounding me, greatly annoyed and half frightened me by their importunities. As I was debating with myself what course I should pursue, I was recognised by one of the group, who immediately coming forward, addressed the gipsies in their own language, and in such a tone of authority, that they all fell back instantly, leaving the road clear before me; and then turning to me, the gipsy added in English: 'Go on, my lady; we are sorry to have stopped you, or that one of your family should have met with annoyance from us.'

"At a subsequent period, some of the gipsy children became my pupils, and a most interesting task I found it to teach them, although it was grievous to discover their utter ignorance of the simplest tenets of the Christian faith. They had indeed some strange, wild notions of their own of a God, whom they were accustomed to address in words more like an incantation than a prayer; but of a Saviour they had never even heard, and listened to the stories of his love and mercy as they would have listened to some startling tale of fiction, often looking up into my face with wondering eyes, and saying with a half-incredulous smile, 'Is that truth you are telling me?'

"The glowing imagery of the east was fascinating to them; and they would repeat to me the Bible stories which they heard, in language at once so impassioned and so poetical, that at times it was difficult to believe that I was listening to the outpourings of minds wholly uncultivated. The greatest difficulty which I encountered in teaching them was to give them clear ideas of truth and honesty; for, like the Spartans of old, they thought that crime consisted not in the act, but in its detection.

"For a long time I was extremely careful not to expose them to the slightest temptation, and never for a moment allowed them to remain in a room by themselves. On one occasion, however, I was called away, and my pupils were necessarily left to their own devices. I was not long absent, and on my return the children seemed so perfectly quiet and orderly, that I had no suspicion of anything being wrong. That evening, however, my mother missed a favourite pair of scissors from her work-box; we searched for them everywhere, but without success, and then I remembered that I had left the gipsies alone by themselves in the study, and naturally imagined that they must have committed the theft.

"Still I did not like to accuse them on such very slight grounds: and when they came to their lessons on the following morning I merely mentioned to them the loss of the scissors, and asked them whether they had happened to see them.

"They distinctly denied having any recollection of them whatever; and as I had no proof of their having committed the robbery, I did not choose to charge them directly with it. In the course of our morning lesson, I took the opportunity of telling them several stories from Scripture, illustrative of the baseness of returning evil for good, and of the absolute necessity of honesty in their dealings with all men. The children listened attentively, but did not say one word about the scissors. Their lessons were finished, and they returned to their tents.

"That evening—it was a lovely summer's night—we had just finished a somewhat late tea, and were sitting with the windows of the room

open to the lawn, when suddenly we were startled by a rustling in the leaves close beside us, and in the clear moonlight we saw two figures gliding through the rose bushes, and in an instant afterwards the gipsies darted into the room, and Maria, throwing herself at my mother's feet, and placing the scissors in her lap, exclaimed: 'I have found them—I have found them, just outside the garden gate!'

"'No, Maria,' said my mother, gently, 'you have not found them just outside the garden gate. You have taken them from my work-box.'

"Maria's only answer was a violent sob. Profiting by the opportunity, my mother pointed out to the children the fault of which they had been guilty in a manner at once so gentle and so earnest, that by God's blessing their hearts were entirely softened, and from that moment to the time when I lost sight of them, I never knew them to be guilty of the slightest act of dishonesty, though Maria might have had every opportunity had she been so inclined, for she afterwards became our kitchen-maid.

"Maria had a younger sister, with whom, however, there was much more difficulty, for Ellen was a most lovely child, and wonderfully admired amongst her own people. Many a penny, she used to tell me, she made by tumbling and telling fortunes; and it was very hard, she thought, to become a Christian, if the profession of her faith was to curtail her profits. She wanted to make a compromise. She was quite willing to acknowledge that the Lord was God, but then we must permit her to bow herself in the house of Rimmon. Alas! are there not too many professing Christians amongst ourselves who seek to make the same compact with Jehovah? Poor Ellen! It was a sad struggle she had with her own heart before she could make up her mind to forego her gains, but I never shall forget the joy with which she once bounded into the room where I was sitting, exclaiming, 'I was at the fair yesterday, and I never threw a tumble, no, not one!'"

With such materials to work upon, think, reader, what good might be effected, if people would only set themselves in earnest to the task, with prayer for the Holy Spirit's aid.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION AND ITS REMEDY.

One of the causes of this mournful state of things is *defect in prayer;* and of course the cure lies somewhere next door to the cause. You are saying, "Oh that I were as in months past!" Come, my brother; we are going into the very root of the matter. One reason why it is not with you as in months past is this—you do not pray as you once did. Nothing brings such leanness into a man's soul as want of prayer. It is well said that a neglected closet is the birthplace of all evil. All good is born in the closet, all good springeth from it; there the Christian getteth it; but if he neglecteth his closet, then all evil comes of it. No man can progress in grace if he forsakes his closet. I care not how strong he may be in faith. Those who are strong and mighty in themselves cannot exist without prayer. If a man should have the spiritual might of fifty of God's choicest Christians in himself, he must die, if he did not continue to pray. My brother, cannot thou look back, and say, "Three or four months ago my prayers were more regular, more constant, more earnest than they are now; but now they are feeble, they are not sincere, they are not fervent, they are not earnest?" O brother, do not ask anybody what is the cause of thy grief; it is as plain as possible; you need not ask a question about it. There is the cause. And where is the remedy? Why, in more prayer, beloved. It was little prayer that brought you down; it is great prayer that will lift you up. It was lack of prayer that brought you into poverty; it must be increase of prayer that will bring you into riches again. Where no oxen are, the crib is clean. There is nothing for men to eat where there are no oxen to plough; and where there are no prayers to plough the soil, you have little to feed upon. We must be more earnest in prayer. Oh! beloved, might not the beam out of the wall cry against us? Our dusty closets might bear witness to our neglect of secret devotion: and that is the reason why it is not with us as in months past. My friends, if you were to compare the Christian to a steam-engine, you must make his prayers, fed by the Holy Spirit, to be the very fire which sustains his motion. Prayer is God's chosen vehicle of grace, and he is unwise who neglects it. Let me be doubly serious on this matter, and let me give a home-thrust to some. Dear friend, do you mean what you say, and do you believe what you say—that neglect of prayer will bring your soul into a most hazardous condition? If so, I will say no more to thee; for thou wilt easily guess the remedy for thy lamentable cry, "Oh that I were as in months past!" A certain merchant wishes that he were as rich as he used to be: he was wont to send his ships over to the gold country, to bring him home cargoes of gold; but ne'er a ship has been out of port lately, and therefore can he wonder that he has had no cargo of gold? So when a man prayeth he sends a ship to heaven, and it comes back laden with gold; but if he leaves off supplication, then his ship is weather-bound and stays at home, and no wonder that he cometh to be a poor man.—*Spurgeon.*

Page for the Young.

THE UGLY SUCKER.

THERE grew a little time since in a clergyman's garden a damask rose. The tree was small in itself, but it used to produce large quantities of very beautiful flowers. The clergyman was very fond of his tree, and many a time did he cut its rich red blossoms and send them to some sick person to adorn and perfume his room. When the cold winds of winter had passed away, and everything began to shoot and bud, this rose-tree was not behindhand, and its owner looked forward with great pleasure to seeing its richly coloured flowers again.

In process of time the buds began to form; but they were poor and small, and Mr. Graham began to think that his tree would not keep up its character, and that he would have no flowers. At last he observed how very lush one shoot of the tree had grown; indeed, every day it forced itself more and more upon his observation, for it was rapidly becoming quite a long twig. Up, up it shot, and indeed, at a little distance, it looked as though it were quite a distinct plant from the humble little tree from which it sprang. Well, here at any rate was promise of something good; the clergyman was no gardener, so he did not know but that from this branch he should have plenty of flowers, and he looked to it to make up the deficiencies of the other branches; but he looked in vain; there were leaves and thorns in abundance, but nothing more.

At length Mr. Graham bethought himself of applying to a neighbouring gardener, and asking his advice. The gardener arrived, and in one moment saw how the matter stood.

"Why, sir," said he, "this long sucker is doing all the mischief; it has taken all the strength out of the plant, and the sooner it comes off the better." So saying, the gardener began to feel in his pocket for his knife. Mr. Graham hesitated a little about having it cut down; he suggested that it might be pruned a little at the top or something of the kind, but the gardener insisted that it must come right off, and with one cut of his knife he soon had it low.

Even if the rose-bush gained no other advantage than getting rid of such an ill proportioned shoot, that was something in itself, but it gained a great deal more; from the day that the gardener rid it of such an incumbrance, it commenced to thrive again; some of the buds, which appeared withering, broke forth into beautiful flowers, many of the drooping leaves looked fresh and strong; once more, and the tree became itself again. The truth was, this ugly sucker had for a long time been doing it the greatest mischief; it had taken away all the nourishment from every other portion of the plant, and there was not a bud or leaf that did not feel its exhausting drain. And while it was thus proudly exalting itself, and making a magnificent show, and taking away nourishment from everything within its reach, it was quite good for nothing; it was a mere unhealthy growth; and if it had been allowed to remain, must have done great harm to the plant of which it was so unseemly a part. The gardener's knife seemed a quick, sharp remedy, much quicker than Mr. Graham liked at first, but the whole tree reaped the benefit of the application of its sharp edge, and now that the ugly sucker is gone, it is as good as it was in its brightest days.

But why have we taken so much trouble in chronicling the progress, the mischief, and the end of this ugly sucker? Certainly not for its own sake, but for that of our little readers, to whom it teaches one or two wholesome lessons.

Sometimes a very ugly sucker springs up in the heart, and does great damage there. We sometimes see many beautiful flowers in a child's life, such as kindness to companions, and gentleness of disposition, and diligence in study, and efforts to please, and denial of self, until up springs something that injures them all, and they begin to languish and die.

Selfishness is an ugly sucker; it will make everything else languish, it will take a prominent place, no doubt, alas! only too prominent; it will suck from everything else to feed itself; and when it has grown and thriven, what has it to show? Nothing but what is disproportioned, without beauty or use. Avoid selfishness, dear children: there are few uglier and more mischievous suckers than that.

Pride is another ugly sucker; how high it starts up! what a figure it makes! how much it strives to outtop all around! how little does it concern itself about detracting from its neighbour, provided only it can feed itself! It must needs concentrate all attention upon itself. But a haughty spirit goes before a fall, and if anything is to be done to avert the threatened ruin, the knife must be produced—this pride must be cut down. It will not do to prune it a little at the top, to hope that it will come to good, or anything of the kind; it must be severed altogether and cast away.

Idleness is another very ugly sucker; one which, I am sorry to say, is by no means uncommon, and runs very high. You generally find that there is very little to admire in an idle boy, idleness seems to wither a multitude of good feelings which otherwise might have produced beautiful blossoms. It is hard to be idle without being vicious; and idleness, if it have nothing else to feed upon, will live on a man's soul, and then everything is in the fair way not only to languish, but to die.

Try your own hearts, dear children, and see whether you have anything springing up there at all like this ugly sucker; if so, cut it down at once; so long as you allow it to remain, it will dwarf and starve everything that is good. Pray, too, for the Holy Spirit of God to assist you in this blessed work.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Who built Nineveh?

14. What city was figuratively called the hammer of the whole earth?

15. Where do you find allusion made to the eggs of the ostrich and the want of care in the parent bird?

16. What examples can you point out of those who were in the habit of worshipping toward Jerusalem?

17. What converts did St. Paul baptize at Corinth?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

GRACE HEARING FROM HER BANKRUPT HUSBAND THE TIDINGS OF THEIR RUIN.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XI.

I HAVE said that the husband of my owner rarely intruded into the pleasant little room which had been set apart for her especial use. One evening, however, returning earlier than was his wont from his daily employments, he entered the apartment, and finding that his wife was there alone, he seated himself silently by her side.

My owner looked up from her work with a smile of welcome. "This is an unexpected pleasure, Frank," she said. "I did not expect you home for these two hours. But——" and she suddenly checked herself, and her smile gave place to a look of alarm, as she more closely scanned his countenance, and saw how grave and even sad was its expression—"but, dear Frank, are you not well?"

"Well! oh yes, Grace, quite well," he said; but he spoke like one in a dream, and he gazed almost vacantly at his wife, as though he saw her not, and were looking at something beyond.

"Dearest Frank, you surely are ill," she said, with increasing alarm; and she took his hand in one of her own, and laid the other gently on his

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

arm. "You are not well, dear husband; your hand is cold—so very cold."

"Indeed I am well, Grace," he replied, passing his disengaged hand across his brow. "There," he added, in a more composed and cheerful tone, "it is all over now, and I feel like myself again."

"You have overtired yourself, Frank. These long walks to and from business every day are too much for you. You ought to ride sometimes; you should indeed."

The husband started, and rising from his seat, walked to the window, and looked out.

It was a summer's evening, and the sun was near its setting. The scene upon which the window opened was pleasant to mortal senses. I have said that my owner's habitation was near to a populous town; but it was secluded from noise and confusion; and bright glimpses of wooded eminences were to be seen in the distance; and close beneath was a garden of flowers, lovely to the eye, white on a balcony close by the open window were yet richer and choicer—as men call them—specimens of creative skill and beauty. My owner loved flowers with a cultivated taste and christianly love.

Not then, however, to admire aught that was admirable, did the evidently disturbed husband station himself for a passing moment at the open window; but rather to hide from his anxious wife emotions which he could not control. After a short interval, he retraced his steps, and re-seated himself by the side of his faithful counsellor.

Her eye was still fixed on him in affectionate suspense and awakened concern. "Frank, dear Frank," she said, in a tremulous voice, "something troubles you: you will not hide it from me?"

"I will not, because I cannot," he said, and groaned deeply. "Would that I could bear it alone: for I alone ought to bear it. Dear Grace, I fear that I am—that *we* are—ruined;" and the strong man, who alone could have met the evil with a brave undaunted heart, sighed as he thought of the wife of his bosom and the children of his affection, as sharers in the calamity which threatened to overwhelm him, and his hand trembled as he convulsively clasped that of his wife.

"Ruined! How can this be, dear husband?" she asked, in sudden alarm.

And then, drawing closer to her, he told, in a troubled voice, how it had come to pass that others in whom he had trusted, and with whose worldly affairs his own were inextricably interwoven, had involved themselves in secret speculations which had plunged them at once into fearful embarrassments, thereby proving the truth of the declaration and warning which I am commissioned to give, and, alas! so often unavailingly: "They that *will be* rich, fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

"But, dear Frank," interposed my agitated owner, when her husband had briefly made an end of speaking, "how can this affect you? *You* have not speculated."

"No; but I have rashly and unwisely trusted; so that all and more than all I possess will not suffice to avert the consequences," he said, sorrowfully.

"Is there no hope?" the troubled wife asked; and her lips paled and trembled exceedingly.

"None, dear Grace: I see no hope;" and then he further explained how, before many days should pass away, his name would be dishonoured, his reputation blasted, and his wealth crumbled and vanished. "It is hard to bear," he said.

"And nothing can be done, dear Frank?—nothing?" once more asked his wife anxiously.

"Nothing that an honourable man may do, Grace," he continued. "There is a resource by which I might—if I could avail myself of it—break the force of the blow, and secure to myself some part, and a large part, too, of the wreck which must be made. I might do this, Grace, if I did not care for other consequences, and choose to involve others, as innocent and unsuspecting as I have been, in my own ruin. There is *that* way open to me," he said, bitterly.

"But it is a way in which you cannot go, Frank," said my owner, firmly.

"There are many who will call me a fool, Grace, for not taking advantage of my present commercial reputation, to gain time at any rate, and to secure something to fall back upon when the worst comes."

"You cannot do it, Frank," said the wife, with additional firmness; and her countenance was momentarily irradiated with a cheerful smile.

"I knew you would say so, Grace; I cannot, indeed, do it; and yet——"

"It must not be thought of, dear husband," said my owner, interrupting her husband while he was yet speaking, lest his mind should waver, and lest, by becoming familiarized with the idea of dishonour, he should cease to think it so. "We may not be able to avoid poverty, Frank; but we must not suffer ourselves to think of doing wrong. We are taught to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" she added, "and we must not lead ourselves into temptation. Our

prayer must now be, 'Let integrity and uprightness preserve us; for we trust in Thee.'"

Long did Grace and her husband sit that evening, calmly, after the first shock was over, though gravely and somewhat sadly and earnestly, speaking of the trouble which had abruptly come upon them. Sudden it was; for, on leaving home that morning, the hitherto prosperous man might have exulted in his present wealth and future prospects, and said, in the too confident language of one of whom I tell, "My mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved." And now the passing away of twelve short hours had lifted the curtain which concealed the future, and shown him that his next step, and many succeeding steps, must be downward—deep in the valley of humiliation and adversity.

Think not, reader, that the trial was light, even for a Christian man and woman to endure. Faith in my Divine Master, and in the promises which I am permitted to convey to the tempted and distressed, of help in time of need, does not harden the heart against suffering and sorrow. But it gives strength to bear, and hope to brighten; and the full persuasion that "all things work together for good to them that love God" enables the afflicted saint to say, "Our *light* affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

And pleasant was it, in those hours of outward distress, to see how faith in God, and confidence in his love and tender care, asserted their rightful pre-eminence in the souls of the stricken ones; and how, also, as the fruit of this, their love towards each other was strengthened, and they were drawn together by closer bonds of soul-union even than before, when all was bright around and above them. No querulous reproach did my owner utter then, nor ever after, against her husband for the folly and overweening confidence in others wherewith he reproached himself as the cause of his ruin; and no word but of the kindest sympathy and strong affection for her who was the sharer of his cares escaped his lips in momentary irritation or forgetfulness.

Well was it also that, both at this time and when thereafter the stroke descended with all its sorrowful consequences in full anticipation, no strong, angry, passionate, resentful, or revengeful feelings animated either heart, giving expression to indignant and wrathful words against those who had abused trust and brought upon their victims the evils of poverty and commercial disgrace. Rather did the forgiving spirit of my Master and theirs shine brightly by reflection from them—that spirit which breathes in those gentle commands of his which it is mine to perpetuate and enforce: "I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; pray for them that despitefully use you;" and again: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Pleasant it was, therefore, to perceive how, even then, though with hearts sorely wounded, and with dark clouds overshadowing them, these Christians—not in word only, but in deed and in truth!—had "the peace of God" shed abroad in their hearts.

And pleasant was it to my spirit to listen to the earnest supplications which ascended at that time to the highest heaven from that stricken pair; not so much that the sudden affliction might be removed, as that it might be sanctified, and cause them to bear more fruit to their Saviour's honour; and that they might be kept from dishonouring the holy name whereby they were called, either by devices of crooked policy, or by murmuring against their Father's will, or distrusting their Father's grace.

"Dear Frank," said my owner, as they still sat and communed, while twilight was gathering around, "it does not seem so very terrible after all. I feel sure that God will not forsake us: only let us not forsake him."

Her husband's lips moved responsively.

"It was time for us to have some trouble," she continued; "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. We have been permitted to enjoy ten years—ten long years, Frank—of uninterrupted prosperity; our cup has, indeed, run over with temporal blessings; and it may be that our heavenly Father has seen dangers which we have not even suspected; and he is now afflicting us in very mercy. Cannot we say, dear husband, 'We know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted us?'"

"We must pray for faith that we may say so," responded the husband, with quivering lips.

"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" asked my owner, gently but earnestly. "We must not forget this, and that what we call evil may be only a blessing in disguise, dear Frank. And let us think how much harder to bear some trials would be, even than this." And thus the weaker comforted and encouraged the stronger with many such words.

And later still on that eventful day, when my owner was left for an hour alone, did she, by the light of her solitary lamp, turn to me for some

message which should comfort her soul by increasing her faith and stimulating her hope; nor did she seek in vain. With strong emotions of love and gratitude, and with firm unshaken confidence, did she seek to be reminded of those engagements to which she was no stranger—engagements of the Holy One and the Saviour, to be with his servants in all trouble; so that "though passing through the waters," the waters should not overflow them, and that "walking through the fire," they should not be burned, nor the flame kindle upon them.

And many such things are with me, which may briefly be summed up in these words, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."

THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.

THE loss of children is among the heaviest trials that parents have to endure. How many a one who held his head high has been brought down to the very dust by the death of a child!

David, king of Israel, was a mighty man, and he had a heart often bold as a lion; but when the news reached him that his rebellious son Absalom was dead, he went up into his chamber and wept. We may judge by his language of the intensity of his grief. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" says he, "would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

When Jephthah found that his rash vow had made him fatherless, by dooming to death his only child—for beside her he had neither son nor daughter—how great was his affliction! "And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes and said, Alas! my daughter! thou hast brought me very low."

"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." (Jer. xxxi. 15.) That must be no common grief that refuses consolation, and this strong figurative description of it is very forcible. A mother carried away into reckless affliction, by her agonizing solicitude for her departed child, is an affecting picture. But why should we go back thousands of years? Is not death among us now? Is it not in the habitation of our neighbours? nay, in our own dwellings? Experience! tell us somewhat of the scenes thou hast witnessed. Memory! let thy scroll be unrolled, bestained as it may be with thy tears.

We knew one who carried himself high, and thought much of titles and worldly distinctions: his estate would have lost its value in his estimation, if he could not have transmitted it unimpaired to his son. High as he was, and wedded to family genealogy, yet was he kind and courteous to an extreme. How was he changed in a moment! His child died; his kindness and his courtesy forsook him; and when we paid him a visit of condolence, a bear robbed of her whelps could hardly have been more irascible. For a season he completely abandoned himself to his grief. Why should we thus rebel against God? "Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will say unto him, What doest thou?" Job ix. 12.

Well do we remember Jennings, a village blacksmith. He was a man strong, and proud of his strength. Seldom have we seen a broader back than his, or a thicker arm. His iron frame seemed tied together with sinews of wire, and yet for all this we have seen him sit down in his chair and cry like a child. We happened to call in when his poor babe lay dead in its little crib; and the strength of the strong man was brought low, and the pride of the proud man was humbled. Jennings would have borne pain and privation like a martyr, but he could not bear the loss of the little one that he had dandled on his knee and folded in his strong arms. When we saw such a man as Jennings sobbing and weeping, it was all in vain for us to try to restrain our tears.

It was in a lovely county, studded with beautiful lakes, tarns, waterfalls, and romantic mountains, that we made a call on an aged man, whose thoughtful brow wore a gloom in the midst of his kindly attentions. He showed us the goodliest prospects, and took us to the most favourable points from whence we might observe them. He walked with us through the deep seclusions of his delightful abode, and he took us to a bowery alcove, where we seated ourselves beside him. It was here that, conversing on the shadowy past, his voice faltered, and the tears rolled down his time-worn cheeks.

But why was it that the aged man was beclouded with grief? Alas! he had lost a daughter. With her he had gazed on the fair prospect around us; with her he had again and again roamed where we had wandered, and with her he had sat in the leafy bower in which we were then seated. We knew what it was to lose a child, and we could not be unmoved. It was the Laureate of England who was weeping beside us.

We lately visited, among our Christian friends, a married pair who had lived in a sultry clime, where the voice of the Lord is heard in the hurricane, and the torn plantations bow beneath the whirlwind. They had pitched their tent in England's milder clime. Peace had taken up her abode with them; and their numerous offspring were as olive plants around their table.

The refinements of life were blended with holier hopes; and books, drawing, music, and languages, though enjoyed, were as the dust of the balance compared with the things of eternity. The father looked on his progeny with affectionate exultation, and the mother, with conscious pleasure, though she had her solicitude. So is it sometimes with the poor bird that appears to be happy with her young, when, alas! there are thorns in the nest which pierce through the down that lines it, known and felt by her alone. Time passed on, and we again called at that habitation. Death had been among its inmates, and taken away a daughter. Few words were spoken about her by her bereaved parents, but those few told us that grief had been busy at their hearts.

Be comforted, ye afflicted ones, in following your beloved to her heavenly home. "Had she been spared to you, how slowly could you have taught her, and in the full ripeness of her age, what had she been when compared with what she now is?" Christian parents of Christian children, take to yourselves consolation.

> Look up with grateful joy and weep no more;
> To you the precious privilege is given,
> Better than adding thousands to your store,
> Of adding angels to the host of heaven.

Christian! the loss of children may be among the thorns in thy pathway through the world; but though they may wound thee, yet look unto thy Lord, and he shall give thee not only patience to endure them, but also strong consolation, and hope, and faith, and peace, and heavenly joy.*

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. BOARDMAN JUDSON.

SECOND PAPER.

A SCHOOL for boys was established, and then one for the girls, the assistant for which had first to be taught the language by the missionary's wife. Very touching and deeply interesting to the heart of the Christian is the record given of the patient endurance and self-devotion which was manifested by the noble-hearted Mrs. Boardman and her partner, as they thus toiled on. Alas! sickness overtook them; severe illness again visited Mrs. Boardman, and her whole constitution was greatly impaired. Her infant son, too, was feeble and sickly; nor did the husband and father look like his former self. Like the shadows of a fading leaf, an indistinct arc of mingled ash and purple was seen beneath those bright though hollow eyes, and the finger of disease had touched him. None of the family were in health, save the "rosy little daughter," the "beautiful, darling, lovely Sarah Ann."

Alas! poor mother; scarcely had she written to her parents of the delight and happiness this lovely child was to her, when she was called on to part from her. Exquisite was her grief, and all the greater because the blow came wholly unexpected. "Never once did it occur to me," she said, "all the time my child was with me, that she could die; she seemed so full of life and health." The mourner wrote these words in lowly penitence, for she felt that her forgetfulness had been strange and unwarrantable; and her eyes were opened to see that the chastisement was sent to call back her wandering heart to the Father of mercies. Now that her child was taken from her, she knew for what purpose this desolation had been wrought. She felt that the eye of God had been upon her; and from that moment her vision was cleared, and she learned to wait, and watch, and obey. With sweet trustfulness she bore ever after the trials that were allotted to her; though severer losses and heavier griefs were in store, she passed through them, with weeping eye, but with confiding heart.

We cannot pause to tell the sad story of the gradual decline, the withering sickness, day by day increasing with sad inroads, and the patient endurance of the suffering missionary, nor can we dwell on the gentle care and watchful tenderness of his afflicted partner. The malady which had early been implanted in his constitution had been greatly increased by the hardships Mr. Boardman endured in his village preaching at Tavoy. He used sometimes to walk twenty miles in a day, preaching and teaching as he went, and at night have no shelter but an open zayat, no food at all fitted to sustain his failing nature, and no couch except a straw mat on the cold bamboo floor. And even when sickness oppressed him, he would not relax in his labours. And now it was given him to taste some sweet fruits of all his toil and self-denying effort. The hearts of the wild Karens were touched; and during the last two years of his life he gathered a small church of native converts from the midst of the darkness of heathenism around, and rejoiced in the hopeful prospect of increasing success.

There is a long, tender, and pathetic letter from Mrs. Boardman, written shortly after the death of her beloved husband, that describes very beautifully and simply the history of his last few weeks, and closes with the account of his experience when on the borders of the eternal world. His spirit was filled with heavenly and Divine peace, and he spoke of the infinite compassion of God, and his joyful anticipations of the heavenly inheritance. Arousing himself to give parting counsels to his poor converts, he bade them remember the words he had spoken,

* Abridged from "Memoirs of Old Humphrey."

and persevere unto the end in believing; and for himself he gave this testimony, "God is calling me away from you, and I have no hope but in the wonderful, condescending, infinite mercy of God, through his dear Son."

The circumstances attending on his departure were distressing, and very painful to his poor wife. He was returning from one of his tours among the people, when death overtook him; and he expired as he was being carried to the boat which was to convey him home.

The event was thus mentioned by Mr. Judson in a letter, dated Rangoon, Feb. 28, 1831: "One of the brightest luminaries of Burmah is extinguished; dear brother Boardman has gone to his eternal rest. I have heard no particulars, except that he died on returning from his last expedition to the Karen villages, within one day's march from Tavoy. He fell gloriously, at the head of his troops, in the arms of victory; thirty-eight wild Karens having been brought into the camp of Jesus since the beginning of the year, besides the thirty-two that were brought in during the two preceding years. Disabled by mortal wounds, he was obliged through the whole of his last expedition to be carried on a litter; but his presence was a host; and the Holy Spirit accompanied his dying whispers with almighty influence. Such a death must be glorious in the eyes of heaven. . . . . I have great confidence in sister Boardman, that she will not desert her husband's post, but carry on the work which he has so gloriously begun." Thus was the sorrowing yet thankful mourner left alone! Alone? No, there was her smiling fatherless boy, for whom she had so tenderly pleaded with his dying father, when she saw his departure was at hand: "My love, I have one request to make; it is that you would pray much for George, during your few remaining days. I shall soon be left, almost the only one on earth to pray for him, and I have great confidence in your dying prayers." Her request was not made in vain; on the day of his death, her husband said to her, "Since you spoke to me about George, I have prayed for him almost incessantly—more than in all my life before."

With this child of many prayers left to her, she was not alone; and, above all, God was with her, and she felt his presence, and feared no evil.

Conscious of her need of advice, and anxious to obtain the counsel of her Christian friends and fellow-workers, she says, in one of her letters, some short time after her husband's death, "I am about writing to Maulmain, Rangoon, and Mergui, to ask the advice of my brethren and sisters, feeling the weakness of my own judgment." But before these letters were dispatched, she received the following from Mr. Judson:—

"*Rangoon, March 4th*, 1831.

"My dear sister—you are now drinking the bitter cup whose dregs I am somewhat acquainted with; and though for some time you have been aware of its approach, I venture to say, it is far bitterer than you expected. . . . . I can only advise you to take the cup with both hands, and sit down quietly to the repast which God has appointed for your sanctification. As to your beloved, you know that all his tears are wiped away, and that the diadem which now encircles his brow outshines the sun. While, therefore, your tears flow, let a due proportion be tears of joy. Yet take the bitter cup with both hands; you will soon learn a secret—that there is sweetness at the bottom. You will find heaven coming near to you; and familiarity with your husband's voice will be a connecting link, drawing you almost within the sphere of celestial music. . . . . I think, from what I know of your mind, that you will not desert the post, but remain to carry on his work. The Karens of Tavoy regard you as their spiritual mother, and the dying prayers of your beloved are waiting to be answered in blessings on your instructions."

The writer adds some wise and friendly suggestions for the guidance of the widow, and concludes with offering assistance, and with making provision for her own personal comfort and that of her child. All this, coming as it did long before she could hear from her friends in America, was a source of inexpressible relief. And so, by the time the invitation to return to the happy home of her childhood had reached her, she was prepared to give a decisive answer.

We have already seen how Mrs. Boardman executed the task she had undertaken. At the time we first introduced her to our readers, she had been nearly three years a widow; during which period she had continued perseveringly to fulfil to the utmost of her powers the duties that multiplied upon her. She appears to have been especially successful in the establishment and management of schools; and by her quiet, unassuming manner, she obtained favour in the eyes of the government, and her day-schools were entirely supported for some time by the Honourable Company's allowance. It is a proof of the successful operation of her plans, that an appropriation was afterwards obtained from Government, for schools throughout the provinces, "to be conducted on the plan of Mrs. Boardman's schools at Tavoy."

We have slightly touched on the different spheres of labour and effort in which the lonely missionary widow was, from time to time, engaged. In several instances she is known to

have conducted the worship of 200 or 300 Karens, through the medium of her Burmese interpreter, when she made those occasional tours in the neighbourhood around Tavoy; and such was her modest manner of accomplishing the unusual task, that she gave no offence. It is even said "the most fastidious were pleased," and that "a high officer of the English church saw fit to bestow upon her unqualified praise." Her character and habits, however, prevented her feeling at ease in the performance of such services; and as the duty which called her to them arose out of peculiar circumstances, so soon as an opportunity offered she gladly relinquished the task in favour of one better suited to its performance.

At the commencement of the fourth year of her widowhood, and the thirty-first of her age, Mrs. Boardman was married to Dr. Judson, then resident at Maulmain. She parted from her "beloved Karens" with less regret because she left them in charge of judicious and devoted teachers. But she never forgot them; and for many years required a list to be sent to her of all their converts, and often had reason to rejoice in seeing therein the answer to her prayers, and the fruit of her labours in times bygone.

Great was the change at Maulmain, since the youthful Boardmans had first erected their bamboo cottage in the jungle, and since they mourned at their early removal from a scene then so unpromising. When they left, there were but three native members of the infant church. Now, under the care of Dr. Judson, there were three flourishing churches.

This was, indeed, a prospect full of encouragement; but it was only like the small drops before the abundant rain; and there was much to occupy the heart and hand of the newcomer. Year followed year; a life full of patient toil and quiet endurance was before her, in which there was much full of interest to encounter, but only here and there an incident to tell. Her husband wrote shortly after their marriage in terms of affectionate love concerning her: "I am very happy with her; she is possessed of an affectionate, amiable, and pious spirit; is well acquainted with the Burmese language, and is a great help to me in all respects." And she, at the close of the first year in her new home, said: "I can truly say the mission cause is increasingly dear to me every month of my life; and I am now united to one whose heavenly example and spirit are deeply calculated to make me more truly devoted to my work than I ever have been before."

Mrs. Judson had acquired a very remarkable proficiency in the Burmese language. In conversation, prayer, and writing, she possessed an uncommon degree of correctness, fluency, and power. Her acquaintance with, and attachment to, the Burmese Bible were extraordinary, and she said she took more pleasure and derived more profit from the perusal of that translation than from the English. Her translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Burmese was pronounced to be one of the best pieces of composition the missionaries had then published, and she produced several other useful tracts and volumes.

But, after her second marriage, she gave her attention to the study of the Peguan, a language entirely new to her, at which she laboured with patient assiduity for three or four years, at length attaining no inconsiderable knowledge of it, sufficient to enable her to superintend the translation of the New Testament and some tracts into the language.

One pleasing little peep is given into her study while she was thus occupied. Writing to her parents she says: "The little ones play in the verandah adjoining the room where I sit, all the day, with my Peguan translator. It is open to the road, and I often have inquirers. Since I commenced this letter, I happened to look up, and saw a man, leaning over the balustrade, looking at me very attentively. The thought occurred to me, that he may be one of the dear *chosen ones*, and may have been guided hither to hear the blessed gospel. So I asked him what he wanted. He replied he was looking to see me write. I immediately laid down my pen, and invited him in, and he sat a long time, listening to the truth. He has been residing for many years at Pegu, and came here for trade. While strolling about the streets he was led by curiosity hither; and oh, may it be for the salvation of his soul!"

A sore trial awaited Mrs. Judson shortly after her marriage. It was one she had long anticipated; for well she know that her darling, her only one, the beloved George, must be sent away to the native land of his parents, unless he could pay the penalty of becoming a cripple in mind and muscle. It is useless to endeavour to paint the feelings of the mother when thus called on to surrender the dear treasure of her heart. "My heart is full," she wrote to her sister; "yesterday my darling George, my only one, bade us a long farewell. Oh! I shall never forget his looks as he stood and gazed at me for the last time. His eyes were filled with tears, and his little face red with suppressed emotion. But he subdued his feelings, and it was not till he had turned away, and was going down the steps, that he burst into a flood of tears. I hurried to my room, and on my knees, with my whole heart, gave him up to God; and my bursting heart was comforted from above. I felt such a love to poor perishing souls, as made

BURMESE SCHOOL, WITH SACRED POSTS.

me willing to give up all, that I might aid in the work of bringing them to Christ. The love of God, manifested in sending his only-begotten and well-beloved Son into this world, to die for *our* sins, touched my heart, and I felt satisfaction in laying upon the altar my only son. This is, in some respects, the severest trial I have ever met with."

Sad and yet enviable mother, with thy griefs and consolations! Thy reward is sure. "There is no man that hath left father or mother, or wife, or children, for my sake and the gospel's," saith the Saviour, "but he shall receive a hundredfold now, in this time; and in the world to come eternal life."

Many years after, the joyful tidings reached Mrs. Judson, that her beloved George, the child whom she had thus yielded up in humble faith, had given evidence that he had become a child of God. In the gladness of her soul, she wrote to him: "This is the fifteenth anniversary of your birthday; and oh how comforting to my anxious heart is the thought, that you have decided on the most momentous of all subjects, and decided right. How full of anguish would my heart be, had I not a hope, now that you have arrived at this age, that you were a Christian. Blessed be God! I have this sweet, this cheering, this most consoling of all hopes, to sustain my heart, when ready to sink as it measures the distance between us, and looks back on my long separation from you, my darling eldest son. Tears come to my eyes, and I am ready to throw aside my pen, and obey the strong impulse to weep, as I think of the endearments of your infancy, and the sweetness of your childhood, when your soft cheek was pressed to mine, and all your little griefs were buried and forgotten in my bosom. I always think of you as the little innocent prattling boy you then were; but the picture must change; and I must try to imagine you growing up a tall young man."

The letter goes on to give the young Christian some touching and instructive admonitions, to "live with religion in daily exercise in his soul;" and closes with the three injunctions—

"Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you.

"Pray without ceasing.

"Watch unto prayer."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

FERVENT EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

"The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—*James* v. 16.

THE kind of prayer here referred to by the apostle is especially that of intercession. If we have sinned or trespassed against our brethren, we are told to confess our faults to them, and to pray for one another that we may be healed. Fervent intercessory prayer is peculiarly acceptable to God. It is, indeed, a great privilege to be allowed to ask blessings for our fellow-creatures, under a good assurance that our petitions will be granted by the God of all grace. The subject deserves to be looked into with devout attention.

I. The person praying is described as *a righteous man.*

It is necessary to observe that Christian righteousness is very different from that which obtains merely between man and man. We may render to our fellow-creatures all that they rightly demand of us; and so we may be upright and honourable members of civil society; whilst we are far from being righteous in the sight of God. There are claims which the Divine being has upon our heart and affections, as well as upon our lives, which none of us naturally render unto him. In this respect, "there is none righteous, no, not one." We must, therefore, seek for such a righteousness as God will accept and acknowledge. This is described as "the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe: being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." A righteous man is, therefore, one who has by faith an interest in Christ as "the Lord our righteousness," and who brings forth corresponding fruits in his walk and conversation.

II. The *fervent effectual prayer* might be more literally rendered, the *energetic* or *inwrought* prayer. The same word is used by the apostle Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians when he is describing the gifts wrought in primitive believers by the Divine Spirit. We have a similar idea expressed in the injunction, "praying in the Holy Ghost." So also we read of the Spirit making intercession for us (or in us) with groanings which cannot be uttered. And St. Paul speaks of the Spirit which "worketh in me mightily." This energetic prayer is an impassioned prayer of faith, wrought in the heart by the Spirit of grace, and sustained by his power. The righteous man sees a promise which is peculiarly impressed upon his mind, and which he feels himself strongly drawn out to seek; and he does not faint or tire in supplication until his suit is obtained. It is like the prayer of wrestling Jacob, who remembered the promise of his God, and in the time of extremity repaired to the mercy-seat; where, finding that he had a hold of the Eternal One, he resolved that he would not let him go until he had blessed him. It resembles the unceasing entreaties of the importunate widow, commended by our Lord, who thence took occasion to enjoin that "men ought always to pray and not to faint;" for "shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?"

The holy men mentioned in Scripture were addicted to retirement and solemn meditation; they were accustomed to be much with God, and so to practise this energetic prayer. Moses and Elijah were forty days on the mount alone with God. The prophets spent much time in the wilderness communing with things spiritual and divine. Christ, our great example, employed the whole night in prayer, before choosing his twelve apostles—a most important act in the Christian economy. The disciples continued in supplication for ten days after the Saviour's ascension, until the Pentecostal gift descended upon a praying church. When Peter was imprisoned by Herod, who doubtless intended to sacrifice him after the same manner as James, "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." Whilst they thus interceded, Peter's life was safe; and when an angel delivered him out of the prison at night, and he came to the house of one of the disciples, he found many gathered together praying, doubtless on his behalf. So the apostles on every emergency "prayed with fasting;" they did not suffer the necessities of the body to interrupt the soul in its fervent intercession with God. They acted up to the letter as well as the spirit of their Saviour's injunction, and they realized the fulfilment of his gracious promise.

III. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man *availeth much.*

How prayer avails with God we cannot tell. It is one of his ordinances, accompanied with many precious promises; so that whoever engages in it in a right spirit and in the appointed way, cannot fail of receiving the offered benefit. The decrees of grace are as sure as the laws of nature, and whatever God has said shall certainly come to pass. It is one of the Divine purposes to answer the fervent inwrought prayer of a righteous man; and these counsels stand fast for ever. Let us consider some of the examples furnished by the Holy Scripture.

When Noah came out of the ark after the flood, he built an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt-offerings of every clean beast and fowl, and made intercession on behalf of the world. "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour" of Noah's prayer, and entered into a covenant of mercy with him and all his race; and promised never again to destroy all flesh with a flood; and declared that the usual seasons of the year should always return, with the regular vicissitudes of day and night, so that men might plough and labour in hope. The pledge of this covenant in the rainbow still remains; and all mankind are blessed through the availing prayer of righteous Noah.

Abraham's powerful intercession with God is well known. In the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, God only ceased to give when his servant ceased to ask. Even then an additional boon was granted; for we read that "when God destroyed the cities of the plain, God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when he overthrew the cities in the midst of which Lot dwelt." Covetousness had induced Lot to live amongst wicked men, and he had thereby forfeited all right to Divine interference on his behalf; but God saved the nephew for the sake of his righteous uncle.

Moses on two occasions averted punishment from the whole race of Israel, by his powerful intercession with their offended Lord. Even when God said, "Let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them; and I will make of thee a great nation;" Moses pleaded on behalf of the people; and the Lord granted his request, and "repented of the evil which he thought to do." On many other occasions, this man of God saved Israel from direful calamities, by his prevailing prayers.

We need not specify the occasions on which Job, Samuel, and Daniel used their liberty of intercession with marked results. The first and last of these saints are mentioned along with Noah, as three of the most powerful pleaders that have lived upon the earth: "Son of man, when the land sinneth against me by trespassing grievously, then will I stretch out my hand upon it, and will cut off man and beast from it: though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job were in it, they shall deliver neither sons nor daughters; they only shall be delivered." It is, therefore, evident that, on ordinary occasions, the prayers of "these three men" would have had no little weight with the God of heaven; though on extraordinary occasions of national guilt, even their intercession would be refused.

St. James mentions the case of Elias or Elijah, who "was a man subject to like passions as we are;" that is, he was of similar structure in body and mind, a man like ourselves, not an angel, nor a being of a superior nature to our own; for he derived all his superiority from his having power with God. This man prayed earnestly, on occasion of Israel's apostasy, that it might not rain; and it rained not on the land by the space of three years and six months. Then, when the heart of the people seemed to be turned again to the Lord, Elijah prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit. His example is set before us, that we may imitate his fervour in prayer, and receive effectual answers from the same Lord above.

This energetic spirit of intercession is much needed in Christ's church, to produce a revival and extension of true religion. Great effects may proceed from the closet, where no eye but that of God sees the wrestling Christian. Perhaps of a hundred prayers for such a revival, only one may be of the right sort, and it will avail. It is not the number of prayers that God regards, because we are not heard for our much speaking. It is the inwrought prayer of a righteous man that will infallibly succeed. This is a privilege belonging to the poor as well as to the rich. You may not be able to give of your substance to advance the cause of Christ; you may have little time or talent to spend in active exertions on behalf of the ignorant and ungodly; you may almost think that you can do nothing to benefit mankind. Yet you may bring down the richest blessings from above, by dint of "fervent effectual prayer; and you may thus be the honoured means of imparting the highest good which man can receive—a good which all the riches of the world could not purchase, and which earthly power and influence could not bestow. Surely this is a privilege worth possessing and worth using. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven: for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

We have known a family, where some of its

junior members were under conviction for sin and the gracious drawings of the Spirit, set apart a day for prayer and fasting, that they might receive the blessing of Divine peace, which is given to those who are justified by faith through our Lord Jesus Christ. We need scarcely add that they were not disappointed in the result, when they thus sought the Lord with all their heart. Go thou and do likewise.

JUDGE MORGAN.

I do not think anybody will find the name of Judge Morgan in any law list that ever was published; and if such a name should be found there, it will not be the name of my Judge Morgan, who had never the honour of being entered upon the rolls, or was in any way, so far as I know, connected with the legal profession in his life. But he was a capital judge notwithstanding, and, I say it conscientiously, as great a master in equity as any honourable or right honourable who ever sat in flowing robes and the dignity of a voluminous wig at any court on the circuit. How I derived the pleasure and advantage of his acquaintance—and a real advantage it was upon more than one occasion—the reader is about to learn, together with some particulars of his personal history.

Something more than twenty years ago I was one of a small company of working men, numbering some fifteen or a score, employed in a London house at a species of labour which occupied us from morning to night, and sometimes till the night was far spent. It was as a stranger that I took up my lot among them, and at my first arrival I received many small favours, to which a strange "hand" in a workshop has always to be obliged to somebody, from a venerable old man with a flowing crop of white hair which shone like silver. He told me everything that I required to know, and showed me everything on the premises which it was indispensable that I should be familiar with, and spoke and acted throughout with such courtesy and kindness as impressed me at once with a grateful respect for his character. When he had seen me comfortably settled at my employment, and had returned to his own at the further end of the room, I sought to satisfy my curiosity concerning him.

"Who is that gentlemanly old man?" I asked of a journeyman working near me.

"Oh, that's the judge," he said.

"The judge! I am as wise as I was before; why, judge?"

"You'll know all about that soon enough, because there's a case to come off to-morrow night, and you'll be on the jury."

Before the morrow night came I had made some pleasant discoveries with regard to my new situation. The "hands" were a sociable, well-meaning, and respectable band of men and youths, among whom three things, which are far too common in English workshops, to wit, intemperate drinking, quarrelling, and swearing, were unknown. From the nature of the occupation in which we were all engaged, it was inevitable that differences of opinion, involving questions of interest, should from time to time arise. In many workshops these would have led to unpleasant disputes, but here they were uniformly referred to the arbitration of the white-haired old gentleman, who, when they were but trifling, settled them at once, or, if of a weightier nature, after mature deliberation; reserving such as were of importance to the whole community for determination by a jury, over which he presided himself after the labours of the day were ended.

On the occasion above referred to, when it came to be decided, the old man summed up the circumstances of the case with the utmost minuteness and with extraordinary ability. From his remarks it was impossible for the hearer to guess to which side his individual opinion inclined, though when the verdict was pronounced he showed to the satisfaction of all present that, consistently with the customs of the trade and the abstract principles of justice, the jury could not have arrived at a different conclusion.

On subsequent occasions I remarked that whenever his arbitration was required—and that happened on an average two or three times a week—he bestowed the same conscientious attention to details, however trifling they were, and decided the problem propounded to him with the same scrupulous regard to the rule of right. Whether appeal was made to him on a matter of pounds by a band of skilled artisans, or on a matter of a penny by a couple of the baram-scarum boys, old Morgan's gravity and attention to the subject were precisely the same.

This trait in the old man's character—a trait by no means too common among men of his class—struck me forcibly on account of its remarkable intensity. It pervaded all his actions and thoughts, and was a very obvious element in the opinions he was led to form and pronounce on the topics of the day as they turned up for conversation in the workshop. His comrades, who were for the most part an average generation younger than himself, had long recognised and learned to reverence this peculiarity. They seemed to regard it as a kind of hobby—a constitutional and instinctive love of fair play which mastered him, and would not allow him to rest until justice was done. It was from this feeling on their part that they had

dubbed him with the title of Judge Morgan, and invariably elevated him to the bench in cases of dispute and difficulty.

Morgan's position in the house was but a poor one. It is true he had wrought in it for more than forty years, during which he had brought up a family of boys, and taught two of them his business under his own eye. But these were now settled and had families of their own to provide for. Morgan had long been too feeble to do even half a day's work in a day, and did not earn on the average more than a third of the full wages in a week. Still it was an advantage to him to be allowed to earn what he could. In some houses he would have been dismissed to make room for a more efficient hand; here his length of service and his fine character saved him from such a calamity, and he was allowed, to use his own expression, "to pick up what crumbs he could." His small earnings, together with the weekly subscription he received from his sons, sufficed to maintain himself and his old wife in tolerable comfort; and the old man was always the picture of neatness, cheerfulness, and content.

Thus much concerning the "judge" I picked up among my companions in the workshop before I had been long among them. Afterwards I become intimate with Morgan himself, with whom, as his residence lay in the same direction as mine, I sometimes walked homewards of an evening. I was not long in discovering that his love of justice and fair play was allied with a love of goodness and truth in any shape, and that it was based on a principle very different from a mere instinctive feeling or constitutional bias. I found that the love of God lay at the root of his love of justice—that the old man was a sincere old Christian, brimming over with love to his fellow-creatures, and always either contriving or carrying out some plan to do them good. In his own district, which was but a poor and densely-populated one, he was as much the minister of mercy and charity as he was of justice and integrity in the workshop. The needy and the wretched knew him as the medium through whom the wealthy and the charitable sent them relief; and the sick and the dying knew him better still as the messenger of hope and comfort, who talked, and read, and prayed with them in the dreary hours of lingering dissolution, and strengthened their hands and their hearts for the dark conflict with death.

This also I had learned concerning old Morgan before we had been a year intimate; but I had more yet to learn, which an accidental conversation made me acquainted with.

One Sunday morning when I was taking an hour's stroll which would end at the door of my place of worship, exactly at service-time—whom should I meet in the Westminster-road but old Morgan, plodding along and wrapped in a profound reverie.

"Is that you, Judge?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "it is I, sure enough," and his face lighted up with the old cheery smile—"rather out of my beat, isn't it? but, you see this is a sort of anniversary with me. I am going to-day to hear my spiritual father. I always go once a year when he is in town."

"And, if I may ask, who then is your spiritual father, as you call him?"

"William Jay," he said. "Give me your arm as far as Surrey chapel, and I'll tell you all about it."

Morgan had long known that I had a seat in Surrey chapel, where I sat regularly, and yet in all our conversations he had never broached this subject before. He was not, in fact, fond of talking of himself, and probably would not have volunteered the communication he now made, but that his feelings were aroused by the thoughts that occupied him, and he wanted a listener in whose ear he might pour the overflowings of a heart overcharged.

He took my arm, and as we had still above half-an-hour to spare, we went slowly round St. George's fields and up the Blackfriars-road to the chapel. At this distance of time I cannot pretend to give the precise words of the old man, which were often interrupted by short pauses of silence; but the substance of what he said remained indelibly fixed in my memory, and I am pretty sure did not differ much from what follows.

"I cannot say that I was born of religious parents. My father never went to a place of worship, and though my mother did so occasionally, yet she had the whole work of the house on her hands, and was too ill a manager to be able to go often. But I was sent to church when a boy, and went as often as I pleased, which when I grew older was not often; and by the time I was apprenticed and acquainted with other London apprentices in our trade, not at all. I had had some serious impressions when quite a child in the Sunday-school; but these wore off and I forgot them. I served my apprenticeship without incurring any disgrace, as all this time I lived at home under the eye of my father, who would not have tolerated any outbreak. By the time my indentures had run out, I had grown sick of his authority; and being of age, I left home and went into lodgings. I now found myself master of my own actions, and of such sums of money in my weekly wages as I had not the sense to use aright. I fell by degrees, and by the example of bad company, into all kinds of vice and im-

purity, and led for more than two years a life of excess and recklessness. I drank, I swore, I gamed, and did worse. I grew a curse and a nuisance to myself and to all around me; and but for the mercy and long-suffering of God, I had assuredly gone headlong to perdition.

"One Saturday night, after spending half the week in idleness and drinking, I went to the public-house with the wages I had earned during the other half, determined to drink the whole before I left the place. There I grew frenzied, quarrelled with everybody, fought with a sailor and got miserably beaten, and was carried home to bed. The next day was the first Sunday that had seen me sober for a year. Sick, bruised, and penniless, I lay writhing in bed all day; but my thoughts made me miserable beyond description, and I could not rest. Towards evening, I rose, and as it grew dark, about seven o'clock, I strolled out into the streets, and, as an Almighty and merciful providence would have it, I found myself, almost without knowing it, at the door of Surrey chapel. I entered, and sat down on a form in one of the aisles. The preacher had begun his sermon, and for some time I paid no attention to it, but sat brooding over my own degraded condition—all the more miserable that I knew I had brought it on myself.

"By and by, some expressions from the pulpit caught my ear and fixed my attention: they referred to the folly and stupidity of such gross sins as mine, independent of their offensiveness to God. This hit me so hard that I was afraid to look up at the preacher, lest he should catch my eye. I felt what he said was so true that he couldn't know its truth half so well as I did, and I listened now for every word. Then he went on to show that all the commandments of God against sin are, in fact, kind and fatherly counsels to man, tending to keep his body from harm, and that it would be man's highest wisdom to observe them, irrespective of any care for his immortal soul. When I heard that, I felt what a wretched fool I had been. I thank my God that before the preacher ended, he showed me the path of escape from my sin and its consequences, and led me to the cross of Christ, the only true way. I left the chapel a new man, with new resolutions to lead a new life. I owe an eternity of gratitude to God that grace was given me in answer to my prayers, to keep the resolutions then made, and that from that hour I was enabled to resist the temptations which had mastered me. I removed from my old quarters out of the way of my old companions; not that I feared their persecution, but that I mistrusted my own strength. I joined a little church at Vauxhall, and took my post in the Sunday-school, from which a year later I chose a wife in one of the teachers. That is now forty-four years ago—years of goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days. My wife, poor soul, is all but bedridden now; but she suffers no pain; friends are good and kind, and she enjoys in their frequent visits the society she likes best."

Here the old man held his peace, and said no more till we came to the chapel door. Then, when I wanted to surrender my seat in the gallery to him, he would not hear of it, but bade me good morning with a shake of the hand, and went and took his seat upon a bench in the aisle—upon the same spot, I had not a doubt, where, five and forty years before, he had first listened to the voice that addressed us that morning. I did not join him after the service, because I knew from the tone of his "good morning" that he preferred being left alone with the old memories.

The next day there he was, with paper cap perched on his silver hair, in snowy Monday-morning apron and canvas sleeves, with the same genial smile in his cheerful face as ever. I think he lived for five years after the conversation above detailed, though, as I had to remove to some distance, I saw him but rarely. I heard of his death, which followed closely on that of his wife, about that period, and I jotted down a few memoranda of his history, from which I have to-day compiled the present sketch. We may learn from it that there is a mission for the humblest Christian, and that it is possible even for the feeblest to teach powerfully by example.

TRIUMPHS OF WAR CONTRASTED WITH THE VICTORIES OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

WAR.

When we cast our eyes upon the records of the world's history, we find, alas! that seasons of peace, as contrasted with those of blood and slaughter, have been few and far between. Such intervals of repose have been but as the lulls in the hurricane of the tropics, in which it seems to gather fresh strength to rush on in more destructive fury over land and sea! If peace has prevailed in one country, war has raged in another; and with scarcely an exception perhaps since "wars and fightings"—springing as they do from "the lusts in the members" of corrupt and guilty men—began, has there been one year during which the eye of Him who "hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on the earth," has not looked down upon some of his creatures in murderous contest with one another!

Long before Rome with her victorious legions had subjugated the known world to her sway,

other nations and kingdoms had become mighty and terrible in the earth by the ravages of successful war. The Assyrian marbles lately dug up from the grave of buried Nineveh—the memorial pillars and paintings of Egypt and her warrior kings—the records of Babylon's triumphs—the history of the swift-winged conquests of an Alexander the Great—these, with what we read of the wars of David, of Gideon, of Joshua, of Moses, and the battles of the kings, at an earlier period still (Gen. xiv. 1, etc.), remind us how generally the spirit of war has prevailed among the nations, and how early too was their acquaintance with the weapons of conflict.

It might have been thought that some one undiscovered region should yet be found, where all was brotherhood and peace. But no! When Columbus and Vela-quez directed their adventurous prows across that ocean which washed the coasts of another hemisphere, three thousand miles away—and when they stood amid the primeval forests and tribes of the western continent—there they found that war, with all its fiendish atrocities, had been raging from age to age. So, too, when Captain Cook discovered one of those lovely groups which stud the vast Pacific; and when even, with a nobler aim than his, a John Williams stretched the sail to find out fresh spots in which to sow the "good seed" which elsewhere had yielded fruit immortal and divine—there the voyagers invariably found the same hereditary revenge, the same fierce hatreds which had desolated so-called civilized countries themselves, and which had ofttimes converted many a scene of loveliness and beauty into an "Aceldama"—a field of blood.

The wars of antiquity were attended with even greater miseries and sufferings than those of modern times. How terrible the long protracted siege of the fortified city! the famine raging within till mothers forgot woman's tenderness and devoured the flesh of their own offspring; and the defenders and the assailed, from the towers and battlements on the one hand, or from the wooden castles on the other, by javelin and fiery darts, by showers of stones from the catapult and of arrows from the bow, inflicting mutual slaughter! And then, when the battering-ram had made a breach in the walls, and when the gates were stormed, we read of the streets filled with massacres; of crowds of miserable captives, some flayed alive, others stripped and bound, driven away before the conquerors, over vast tracts of country, preserved for a time to grace the triumph of the victor, and then strangled in the dungeon, starved to death, or hurled from the precipice.

And as to the battle-fields of antiquity, the sword was wont to be glutted with slaughter, even more than it is at this day.

"What a terrific sight," says a modern writer, "did the battle-fields of old present! Not in solid columns, flanked by clouds of cavalry, and headed by fierce batteries, did they advance slowly to the work of death; but ten times ten thousand men rushed suddenly and savagely upon each other's bosoms, and the battle became so many fierce hand-to-hand contests. Hence it was longer protracted and more murderous than now."*

Athwart the thunder-gloom of war, Christianity, even when imperfectly developed, has sometimes thrown a gleam of kindly feeling. Chivalry with its "soul of honour," its pity for the vanquished, borrowed all that was amiable in it from the religion of the cross. But, alas! it is too true, as seen in the Crusades, and in the war with the Moors in Spain, that fanaticism often has overpowered these teachings of a heaven-born faith, even as we have seen it during the present war instigate the soldiers of the North to deeds of cruelty on the battle-field, the very recital of which makes the blood run cold.

Mitigate the calamities of war, however, as you may, you cannot deprive it of its hideous visage and hateful nature. There *are* alleviations it is true. The surgeon can ply his noble art amid the storm of hostile shot, or left alone among the enemy's wounded on the battle-field, till he sinks under his generous toil;† and high-born Christian woman can smooth the pillows of the wounded, and can whisper words of heavenly truth and hope to the dying, as she passes by day and night, like an angel of mercy, along the gloomy corridors of the military hospital. The "*Væ Victis!*" (the "woe to the conquered") of antiquity, may now be exchanged for those deeds of tender pity to the foe which have been displayed by our own soldiers and their allies; and captivity itself may lose half its terrors by the sympathy which the very sight of enemies in their power often wakes up in the breasts of conquerors. But, oh! how much of irremediable suffering still remains! how sad the catalogue of the miseries inflicted by war even in modern times! Consider what some of these are.

One of the most awful results of war is the sudden extinction of human life, and that in the case of multitudes. "It is impossible," says a great preacher, "for a human mind to contemplate the rapid extinction of innumerable lives without concern. To perish in a moment; to be hurried instantaneously, without preparation

* Headley's "Sacred Scenes and Characters."

† The case of Dr. Thompson, who remained behind the British army after the victory of the Alma, and who lost his life from the hardships undergone in attending to the Russian wounded, will be fresh in the recollection of many.

and without warning, into the presence of the Supreme Judge, has something in it inexpressibly awful and affecting."

During the wars of the French Revolution, commencing in 1792 and ending in 1815, five millions of men are said to have perished. And during the present war, it is calculated that half a million of beings, "sharers of the same nature, warmed with the same hopes, and as fondly attached to life as ourselves, have been prematurely swept into the grave; each of whose deaths has pierced the heart of a wife, a parent, a brother, or a sister."

Reviewing the last half century, let us look for a moment at the recorded losses of different battle-fields. At Austerlitz, there fell twenty thousand men; at Waterloo, forty thousand; at Eylau, fifty thousand; at Borodino, eighty thousand.

A few years ago, in the sweet summer time, I stood on that fatal field where the star of the first Napoleon set for ever; and I shuddered as there was pointed out the spot where, beneath the black and loamy soil of the valley, twenty thousand men, "friend and foe in one red burial blent," had been entombed, there to sleep till the last trumpet shall summon them to judgment. And so, when we think of the thousands who, burning with high hope, left our shores but a short time since, but who have perished in the hospital, or have been suddenly snatched away by that deadly pestilence which so often follows in the track of armies, or who have died in the shock of battle, in the trenches, in the batteries, in the final assault of the great fortress, how solemnizing the reflection with regard to these men—officers and soldiers—as well as multitudes of their allies and their foes—that *their eternal state is fixed*—that "as the tree falleth, so it shall be"—that the life of their life, their soul's condition, has had stamped on it the seal of an irreversible destiny!

Let no reader suppose for a moment that because a man dies fighting in a good cause, that therefore he is safe for eternity. There is no other passport to paradise than the meritorious righteousness and atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, the benefits of which are secured to every one that believeth on his name; and no other meetness for its joys, but that which belongs to "the pure in heart," to those who have experienced the "washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ. "Neither is there salvation in any other." The soldier may fight and fall for his country; but if he is a blasphemer, a sabbath-breaker, a drunkard, impure in heart and life, or even while outwardly blameless, destitute of living faith, of holy love, of a "new heart" manifested by a life moulded after Christ's example; in a word, if he is not "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," then even he "cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Let us reflect further what an incalculable amount of *domestic misery* is the result of war. Sometimes it is the child lamenting over the lost parent, ofttimes it is the widow and her orphaned ones who mourn. More frequently still, parents are called to lament over their children slain in battle. "In peace," says an ancient writer, "children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children." What doleful tidings have thus recently been borne to fathers and mothers from the scene of strife and blood. And how, when in many a baronial hall, in the old manor-house, or in lowlier dwellings, the winter fire lately burned bright, and the Christmas feast was spread—how, we say, did the memory of the fallen make that English home rather a house of mourning than a house of feasting; how did the vacant chair suggest the field of slaughter, and vividly recall the image of that gallant son who slept in his bloody grave, and whom neither that grey-haired sire nor that fond mother shall see more!

True it is that there is "a church in the army," both among officers and men. True, that many widows and many parents sorrow not over their slain husbands or sons without hope. True, the Christian comrade digging a grave for his fallen fellow soldier, and laying therein the mangled form of one cut off so young, and yet "sealed unto the day of redemption," can say:—

> "And, comforted, I praised the grace
> Which him had led to be
> An early seeker of that face
> Which he should early see."

Yet all the while, homes are made desolate, hearts are blighted, and hopes are withered; it is Rachel weeping for her children because they are not.

There are other evils of war—its demoralizing influence on the soldier—the destruction of national wealth—the arrest placed by it on the arts of peace—the miseries inflicted by it on the innocent inhabitants of countries which are the seat of it; as well as the paralysis of trade and commerce—the destruction of the precious fruits of the earth—the scarcity of employment, and heavy taxation and dearness of bread. But enough surely has been said to convince every reader that war is a monster evil; that in the words of a great captain, not long since departed, "except defeat, nothing is so terrible as a victory;" and to cause every Christian to cry with a deeper earnestness, "GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD"—"SCATTER THOU THE PEOPLE THAT DELIGHT IN WAR!"

Page for the Young.

THE SOFT THORN.

WILLIAM GRANTHAM lived in the very heart of London, and up to the time when our story commences, he had never been really in the country. William was a boy who would have shuddered at the commission of any serious crime: as to stealing, or downright lying, or injuring any one in a terrible fit of passion, or any such thing, he would have been perfectly shocked if a person had hinted that he could have been guilty of such things. And yet, we grieve to say, William did not shrink from the commencement of these sins. His father was a dealer in fruit, and the little boy did not mind eating odd bunches of currants and ripe gooseberries, when he was commissioned to lay them out for the day's sale; nor did he think it any particular harm to make excuses, although they were not strictly true, nor yet to indulge at times in a murmuring and wayward disposition, although he never broke out into any kind of passion; but in all these were to be found the seeds of greater evil.

These beginnings of evil were not hidden from Mr. Grantham's watchful eye; he knew very well that from little beginnings there often came great endings, and he determined to watch every opportunity of checking the first beginnings of sin in his little boy. Ah! how thankful should we be for the watchful eye of a kind and tender parent; how slow to think a dear father or mother unkind, because they do not let us go our own way. It is a great thing to be fully persuaded that they have no object at heart but our good.

Well! William Grantham was spoken to by his father about the different faults which that kind parent had observed. But, instead of seeing these faults in their right light, and promising to amend, the little boy argued with his parent, and maintained that there was no harm in picking odd bunches of fruit; or making an excuse, provided it was not a downright lie; or in murmuring and muttering, when he was told to do something he did not like, provided he did it in the end. William Grantham fancied that all these sins did not do harm to any one, and therefore that they were not sins at all.

The faults, however, of which we have been speaking continued to grow; and one day, as Mr. Grantham was looking through the glass door which separated his back parlour from the shop, he was amazed and grieved to see his little son pulling off some of the grapes from a large hot-house bunch, which was at that time sold at the rate of twenty-four shillings a pound.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mr. Grantham, "I feared it would come to this, and I cannot tell where all this will end."

To make the matter worse, the fruiterer's son, when taxed with having taken the grapes, denied it; and although Mr. Grantham declared that he had actually seen him, the boy persisted that he had not.

Just at this time, the fruiterer had occasion to go some miles into the country, to see one of the market-gardeners, with whom he dealt. As he was going in his own cart, and William would be very useful to hold the horse, and as the lad looked as though he would be the better for a drive, he determined on taking him with him. Mr. Grantham's horse was accustomed to go pretty quick, so he soon left the smoky town behind, and William found himself in the midst of green hedge-rows, such as he had never seen before. The new shoots of the spring were very long, and William Grantham was soon out of the cart to pull some sprigs of the green he admired so much.

"Why, here's a funny thing," said the boy as he jumped into the cart again; "look here, father, these branches have quite soft thorns: regular thorns like the rest as far as look goes, but they are as soft as butter;" and he began bending one from side to side with his finger.

"They are soft because they are young," said Mr. Grantham; "but in time they'll become as hard as any of the rest; even now they have just the same shape as the others, and are quite as sharp, only not being stiff and strong they cannot prick."

Time passed on, and when autumn had come, it so happened that Mr. Grantham had to pass the very same way again, and William, as before, was in the cart. The hedges were still beautiful, for they were now browning for the winter, and large bunches of red berries were scattered plentifully on the branches, and they attracted the attention of Mr. Grantham's son as they had done before. The fruiterer had but no but few moments to spare, as he had to be back at his business by an early hour; he pulled up, however, for a moment to allow his son to jump out, and pull some of the berries, for which he expressed a wish. "But mind the thorns, my boy, mind the thorns," said he; "they're not as soft now as when you came this way in the spring."

But William paid no heed, he made a grasp at a large bunch, and although he succeeded in bringing them off, he scratched his hand dreadfully. Nor did the boy's trouble end there. One of the thorns that stuck in his fingers could not be taken out, in vain did he work at it himself with a needle, in vain did his mother and the servant-maid do all they could; the thorn remained where it was. At last William Grantham's hand began to swell, the part where the thorn was began to give signs of festering, and altogether he felt so ill that the doctor was sent for. Even he found some difficulty in extracting the cause of all this trouble; he had to poultice the boy's hand for several days, and finally to use an instrument which put him to no little pain.

All this brought William Grantham very low; and his illness had the good effect of making him very meek and willing to listen to instruction. He was no longer inclined to argue with his father, but agreed entirely with what he said, and promised to amend, with God's grace, in those points in which he had been so seriously at fault.

"You remember," said Mr. Grantham, as he sat by his son's bed, "that when you first touched the thorns in that hedge they were soft, but they were perfect nevertheless; they were shaped to a point, and all that they required was time to make them capable of hurting any one with whom they came in contact. How much they could hurt, you have just had experience; and if you had not the benefit of medical advice, who can tell but that your whole body might have become disordered, and that the most serious consequences might have ensued? Thus, William, was it with the beginnings of your sin; you do not now deny that you eat those valuable grapes, and having passed from currants to grapes, you might have gone on to money, and finally become a thief in the fullest meaning of the word. Sin in the beginning seems small, but give it time, and it will do fearful hurt; whenever you are inclined to think little of the beginnings of sin, remember THE SOFT THORN."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

GRACE WATERING HER FLOWERS FOR THE LAST TIME IN THE OLD HOME.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XII.

That which my owner's husband had spoken of as certain, came to pass not many days afterwards. His name and reputation as a man of wealth had become tarnished; but never had his principles as a man of Christian integrity shone out more brightly than they did on that "cloudy and dark day."

It may be that a shade of sadness rested then on the countenance of my owner; but not of hopeless grief. No, no; for even then might it have been seen that "as one whom a mother comforteth," so did the Lord comfort her; and towards her were my words fulfilled, in that her mind was kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon God, because she trusted in him.

For many days my owner was busily engaged in preparations for the changed circumstances which she must shortly experience; and at night, when her husband returned to the home which would soon be no longer his, it was her's to assist him in his pressing duties with her ready help, and to cheer him with her smiles. Yet did she find time for retirement, and never had she more fondly bent over my pages, or more

earnestly sought my counsels. Truly might it have been said then that "the law of her God was better to her than thousands of gold and silver."

And now had my owner to experience the uncertain and transitory nature of earthly friendship. In prosperity she had many friends; but now had she to test their sincerity, and had reason to exclaim, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." And herein she learned a lesson—hard to learn and painful to practise — namely, "Put not your trust in the son of man, in whom there is no help: his breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth." "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Guileless and sincere and unselfish in herself, my owner had now to learn that the "friends born for adversity" are few in number compared with the many who selfishly put on the garb of friendship; and one of the bitterest ingredients in her present cup of sorrow was that of finding herself deceived in those she loved.

"'It was not an enemy who reproached me, then I could have borne it,' she exclaimed, one day, as she entered her own room, and cast herself sorrowfully on to a chair, while tears of mingled grief and indignation welled from her eyes. Soon, however, the paroxysm passed away, and a placid smile succeeded.

"It is foolish," she said, "to give way thus; there is one friend who will never forsake, and never reproach me;" and turning to me, as I lay on the table by her side, she took me to remind her of him, "who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself;" "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously;" and who has left an example, that his servants should follow his steps. These words of mine restored to her that peace which had for a moment only been, not shaken, but beclouded; and once more the calm sunshine of her soul was shed abroad and around.

Nevertheless, the trial had been hard to bear. Her friend, while professing to sympathise, had wounded the afflicted one with keen and cruel charges—like those which vexed the heart of one of whom I tell, and which stirred the Almighty to righteous displeasure—even such charges as these: "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled. Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or when were the righteous cut off? Even as I have seen, they that plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same. By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed."

Reader, "behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

Not all like the mistaken and presumptuous friends of Job, however, were those of my owner, in her adversity. It was while yet the tears which had been drawn from her by the unkindness of one were scarcely dried from her cheeks, that another was sent to comfort her.

"Ah, it is true, then," said a venerable lady, who was admitted into my owner's little room that day—"it is true that God has not forgotten you. Let me rejoice with you, dear Grace, for there is surely more reason to rejoice than to mourn."

"I trust that God has not forgotten us," said my owner. "I am sure he has not," she added, more confidently; "but yet this is a time of sorrow with us."

"Of sorrow, yes; but not of that sorrow which worketh death—rather of that sorrow which ends in joy. This is but a trial of your faith, dear friend—of faith more precious than gold; and the trial, too, will be more precious than gold."

"Would that it may be so," said my owner, dejectedly.

"Do not think thus doubtfully of it," said the friend; "it will be so, be sure of that. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth;' and you know what follows," she added, laying her hand on me: "we have it here—'If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?' Shall I go on?" she asked, with a pleasant smile of sympathy,

"It is very sweet and encouraging," my owner whispered.

"It is, indeed, to those who can say, as you can, dear friend, 'It is all mine—all belongs to me, because I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.'" And then she again took up my words, and repeated them, gently and lovingly: "'Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he, for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now, no chasten-

ng for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' Do I not say well, therefore, dear Grace, that I have more reason to rejoice with you than to mourn?"

My owner's heart was too full for a reply in many words: "If I could only," she said, and then she paused.

"If you would only appropriate these exceeding great and precious promises," continued her friend; "and this you may do; nay, you ought to do it. Be not faithless, but believing."

"And I do believe," said my owner, with her own contented smile, which told of inward peace —"I do believe that these promises and consolations are indeed mine, if I can but grasp them. But I am too much like a child who, being overburdened with gifts, sighs that its power to retain them is so limited."

"God will help you to bear the burden, my dear friend," continued the wise counsellor— "the burden of his own tender love. Even of this, or of its manifestation, he will not lay on us more than he will impart strength to bear; 'for he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.'"

"He does, indeed," said my owner.

"There was a time," continued the gentle friend, "when I almost feared that God had forgotten you. So smooth and tranquil has been your course these many years—you having had all that heart could wish of earthly good; husband, children, friends, health, and one continued stream of prosperity—that it almost seemed as though your heavenly Father had forgotten to be gracious to you."

"I have, indeed, had all these blessings," said my owner; "and it is right that I should be reminded that they are but talents entrusted to our care. It may be that I have not sufficiently thought of this, nor rightly improved them."

"It is not that," said her friend; "but I will not say that there has not been another danger. Your prosperity has been dedicated to your God and Saviour: you have employed your wealth in his service; and now, perhaps, he has seen fit to show you that he can do without your wealth; or rather, that he has a yet higher and nobler department in his service wherein to employ and honour you, even that of glorifying him in the fire of adversity."

And with many such words did this servant of my Master cheer and encourage her tried friend, until every trace of recent sorrow was banished, thereby proving how good is a word spoken in season.

Not many weeks passed away ere my owner had to abandon the habitation which had so long witnessed her domestic joys. All her "pleasant things were laid waste," or left behind, no longer hers: and strangers trod, with careless footsteps, the apartments of the desolated home.

Bravely—because supported by strength from above—did the stricken, but not forsaken, husband and wife, slowly for the last time pass from room to room, and look round upon that which was no longer theirs. Nothing had been removed.

"We have lost ALL, dear Grace," said the husband, as he paused, standing musingly in the centre of the apartment which had until now been hers.

"NOT ALL, Frank; not all, dear husband," she replied, clinging closer to him as she spoke, and looking up into his face with the confidence of affection: "we have not lost each other, nor our children, nor hope, nor energy, nor character, nor our God. Take courage, Frank."

It would have been strange if he had not taken courage, with such a wife by his side.

"These poor flowers!" said my owner, somewhat mournfully, as she turned to the open window, in the balcony of which her favourite plants were drooping for lack of moisture: "who will take care of you now? I must water you for the last time;" and leaving the room for a moment, she returned with a jar, which she gently emptied on to their thirsty soil.

"My owner"—alas! Grace was no longer my owner: she had sought permission to retain me, but had been churlishly denied by those who had the power to grant the request; and even now were her footsteps watched by one who seemed impatient of her presence there, and who waited at the door.

"There was no need to trouble yourself about those flowers, ma'am," said this attendant, when the gentle wife placed the empty jar upon the table.

"They will be the better for it to-morrow," she said, meekly.

The morrow came, and many morrows; but, for that time, I saw no more of my late owner or her husband. There were windows and doors thrown open wide: crowds entered, and jests and laughter resounded from room to room. But before this, I had been removed from my resting place, and thrust into a corner, tied up with some half dozen other volumes, and ticketed for an auction sale. The day of sale had come; but I will not lengthen this part of my story. Let it suffice to say that I and my companions in bonds were purchased for a small sum; and, on the following day, were conveyed to a new home, not far distant.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. BOARDMAN JUDSON.

THIRD PAPER.

Happily, quietly, and usefully the missionary family pursued their way, every day seeming to bring some fruit of their labours, or to be cheered by some promise for the future. One sad interval of anxiety there was. Not long after Mrs. Judson's removal to Maulmain she was seized with the alarming malady which had formerly made such inroads on her constitution, and for many weeks she lay betwixt life and death, unable to move, save as she was carried in the arms of her husband. But from this fearful attack she recovered, to the enjoyment of perfect and uninterrupted health; and, at the end of several months, she could say, "My health is now better than at any time previous since my arrival in India, and my constitution seems to have undergone an entire renovation."

Thus invigorated, she was able to relieve Dr. Judson, in a great measure, amidst his multiplied duties, by giving instruction and advice to the native Christians, and settling little difficulties among them, as well as by superintending the schools, and the translations, and other similar occupations.

More than four years after their marriage, Dr. Judson, writing to his mother and sister, says: "I hope you do not forget me, my wife, and dear little ones. Adoniram (the baby) is one of the prettiest, brightest children you ever saw, and Abby is growing fast. She runs about and talks Burmese quite fluently, but no English. She attends family and public worship with us, and has learned to sit still and behave herself; but Fen, or Pwen, as the natives call him,* when he is brought into chapel and sees me in my place, has the impudence to roar out bah (as the Burmese call father) with such a stentorian voice, that his nurse is obliged to carry him out again. . . . . If it were not for my missionary obligations and duty to the perishing heathen, how happy I should feel if we were all settled with you in the old mansion house at Plymouth. It seems an unnatural thing that families should be broken up and scattered as ours has been. This missionary work, though a blessed work, is attended with severe trials and sacrifices, especially of a domestic kind. These dear children I shall have to part with, I suppose, and send them to America to be educated; and what a heart-rending trial that will be!"

Aye, but *here* is the reward of the missionary. "There are now above one thousand converts from heathenism formed into various churches in the country. And I trust that the good work will go on until every vestige of idolatry shall be effaced, and millennial glory shall fill the whole land. The 13th day of this month finishes a quarter of a century that I have spent in Burmah, and on the 8th of next month, if I live, I shall complete the fiftieth year of my life."

Shortly after the date of this letter, Dr. Judson felt the commencement of those attacks of pulmonary disease from which he suffered through the remainder of his life. He was obliged to take several voyages for the restoration of his health, which afforded him, however, but temporary relief. The letters which were written during these banishments from home give a lively picture of his domestic character, which are sweetly reflected in those that he received in reply. His fond wife, in the first hours of grief, tried to cheer herself and the poor natives around her by earnest prayers for the husband, friend, and father who was gone from them under such afflicting circumstances. "As soon as you left the house," she writes, "I ran to watch you from your dressing-room window, but you did not look up; oh how I wished you would! Then I hastened to the back verandah, and caught one glimpse of you through the trees, and I gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. . . . . Afterwards I took all three of our darlings into your own little room, told them why you were gone away, and asked the two elder if they wished me to ask God to take care of papa while he was gone. They said 'Yes;' and so I put Elnathan down on the floor to play, and kneeling beside the other two, committed you and ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father. . . . . How sweet is the thought that when you go into the presence of God, you always pray for me and for our dear children. We have now family worship mornings in the sleeping-room. Abby and Pwen kneel one on each side of me; and after I have read and prayed, I teach them the Lord's Prayer, making them repeat it only two or three words at a time. They both sit at table with me, Pwen occupying his beloved father's place. But these things do not beguile my loneliness. Oh! when shall I see you again here in your own seat!"

Before the close of the year Dr. Judson was permitted to return home considerably improved in health, and the usual routine of missionary and domestic pursuits went on as before, broken into by occasional interruptions from various causes; but still much was done, and there was the delightful hope that the life of one so precious would now be spared for many years to bless his family and the poor perishing Burmese.

About the middle of the following year the children, then four in number, were seized with

* The name of a flower, by which they called Adoniram.

an alarming epidemic, and the distress and fatigue endured by their mother suddenly prostrated her so completely that she was momentarily expected to sleep in death. As soon as there was a prospect of amendment she was removed to the sea-shore at Amherst, where, with her little ones, she remained during the hot season, with apparent benefit for a time; but it was found at length that the only remedy was a sea voyage, and it became necessary to embark the whole family on board a vessel bound for Calcutta. They left Maulmain, June 26, 1841, and arrived in Calcutta on the 11th of the following month. Here their youngest child, Henry, died, and was buried in the mission burial-ground at Serampore. Most touching is the account given by the weeping mother of the incidents of these trying scenes. Much sorrow had both parents seen before; but the remembrance of grief that is past does not blunt the sharpness of present anguish, and they grieved with a tenderness of loving regret which finds its way to the heart as you read its expression. At length there seemed to be a general restoration to health, and, "after nearly six months' wandering," writes Dr. Judson, Dec. 26, 1841, "we are returned, all most happy to get back to our old home. The children are now quite well, and their mother too, except that she is not so stout and strong as formerly. We found all here in a pretty good state."

Mrs. Judson's constitution had, however, received a shock from which it did not rally. The disease which, four years after, terminated her life, was arrested for a time only; but for the present she was strong enough to return to her usual labours, writing, translating, teaching, advising, encouraging, and praying. Thus the months passed away, and sweet was her reward. "The state of religion," she writes, "is now very interesting in the Burmese church. It would do your heart good to look in upon our little circle of praying Burman women; so humble, so devout, so willing to confess their faults before God and one another, that I sometimes think those in a Christian land might well copy after them. The study of the Scriptures and social prayer seem to be greatly blessed to their souls. They are now going through 'The Life of Christ,' with 'Questions,' which I prepared some years ago. I think it does my own soul good thus to ponder over the life of our blessed Lord. Some of the women in the Bible class are quite elderly. One of them, upwards of seventy years old, amused me a few days ago by saying she was of the same age as my little daughter. I asked her what she meant. She replied, she was converted the year Abby Ann was born, and it was not till then she began to live."

The care of a very young and increasing family, where only the most inefficient service could be procured, would seem quite enough to have engaged all the mother's attention; yet even during this closing period of her life she still continued to carry on her missionary work. The last production of her pen, and one which she accomplished amidst overwhelming family cares, and under the pressure of declining health, was a series of Sunday cards, each accompanied with a short hymn. This, her last dying gift to the Burmese church, was largely circulated, and after her death her sweet hymns were sung wherever the living God was worshipped in that heathen land.

After the birth of another child, in Dec. 1844, Mrs. Judson's health visibly declined; but she had formerly endured so much, and yet lived on, had pined and wasted, again and again to recover her loveliness and bloom, that now it seemed scarcely possible to believe the time was at hand when she would rally no more.

A kind invitation from the commissioner of Maulmain to accompany his family in an excursion to the coast, gave her, for several weeks, the benefit of sea air. Her little girl, now old enough to be "a great comfort," went with her, and the four younger ones remained in charge of their father. From a note addressed "To his little daughter at Mergui," we learn how lovingly he executed the task that thus devolved upon him.

For a short time only, after her return from this trip, was there any hope that the invalid had reaped permanent benefit. Alas! she had come back "a little thinner and a little paler;" and though cheerful still, continued visibly to decline from day to day. Yet her spirit was hopeful. She had known trials and sorrow, and now sickness was wasting her, but there was no blight, no regret, no lamentation over her lot. One of the latest of her letters to the home of her youth, says: "It is nineteen years last month since I parted from you, and bade adieu to my native land. I can say, with unfeigned gratitude to God, that amid all the vicissitudes through which I have been called to pass, I have never for one moment regretted that I had entered the missionary field. We are not weary of our work; it is in our hearts to live and die among these people. I feel conscious of being a most unworthy and unprofitable servant; and often wonder that my life has been spared, while so many others have been cut down. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

And now it became evident that the only hope of restoration was a voyage to America. Her strength was so completely prostrated, that she was almost helpless, and in such a state her husband felt that it was impossible to send her off alone. With a sorrowing heart, he prepared

to avail himself of the only opportunity afforded them, of departing in a ship bound to London that was almost immediately setting sail. The three younger children (the eldest but four years of age) were left behind, "cast on the waters," as their father expressed it, "in the hope of finding them after many days;" the three elder accompanied them, that they might be left in America.

"The hand of God is heavy upon me," writes the afflicted husband. "She is willing to die; and I hope I am willing to see her die, if such be the Divine will. But though my wife, it is no more than truth to say, that there is scarcely an individual foreigner now living, who speaks and writes the Burmese tongue so acceptably as she does. I feel an effort ought to be made to save her life. . . . It is a great trial indeed to leave my dear church and people. I never knew till now how much I loved them, or how much they loved me.

'And 'tis to love our farewells owe
All their emphasis of woe.'

So they carried her to the ship, while fair and dusky faces circled round, fondly gazing at her, whom they were to see no more in the flesh. Ah! dearly loved one! they feel they are parting with one whose love for them has been passing all earthly love, having its source from the heavenly springs of faith and charity divine! Half smothered in grief, and choked with tears, those loved farewell voices dwell upon the ear of the departing missionary, as she, in her turn, looks her last, and weeps her adieu. Had it been right, she would have preferred to die in Burmah, with her husband, her converts, and her six little ones around her, in the home of her adoption. But this one last sacrifice of will to duty must be made, and she bows meekly, and says, "Father, thy will be done."

The first part of the voyage was very rough, and the travellers suffered much from sea-sickness. During the second month, Mrs. Judson began to improve, and the most sanguine hopes of her recovery were entertained. After crossing the line, the ship sprung a leak, and the captain determined to put in at the Isle of France; and so decided was the improvement in the invalid's health, that Dr. Judson felt it his duty to return to Maulmain, and leave her to proceed alone. Indeed, he engaged his passage in a ship which was to sail for Calcutta in two or three weeks.

But this intention was frustrated by an unforeseen event. Mrs. Judson experienced a dreadful relapse, which left her even weaker than before, and utterly precluded the idea of her being left. After remaining three weeks at Port Louis, they re-embarked, and finally sailed on the 25th of July. Again she seemed to recover, and in the cold weather, off the Cape of Good Hope, appeared to regain considerable strength. But she soon again relapsed, and continuing to decline, departed this life on shipboard, in the port of St. Helena, September 1, 1845.

In a short obituary, given by Dr. Judson, he thus mentions the closing scenes of her life. "As death drew near, she was perfectly tranquil. No shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety ever passed over her mind. 'I am longing to depart,' was the frequent expression of her desire, yet at times she was constrained to say, 'I am in a strait betwixt two; let the will of God be done.' In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation. During her last days, she spent much of her time in praying for their early conversion. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads!

"On the evening of the 31st of August, she seemed to be drawing near the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her, and retired to rest. I sat alone beside her bed, during the hours of the night, endeavouring to administer relief to the distressed body, and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning, wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention, and said, 'Do you still love the Saviour?' 'Oh yes,' she replied, 'I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ.' I then said again, 'Do you still love me?' She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expresson of her own. 'Then give me one more kiss;' and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed—life continued to recede, and she ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders that were opening to her view."

Exhausted by many sleepless nights, the bereaved one flung himself down and slept beside his dead. His slumbers were interrupted in the morning by the wailing cries of his poor motherless children, who were standing and weeping round the body of their dead mother, "then," as he says, "for the first time inattentive to their cries."

In the course of the day they bore the remains on shore, and prepared a grave "in a beautiful, shady spot," beside the tomb of a sister-missionary, who had also died on her homeward journey. "There," concludes the obituary, "I saw her safely deposited; and I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and her spirit the repose of paradise. The dear Christian friends who attended the funeral took me and the children to their houses and their hearts; and their consoling conversation and sympathizing prayers, in the hour of my distress,

afforded me wonderful relief. But I was obliged to leave them all the same evening, and on the following morning no vestige of the island, where reposes all that is mortal of my dear, dear wife, was visible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies lie sleeping at Amherst and St. Helena."

Mrs. Judson died in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-first of her missionary life.

"Sweetly she sleeps on yon rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth;
Far from the land where, with heartfelt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

HOW TO EMPLOY CHILDREN ON SUNDAY.

Every thoughtful parent must have been at a loss as to the proper employment of his children during Sunday. Making allowance for attendance at church, twice a day, catechising and other exercises suitable for that day, there are still many hours to be filled up, and the difficulty recurs how they can best be disposed of. Reading of course should be made available as far as possible; but if reading is imposed as a task, no solid advantage is gained; and those who have carefully studied our juvenile literature, know that there is but a limited supply of books, which, while conveying adequate instruction, are yet written in that attractive style which will induce young persons to read *voluntarily* for any lengthened period. Leading-strings cannot be used for ever, and the great desideratum is to give self-employment to children, so that they may at once be occupied in some improving study, which shall also be tasteful and agreeable to them. After repeated experiments, I have fallen upon a plan for my own children, which, as it has been successful with them, I am induced to make public, in the hope that it may suggest a useful hint to others who may have encountered the same kind of difficulty which has embarrassed myself.

I select a short scripture biography, such as that of Abel, and ask my children to give me an epitome of his history in their own words. Express quotation or literal copying I enjoin them to avoid, and, indeed, the small space (one side of a slate or a single octavo page) imposes this necessity on them apart from direct injunction. After allowing them to do it in their own way, I go over the exercise, and point out the instances where important facts or circumstances have been omitted — where the language is feeble or inapplicable — or where the preceding ideas of the sacred writers have been misapprehended. By this method children are, from an early age, trained to read the word of God attentively, to reflect clearly, and to express themselves with precision and brevity.

With the younger members of the family I am content with mere narrative; but from those who are older I expect some application of the subject to the every-day affairs of life, and also a reference to other passages in the Bible which have a bearing on the subject in hand.

I am farther most particular in exacting that all eastern phraseology shall be duly rendered into its corresponding meaning in the mother tongue. Thus, the other Sunday, when the life of Goliath of Gath was prescribed to one of the youngest boys, his elder brother was called on to tell him what was the English weight for a shekel, and what the English measurement for cubits and spans. By this means passages in holy writ, which might be slurred over with conventional formality, acquire a significance and interest which does not fail to impress itself on the memory as well as the judgment.

The preceptive and doctrinal parts of the Bible could of course be treated in the same way, but the easiest and most natural order of procedure is to begin with the narrative portions, as they never fail to take hold of the youthful mind, whereas didactic subjects require a power of abstraction and of sustained thought that belong only to a more matured state of the faculties.

I do not find that my plan loses by repetition; indeed it gains, as by practice my young people get more interested, and become desirous of making more and more elaborate extracts of Divine truth.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE SIEVE.

"For lo! I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."—*Amos* ix. 9.

When the corn has been mingled with fragments of straw, and extraneous matters of a larger size, it is made to pass through a sieve. By this means the particles just mentioned are left behind in the sieve, while the lighter are borne away by the wind as they descend tow., but the floor. It is work highly emblematic name c discrimination, for each grain is severally - - - jected to a trial by being made to pass th the apertures in the bottom of that instru

My 29 '90

THE CHINESE WINNOWING WITH THE SIEVE.

Two men in the picture are engaged in this business, and are shaking a copious stream of corn upon a mat spread upon the floor. The spreading out of this mat is merely the execution of that assurance given in the passage—"Yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth." That is, such should be the care and forethought of the Great Husbandman, that not one kernel should be lost. But notwithstanding the anxiety of the farmer that no part of his corn should be spilt upon the ground, a few grains had made their escape in the emptying and filling of the vessels. These, however, another workman is endeavouring to sweep into the fan, which, as is remarked in another article, answers the double purpose of fan and shovel. And here we have again another instance of the husbandman's determination to carry out the same design: "yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

It will appear, then, that there is nothing ...d or extravagant in the language Jehovah ...ased to make use of on this occasion. He ... represents himself as the husbandman, ...is people as the wheat; and declares that ...sequence of that relation, he would faithfully discharge his duty towards them. This office he had condescended to undertake, and this he meant to execute thoroughly. All useless matters should be separated, but not one grain be lost in the process. In Scripture we not only meet with the words and allusions which are familiar in the ways of men, but we find a constant appeal made to the principles and maxims which influence men in dealing with each other, and in the pursuit of their own interests.

It is consolatory to reflect, as a matter of experimental religion, that in our troubles and adversities we may, if we are true believers, consider ourselves as in our passage through the sieve. The agitation of this machine may disquiet us greatly; the wind may blow fiercely upon us as we are descending; and we may fear lest when we have reached the defence prepared to receive us, we should roll off and be lost sight of through the inconsiderable nature of our worth. But the promise is as firm for our support as it was for those to whom it was addressed. We shall not be left, although compelled to part from those things which interfered with our growth in Divine grace, and consequently our fitness for the Master's use.

My 28 '92

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

TRIUMPHS OF WAR CONTRASTED WITH THE VICTORIES OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

PART II.—THE SAVIOUR'S VICTORIES.

We are conducted by the light of prophecy itself to the very cradle of the Redeemer, when Isaiah contrasts the battle-fields and blood-stained conquests of earthly monarchs with the world-wide victories of a Great King—the chaplet on whose brow is unstained with the tears of the widow and the orphan: "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but *this* shall be with burning and fuel of fire. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be called . . . . The Prince of Peace!"*

The contrast here indicated is all the more striking when we mark the special meaning of the prophet's words—"Every battle is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." Yes, it has been always so; it is so now with the battles waged between contending hosts. We hear the shout of the combatants, the cries of the wounded, the clash of swords, the braying of the trumpets, the furious sweep of the cavalry charge; and we see the garments of the warriors steeped in blood. "But *this*," says the prophet, *this* conflict of truth with falsehood, of light with darkness, of Christ with Belial, of heaven with hell, on whose issues depend the overthrow of all that is evil, and the establishment of all that is holy, and just, and true—"*this* shall be with burning and fuel of fire." In other words, Christ's victories shall be bloodless; the very weapons of war shall perish before him; and going forth to battle in a chariot "paved with love," his triumphs shall be achieved by love divine alone! As it was the custom for conquerors to burn the blood-stained garments and the weapons of war with fire, (indicated by Nahum's prophecy against Nineveh†—"Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord, *and I will burn her chariots in the smoke*" (*or flame*); and as predicted by Ezekiel of the final overthrow of Gog‡—"And they that dwell in the cities of Israel shall go forth, *and shall set on fire and burn the weapons*, both the shields and the bucklers, the bows and the arrows, the javelins, and the spears *with fire*")—so, as Isaiah's words imply, shall it be with Messiah's victories over all his enemies, in the bringing of that better time when, in the beautiful and glowing language of prophecy, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."* As great a moral miracle shall be wrought in hushing the discords, changing the hearts, and fusing into a holy brotherhood of love the minds of those once antagonists, as if we saw the wolf no longer thirsting for the life-blood of the lamb, nor the leopard rending the kid, and the young lion permitting the calf and the fatling to sleep peacefully in his lair!

> "Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
> Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can see,
> Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
> His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy!"

The victories of the Prince of Peace have been wondrous and manifold, and by pointing out some of them, the reader, with greater earnestness and ardour, may anticipate the triumphs of the future.

Shall we carry back our thoughts to that early church at Jerusalem, when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul;" when "all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need?" Look at these Christian converts! Compare them with their former selves, when but a few weeks before their eyes feasted on the dying agonies of Jesus of Nazareth, and his expiring cry was music to their ears. Now they are ready to die for him; and from their ranks go forth the confessors and martyrs of the primitive age, "rejoicing that to them it is given, not only to believe, but also to suffer for his name." Explain, if you can, this mighty change, except on the admission that the Prince of Peace has subdued these rebel spirits, has stamped on them his own image, and that "his right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory."

Or shall we remind you of the churches of the saints gathered out from amongst the Gentiles? Read the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans, and learn how abominable and vile heathen nations were. Look at the hideous picture drawn of their wickedness by St. Paul in 1 Cor. vi. 9, etc. And yet at Corinth Jesus triumphed, and his apostle could say—"Such *were* some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of

* Isaiah ix. 5, 6. † Nahum ii. 13. ‡ Ezekiel xxxix. 9.

* Isaiah xi. 6, 7.

the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." And so the apostles, going from one heathen country or city to another, could look back on a succession of glorious victories to the honour of their leader and commander, and might exultingly exclaim, "Now thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Look again at the days of the Reformation, when the Prince of Peace brought forth to the light his statute book long buried in monastic cells, and teaching to one the art of printing, and to another that of translation, (arts "without which the unlearned are but like children at Jacob's well, without a bucket or something to draw with,") scattered broadcast the seed of the kingdom. And then mark how, by the living voice, the gospel of peace was published by a Luther, a Zwingle, a Latimer, a Ridley, a Calvin, and a Knox, each putting the "great trumpet" to his lips, and gathering multitudes, once enemies, to the standard of Emmanuel!

Shall we trace the history of modern missions, and tell of Greenland, where the heart of the natives, cold as their own snows, were melted with love divine? Of India, where the devotee of Juggernaut or Kali now worship at Emmanuel's feet; where the fetters of caste have been broken; where degraded woman has been lifted up into holy companionship with Christianized men; where the mother has ceased to throw her child into the Ganges; where whole towns and villages are on the Lord's side, and where the mighty fabric of Hindoo superstition is tottering to its fall?

Shall we go to China, where the gospel lay so long "like a solitary flower on the verge of a vast wilderness," but where a gigantic insurrection has risen up, destroying heathen temples and idols, and where the printing of the Holy Scriptures has revealed the only Saviour to an empire so vast, that "if all who have died in England since the birth of Christ were to start from their graves, they would not equal in numbers the myriads of Chinese living at the present hour?"

Time would fail to tell what victories the Prince of Peace has achieved among the red men of the forest, among the Caffres and Hottentots and Bechuanas of South Africa, among the cannibals of New Zealand, and the savage tribes of the Tahitian and Samoan groups, and in the Sandwich and Feejee islands of the South Seas. In one of these islands the missionary Williams was murdered; but now his murderer is a Christian disciple at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind. From another, a young Christian native has been come to England, and seen for the first time one of the gods which his fathers worshipped, so "utterly have the idols" been "abolished" in Rarotonga. And referring to one group of these islands, a living missionary* has said: "It is my firm conviction that taking the most enlarged and correct view of the success which attended the preaching of the apostles, with all their gifts of tongues and working of miracles, there never were such mighty, complete, and universal triumphs over nations as there have been won during the last thirty or fifty years."

But just as in considering the miseries of war we find *individual examples of suffering* strike us more forcibly than even a mass of victims, so likewise by *individual instances*, we may the better realize the spiritual triumphs of the Prince of Peace.

Look, then, at this New Zealander, whose very god was a vindictive deity, who was the first to partake of the flesh of an enemy killed in battle—the body being offered in sacrifice and roasted in the fire; and yet in his dying moments he could say, "Oh! my heart is full of light because of my belief in Jehovah and Jesus Christ."

We might further tell of that old blind warrior ME in the island of Raiatea who had been the terror of all the neighbouring islands, and who said to the missionary as death drew near: "I saw an immense mountain with steep sides, up which I tried to climb in vain: at last I saw a drop of blood fall on that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved: that mountain was my sins, and that drop which fell upon it was a drop of the precious blood of Jesus Christ."

Listen again to that chief of the Ojibbewee Indians, who, standing up to address a Christian assembly, thus expressed himself:—"Once my face was covered with red paint; I stuck feathers in my hair; I had a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and a scalping knife in my belt. Now I will tell you why I wear these no longer. You will find it in the 2nd epistle to the Corinthians, chap. v. 17, '*Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new.*' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint were done away; my silver ornaments I gave to the mission cause; my scalping knife and tomahawk were done away." Showing a copy of the Ten Commandments in his own language, he added, "This is my tomahawk now." Then, raising himself up, he cried, with mingled simplicity and dignity, "Behold, all things are become new!"

But what are the past victories of the Prince of Peace compared with those that are yet

* The Rev. Mr. Gill, speech at Exeter Hall, May, 1854.

future? How do our hearts exult amid prevailing wickedness in the "sure word of prophecy" which proclaims the advent of a day of unlimited triumph—a day when the presence and power of Christianity shall no longer be the exception but the rule; when upon human genius and learning, and upon wealth and commerce, shall be inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord;" and when idolatry and superstition overthrown, and truth springing up out of the earth, and righteousness looking down from heaven, He who once lay in the manger cradle, and hung on Calvary's tree, "crucified in weakness," shall fill the earth with his glory. The kingdoms and dynasties created by this world's conquerors have in them the seeds of dissolution. History records "the decline and fall" of the mightiest empire which ever held sway over mankind. But the conquests of Christ are enduring, for "his kingdom shall break in pieces all other kingdoms, and shall endure for ever."

If there be one whom we address hitherto a sceptic, let him doubt no more. Here is a beneficent religion, which, in its adaptation to man's wants and woes—in its antipathy to all that is cruel, and unjust, and impure—bears with it its own credentials. Oh, be persuaded to kneel like those eastern sages before the new-born Prince of Peace, and offering a better gift than "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," even "the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart," a heart melted by holy love, be it yours to say:—

> "I yield, I yield,
> I can hold out no more;
> I yield, by dying love compelled,
> And own thee conqueror!"

TWO CURIOUS SIGHTS IN ROME.

THE BAMBINO AND THE GHETTO.

From the Scala Santa in the Lateran I went to see the Santissimo Bambino in the church of Ara Cæli, on the Capitol. This church is squatted on the spot where stood the temple of Jupiter Ferretrius of old. It is one of the largest churches in Rome, and is unquestionably the ugliest. A magnificent staircase of an hundred and twenty-four steps of Parian marble leads up to it; but the church itself is as untasteful as can well be imagined. It presents its gable to the spectator, which is simply a vast unadorned expanse of brick, the breadth greatly exceeding the height, and terminating a-top in a sort of coping, that looks like a low, broad chimney, or rather a dozen chimneys in one. Entering by the main doorway in the west, I passed along the side aisle, on my way to the little chapel near the altar where the Bambino is kept. The wall here was covered with little pictures in thousands, all in the homeliest style of art, and representing persons falling into the sea, or tumbling over precipices, or ridden over by carts. These were votive offerings from persons who had been in the situations represented, and who had been saved by the special interposition of Mary. Arms, legs, and heads of brass, and in some instances of silver, bore testimony to the greater wealth or the greater devotion of others of the devotees. Passing through a door on the left, at the eastern extremity of the church, I entered the little chapel or side closet, in which the Bambino is kept. Here two bare-footed monks, with not more than the average dirt on their persons, were in attendance, to show me the "god." They began by lighting a few candles, though the sun-light was streaming in at the casement. I was near asking the monks the same question which the Protestant inhabitants of a Hungarian village one day put to their Catholic neighbours, as they were marching in procession through their streets, "Is your god blind, that you burn candles to him at midday?" The tapers lighted, one of the friars dropped on his knees, and fell to praying with great vigour. I fear my deportment was not so edifying as the place and circumstances required; for I could see that ever and anon the monk cast side long glances at me, as at a man who was scarce worthy of so great a sight as was about to be shown him. The other monk, drawing a key from under his cloak, threw open the doors of a sort of cupboard that stood against the wall. The interior was fitted up not unlike the stage of a theatre. A tall figure, covered with a brown cloak, stood leaning on a staff in the foreground. By his side stood a female, considerably younger, and attired in an elegant robe of green. These two regarded with fixed looks a little cradle or casket at their feet. The background stretched away into a hilly country, amid whose knolls and dells were shepherds with their flocks. The figures were Joseph and Mary, and the vista beyond was meant to represent the vicinity of Bethlehem. Taking up the casket, the monk, with infinite bowings and crossings, undid its swathings, and solemnly drew forth the Bambino. Poor little thing! it was all one to it whether one or a hundred candles were burning beside it: it had eyes, but saw not. It was bandaged, as all Italian children are, from head to foot, the swathings enveloping both arms and legs, displaying only its little feet at one extremity, and its round chubby face at the other. But what a blaze! On its little head was a golden crown, burning with brilliants; and from top to toe it was stuck so full of jewels, that it sparkled and glittered as if it had been but one lustrous gem throughout.

Two women, who had taken the opportunity of an Inglise visiting the idol, now entered, leading betwixt them a little child, and all three dropped on their knees before the Bambino. I begged the monk to inform me why these women were on their knees, and praying. "They are worshipping the Bambino," he replied. "Oh! worshipping, are they?" I exclaimed, in affected surprise; "how stupid I am; I took it for a piece of wood." "And so it is," rejoined the monk; "but it is miraculous; it is full of divine virtue, and works cures." "Has it wrought any of late?" I inquired. "It has," replied the religioso; "it cured a woman of dropsy two weeks ago." "In what quarter of Rome did she live?" I asked. "She lived in the Vatican," replied the Franciscan. "We have some great doctors in the city I come from," I said; "we have some who can take off an arm, or a leg, or a nose, without your feeling the slightest pain; but we have no doctor like this little doctor. But, pray tell me, why do you permit the cardinals or the pope ever to die, when the Bambino can cure them?" The monk turned sharply round, and gave me a searching stare, which I stood with imperturbable gravity; and then, taking me for either a very dull or a very earnest questioner, he proceeded to explain that the cure did not depend altogether on the power of the Bambino, but also somewhat on the faith of the patient. "Oh, I see how it is," I replied. "But pardon me yet farther; you say the Bambino is of wood, and that these honest women are praying to it. Now I have been taught to believe that we ought not to worship wood." To make sure both of my interrogatories and of the monk's answers, I had been speaking to him through my friend Mr. Stewart, whose long residence in Rome had made him perfectly master of the Italian tongue. "Oh," replied the Franciscan, "*all Christians here worship it.*" But now the signs had become very manifest that my inquiries had reached a point beyond which it would not be prudent to push them. The monk was getting very red in the face; his motions were growing quick and violent; and, with more haste than reverence, he put back his god into its crib, and prepared to lock it up in its press. His fellow monk had started to his feet, and was rapidly extinguishing the candles, as if he smelt the unwholesome air of heresy. The women were told to be off; and the exhibition closed with somewhat less show of devotion than it had opened.

Here, by the banks of the Tiber, as of old by the Euphrates, sits the captive daughter of Judah; and I went one afternoon towards twilight to visit the Ghetto. It is a narrow, dark, damp, tunnel-like lane. Old father Tiber had been there but a day or two previously, and had left, as usual, very distinct traces of his visit, in the slime and wet that covered the place. Formerly it was shut in with gates, which were locked every night at Ave Maria: now the gates are gone, and the broken and ragged door-posts show where they had hung. Opposite the entrance of the Ghetto stands a fine church with a large sculpture-piece over its portal, representing a crucifix, surrounded with the motto, which meets the eye of the Jew every time he passes out or comes in, "All day long I have stretched forth my hand unto a gainsaying and disobedient people." The allusion here, no doubt, is to their unwillingness to pay their taxes, for that is the only sense in which the pope's hands are all day long stretched out towards this people. Recently Pio Nono contracted a loan for twenty-one millions of francs, with the house of Rothschild; and thus, after persecuting the race for ages, the vicar of God has come to lean for the support of his tottering throne upon a Jew. To do the pope justice, however, the Jews in Rome are gathered once a-year into a church, where a sermon is preached for their conversion. . . . .

The tyrannical spirit of popery is seen in the treatment to which these descendants of Abraham are subjected in Rome, down to the present hour. Inquisitors are appointed to search into and examine all their books; all rabbinic works are forbidden them, the Old Testament in Hebrew only being allowed to them; and any Jew having any forbidden book in his possession is liable to the confiscation of his property. Nor is he permitted to converse on the subject of religion with a Christian. They are not permitted to bury their dead with religious pomp, or to write inscriptions on their tombstones; they are forbidden to employ Christian servants; and if they do anything to disturb the faith of a Jewish convert to Romanism, they are subject to the confiscation of all their goods, and to imprisonment with hard labour for life; they are not allowed to sell meat butchered by themselves to Christians, nor unleavened bread, under heavy penalties; nor are they permitted to sleep a night beyond the limits of their quarters, nor to have carriages or horses of their own, nor to drive about the city in carriages, nor to use public conveyances for journeying, if any one object to it.

Enter the Ghetto, you feel instantly that you are among another race. An indescribable languor reigns over the rest of Rome. The Romans walk the street with their hands in their pockets, and their eyes on the ground, for a heavy heart makes the limbs to drag. But in the Ghetto all is activity and thrift. You feel as if you had been suddenly transported into one of the busiest lanes of Glasgow or Manchester. Eager faces, with keen eyes and sharp

features, look out upon you from amid the bundles of clothes and piles of all kinds of articles which darken the doors and windows of their shops. Scarce have you crossed the threshold of the Ghetto, when you are seized by the button, dragged helplessly into a small hole stuffed with every imaginable sort of merchandise, and invited to buy a dozen things at once. No sooner have you been let go than you are seized by another and another. The women were seated in the doors of their shops and dwellings, plying busily their needle. One fine Jewish matron I marked, with seven buxom daughters round her, all working away with amazing nimbleness, and casting only a momentary glance at the stranger as he passed. How inextinguishable the qualities of this extraordinary people! Here, in this desolate land, and surrounded by the overwhelming torpor and laziness of Rome, the Jews are as industrious and as intent on making gain as their brethren in the commercial cities of Britain. I drew up with a young lad of about twenty, by way of feeling the pulse of the Ghetto; but though I tried him on both the past and the present, I succeeded in striking no chord to which he would respond. He seemed one of the prophet's dried bones—very dry. Seventy years did their fathers dwell by the Euphrates; but here, alas! has the harp of Judah hung upon the willow for eighteen centuries. Beneath the dark shadow of the Vatican, do they ever think of the sunny and vine-clad hills of their Palestine?*

LETTERS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS.

CONCLUDING LETTER.

"The Scriptures being given by inspiration, and not by human reason, do differ from all other books in the author; which, by consequence, doth draw on some difference to be used by the expositor."—*Lord Bacon.*

"The Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind."—*Rev. Richard Hooker.*

YOUR interest in the sacred volume being so much awakened, may I not now advise that a proper regard be paid to a right *understanding* of it? Not so much for the sake of getting rid of difficulties, though they naturally exist, as for true enjoyment and edification.

"There *are* difficulties," Dr. Lightfoot remarked, "in Scripture. Yet," said he, "we dare not say that the Scriptures are difficult. The holy Bible is like the holy land; some part, indeed, mountainous and rocky, and hard to be travelled over; but the greatest part pleasant plain, champaign, and valley."

Mr. Sheppard, in "Essays designed to afford Christian encouragement and consolation," has a valuable chapter concerning such difficulties, by which you may see how important it is, in order to their being lessened, that your mind should be "imbued with an admiring grateful love for the great discoveries of the gospel."

And as thankfulness abounds, there will be gratitude for the bestowment of a revelation—for having it in your own tongue—and for the many helps which have been afforded for its more easy and accurate study.

In the Rev. Hartwell Horne's "Introduction," you will find everything noticed that is of importance. You will become acquainted with the principal editions of the Scriptures; with the ancient and modern versions; with the best Biblical commentators. You will ascertain, too, what critical learning, aided by a knowledge of sacred philology, of sacred symbols, of geography, of history, of oriental customs, of natural history and antiquities, has done. You will get, likewise, a good idea of the spirit and style of Scripture, as well as the most approved rules for its interpretation; and so perceive how best to arrive at an intelligent, enlarged, and, by Divine grace, a profitable intimacy with the written word. You will see it, in fact, not only in its varied literary attractions, but in its Divine authority; and, what is best of all, in its appropriateness and relevancy to our moral wants.

Mr. Cecil observed, with his usual point, that the right way of interpreting Scripture is to take it as we find it, without any attempt to force it into any particular system. And so thought the immortal Cowper.

> "A critic on the sacred book should be
> Candid and learn'd, dispassionate and free:
> Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
> From fancy's influence and intemperate zeal."

But, beyond this, there should be in every Bible student, a singleness of desire to know the will of God; and that desire should be accompanied by a sincere and steady determination to obey it. The hint thus given rests upon the declaration of our Lord himself. "If," said he, "any man will"—is deliberately resolved to—"do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God;" thus demonstrating the influence of religious practice on our enquiries after truth.

From holy writ you learn how the prophet Ezra "prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it," and "to teach in Israel statutes and judgments." How the Psalmist confessed, "I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts." How Isaiah represents the converts that shall flow into the church in the last days as bent upon godly

* From the Rev. Mr. Wylie's interesting volume, "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber."—London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

practice. "He"—that is, the Lord, say they,—"will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths." Scripture cannot be too much read, "*with a view* to practice: to raise devotion, to increase piety, and to give good thoughts."

In endeavouring to understand God's word, you will derive great benefit from observing his works of providence; from being conversant with all parts* of the holy book; from marking the relative importance of revealed truths; the difference between the law and the gospel, and the subjects upon which the Scriptures most frequently and largely dwell; the life of Christ, for example, as "God manifest in the flesh;" his words, his cross, his mediation, his grace, and his intercession. The promises, too, of the inspired word must be carefully observed, as well as its precepts. In short, without depreciating any part of the perfect book, whatever relates to faith or practice, to duty or privilege, to the harmony and connexion of heavenly truth, and particularly those great doctrines of the gospel, justification and salvation, must be carefully and prayerfully studied. A knowledge, indeed, of these two blessings "is a key to the whole Bible."

One of the most gifted of God's disciples, the late venerated Dr. Pye Smith, deduced from the unerring standard, several truths which, as calls "primary"—axioms of religious knowledge—such as will carry us safely through all the fields of theological disquisition. They will harmonise, he thought, with every truth, but will refuse to amalgamate with any serious error. Ponder them as transcribed from his sermon "On the means of obtaining satisfaction with regard to the truth of religious sentiments."

"The adorable God is the perfection, absolute and infinite, and unchangeable, of all that is glorious, awful, and lovely. None of his attributes can ever be in a state of inconsistency with each other. His government is equitable, benevolent, wise, and in every way worthy of his supreme excellency. Rebellion against him, or sin, in any mode or form, is infinitely wrong, blamable, and deserving of punishment. If sinful beings are saved from that dreadful evil, their salvation can come from God only. There can be no contradictions in the system of revelation, or in the inspired writings which contain it. And every true sentiment must necessarily and invariably show in an honourable light the perfections and government of God, and must have its proper and unsophisticated tendency to the promotion of universal holiness in the minds of those who receive it."

Let it be remembered, however, that the great and appointed means of understanding the word of God, is the influence of the Holy Spirit, given in answer to fervent prayer. The Holy Spirit is the appointed teacher. John xiv. 26. The Spirit of truth given to guide us into all truth. John xvi. 13; 1 John ii. 20—27. He reveals the things of God and Christ. Eph. i. 17. It is his office to glorify Christ, by taking of his and showing it unto us. John xvi. 14. It is his to bring all things which Christ spake to remembrance. John xiv. 26.

Can anything be more important then, more to our highest interest, more for the Divine glory, than to honour the Holy Spirit? To covet his gifts? To implore "without ceasing," his indispensable, his omnipotent grace? Read, I beseech you, Robert Hall's sublime letter on the subject. And remember it is the saying of him "who cannot lie," that "if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."

As *these* blessings are obtained, holy truth becomes easy of comprehension, and will be delectably satisfying. The "doctrine" will "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." May such be your happy experience.

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* See a sermon by Matthew Henry on John v. 39, in the Evangelical Magazine for 1819.

Many Christians never read the Bible through, because, not reading it regularly, they know not which part they read last or have read most. There are in the Old Testament [illegible] chapters, and in the New [illegible] chapters, in all, 1189 chapters in the book of God. If a Christian reads three chapters a day, he reads the whole Bible in a year, except ninety-four chapters, which may very pleasantly be read on sabbath days in order, so as to read the Bible through regularly once a year, besides reading particular parts as they suit the state of the reader's mind. Surely, Christians, it behoves you to read the whole of God's mind.

Poetry.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."

Rev. xxi. 4.

"THERE shall be no more death"—Oh, blessed words!
As summer's winds upon the wild harp stealing,
Draw forth sweet music from long voiceless chords,
They wake the heart to songs of holiest feeling.

Again I hear, "There shall be no more death!"
What! shall the wearied eyes that now are keeping
Their anxious vigil o'er the failing health,
And watch life's flickering lamp, know no more weeping?

Shall there be no more parting, no more pain,
No sorrow brooding o'er the human heart?
Shall grief's low moan be never heard again,
No pang of suffering into utterance start?

Shall we no longer, when spring flowers have birth,
Go forth with spirits bowed in deep dejection,
And in the cold embraces of the earth
Lay the lov'd object of our best affection?

No longer shall the fiery scream of war,
The furious charge, the shouts that pierce the sky,
Wake like dim echoes o'er the surges far,
The widow's sob, the orphan's wailing cry?

Shall we no more from morn till even stand,
With yearning hearts beside the rolling wave,
Longing for tidings from some far-off land,
Which when they come tell of a new-made grave?

"There shall be no more death"—death waits on sin;
Then sin no more shall blight God's fair creation:
Oh! blessed thought, to feel all pure within,
And know mankind as one great holy nation!

"There shall be no more death"—whose words are these?
Would any mock the mourners as they grieve?
Can doubts arise? Ah! no, those accents seize
My soul with power divine—I *must* believe.

It is the Saviour's sweet yet solemn voice,
That voice that triumphed in his dying breath;
And as he speaks the hosts of heaven rejoice,
And shout aloud, "There shall be no more death!"

I hear those words re-echoed by the throng
Of white-robed worshippers around the throne;
I hear familiar voices, silent long,
Singing the wondrous anthem, "It is done!"

I see among that cloud of witnesses,
Lov'd forms long faded from our earthly eyes,
Shining like stars in their immortal dress,
Pointing to glorious realms beyond the skies.

I hear those words on earth's broad wilderness,
A voice as of the holy Baptist crying,
Far through the gloom of sorrow and distress,
Proclaiming life to mortals madly dying.

Ye do not call in vain, O! holy band;
Within my soul the echoing voice of faith
Takes up the burden of our God's command,
And boldly cries, "There shall be no more death."

But oft I faint; with spirits bowed and worn,
I watch the heights where darkness lingers yet:
When shall arise that blessed sabbath-morn,
Whose Sun of righteousness shall never set?

When shall the darkness pass? how long, O Lord,
Holy and true, shall thy tried people mourn?
When shall the church, still resting on thy word,
Hail the full glory of the blest return?

Forgive, dear Lord, this vain, impatient thought;
It is enough that Thou dost bid me wait:
If I be Thine, by thy dread passion bought,
Whate'er betide I am not desolate!

Once more I gird me for the daily fight,
Put on the helm of hope, the shield of faith:
My armour burnished with celestial light,
My battle-cry, "There shall be no more death." E. B.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Joshua xxii. 1. "And the children of Reuben and the children of Gad called the altar Ed; for it shall be a witness between us that the Lord is God."

2. Proverbs x. 7. "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot."

3. See 1 Chron. v. 25, 26. "They transgressed against the God of their fathers, and went a whoring after the gods of the people of the land, whom God destroyed before them. And the God of Israel stirred up the spirit of Pul, king of Assyria, and he carried them away, even the Reubenites and the Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh, and brought them unto Halah, and Habor, and Hara, and to the river Gozan, unto this day."

4. They requested of Moses that their inheritance might be given them on the east side of Jordan, because they "had a very great multitude of cattle," and they "saw the land of Jazer, and the land of Gilead, that, behold, the place was a place for cattle." "And Moses gave unto them, even to the children of Gad, and to the children of Reuben, and unto half the tribe of Manasseh, the son of Joseph, the kingdom of Sihon, king of the Amorites, and the kingdom of Og, king of Bashan; the land, with the cities thereof in the coasts, even the cities of the country round about." Num. xxxii. 1, 33. They were thus placed at a greater distance from the tabernacle, and afterwards from the temple, and were more exposed to the temptation to idolatry from living in such close proximity to idolatrous tribes.

5. Genesis ix. 20. "Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard."

6. Ps. xxxiv. 10. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Is. xxxiii. 16. . . . "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." xli. 17, 18. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, [illegible] Matt. vi. 25, etc. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek); for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

7. [illegible] iv. 8. "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

8. See Lev. xix. 23–25. "When ye shall come into the land, and shall have planted all manner of trees for food, then ye shall count the fruit thereof as uncircumcised: three years shall it be as uncircumcised unto you: it shall not be eaten of. But in the fourth year all the fruit thereof shall be holy to praise the Lord withal. And in the fifth year ye shall eat of the fruit thereof, that it may yield unto you the increase thereof; I am the Lord your God."

9. The 1st, when the children of Israel were on the eve of departing from Egypt. Exod. xii. The 2nd, one year after, in the wilderness of Sinai—Numbers ix. 5. The 3rd, after an interval of thirty-nine years, when they had entered the promised land—Joshua v. 10.

10. They were appointed by Moses, at the suggestion of Jethro, when the people were encamped in Rephidim. See Exod. xviii. 25, 26. "Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And they judged the people at all seasons."

Page for the Young.

A CHRISTIAN FABLE.

THE fields and gardens were all shrivelled up one sultry summer for want of rain. The cows and sheep wandered hither and thither through the pastures, but they could find scarcely anything to eat, and there were only some long brown clumps of grass-like hay, where there used to be an abundance of green and juicy food. The gardens were as badly off as the meadows; the flowers looked faded and ill, and very many of them had not put forth their beautiful blossoms at all. The bees flew from one to another, but scarcely pitched on any; very seldom did they dive into the bells of even their choicest favourites. It was quite plain so far as their proceedings went, that there was something amiss. The fruit was in as bad case as anything else; for want of rain it had not been able to swell; and if one could have peeped under ground, the potatoes might have been seen like little bullets, they were so small; and though they had every inclination to stir on, and grow bigger, yet without rain, this could not be done.

Things had gone on like this for some little time, and every one began to be very much alarmed. Night after night the farmers looked anxiously at the setting sun, but it sank below the horizon like a ball of fire, and there was not a single cloud to give the slightest hope of rain. The farmers thought that they must be ruined; yet what to do they did not know; until at last they betook themselves to prayer to God, who could and then help in this their terrible need. Perhaps if they had prayed before, they might have been long since delivered from the fearful drought. Every one now prayed that the rain might come—the congregation at public service, the family at their family worship, and each one in his own private devotions. And all these prayers were answered: to the great joy of young and old, the heavens soon after became overcast with clouds, the south wind blew sultry over the fields and gardens, and the long-wished-for rain began to fall. Never did any music sound so sweet as the pattering drops which struck the window panes, never did rain-bright seem more beautiful than these same drops as they trickled down the smooth glass in a thousand little streams.

And what a wondrous change did this rain make in the appearance of the whole country after it had fallen for three or four days. The fields became green, the flowers all freshened up, the air became refreshing and cool, and the hum of the bee was heard amid the roses and honeysuckles again.

At last the rain ceased, and then the sun burst forth in all his brightness again, and soon left the window-panes almost as dry as they had been before. We say "almost," because on one drawing-room pane which reached nearly to the ground, might have been seen three large drops, each at some distance from the other, all three in a straight line, from the bottom to the top of the pane.

These little drops were very sad and thoughtful; they had come with the rest of the shower to water the thirsty ground, and now that the rain had passed quite away, there was no prospect of their being of any use. Only another shower would come, the new drops would carry them along with them, and they could reach the ground and refresh perhaps even one grass blade; they would be content even with doing that; but to stay where they were until the sun dried them up, or the servant brushed them away as she cleaned the window, that was more than they could bear. What made the matter worse was the fact that right below the last drop there actually was a poor shrivelled grass blade, which as yet had received no benefit from all the rain; a great rose had hidden it; and now that it had been plucked for a fresh bouquet, the poor little thing looked as miserable as it well could, to be alive at all. The lowest rain-drop longed to go to it and refresh it, and indeed the grass blade itself besought it to come; but all its efforts were in vain, and it was obliged to stay where it was, sorely against its will. The other rain-drops soon knew how matters stood, and being all of the same benevolent nature, and having come together a very long way for the purpose of doing good, they joined their sister drop in her sorrow, and mourned that nothing could be done. Things were made even worse by the drop which occupied the highest position on the pane; being up the highest it could of course see the farthest, and it now told the others that as far as ever it could see, everything looked refreshed and happy, except that solitary grass blade. While all this was going on, the rain-drops were becoming weaker and weaker; the power of the sun began to tell upon them, and they felt that unless they did something soon, they never could do anything at all. This was presently impressed upon them, even still more forcibly, by the appearance of a servant-maid who made preparations for cleaning the inside of the window, and it was quite clear the outside was not to escape.

While the maid was arranging her cloths, the middle drop addressed itself to the one above and beneath. "It is quite plain," it said, "that if we are to do anything for this poor grass blade, and indeed to fulfil our mission at all, we must bestir ourselves at once. Separated we can do nothing, but united we can do much; if we start one by one we must be spent in our course, but if we join together we can reach the spot where we all desire to be; the moment the window is shaken, drop on me," said the drop to the one above; "and we two will join ourselves to you," said the drop to the one below, "and then we can reach the grass-blade at once."

There was no time for any jealousies, and they all agreed to join their strength. At the first rattle of the window, the topmost drop slowly trickled down to the middle one, then the two together ran quickly down to the lowest one, and then all three rolled down the rest of the pane in a moment, and reached the grass blade's root. They were like new life to it, and under their influence it sprung up green and fresh again.

Young reader, if the little grass blade and the rain-drops could speak to you, what would they say?

Never despise a mission of mercy because it is to the lowly.

Never consider your position in life so disadvantageous that you cannot do any good.

By union much can be done, when often nothing can be done alone.

Let us make speed in doing what good we can, for our opportunities may come very quickly to an end.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

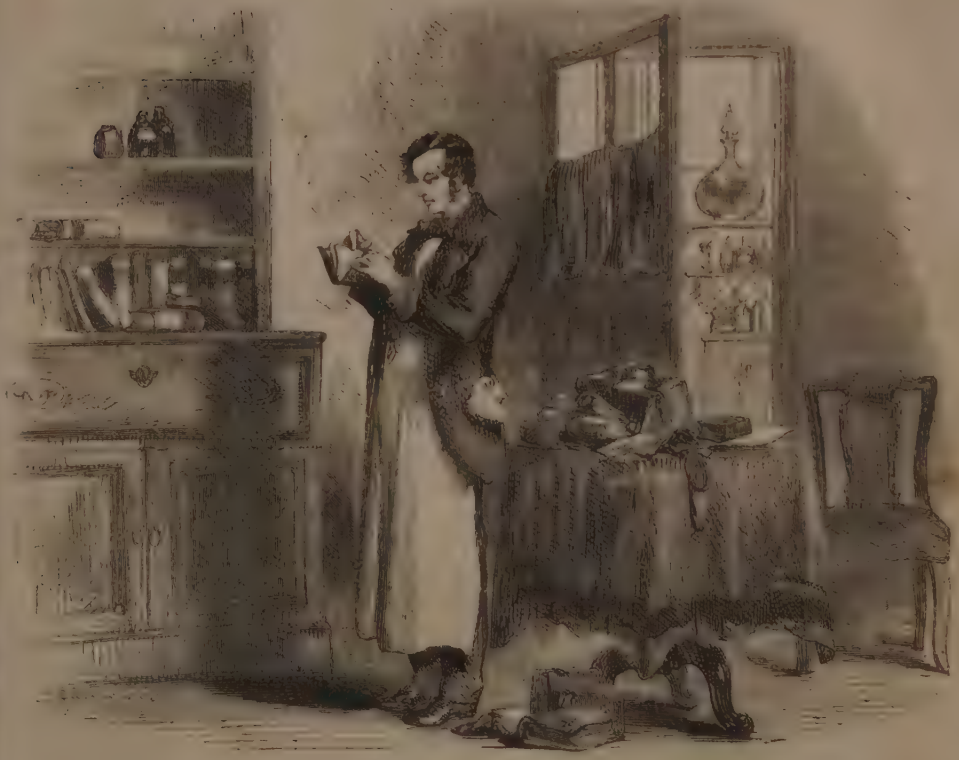
18. Give an Old Testament prophecy of the resurrection of Christ.

19. By whom and on what occasion was this prophecy referred to as applying to Christ in the New Testament?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



MY NEW POSSESSOR.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XIII.

My next abode was in the somewhat gloomy back room of an humbler dwelling than that from which I had been removed; and it soon appeared that the person into whose possession I had fallen was the proprietor of a small shop, into which my new apartment opened.

I had, at first, some reason to fear that my career of usefulness in my Great Master's service was drawing to a close, for, on unpacking and examining his purchases, my white-aproned owner carelessly scanned the contents of my companions, some two or three of which he placed on a scantily-filled shelf without remark, while the rest were, with symptoms of contempt, forcibly divested of their covers, and ignominiously consigned to the common uses of his business—to be torn, in short, page from page, and employed in wrapping up the purchases of his customers. It appeared that the small price he had given for us at the auction sale permitted this, to us degrading and unprofitable, but to him profitable, use of our contents.

If my spirit had been human, I must have felt both deep sorrow and high indignation that

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the choice companions of my late gentle owner's leisure moments were thus ruthlessly condemned to destruction and oblivion; for the volumes [illegible] were worthy of far other treatment; and, indeed, so much of humanity is interwoven with my earthly existence, that I could but reflect the indignant inquiry, "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?"

Reason was there, truly, to anticipate that, in this wanton and avaricious destruction, I should not be spared. My new owner took me in his hand with an air of indifference, which augured but little regard for my character and authority, and inwardly debated whether or not to spare me. At last he put me aside with my reprieved companions, and for that time I escaped.

My [illegible] from this, my first experience in this new home, that my services were not likely to be often required, either for doctrine, reproof, or instruction in righteousness. [illegible] My owner had no desire to receive my communications. Wise in his own conceit, he had long rejected my counsels, and would have none of my reproof. He spoke of me with a sneer as antiquated and below the dignity of the present age and modern improvements, and discoveries, and advancement, and very contemptuously of those who, as he said, "pinned their faith to my sleeve," as being either hypocritical or weak-minded, ignorant and superstitious.

All this I intuitively knew of my owner; and ere long I became acquainted with the following outline of his past history and his present creed and profession.

Before I sketch the history of my owner, will my readers call to mind the parable of the Great Teacher of morality and religion—the Teacher sent from God—in which a sower is spoken of as "going forth to sow." "And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away."

And will they further remember the application of the parable? "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which receiveth seed by the wayside. But he that receiveth the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended."

In early life my new owner had been made, in some measure, acquainted with my teachings; he had heard them expounded by one of whom it might have been said that he was "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument;" and the result of this partial acquaintance was shown in much outward warmth and zeal for the cause and in the service of my Master. Like one of whom I tell, he would, at that time, have exclaimed, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord." Were any sacrifices to be made for religion, who more ready to make them than this young professor? If any labours had to be performed in the service of Jehovah, who more willing to perform them than he? If the testimony of words were thought needful in behalf of the despised One and his doctrines, who more instant in crying out exultingly, "*I* am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," than the young man who had now become my possessor? If love were to be shown to the teacher of religion, whose attachment seemed to burn more ardently than his? Ah! by the exuberance of his professions and the readiness which he manifested in *outward* acts of devotion and self-denial, did this new convert, as he was then called, shame, or seem to shame, many who had long known and loved Him who is "the chief among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely."

Nor let it be said or supposed that all this zeal and manifestation of earnestness, and performance, and attachment to the forms of piety in this young man, were hypocritical pretences and wilful deceptions to gain a desired end. Truly, indeed, he loved the praise of men better than the approbation of God; and truly, also, much that he did would have been left undone if it had not been seen and heard by his fellow-men; yet was he more self-deceived than a wilful deceiver of others. He had "heard the word of the kingdom" with the outward ear, and it had captivated his imagination, so that "with joy" he had received it; but he "understood it not," and "had no root in himself," nor had the prayer which my spirit teacheth ever ascended with humility, and earnestness, and sincerity from his soul, "Open THOU mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!" Only the outward teaching of the Divine word had arrested his attention; his soul was unaffected by it, because he was not willing to receive the kingdom of God as a little child; because his heart had an idol, even pride and self-sufficiency; because he had lusts, and desires, and affections there unsubdued; and because he had never sought the health-giving, cleansing, purifying, and renewing influences of that blessed Spirit of God which is promised to all who ask it, and without which no spiritual

life can be revealed in the heart of a sinner or in the life of a saint.

Marvel not then, reader, that "the wicked one" caught away that which was sown in the heart of this young man, and that though he had heard the word, and even with joy received it, he endured but for a while; or that language such as that which was spoken in days of old might have been uttered concerning him: "Also, thou son of man, the children of thy people are talking of thee by the walls, and in the doors of the houses; and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the LORD. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness."

And "by and by" he "was offended." Once, when my Great Master, in the fulfilment of his marvellous designs of mercy, trod the earth as a man, he spoke to those who deemed themselves his disciples, of a heavenly and glorious verity, which they thought so offensive to their understandings, that they called it "a hard saying;" and, "from that time, many of them went back, and walked no more with him." And when, in later times, the witnesses for my Master uttered unwelcome truths in the hearing of his enemies, those enemies were "cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay" the faithful ones. And so had it been with my owner.

It matters not how long or how short had been the time in which he had worn as an outer garment "the form of godliness," and had been reckoned a worthy example to others: the time came when he "was offended," was "cut to the heart," called the humbling doctrines which I teach "hard sayings," and "walked no more" in company with the followers of my Lord and Master.

Neither shall I dwell upon, or at all reveal, the nature of the offence he received. Let it be that the faithful exhibition of the gospel of my Master had torn from his unsanctified soul the rags of self-righteousness and self-gratulation with which he had clothed it; and shown to him that the refuge in which he trusted, or thought he trusted, and concerning which he dreamed, was a refuge of lies; and that, instead of thankfulness for this discovery, he had been filled with indignation, as of one who will not come to the light lest his deeds should be reproved. Let it be that a faithful fellow-disciple had ventured to speak gently and lovingly, but all too faithfully, to him alone, of some inconsistency between his practice and his profession. Let it be that some word of Divine utterance stirred up the smouldering fire of rebellion in his heart, which had never been extinguished there. Let it be that a brother of low degree had been exalted, while his aspirations for distinction among his brethren were repressed. Yes, let it be any of these causes; for each of these, among multitudes of others, has been a cause of offence to such as my owner at that time was; while, alas! the true reason to be given for the withdrawal of these professors from the society of their former brethren, and the abandonment of religious ordinances, and the neglect of the word of life, and the disregard of the day, as well as the worship of God, may be summed up in the melancholy language of an apostle, recorded in me: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would, no doubt, have continued with us; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not of us."

And then, when this unhappy man had turned his back on his former profession and his former friends, did he begin to speak exultingly of his new-found liberty, and pityingly of those whom he described as being in bondage to each other and to superstition; then, too, did he ridicule in bitter terms—which betrayed in him some yet remaining compunctious feelings—the fanatical (as he called them) means which I declared could alone regenerate and remodel a fallen and guilty world; then also did he begin to indulge more unrestrainedly, though still secretly, those lusts of his which had never been subdued, because he had never sought Divine help in their subjugation.

Such, reader, was the creed of my new owner, and such had been his past history, when I entered his dwelling. He was a man of mature years, yet not having quite passed the vigour of youth. He was proud of his intellect, because words flowed glibly from his tongue; proud of his character, because he had never been proved guilty of gross immorality; proud of his escape from the tyranny of priestly domination, because he scorned to enter the house appropriated to the worship and service of God; proud of his courage, because he dared to lie in bondage to sin, and imagined himself to be free from the terrors of superstition.

Do you ask his name? Nay, let this owner of mine be nameless: but while pausing here, ere I speak of my further acquaintance with him, permit me, dear readers, ye who profess a better creed, to whisper in your ear words dictated to me by Him whose servant I am: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith: prove your own selves. Know ye not, your own selves, that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate?" Diligent circumspection is needful for us all.

AN OLD MAN OF NINETY.

Some time ago I was sent for to visit an old man, ninety years of age. When I saw him, I asked, "Why have you sent for me?"

He said, "Oh, sir, I want to be saved."

"How long have you been in this state of mind?"

"Two years, sir."

"Two years," said I, "and not saved yet! it didn't take the converts on the day of Pentecost so long; they were saved *at once*. Tell me what course you have been taking."

"Well, sir, I've been *reading*, and *praying*, and *doing my best*."

"And are you any better, my good friend?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'm a great deal worse."

"Then, I'm afraid you've missed your way; you haven't taken God's plan."

Then said the aged man, deeply moved, "*What* must I do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"But *what* am I to believe about him?"

"That he has died for your sins, and in so doing he paid all your debt; and what God wants of you now is, not to pay, but to believe that all is paid; not to *do* a great work, but to *believe* that the great work *has been done* for you on the cross."

"Bless the Lord!" cried the hoary patriarch, kindling with amazement and joy. "What! has he paid all my debt? I never knew that before. God has sent you here to open my blind eyes."

> "I once was blind, but now I see
> My danger and my remedy."

What a change had come over that poor grey-headed penitent! It was a pleasure to see how the good news of the gospel melted his heart: he rejoiced with "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Once when I called again, he was singing the well-known hymn:—

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies."

I said, "But, William, you may alter the first word, and sing, 'Now I can read my title clear.'"

"Aye, aye," replied he, "that I can, blessed be God."

I had the privilege and opportunity of seeing him frequently during the few remaining months of his life, and he died in simple and confiding reliance on the great atonement.

I. Behold the *simplicity* of the gospel. Here is a poor sinner, lost, ruined, and undone. He yields to the drawings of the Divine Spirit; he ceases from his own works, and fixes his stedfast eye on the finished work of Christ, no longer trusting for salvation in his prayers or performances; or in the feelings of his heart, or the amendments of his life. He stands before God as "a poor sinner," just nothing at all; with Christ for his Saviour, his all and in all. His soul travels out of itself, and finds all it wants in the services and sufferings of the eternal Son of God; peace to the aching conscience, rest to the agitated bosom, and preparation for death, judgment, and eternity. Happy man! he has discovered the great secret. He has so learned Christ that he is not afraid to die: the king of terrors has been transformed to a ministering angel, commissioned to strike off his fetters, to open his prison doors, and to lead him forth to realms of eternal light and liberty.

Do you ask, then, anxious, burdened penitent, what God would have you to do? You have much to do in the way of duty and service to Him who died for you; but nothing, literally nothing, for the pardon of your sins; nothing for the redemption of your soul. Christ has done all, paid all, and settled all that is necessary for your acquittal from guilt, and your acceptance into the Divine favour. It is believe, only *believe* with all thine heart, that Christ has answered for your guilt, and set before you the open door of salvation. Fear not, whatever your sinfulness, whatever your hardness of heart; it is your privilege to believe and be happy—to rejoice and be thankful.

> "Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
> Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
> It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
> Majestic in its own simplicity.
> Inscribed above the portal, from afar,
> Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
> Legible only by the light they give,
> Stand the soul-quickening words—*Believe and live.*
> Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
> Despise the plain direction, and are lost."

II. Behold the *efficacy* of the gospel; it is the power of God unto salvation: he that truly believeth is born of God; he becomes a new creature—quite another man from what he was: he is changed into the image of Christ, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Pride gives place to humility, lying to truth-telling, profanity to reverence, covetousness to benevolence, the love of the world to the love of God. The heathen jailor believed, and he who had been cruel to his prisoners, thrusting them into the inner prison, and making their feet fast in the stocks, became suddenly kind, for he took them the same hour, and washed their stripes. Saul of Tarsus believed, and he who was a persecutor, a blasphemer, and an injurious man, preached and practised the faith he once destroyed. The old man in the case before us believed, and he who was laden with the sins of fourscore years and ten, begun the life of heaven above, all the life of glorious love.

Reader! do you also believe in the Son of God, and you shall be saved from the power as well as from the guilt of sin.

III. Observe the *amazing grace* of the gospel. None are too old, none are too far gone in sin, to share in its blessings. Its language is, "Him that cometh, I will in nowise cast out." The Saviour hath tasted death for every man, and it is his will that the good news should spread far as the curse is found. "Go ye," says he to his apostles, "into all the world, and *preach the gospel to every creature.*" What, if we meet with the false witnesses that rose up against thee, and tried to swear away thy life; must we preach the gospel to *them?* Yes—preach the gospel to every creature. What, if we meet with Herod who mocked thee, and set thee at nought, and exposed thee to the scorn of all Jerusalem; must we preach the gospel to *him?* Yes—to every creature. What, if we meet with Pontius Pilate, who, while avowing thy innocence, condemned thee to the cross, for fear of the clamouring multitude; must we preached the gospel to *him?* Yes—to every creature. What, if we meet with those who cried, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him, crucify him!" and feasted their malicious eyes with the agonies of thy dying hour; must we preach the gospel to *them?* Yes—preach the gospel to *every* creature. Go ye into all the world—go to the garret, go to the cellar, go to the vilest haunts of vice, and preach the gospel to all you meet, without distinction; preach it to every creature: and if you meet with a sinner towering head and shoulders above the rest—a giant in iniquity—a desperado in crime—a very devil in human flesh—preach the gospel to *him:* tell him that I have loved him; that my blood cleanseth from all sin; and that he is welcome to all the fruits and benefits of my great redemption.

Dear reader! whoever you are, or whatever you be, here is your warrant and welcome to take freely of the waters of life. "No mortal has a just pretence to perish in despair." Do not hesitate. Do not delay. There is but a step between you and a terrible hell. And once there, it will be too late to believe, too late to seek salvation. There is no mercy for the disembodied unbeliever. There is no escape from the world of woe. When the soul has suffered for ages, countless as the sand, it will be as far from the end of its woe as at the beginning:

> "Days, months, and years, all have an end,
> Eternity has none;
> 'T will always have as long to spend
> As when it first begun."

Awake thou that sleepest; escape for thy life; flee from the wrath to come.

A VISIT TO LAFORCE.

In the course of a journey which we took a short time ago in the south of France, we paid a visit to a valued friend, the Rev. John Bost, at Laforce. Both his name and that of his home are well known to many Christians in England and Scotland, and they will be glad to hear some news from a place of so much interest to them; and it may be hoped, that an account of the works of usefulness there carried on, may lead to an increased interest being felt in the labours of our Protestant brethren in France.

Laforce had often been described to us in most glowing terms. A picture, of which we present a copy, had given us some slight idea of its outward appearance, but still it is difficult to realise the beauties of a place, either by a description or an engraving, and we looked forward with great pleasure to our visit.

After a long day's journey from Paris, we reached Libourne (about twenty miles north of Bordeaux), late on a hot summer's evening, and stopped there for the night. Early the next morning we started in a carriage for St. Foy, our road lying through a succession of lovely vineyards bordering on the river Dordogne. Had we space, we would gladly linger by the way to describe the clearness and freshness of the air, which here added so great a charm to the beauty of the scenery; so delightful was it that the four hours' journey seemed short indeed, and we were not a little surprised so soon to arrive at the busy little town of St. Foy. Here Mr. Bost awaited our arrival, gave us a warm and kind welcome, and after a visit to the Protestant pastor, Mr. Delorbre, drove us to Laforce. The first half of the way was along one of those peculiar straight roads so well known to travellers in France, and the rest was through fields, and across the river by a ferry-boat, to the foot of the eminence on which Laforce is situated. The most prominent object is the old chateau, now completely in ruins, and this was surrounded by clusters of cleanly, white cottages, and smiling fields, in the highest state of cultivation.

The parsonage was quickly recognised, and we soon found ourselves at home in its neat and pretty rooms, enjoying the extensive prospect, which resembles and rivals that at Malvern. This parsonage was the gift of the parishioners, and was built with their own hands, on a piece of ground commanding one of the most beautiful views in the neighbourhood, which was generously contributed by a lady, of whose property it formed the half. Mr. Bost came to Laforce about eleven years ago. On his arrival he found the Protestants few in number, and grossly ignorant, so much had they degenerated from their

ancestors, the noble Huguenot martyrs. The sabbath was spent in dancing, singing, and other amusements, so soon as the morning service was over. With this he could not be satisfied, and he soon attempted a Bible class, against the advice of many who thought the effort useless. On the first occasion he succeeded, but his success was attributed to the wetness of the weather, which prevented the usual amusements. Nevertheless the second meeting was still better attended, and in a short space of time the numbers increased so much that the place of meeting would no longer contain the numbers who flocked together. The ignorant villagers soon became intelligent and interested enquirers; a change came over the place, and they voluntarily united to build for themselves a place of worship. In a small village, an amount of 500*l.* or more was contributed in money, and much more in labour. Carts and oxen were despatched in all directions to fetch materials, and willing hands helped to put them together. The same generosity was displayed in the erection of the orphan asylum and the parsonage; and whenever another opportunity calls for new efforts of the kind, the people of Laforce will doubtless not be found backward.

The great object of interest in Laforce is the orphan asylum, "La Famille Evangelique," the large building in the centre of the view. It was founded by Mr. Bost about seven years ago, for the reception of female orphans or children deserted by their parents. The necessary funds are supplied by voluntary contributions, a great part of which is from English and Scotch friends. Each child costs 10*l.* a-year, and families and friends who contribute adopt one or more as a protegé. Mr. Bost was anxious that we should pay a visit to the establishment as soon as possible, but on our way thither we stopped to see three little idiots, who form the nucleus of an asylum which Mr. Bost is now organizing for idiots, the blind, and those afflicted with chronic incurable diseases. Considerable interest attaches to this institution, as it is the first of the kind that has been attempted among the Protestants in France. One of the three idiots was a tall dark-haired girl, another a weak and puny child, almost blind, while the third and worst was a thick-set and stunted little one named Emma, whose case was said to be hopeless. The improvement in all three has been most wonderful; all having learnt to understand what is said to them, to obey, to sing, and the former two to knit. But the alteration in little Emma is the most striking, as Mr. Bost describes her to have been, when first brought to him, a most loathsome object, and little better than an animal. Now she exhibits an ardent attachment to Mr. Bost and to the young person who has charge of her and her companions. These three children were for some time kept by Mr. Bost in his own parsonage, but they have been lately in a small house in the village, and will now be removed to the property which Mr. Bost has just been enabled to purchase for an idiot asylum by the kindness of Christian friends.

We passed out of the idiots' cottage into the garden of the Famille Evangelique, and walked to the entrance of the building through beds of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. On entering the building we were first introduced to the sewing-room, where we met the sewing mistress and the matron, both of them evidently the right people in the right place: the former neat as her own needle-work, the latter staid and lady-like, and at the same time amiable and kind. A number of the children were collected in a circular sewing class, diligently at work. Each little girl was the picture of cleanliness and health, and most were able to show specimens of very excellent work. The next was the school-room, and here the writing lessons were in progress; such writing would be seldom met with in England, so careful and neat was it. The chief teacher was in this room, and pleasant it was to see how fondly attached all the children were to her. Both she and the other "directrices" seemed to enter into the performance of their duties with their whole hearts, and theirs was evidently a labour of love. The institution contains about eighty inmates, (besides forty living at home, who attend the school daily,) and the household duties are divided among the children, who take the different departments in turn. There are no domestic servants whatever, and by attending to the cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, and so on, the children not only make themselves useful at the time, but also prepare themselves for service in after life. We subsequently went over the rest of the building, and found all the arrangements to be most excellent.

From the institution we walked a short distance to the estate which Mr. Bost has purchased for the idiot asylum, and named "Bethesda." The purchase was just completed, and we could not but be glad that so admirable a situation had been obtained for the purpose. Situated on a slight eminence, the position commands an extensive and lovely prospect over the valley, and the elevation secures a constant refreshing breeze. The old-fashioned country house provides as much accommodation as will be required for the present, but if the inmates become numerous a larger building will become indispensable. The crops will go far towards the maintenance of the institution.

Laforce is in so retired a situation that English people seldom penetrate there, and we

were told that the ladies of our party were the first from England whom any of the inhabitants had ever seen there. A glorious moonlight kept us at the open window till nearly midnight, and we then retired to rest full of anticipations of the pleasures of the coming sabbath. The morning dawned upon us as brightly as its predecessor, and we were early astir in order to go to the Bible class. The sound of the bell of the Roman catholic chapel reminded us that the parish was not wholly Protestant; but now, happily, the latter are quite unmolested, and they have full liberty of worship.

We found the church, or rather "temple," as the Protestants call it, to be a plain and neat but large edifice, capable of containing a considerable number of worshippers. We passed through it into the vestry, and found a good class, composed of elder girls from the institution, and villagers, both boys and girls, assembled for instruction. Mr. Bost took his seat among them, and as he had been absent for a long time, the lesson was rather introductory than one of a regular course. It consisted in an examination, very close and careful, as to what they thought about their own hearts, their relation to their Maker, and their hopes for the future. The answers which the children gave were simple and open, and seemed to come from the heart, while their attention was fixed. The lesson lasted about an hour, and when we passed into the temple, it was already filled with the congregation for the morning service. The seats were occupied by the country people, chiefly women; and as they all wear a bright yellow or red handkerchief over the head, the scene was very striking. The first part of the service consisted in reading and prayer. The singing was exquisite; it was accompanied by a harmonium, which was played by a young lady of the congregation, and as everybody joined and sang in parts with great expression, the beautiful and simple "cantiques" were heard to perfection. The sermon, which was preached by Mr. Bost, was preparatory to the communion, which followed, and in which we were privileged to join. The men first formed a circle round the communion table, and then the women. It was a striking scene; there was the utmost simplicity, but many a trickling tear told of the deep and sincere feelings which prevailed. The rules of the church allow of all approaching the communion table who feel inclined to do so; each is expected to examine his own heart, whether he be worthy or not. We were assured that this rule was not abused, and that of the large number with whom we joined on this occasion, all, almost without exception, were sincere and ardent Christians. After the communion the larger part of the congregation left, but a few remained to close the morning's devotion with a short service of song. This service over, we had some pleasant talk with several members of the congregation round us, and soon after started for a country farm-house, a few miles off, to dine with one of the deacons of the church. It is Mr. Bost's practice to do this every sabbath; his parish is so large that his people cannot all come to more than one service a day, and he has, therefore, appointed four houses in different directions, where he dines on alternate sabbaths, and holds a social meeting for conversation and prayer afterwards, at which as many as possible meet. On this occasion our destination was Maduran, where we met with a hearty welcome, and profuse kindness and hospitality.

Immediately after dinner we found the congregation collecting outside the farm-house, coming through the fields in all directions. It was a lovely sunny afternoon, and the bright head-dresses, and still brighter smiling faces, made the gathering most pleasure-giving and interesting. We mingled with various groups, and talked with them, finding them most anxious to hear about England and English people, for whom Mr. Bost seemed to have inspired them with a profound admiration. Mr. Bost pointed out to us many who had been in the institution, and were now occupying comfortable situations, for which their training there had well prepared them. The children of the institution, too, had found their way here with the teachers; altogether there was quite a large meeting, and it was impossible to find seats for all in the large room in which we assembled. After singing, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, a conversation ensued between Mr. Bost and the elders, as to how they had carried on the worship during his late long absence. They described their proceedings, and it appeared that although friends had sometimes come from other places to occupy the pulpit, they had generally been obliged to go without a minister. When this was the case, as many as pleased met on the Saturday evening, to choose the passages of Scripture which were to be read and expounded by one of their number on the following day.

Mr. Bost then spoke of the new Bethesda asylum for "Idiots," and told them of his success in obtaining the funds for the purchase of the property. "Did they feel interested in it, and were they ready to work at it, as they had previously done with the institution, the temple, and the parsonage?" One of the deacons very deliberately and thoughtfully replied, "Yes, they had thought and talked about it, and they felt ready to engage in the work." They had come to this conclusion by asking themselves this question: "If we had a child an idiot,

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should we not be glad to have a Protestant asylum, in which we could place it? Mr. Bost was not forgetful to remind them of the help he had received in England, and he expressed the pleasure he felt in having a few English friends present, to sympathise with them in the moment of success.

We returned before dark to Laforce, and spent the evening in conversation with some of Mr. Bost's friends, many of them being Roman Catholics, who not only are friendly, but also valued supporters in his works of usefulness. Among them were the "Juge de Paix," the "Notaire," and the "Medecin," from whom we met with the most unaffected kindness. It was pleasing to hear the testimony to Mr. Bost's worth, and their interest in his proceedings. We had this testimony subsequently confirmed to us in other quarters; and we were told that, at a period of persecution, when the Roman catholics were making every exertion to induce the prefet of the department to close Mr. Bost's institution, he examined it carefully, and was so pleased, that he said he would rather quit his post than suffer any harm to come to it.

We must not omit to mention that Mr. Bost has established in Laforce a Protestant day-school for boys, which is very well attended. We met the schoolmaster, who pleased us much with his intelligence and capacity. He had, some years ago, been picked up by Mr. Bost in a helpless, almost starving condition. He had gradually raised himself from the lowest possible condition to comfort, respectability, and usefulness; more than all, he had become a Protestant and a consistent Christian.

We had expected much from Laforce, but our anticipations were far more than realised. Its benevolent institutions amply deserve all the sympathy and support which they have obtained, and there is urgent need for still greater help. Not only are the institutions valuable on account of the direct good which they accomplish, but also for the indirect benefit which they confer upon Protestantism in France. Protestants there are continually accused by the Romanists of laying too much stress on faith alone, to the neglect of good works, but Laforce, by presenting a model of earnestness and vigour, furnishes a practical refutation of such objections.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

PRE-EMINENT PIETY;

THE POSSIBILITY AND BLESSEDNESS OF THE ATTAINMENT.

BY DR. GARDINER SPRING.

E aim at low attainments in piety, because we feel as though it would be presumptuous for us to aim at higher; and because we have been in the habit of believing that high attainments are impracticable. But by the help of God, there is no impossibility in commencing a spiritual life and in advancing in this heavenward career. The same rational and moral faculties which render us capable of one holy affection, render us capable of another, and of more uniform effort, and continued progress.

Nor is there anything in the experience or history of good men that discountenances the spirit of this remark. When we advert to the names of Owen and Howe, of Baxter and Martyn, whose light will shine through a long line of succeeding generations, we may no longer feel that the children of Adam may not become splendid examples of moral excellence. It is a withering, an annihilating thought, that it is impossible to imitate, and almost sinful to think of emulating, such examples as these. What forbids our saying, that it is with spiritual attainment as it is in every department of human excellence; and that the more men set their hearts upon it, the more they are unwearied in the pursuit, the more humble and prayerful their exertions, the greater will be their success? I say, what forbids it? Is it our dependence for holiness? So are we dependent for all things. And what is there in our dependence that forbids hope? What evidence does it furnish of confidence in God, when a sense of dependence discourages and unnerves exertion? It is a serious error when good men make this unhallowed use of their dependence. Wicked men are wont to employ this truth thus, and to their own destruction; while it is the privilege of good men to employ it for their encouragement in "forgetting the things that are behind." There is no humility in being afraid to resolve that, by the grace of God, we will be eminently holy, unless there be humility in resolving that we will remain great transgressors. It *seems* to savour of presumption, that such frail and polluted creatures as we are, should venture to emulate the example of the best of men; but does it not really savour of presumption that we should determine to continue in our present imperfection?

No good man doubts that to be pre-eminently devoted to God is his *solemn duty*. God requires it: Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy. This is his will, even your sanctification. Holiness consists in right dispositions and exercises of heart, and in right conduct. It consists in doing right from right motives; and if it is the duty of men to do this in one particular, it is their duty in every particular, and always. If it is their duty to love God, to hate sin, to pant after holiness, to exercise every gracious affection, and perform every gracious act at one time, then is it their duty at all times. There is no obligation in the word of God fortified by more powerful, or urged by more persuasive considerations, than the obligation to grow in grace; and I do not know that in the sight of God there is any deeper impiety than indifference to this reasonable and sacred obligation.

In all their desires and efforts for progressive piety, also, the people of God *have the promise of Divine assistance*. The promised influence of the Holy Spirit does not, we are free to say, lay the foundation of their obligations to advance in holiness; and yet this gracious influence furnishes the most happy, nay, the only encouragement to every desire and effort. Does God say to his people, "Wash you; make you clean!" he also says, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; and from all your filthiness, and all your idols will I cleanse you." "Blessed are they," says our divine Lord, "who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall *be filled*." At his triumphant ascension, this Prince and Saviour led captivity captive and gave gifts to men, that the Lord God might dwell among them. Before his ascension, he told his disciples that he would ask his Father, and he would give them another comforter, who should abide with them for ever. And now he gives his people the strongest encouragement to expect his Divine influence. "Ask," says he, "and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." To enable his people to fulfil their obligations, and to enable him to fulfil his purpose, he will communicate his Spirit in such measure as they truly desire, and in every time of need. They that "wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Whose heart shall not such truths animate! whose courage shall they not inspirit! Blessed, blessed, thrice blessed assurances! Well may the followers of Jesus dismiss their apathy, "give to the wind their fears," and under the guardianship and patronage of such power and such promises,

press onward till they lay hold on eternal life.

The *personal advantage* of high attainments in piety is also a motive which no Christian mind will depreciate. Enoch was safe; he was happy, because he walked with God. Men of pre-eminent piety are comparatively secure from the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and have the best reason to believe that they shall be delivered from reproachful apostasies. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" The Lord is with them while they are with him. He never fails to spread the wing of his protection over them, and shield them from their foes.

In pre-eminent piety, there is also a perennial source of the purest joy. We have already remarked, that it implies a happy, just in the measure in which it implies a holy state of mind. If a little religion is the spring of consolations superior to all the pleasures of the world, large measures of it must be an overflowing fountain—an ocean of delight. The reason why Christians are so often sad and melancholy, and derive so little comfort from piety, is, that their piety is of so slow and stinted a growth, and their graces are so feeble and languishing. They may make religion the source of few consolations or many: they may make of it just as little and just as much as they choose. There is enough in it to make them supremely happy; and if they fail to draw from it all the comfort they need, or all that it can impart, the fault is their own. We know, alas! so little of elevated piety, that we have never proved its joys. True happiness is to be found only in living near to God. Here the most enlarged desires, be they ever so eager and grasping, and extend ever so far, may be gratified without extravagance, without harm, and without satiety. This is the good for which the soul was formed, and to which its exalted capacities are adapted. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee!"

The more we are like God, the more we are loved of him, and the more significant are the expressions of his love. Darkness and doubt embarrass the minds of *retired* Christians. "He that followeth after me," saith our divine Lord, "shall not walk in *darkness*, but shall have the *light of life*." That peace and comfort of which the heart is so often robbed by inconstant affections and besetting sins; that light of God's countenance which is so often withdrawn, as a necessary discipline when we depart from him, would soon be restored if the soul were intent on the pursuit of holiness. And that depression which so often weighs down the spirit—those clouds which so often hang over the mind—those temptations which are the source of such bitter and pensive anxiety, would soon be removed if the heart were imbued with the spirit of Christ, and absorbed in God as its best and only portion. Nothing in this miserable world would come amiss if the people of God were more holy. They would rejoice both to do and suffer his will, and would be happy to live and ready to die.

Nor may it be forgotten, that pre-eminent piety is a necessary qualification *for distinguished usefulness*. The great end for which the people of God were created and redeemed is attained in proportion to their personal piety. Some Christians accomplish very little for the honour of God in the world; they are little better than withered vines in a fruit-bearing and blushing vineyard. And but for here and there some solitary cluster of grapes when the vintage is over, they would be cumberers of the ground. "Herein is my Father glorified," saith our blessed Master, "that ye bear *much* fruit." Would you put honour on the name of the great God your Saviour? would you redeem the pledge given to him in your self-consecration to his service? would you be more than cyphers in the world? then will you press toward the mark of the prize of your high calling. Many eyes are upon the saints of God; and as you are quickened in your course, or become languid and weary, so religion is honoured or disgraced. You are a spectacle to God, angels and men; and your industry and diligence will be commended and approved, or your inertness and unconcern will be censured and accused.

O then, with what unexhausted, exhaustless ardour ought you to run the heavenly race! With what moral heroism ought you to fight the good fight of faith! With what high and holy ambition ought your bosoms to be fired in aiming at the crown! There is no danger of excess in this enterprise. If pious men were as active in the pursuit of holiness as they once were in the pursuit of other things, how would they be hurried forward from one degree of grace to another! how would the glory of the great Supreme become the end of all their conduct! how would the lustre of their piety shine on this ungodly world! how would the tribute of praise be brought to their redeeming God and King from afar! how would they make it manifest to the world, that they had not as yet gained their object, and that their sacred and loftiest desires were unsatisfied, till Christ were magnified in them, whether it be by life or by death!

Pre-eminent piety likewise *ensures a large reward in the future world*. If such is the economy of Divine grace, that no holy act or affection will be hereafter unrewarded, how immeasurably urgent the motive to aim at high spiritual

attainments! The most holy man will have the largest capacity for joy—will be the best fitted for the presence and service of God, for the fellowship and society of holy beings, and for the employments and felicity of that spiritual and sinless state of existence. Enoch "was not, for God took him." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Every new attainment in holiness here is the commencement of a series of causes, every one of which, in eternal succession, is elevating in its influence on the mind, and rich in unfading joys. It is true, there will be no wandering star in the celestial firmament; all shall shine there in the beauties of holiness; yet one star will differ from another star in glory; and those which have shone the brightest here, will be most brilliant and move in the largest orbit there. There are methods within the resources of his own wisdom by which the moral Governor of the universe can express the delight he takes in holiness in direct proportion to the degree in which it exists in the soul. To some who were eminently holy and self-denying men, Jesus once said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom." Some there will be who will "sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." As it is impossible for us to predict *all* the ruinous effects of *sin*, as they are indefinitely diffused and extended throughout eternity; so we know not *all* the happy effects of *holiness*, diffusing and extending themselves immeasurably and for ever. As the most sinful man will be the most miserable, so the most holy man will be the most happy.

Who, then, will have respect to this ineffably high reward? Who will stretch forth his desires for this infinite recompence? Who will fix his eye on the brightest jewel in heaven's diadem? Whose bosom will glow with irrepressible desire for the purest pearl in the crown of righteousness?

Christian! you were elected to be holy. You were redeemed to be holy. You were called to be holy. The choicest purposes of heaven's love are realized in the pre-eminent piety of the church of God. Christ loved it, and gave himself for it, that "he might sanctify and cleanse it." And when, by the various dispensations of his providence and grace, he shall have purged away its dross, it shall be presented before him glorious in holiness, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

"Having therefore these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." Excel in holiness. Live no longer at "this poor dying rate." If you fear God and love his Son; if you have an enlightened and tender conscience; if you know anything of the blessedness of being like your Divine Master, and of being constrained by his love; you will long, and pray, and pant after still greater similitude, and never be satisfied till you "awake in his likeness."

And is all this nothing to those of my readers who live without God and without hope? Why is it that they live without hope, but that they live without God in the world? There it stands engraven on the foundations of the heavenly city, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." All others are *without* the gates of the New Jerusalem. The pure in heart shall see God.

Life's Closing Scene.

SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON, Bart.

In a quiet, well-embosomed dell on the coast of Norfolk—a county where nature rather delights us with quiet beauty than startles the mind by grandeur—in a fertile domain, not very extensive, but from which the world was well shut out, lived during a large portion of his active, useful, and holy life, one whom it will be the business of future generations to remember with peculiar honour. His memory will be associated with some of the highest achievements of national virtue. Other names may carry with them greater *prestige*, and in many circles be much more widely praised. He was not a great commander, who, having fought a hundred battles and mingled in the diplomacy of Europe, reposed, with a nation's admiration, beneath his well-won laurels; though he had much of the daring as well as wisdom of the warrior in him. He was not a conspicuous party-statesman, wielding the elements of national policy and power, convulsing senates, and distributing patronage as the reward of senatorial adherence; though he, too, had electrified the house, had been triumphant in not a few encounters, and was at the head of a party, not the less honourable because it was not always popular. Though he had published, and published with effect, he could not be ranked among those distinguished authors who have gained lasting renown by the mind they have thrown into the flimsy materials of ink and paper. He had not "awaked one morning and found himself famous." But he was in the most enlarged sense of that little but great word, *a man*, and what was much more, a Christian man, uniting in himself qualities never to be separated without sinful divorce. And if moral elements can make such, he was a hero, whose name is worthy to stand by the Pauls, and Howards, and Wilberforces of this world.

and certainly not unworthy of conjunction with the name even of the Great Master himself. He had early learned to live; and was well aware that there are forces much stronger than those of intellect, or learning, or even genius itself. His passion was for the real: for truth, religion, holiness, benevolence. He detested all that was morally weak and fictitious. He estimated the almost omnipotence of Christian will, and he strove for results rather than renown. He was almost a phenomenon. The popularity which he never sought for its own sake followed him for his works' sake. He gradually walked on to eminence—shone for a time in the world's horizon with a serene though powerful lustre, and the few clouds which gathered about him at his evening's setting added to the effulgence of his departure. His mottoes were *motive* and *action;* and he left much for the world to think of after he was gone.

Few can lay claim to such excellences as were clustered together in the person of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

His time—the time for which he was as surely made as the sickle is for the harvest—was an important period in British history. Long had the cries of slavery been faintly heard from our colonies. As time rolled on, they increased in vehemence. The traffic of the slave trade, comprehending a thousand unnameable horrors, had, after many and protracted struggles, received its death-blow, owing to the most disinterested and powerful exertions of William Wilberforce. But *his* was but the beginning of the struggle. Though the slave trade was ended, the slave was not free. Death does not pause, even at the call of humanity, and Wilberforce felt that its coming hour was near before the work was more than half accomplished. He looked round him for a successor, and, happily for the world, Fowell Buxton was already prepared to undertake the duties of survivorship. The topic had been familiar to him from infancy. God is long in preparing the instruments which he employs. Buxton had learned, almost from his cradle, to feel for the sorrows of the slave; and his sympathies were not a little quickened by a beloved friend, who died almost in the act of commending the subject to his exertions.

The man who threw himself into the front ranks of such a conflict would need not only a large heart and a pitying humanity, but an inflexible will and a heroic courage, tempered by prudence, and directed by a singleness of purpose above all suspicion. These qualities Buxton eminently possessed. Let us see how these exigencies were met by his character: and first, of his humanity.

Buxton was born of a mother who, educated in the principles of the Society of Friends, had a heart peculiarly alive to the sorrows of humanity. His life was spent in developing these early instincts. He had shown his compassion on many occasions, particularly in a great movement made for the relief of the Spitalfields weavers in 1816, when, as a consequence of his earnest exertions, a wide sympathy was awakened for the suffering. In a similar spirit he had seconded the exertions of his large-hearted sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry, for the moral improvement of convicts, and was conspicuous in efforts for the amendment of prison discipline. To aid these efforts he had written, had visited multitudes of prisons, and had often spoken in Parliament. He was also deeply concerned in the amelioration of criminal law and the abolition of Indian suttee—took great interest in the African Institution formed to watch the progress of slave-trade abolition—was an active patron of Bible and missionary societies of every class, and lent, in short, his aid to every enterprize which tended to make man better. To the poor he was an unwearied friend, and he showed his interest in their welfare in little things as well as great. They knew his value, and designated him on one occasion, as "the poor man's magistrate," although he did not sit on the bench.

When this benevolence of heart came to be exercised on the harrowing details of slavery, it almost crushed the philanthropist, especially as it operated on a frame already overweighted by labour. In the course of preparing for his parliamentary advocacy of the slave, his excitement was on one occasion so great, that he was several times compelled to suspend his labours by a short walk on his lawn, and during one of these intervals was heard to say, "Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad! I can't bear it!" The effect of this tension of mind and feeling was a severe attack of apoplexy. On recovering his consciousness, his first thought was that he must arise and go to the house; and it was with some difficulty he was made to comprehend that during his illness, the time for the motion of which he had given notice was already past.

His decision of character was equally conspicuous. Among his maxims were the following:—"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails." And again: "Let it be your duty to teach the world," he said to his children, "that you are not wood and straw—some *iron* in you." His whole life corresponded with these principles. When a child, being despatched to overtake a drover on the road, he accomplished his task, though he had to walk three miles, and lost one of his shoes in perform-

ing his errand. When at school, he was called Elephant Buxton. As he grew up, his physical developments became an index of the mind within. Both his physical and moral strength were displayed, when about the age of twenty, in encountering a mad dog which was threatening destruction to the vicinity; and when the animal was in the very paroxysm of his rabid fury, Buxton threw himself from his horse upon the fearful creature, and succeeded in securing him without accident. The same firmness was shown soon after he entered business in compelling measures of reform in his brewery, and in overcoming, with cool determination, the prejudices raised by a head clerk against his plans. On another occasion, when a collier brig was shipwrecked off the coast of Cromer, Mr. Buxton, at the risk of his own life, dashed into the waves and succeeded, with great difficulty, in saving one of the crew. His tenderness would have destroyed him in his great enterprizes, but for this lion-heartedness which gave it force.

The abolition of slavery was a Herculean task. Buxton had to fight his way against the objections of the hostile, and the apathetic policy of the half-hearted. In one crisis all the power of the existing government was put forth in order to induce him to forego a motion on the subject, which was represented to threaten the very existence of the ministry. Buxton persisted, though the government were his own political friends. He said he could compare the agitation of that night to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing. But he was inflexible. He would not consent even to the addition of a single word, because that word was momentous. The result was, that though he lost his motion, his cause made that evening "a seven-leagued stride." The minister said that Buxton's firmness had "settled the question."

His industry was an equally characteristic excellence. In his boyish days, the progress he had made in his studies was not very remarkable. It was not till he came into contact with the family of the Norwich Gurneys, one of whom he afterwards married, that he caught the impulse of a noble ambition. But from that time his advance was steadily onward. As a student, he gained high distinctions in the face of formidable competitors, and received at the end of his studies, though he declined the honour, the flattering request of the university of Dublin that he would represent them in Parliament. When family circumstances required him to become a man of business, he did it thoroughly. It was the same when he entered Parliament. He was never desultory: there was always something done or something doing. Researches for the press; preparations for either platform or parliamentary addresses; necessary deliberations; attendance on committees; a large correspondence, with all the various *et ceteras* of public life, would have crushed to death any ordinary man, and severely overtasked himself. This industry was greatly aided by exemplary habits of order, which were a law to himself and to all around him. Motive made his trifles sublime. He knew that the man who would open a ponderous door must not despise even the oil which moistens the hinges.

To these three eminent qualities of benevolence, resolution and industry, there remains to be added a fourth, and then the whole will constitute a glorious constellation. It was found in Buxton. The qualification was the all-pervading influence of personal piety. He lived not for himself; but then he lived by faith in the Son of God. That faith rectified and ennobled his whole character. Like the rest of mankind, he was born with a sinful nature. Spots there doubtless were even in *his* feasts of charity. But he had learned to distrust self and to cultivate the hidden man of the heart. He knew that motive was everything; and he had gained all this at the cross of Christ. The humblest disciple of his Lord was not more lowly than was this distinguished man. The meekest Christian did not more habitually subject his impulses to habitual scrutiny than did he.

In early life, he gave his thoughts to religion, and the first decided manifestation of the habitual piety which afterwards regulated him was shown in the purchase of a Bible, which ever after became his constant companion. His convictions were greatly fostered by the pulpit instructions of the late Rev. Josiah Pratt. He was accustomed to say, "Whatever I have done for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler-street chapel."

In 1813 he had a serious illness, and the state of his mind at that time was an earnest of his last hours. "I feel," said he, "a joyfulness of heart which would enable me to go through any pain." This he said was "from faith in Christ;" adding: "It is an inexpressible favour, beyond my deserts. What have I done all my life long? Nothing, nothing that did God service, and for *me* to have such mercy shown. I shall never again pass negligently over that passage in the Prayer Book—'We bless thee . . . . for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.'" From this time prayer and faith became elemental principles of his whole being. By them he believed; by them he acted; by them he suffered. His public duties were religious acts, if not in form, yet in motive. On a question being raised as to whether he should stand in Parliament at the

time when a dissolution was in prospect (he represented Weymouth during several years) he thus prays:—"Lord, guide my heart and will aright, and lead me to determine for the best. Oh, that I could from this day offer myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, doing or abstaining, speaking or being silent, spending or forbearing to spend, simply because it was the will of God." Were this the spirit animating all our public men, our ministers of state, our parliamentary legislators, England would be a glorious nation indeed!

Such was the temper of mind in which Buxton prosecuted his parliamentary duties. It was not strange that he lived to rejoice in his success. The cause of negro-emancipation was gained—not without a large cost to the nation; but a cost which no sincere lover of the oppressed negro ever regretted. On the day when the government measure was introduced by Lord Stanley, immediately before going down to the house, Buxton went back to his study to have a look at his Bible. He opened to the passage (Is. lviii. 10): "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity," etc. His remarks afterwards were: "The remembrance of these verses preserved me from being in the least anxious the whole evening; I felt so sure the promise would be fulfilled to me, 'The Lord shall guide thee continually.' The details of this great measure—the remarkable removal of Mr. Wilberforce just as it was gained—the satisfaction diffused through the British empire, and the joy produced by the intelligence in the West Indies are beyond the limits of this paper to describe. It will be enough to say that on Friday, August 1, 1834, it had been ordained that slavery should cease in the British colonies. On that day, so important to him by whose instrumentality it had been greatly effected, Buxton's eldest daughter was married. His joy was great; but it was well tempered. "God has done it," said he; "we had no might, neither knew we what to do. The battle was not ours, but God's."

Eleven years after this (he had been in the interval created a baronet) witnessed a different scene. Life was then closing upon this eminent servant of God. We cannot detail all which passed during this period. Suffice it to say that it was a period of great public usefulness, not without its clouds, nor without sanguine hopes never destined to be realized, but displaying in all its movements the same active zeal and the same healthy and vigorous piety.

"On Sunday, the 17th of November, 1844, Buxton went to church; and, according to his custom, gave out the hymns to be sung during the service. One of them was that beautiful hymn beginning, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' In reading the last verse, which runs thus:—

> 'Oh! that with yonder sacred throng
> We at his feet may fall;
> There join the everlasting song,
> And crown him Lord of all.'

so fervent was his emphasis, and so marked the expression of his uplifted countenance, that, on returning home, the Rev. P. C. Law noticed it to his family, and said he felt a strong conviction that he should never again hear Sir Fowell's voice in that church. The presentiment was verified." Not long afterwards he was seized by a spasmodic affection of the chest, and his family was summoned to his bedside. His spirit under this affliction was most edifying.

He was not free from doubts; but the sense of the infinite mercy of God through Christ quickly dispelled them, and caused them to subside into a calm and perfect faith, during the continuance of which his expressions were most edifying. His relative and friend, the late J. J. Gurney, thus describes his death-bed: "Nothing could be more quiet and comfortable than the sick room, with an easy access to all who were nearly connected with him; no fear of disturbing him who was sure to be either asleep, or, if awake, in a quiet unruffled cheerful happy state of mind, giving us from time to time characteristic tokens of himself, with his well known arch manner, and with undeviating kindness and good temper to all around him, and no fretfulness or irritation. Never was a Christian believer more evidently rooted and grounded in his Saviour—never was the Christian's hope more evidently an *anchor* to the soul, sure and stedfast. On my remarking to him that I perceived he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied, in a clear and emphatic manner, 'Yes, indeed I have! unto eternal life!' While memory lasts, I can never forget his eager look of tenderness and affection, of love, joy and peace, all combined, as he grasped my hand, and kept firm hold of it a long time, on my bidding him farewell."

Quietly sinking into sleep, he breathed forth thus peacefully his spirit on the 19th of February, 1844. Honours crowded around his hearse; a public subscription, headed by Prince Albert, provided in Westminster Abbey a suitable statue for his memorial; and between thirty and forty thousand persons contributed to it from the West Indies. But more than this, he left behind him a name to which more than one eloquent pen has done honour, and which will remain an imperishable tribute to the reality of the Christian religion, and a stimulus to the formation of habits of high and disinterested enterprize. How many, for generations yet to come, will bless God that Sir Fowell Buxton ever lived!

Religious Intelligence.

Feb. 22nd, 1856.

We have the greatest pleasure in congratulating all who love the Christian day of rest, on the failure of the effort to induce the House of Commons to legislate in favour of its desecration. For several months past the whole country has been disturbed by the agitation of the National Sunday League for the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace, after morning service on the Lord's day, while those who value the sacred day of rest have felt it to be their duty to resist these efforts with equal zeal. Meetings have been held in all parts of the country by the friends and the enemies of sabbath observance, from which petitions have been sent to the House of Commons, where each of these parties had its faithful representatives. Among the important gatherings which preceded the recent struggle in the House of Commons were those of the Sunday-school teachers of London, in Exeter Hall, on Monday-evening, and of the Men of London, on Tuesday-evening last, on both which occasions the large room was densely crowded. The last-mentioned assemblage was composed of those who were most deeply interested in the question, men toiling hard during the six days of labour, and who know the value of a day of sacred repose. The claims of the Christian sabbath were strikingly contrasted with the pretensions of the continental Sunday, its proposed substitute, and resolutions were passed which were most creditable to the intelligence and piety of the assembly. One of those resolutions is worthy of special record. It affirms "that the peculiarities of English life and character, and the mental and physical exhaustion produced by the overwhelming demands of business, render Sunday rest specially necessary for the morals, the education, the health, and the happiness of the people. That the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and other similar institutions, would lead to a large increase of labour and to a deterioration of the character of the nation, and would endanger the preservation of a weekly rest."

Feeling deeply the great and sacred interests involved in the decision at which our legislators might arrive on the evening of Thursday, the 21st, a large gathering of Christian men took place in the morning, at the Freemasons' Tavern, where they presented their earnest supplications to Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, that He would guide them to a wise and holy decision. How these prayers have been answered, our readers have already learned. It was anticipated that there would be a very large majority against the measure in favour of sabbath desecration. Some expected that we should find two to one opposed to the motion for opening the British Museum and the National Gallery on the Lord's day; others predicted that it would be four to one; but no one anticipated such an overwhelming majority as nearly eight to one; the numbers who voted for Sir Joshua Walmsley's motion being only 48, while those who opposed it were 376, making a majority of 328. We may hope that this defeat will convince the advocates of a continental Sunday, that their cause is utterly hopeless in England.

It is very gratifying to find one of our daily papers giving the following testimony to the progress of the gospel in an important region of the East, to which our brethren from the United States are devoting their persevering labours. "Silently, but effectively, the largest branch of the American missions has been at work for more than twenty years; and during that time has perhaps done more to improve and benefit socially, intellectually, and religiously, the so-called Christian population of this corner of the East, than ten years' wars, and as many subsequent peaces are likely to do in this way for the rest. Besides seminaries conducted by the missionaries, sixty-seven branch schools under native teachers, who were formerly pupils, give instruction to more than 1300 children and youths throughout the various Nestorian districts, where schools of any kind were formerly unknown. Sixteen years ago, the missionaries could hear of only one Nestorian female who could read, and it was a reproach among the people for them to learn. There are now 365 girls in free schools which the mission has originated, besides the 48 in the seminary. Similar results have rewarded missionary efforts in the Syrian, Assyrian, and Armenian fields. In the former mission there are 23 free schools, and nearly 800 pupils, gathered from all the religious sects—Maronites, Greeks, Papal Greeks, Druses, Jews, Mohammedans, and Protestants. In the region of Antioch, not hitherto occupied by missionaries, there is an earnest desire for education. Signs of awakening appear in every direction.

An attempt has been made by a Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Cullen, in his Lenten pastoral, to draw an unfavourable comparison between the moral tendencies of Popery and Protestantism, by showing that the proportion of crime is greater in England than in Ireland, in the latter of which countries, he informs us, that the judges express their delight at the lightness of the calendar, and the absence of crime in the largest and most Catholic countries. A very satisfactory refutation of these false allegations has just been furnished in the parliamentary returns relating to crimes in both countries, from which we learn that the number of persons committed for all offences in Great Britain in 1853, was 30,813. The proper proportion for Ireland, at the rate of the population, that is, 5 in Ireland for 16 in England, would have been 9629, whereas the actual numbers were 15,144. In the same year the number of the graver offences against the person, or against property, in Great Britain, was 5296, being 3796 in England and Wales, and 1500 in Scotland. The right proportion for Ireland would have been 1655, whereas the actual numbers were 3826, being more than the whole number of such criminals in England and Wales. These facts, which relate to 1853, are, we believe, very similar to those of the present time; and, while they show how false is the boast of this Romish bishop in favour of his system, they ought to inspire us with a greater desire for the diffusion of the gospel in its purity throughout every part of Ireland.

Among the efforts now being made for the spiritual welfare of Ireland, we have much pleasure in referring to the labours of the Rev. Edward Nangle, whose zeal in prosecuting the Achill mission has been crowned with such good results. That zealous labourer for the real

welfare of his country is now endeavouring to raise up a number of well-qualified Scripture-readers, and has opened a training-school for the purpose at Skreen, in the county of Sligo. One of the great wants experienced by those who are seeking to send the gospel home to the dwellings of the Irish peasantry, will be best supplied by such teaching as Mr. Nangle is affording to his young men in Skreen. Any one who is desirous of aiding this good work, may do so by assisting in the support of one of these young men, while undergoing the necessary training for his work.

In connection with the spread of the gospel in popish countries, we have much pleasure in calling attention to an important effort now making in behalf of Spain. It has been found, by recent experience, that while many persons in that country are anxious to possess and read the word of God, it cannot be conveyed to them without great risk of being seized and destroyed at the instigation of the Spanish clergy. It has also been found necessary to prepare the way for the sacred word by enlightening the Spanish mind as to its claims and as to the authority assumed by the priests to prohibit its being read by the laity. It was, therefore, proposed to prepare for circulation in Spain a small periodical, in which these questions should be discussed, and which should contain such articles as were calculated to excite in the minds of the people a desire to possess and read the word of God. A publication termed El Alba (the Dawn, or the Break of Day) has accordingly been established, and sent into Madrid and other cities of Spain. Bearing in mind the well-known desire of many Spaniards to possess themselves of the Bible, the editors have introduced extracts from the Scriptures treating of the Creation, the prophecies concerning Christ, and the history of his sufferings, his invitations to sinners, justification by faith alone, and other important doctrines. The conductors of El Alba have also printed in Spanish, and circulated in Spain, a [illegible] being selections from the liturgy of the English church. This little book has been well received as a simple model of devout worship. It has also found its way into Mexico and other states of Spanish America. It enables heads of families and others to celebrate the worship of God in their own language, and in their own houses. It is an important fact that the laws of Spain do not now prevent friends and acquaintances, within certain limits as to number, associating for reading the Scriptures and prayer. It is true that at present public worship is not tolerated in Spain in any other than the Roman Catholic form; but in some of the Spanish colonies that privilege is allowed to Christians of all denominations. Of the periodical we have mentioned, three numbers have been published; of the first number 12,000 copies; of the second number 6,000; and of the third 17,000. Many very encouraging proofs have already been furnished of the good success of this well-directed effort. One person, to whom a copy was given, thus writes: "I was saying in a *café* one day that without liberty of worship our beloved country never could be happy, and that this was opposed by those who wished to keep the people in ignorance, in order that other religions, which might tell us the truth, might be kept away from us. I was called aside by one of the persons present, who slipped into my hand a number of your valuable and wise periodical, saying to me: 'This is in conformity with your notions: take it.' I accepted it at once. I have read and deeply meditated on its contents, and perceived its wise and benevolent spirit; and I pray you most earnestly to send me the future numbers as they are published. There are still persons in my family who are held in bondage by the Roman confession." Others have written, acknowledging the benefit they have received from El Alba, and requesting to be favoured with Spanish Bibles.

A very interesting deputation has just left this country to visit several scenes of great interest from their connexion with Scripture history. The Reverend Thomas Wright and Dr. Bonar of Kelso are on their way to Alexandria, where they will join a party of gentlemen from Scotland, who have been travelling in Egypt for some time. The party is to proceed through the Desert to Mount Sinai. Then they intend to traverse the land of Idumea, visiting the ruins of Petra and other places of interest in that land. They are to visit Jerusalem, and similar localities of note in Palestine. The principal object of the mission is to examine the Written Valley in the Wilderness near Mount Jabul, as it is well known that the entire face of this mountain is covered with written characters, supposed by many to have been inscribed during the sojourn of the Israelites in the Wilderness. Mr. Wright takes out with him ample apparatus to secure faithful copies of the whole. It is anticipated that this expedition will add very valuable materials to our treasures of Biblical illustration. The party will consist of upwards of twenty persons, besides the guides and the escort.

A very interesting meeting of the Shoe-blacks of London has just taken place in St. Martin's Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, on which occasion medals were presented to the most deserving boys in each of the three brigades, the red, the blue, and the yellow. These boys can easily earn from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a-week. During the last year one of these brigades earned as much as £[illegible]. One of the boys, whose earnings were 41*l.* during the year, had paid 9*l.* for his sister's outfit to America, 3*l.* for his own clothes, 10*l.* to his mother, and 10*l.* to the society's fund. It was strongly recommended that no person should encourage boys to beg in the streets, but send them to a ragged school, from which, if they behave well, they would be admitted into the Shoe-black Society. Such facts as these must encourage Christians to be zealous in good works even in the most unpromising fields.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

11. Deut. xvii. 18–20. "And it shall be, when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests the Levites; and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law and these statutes, to do them; that his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand or to the left: to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he, and his children, in the midst of Israel."

12. Josiah—1 Kings xiii. 2; and Cyrus—Is. xliv. 28.

13. Asshur—Genesis x. 11.

14. Babylon—Jer. l. 23.

15. Job xxxix. 13–17. "Gavest thou . . . wings and feathers unto the ostrich? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain without fear: because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding."

16. Those of David—Ps. v. 7. "In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple;" Ps. cxxxviii. 2. "I will worship toward thy holy temple." Daniel—Dan. vi. 10. "His windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a-day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." Jonah ii. 4. "Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE RELIGIOUS SEDUCER FOILED BY A YOUTH.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XIV.

My readers will not have failed to perceive that, in the creed which my present owner had adopted as his own, was some resemblance to the temptation which, at one time, had assailed my former possessor, Albert Norton. And yet between the two persons, in their characters and their aims, was a marked difference, wide as the east and the west are asunder. In the soul of one, the deadly creed was permitted, for a time, to hold its unhallowed but uncertain sway, amid struggles for clearer light and purer knowledge and for holiness. And wisely and kindly was the temptation permitted to assail that soul, not only that the power and love of Jehovah might be more fully known, and that the tried one might emerge from his mental darkness into the celestial light of God's own countenance, but that he might come out strengthened by the struggle.

But in the soul of my present nameless owner, the unholy dogmas he had embraced had found a fruitful soil in which they sprang up, and, like thorns and thistles, choked the good word of eternal life by their luxuriant growth.

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No strivings of heart had he to attain to a more perfect understanding of God's most holy word; but rather was he well pleased that he had, as he declared, risen above the foolish and ignorant prejudices of his younger days, and found out the kernel of truth amidst the husk of superstition which covered and concealed it. Unhappy man that he was: it was not *truth* that he sought; and the *liberty* he coveted was not the liberty wherewith my Divine Master makes his people free; but an Antinomian liberty to walk in the way of his own heart and in the sight of his own eyes.

My owner had many qualities which recommended him to the young and the unwary. His dark and brooding imagination was concealed by a smiling countenance; and the thoughts of evil and disbelief which he instilled were clothed in soft and gentle words. He professed sympathy, [illegible] tions of youthful vigour; and charmed the ears of his listeners with the knowledge which he had acquired, while he instilled poison into their souls in the hidden falsehoods of his vain philosophy.

Many were they whom he invited to friendly converse in the gloomy room in which I remained undisturbed by my owner: and it was instructive, though sad, to see how, without startling their prepossessions in my favour, he [illegible] step by step, to doubt my supreme authority over the hearts and consciences of men, to despise my guidance, and to [illegible] and declarations in a false and delusive mist of equivocal meaning and counter-explanations. And yet, while thus undermining the very foundation of the immature credence and reverence of his disciples, did this teacher treat me with a form of respect and high regard.

Like him who, in the form of a serpent, [illegible] crept into the garden of paradise, and softly insinuated into the ears of the unsuspecting woman his inquiry, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" so did this nameless owner of mine, with that mild smile of assumed superiority which he well knew how to wear to his hidden purposes, appear to pity the simple credulity of those who were willing to take on trust my declarations, not as the word of men, but of God; and, while still professing to regard me with reverence, did he wrest my statements, explain away my doctrines, qualify my denunciations of wrath against every soul of man that sinneth, point out my fancied weaknesses, and make it appear that my light had been eclipsed by the brighter effulgence of human wit and reason.

And when, by words like these, this subtle hater of me—for in his heart he did hate me—when by words like these, I say, he had weakened the faith of the ensnared ones in my authority, then, oh how craftily, did he set before them the pleasures of sin; and spoke of those things which I am commissioned to call "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," with faint and faltering condemnation, as being inherent in man's nature, and as requiring gratification instead of being what ought to be subdued and rooted out from the soul by heavenly strength and grace, and mourned over and repented of with godly sincerity, as evil things and bitter, which God hates, and which "are not of the Father, but of the world."

Marvel not, reader, that the soft insinuations and gentle animadversions and evil tuition of my owner sank into the souls of some ensnared ones, and wrought their appropriate mischief there. "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?"

Not always, however, did this unhappy man succeed in his endeavours to pervert the truth, and lead astray those who came within reach of his seductive influence. Well may I remember one occasion on which an ingenuous youth, filled with holy jealousy, and warmed with devout indignation, withstood my owner to the face, and rebuked his impiety with words of honest zeal for the honour of his Lord and Saviour, while tearing away the flimsy veil of false pretences with which the tempter had endeavoured to disguise his unhallowed counsels.

"I have heard what you have said, sir," he exclaimed, with unutterable horror. "Instead of strengthening me in my resolve to flee youthful sins, and to 'avoid the very appearance of evil,' you have placed before me VICE in its gayest, brightest colours."

"You misunderstood me, then, my dear fellow," said my owner, interrupting his accuser, and accompanying his disclaimer with a forced smile, which could not conceal from me the baffled rage which took possession of his soul at this stern and unexpected rebuke. "You misunderstood me. Pray tell me how I have raised this sudden burst of passion?"

"Call it passion if you will, sir," rejoined the youth, calmly and firmly; "I care not for that. But I have heard from your lips that which I pray I may never hear again. I have heard you palliate the grossest sins."

"Pooh, pooh!" said my owner, contemptuously; "you did not understand me. Listen; let me explain."

"I cannot and will not listen any longer," said the youth. "I fear you, sir, too much to listen to your arguments. You have said enough

in telling me that I have liberty to sin. I thank you for having spoken out your principles so freely. May God forgive you for having tempted me with them! But your principles are not mine. I pray they never may be. I love the old-fashioned word of God, sir," continued the young champion; "and I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I am afraid to sin against him; and that one single verse of the Bible has more weight with me than all you have said to make me despise it."

"*I* make you despise it!" exclaimed my owner. "You are greatly mistaken. The Bible is an excellent book; but it is not every one who understands it. I thought you wanted to be put in the way of understanding it, or I would not have troubled myself about you. I only find I was mistaken, and there is no harm done. But what notable verse is that which is to make you proof against reason and argument?" he asked, with a sneer.

"Just this," said the youth, mildly, and without noticing the sneer: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." And saying this, he departed, leaving my unhappy owner somewhat more disturbed than he would have cared to confess. But he covered his confusion with a loud laugh of mockery as soon as he found himself alone.

As for me, my spirit warmed towards the youth, whose soul had escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; and greatly would I have desired to be his guide and companion and counsellor; for I bethought me then of my first possessor; and pleasant, doubtless, would it have been to me to have had renewed, in the hands of one so like unto him, the impressions of the past. But this was denied me: my Great Master had other work for me to do; and I saw the young champion no more. Yet, by this new experience, were the promises stamped afresh, as it were, into my very life and immortality: "He that believeth shall not be confounded;" and, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

LUCY'S TESTAMENT.

AN ENCOURAGER FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. —*Eccl.* xi. 6.

Lucy Selwyn was so regular in her attendance at the Sunday school, that her absence induced Miss H——, her teacher, to enquire from the governess whether she had been away from the day-school during the preceding week. Finding that she had been absent two days, Miss H—— expressed her intention of visiting the child's home, to learn the reason of her non-attendance; but the severity of the weather, and her own delicacy of health, prevented the fulfilment of the intention.

On the following Sunday, Lucy again did not make her appearance, and Miss H—— accordingly bent her steps next day to No. 20, —— street. She found it was a public-house. After a little hesitancy she rapped at the door, and enquired if Mrs. Selwyn lived there. The reply was that she lodged up-stairs; and Miss H—— following her guide, was soon ushered into Mrs. S.'s apartment. The reason of Lucy's absence from school was at once apparent; she was nursing her mother on her death-bed.

The poor woman evinced much pleasure at seeing her daughter's teacher; she felt indeed a great debt of gratitude to the school, and was glad of the opportunity of acknowledging it. It was, she told Miss H——, to *the gift of a Testament to her daughter by the school*, that she owed her knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus," and she bore testimony to that knowledge being her most precious possession.

The Testament had been given to Lucy about a year before, and the child, pleased with her gift, had taken it home, and evening after evening had read it to her widowed mother, as the latter sat closely engaged at the work of shoe-binding, by which employment she earned a scanty living for herself and daughter. The Lord opened the widow's heart to receive the glorious truths of the gospel; they sank as good seed into prepared ground, and brought forth the fruits of faith, peace, joy, and love.

After some months Mrs. Selwyn fell ill; but it was not until the insidious foe, consumption, had made deep inroads, that either mother or daughter apprehended it was a sickness unto death. It was since that truth had been realized that Lucy, unwilling to leave her beloved mother, had remained from school, during the work-days of the week toiling early and late at shoe-binding, and on the sabbath reading and singing to her mother.

These particulars were related to me by Miss H——, when she asked me to accompany her on her next visit to her scholar's home. Feeling that the incident of this poor woman's conversion was indeed an encouraging instance of the blessedness of promoting the circulation of the word of God, I went with Miss H—— with joyousness of spirit.

On entering the room, we found the poor woman propped up in her bed, with the Testament in her hand. After introducing me, and making a few kind enquiries, Miss H—— left, with a promise of revisiting her soon.

"Miss H—— has told me something of your

history," I said, "and I am thankful that you are walking through the dark valley lighted by the lamp of the Saviour's love."

"Oh!" she replied, "the love of Christ not only enlightens, it also strengthens and supports me."

"Yes, the bride, you know, in the Song of Solomon, says, 'Thy love is *better* than wine;' and so it is, for it not only strengthens the weak, cheers the weary, and revives the faint, as wine does; but it also gives life to the dead."

She repeated—"It gives life to the dead. Yes, it *has* given life to my dead soul; and it will give life to this poor dying body too, for 'this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' What a wonderful thing it is that Christ shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

"You seem to delight in dwelling upon the thought of the resurrection-glory."

"Yes, ma'am, it is the truth God has given me to die by: the great blessing I hope for is in the words I was reading when you came in."

She handed me the Testament, pointing to the following passage, which I read aloud: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

I remarked: "The adoption of sons is the groundwork of all our blessings and all our hopes. How wonderful is that grace of God which enables us, poor sinners, to call him Abba, Father!"

After a moment's pause, she said: "I don't know which to wonder at most, the grace of God in making us his children in Christ Jesus, or his goodness in bearing with us, in our sinfulness and want of faith, after we are his children. My heart has mourned more over the sins I have committed since the Lord made himself known to me, than it did over the years of folly and sin which I passed without any thought of God; and sometimes I have been ready to wish God had been pleased to take me to himself directly after he called me to the knowledge of Christ my Saviour; but I feel again, it has been a blessed thing to have been allowed to live for a little time as a witness for him, particularly towards my own child; for if I had been taken just after coming to a knowledge of the truth, it might have been that she would have been tempted to think of my conversion as a death-bed repentance, and so have trusted to the same for herself. No, though I have had cause to mourn over many shortcomings and sins, since my feet were led into the narrow path, I feel there is, after all, cause for thankfulness that I have had to follow my Lord in walking in life, as well as through the valley of death."

"In looking back upon the life you are leaving, do not you feel that its only value has been in the opportunity it has afforded you for serving and glorifying God?"

"Oh yes, but whilst I rejoice that God has given me the great privilege of doing so, I grieve to think how little I have served him."

"One of the blessings of heaven is, that God's servants shall serve him; through their eternity of service, there shall be nothing to hinder or mar their work: it is a comfort to realize this, when the heart wearies with the reproaches of conscience for short-comings here. The Christian will then be perfectly like his blessed Lord, whose meat it was to do his Father's will."

"Ah! that brings us back to the promise I was reading, 'we shall be like Him:' that will be a heaven of itself."

"Yes, and it is the one purpose which God has in view in all his dealings with each Christian, whether he dispenses affliction or prosperity; for we are told, 'all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose; for whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate *to be conformed to the image of his Son*, that he might be the first-born among many brethren."

"The first-born among many brethren! Here again we come back to the Christian's adoption as a son of God, which you said just now is the ground of all our blessings and hopes."

"Yes, we shall ever find ourselves coming back to that point, for it is in the adoption as children that now, in Christ Jesus, we, who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. Oh! the blessedness of that nighness; it gives us now a place before the mercy-seat, and through eternity secures a place before the throne of God among the ransomed ones, clothed in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, who shall serve God day and night in his temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them: they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The brightened eye and flushed cheek showed how hopefully the invalid beheld the picture thus drawn by the inspired apostle; and fearful of protracting conversation beyond her measure of strength, I soon afterwards withdrew.

On the occasion of my next visit, Lucy was absent, having gone to take her work to the shoemaker's. Mrs. Selwyn spoke of her child's tender affection, and said that she could not bear to dwell on the thought of the poor girl's grief at losing her. She added that, for some days, the prospect of leaving her alone in the wide world had sorely tried her, and that she had made it a special subject of prayer that the Lord would give her faith to trust the dear child in his hands. "You know," she added, her eyes filling with tears, "he loves her far more than I can do, for I do trust she is his child; and I know full well that he is able to care for her, far better than I could; but still nature must feel the parting. The Lord did, at length, give me faith to trust the dear girl entirely to him, so now I feel no fear for her welfare; but oh! I cannot bear to think of her sorrow."

The poor mother here wept aloud, and, for a short time, I did not interrupt her indulgence of natural feeling: at length I said, "Do you not remember our Saviour's promise to his disciples, when speaking of his speedy removal from them, 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.' Do not you think we should offer a similar prayer for Lucy, and that in its fulfilment she will find abounding comfort?"

The sorrowing mother turned her face towards me; it was lighted up by an expression of joyous thankfulness, as she exclaimed, "Yes, my God will supply *all* her need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." After a pause, she continued:—

"The way in which God revealed his love to me was by showing me from his word, as Lucy read it, that his love was sufficient to meet all the wants of my poor widowed heart and to supply all the need of any kind that I could feel; and as he has done this for me, he can do the same for Lucy. It was not fear that drove me to seek refuge in Christ; it was the sense that he was the One who would satisfy the longing my heart felt for love, sympathy, and help. I thought of him first, rather as the husband of my heart, than as the Saviour of my soul; and it was not until I felt love for him, that I knew how grievously I had sinned against him; but when I did see what a sinner I was, it made me value the Saviour more, for it changed my thoughts entirely; leading me to dwell upon the eternal state, and the wants I should have there, instead of being taken up with the wants of time; and when I learned that Christ provided eternal salvation for me, by his work and death, as well as gave me present peace and satisfaction, my whole heart went out to him."

I replied: "God leads his children to the knowledge of his salvation by different ways; but at some time, and by some means, he brings each one to confess that he is a miserable sinner, and that he can do nothing to save himself, but that all his trust must be placed in the finished work of Christ Jesus. We shall ever feel, my friend, that the deepest thrill of our heart's gratitude responds to the claim Christ puts forth as the one Saviour from sin — 'God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'"

As we were thus conversing, Mrs. G—— came in, a kind friend whom Miss H—— had interested in Mrs. Selwyn; she was one who delighted to minister of her substance unto the needy in the household of faith; and as she entered the room at this time, her face wore the expression of one who is the bringer of good news. Having enquired kindly after the poor sufferer's health, she said: "As Lucy is away, it may be better to lose no time in consulting you, before her return, about an arrangement I have been proposing for her. The Misses S—— are very excellent people belonging to our church; they are straw-bonnet makers, and I think if you have no objection, we may secure Lucy a comfortable and guarded home there, as well as regular employment, and instruction in the way of making a respectable livelihood."

The poor mother was so overjoyed at this intelligence, that her feeble frame seemed almost overpowered, and a violent and protracted fit of coughing so exhausted her strength that she needed complete repose. We accordingly left her, soon after the return of Lucy, to whom Mrs. G—— communicated the intelligence which had so affected her mother. Great was the thankfulness subsequently expressed by both.

My last visit to Mrs. Selwyn was peculiarly solemn. She had sent a request that I would come and partake with her of the communion of the Lord's Supper; a request I complied with, with a feeling of holy pleasure. I arrived before the minister and Mrs. G—— and Miss H——, who also joined us in the holy rite. I saw the impress of death on the lovely face, refined by spiritual beauty and protracted suffering; and I almost involuntarily said, "You seem drawing very near the gates of death."

She smiled sweetly and said, "Yes, I feel it so; but *death has no sting*," she added, after a minute's pause. "When I was a child, I saw a bee sting my mother, and I was frightened lest it should come and sting me afterwards; but my mother smiled and said, 'You need not be afraid, Mary, for the bee has left its sting in my foot; it cannot sting you, or any one, again.' I have been thinking it is just

so with death; he left his sting in Christ our Saviour: and so he cannot sting me now, nor any of his people." We had no more conversation: the two ladies and the clergyman arrived together, and we partook of that bread and wine which "show forth the Lord's death until he come again;" the enduring sign of the church's oneness with him, dependence upon him, and looking for him; and the sign also of "the communion of saints." * * * Only a few years have passed since I knelt in that dying room and joined in that act of communion; and yet three of my companions have now entered into the presence of our Lord. Mr. M—— and I are the only survivors of that little band. But the bond of our union as a whole is unbroken, for "Christ ever liveth." And we assuredly know that we shall be reunited, for "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," and "so shall we ever be with the Lord."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

JOB'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LEVIATHAN.

THE forty-first chapter of the book of Job is devoted to the description of a terrible animal, which, it cannot be doubted, is identical with the crocodile. Bold and energetic is the oriental diction of this chapter, suggestive of a series of pictures which rise up palpable to the mental vision of any reader well acquainted with the form, structure, habits, and instincts of this tiger of the reptile world—the mail-clad leviathan. Singularly illustrative also are they of the fidelity and accuracy with which, even in a rude and unlettered age, the writers of Scripture described the works of God.

We shall not waste time by endeavouring to prove our assertion with respect to the identity of the crocodile and leviathan; but we may observe first, under the term crocodile, we include the alligators or caimans, and the ferocious gavial of the Ganges; at the same time we have reason to believe that it is to the crocodile of the river Nile (found in many rivers both of Africa and India) that the description in question has especial reference. All the species closely agree with each other in habits and manners, as well as in general structure, so that the leading details applicable to one species are equally so to the others.

These preliminaries will now lead us to a brief commentary upon the main features of the description in the chapter referred to, passing over the verses in succession, so that our reader may follow us; although it must be understood that we cannot descend to each minute point of illustration.

"*Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?*" (Verses 1, 2.) The ferocity of the crocodile, and its enormous strength, which is most signally made manifest while in the water, render any attempt to drag it ashore, by means of a baited hook and cord, a work of serious danger. In former days, when this reptile, now confined to the Upper Nile and its branches, abounded in the lower portion of the river to the Delta, it probably attained to larger dimensions than it does at present, although we have seen modern specimens of [illegible] magnitude in our various museums. Hence the demand, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?" comes with peculiar force. At the same time, this dangerous reptile was not unfrequently dragged ashore and destroyed by the natives of the Delta [illegible] held it in no veneration, as did those of the Thebaïs, but who ate its musk-scented flesh. It was taken by means of a baited hook, and when drawn to land, the huntsmen blinded its eyes with mud or bitumen, after which it was dispatched with ease. It may be observed that in Dongola, at the present day, the crocodile is captured for the sake of its flesh, which is esteemed a delicacy; and for that of the musk glands beneath the throat, the contents of which are mixed with fat and used as a perfume.

The mode adopted in Dongola is minutely detailed by the celebrated traveller Dr. Ruppell. The crocodile is accustomed to bask in the sun, on sand banks in the river, where the female, moreover, buries her eggs, and regularly watches over them, enjoying the warmth. When the huntsman has discovered the place of repose, which is resorted to at definite periods, he takes a favourable opportunity of digging a deep hole to the leeward of the spot, and there conceals himself, waiting for the arrival of the monster, and watching cautiously till it falls asleep. Then is the moment for him to dart his harpoon, pointed with a long sharp one-barbed knife of steel, into the most vulnerable part exposed; it must enter at least four inches deep, for the barb to fix. Aroused by the wound, the reptile dashes into the river, and there plunges and lashes and roars with fury; but to the shaft of the harpoon is attached a line, composed of about thirty separate thin cords, not twisted together, but simply placed alongside each other, and bound at intervals of every two feet; and to the end of this line is attached a wooden buoy or large float, which indicates the subaquatic course of the reptile. Vainly does the crocodile now plunge and flounder. Vain are its attempts to bite the line; its separate strings become entangled between the teeth, and it snaps its

jaws together without effect. In a short time the animal begins to show signs of exhaustion, and the hunters, generally two in number, who have followed it in a canoe, begin to haul up their prize to the surface, where it receives (not always at the first attempt) a second harpoon. After all this, it sometimes tears the blades out of its body by main force exerted in a terrific struggle, during which the water is lashed into foam; and thus becoming free, darts away to its deep retreat. Should this not take place, the reptile, after some skilful management, is drawn ashore and dispatched. Dr. Rüppell says: "Had I not seen the fact with mine own eyes, I could hardly have believed that two men could draw out of the water a crocodile fourteen feet long; fasten his muzzle, tie his legs over his back, and finally dispatch him by plunging a sharp instrument into his neck, so as to divide the spinal cord."

We may add that the negroes, along some of the rivers in Africa, are bold enough and indeed skilful enough to combat the crocodile in his own element, their only weapon being a sharp dagger, which they plunge into the under parts of the animal, where the scales are penetrable; but they run a fearful risk, and many men perish in the conflict. It is not improbable that the writer of the book of Job had witnessed such scenes as we have described; but unaccustomed to this dangerous work by personal practice, had looked on with such feelings as we should upon the combat of a man with a tiger in the Roman amphitheatre, where indeed the crocodile in the time of Augustus Cæsar was encountered by gladiators, to the great satisfaction of a sanguinary populace.

Dreadful, then, to the Syrian must this huge reptile, sullen, ferocious, and mail-clad, have appeared. Well might he say (verse 8), "*Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more. Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him? None is so fierce that dare stir him up.*" The battle was remembered with dread. His formidable jaws, and his coat of mail, and his bellowing, and the flashing of his eyes, and the vapour issuing from his mouth and nostrils—these had made their impression on the mind of the writer.

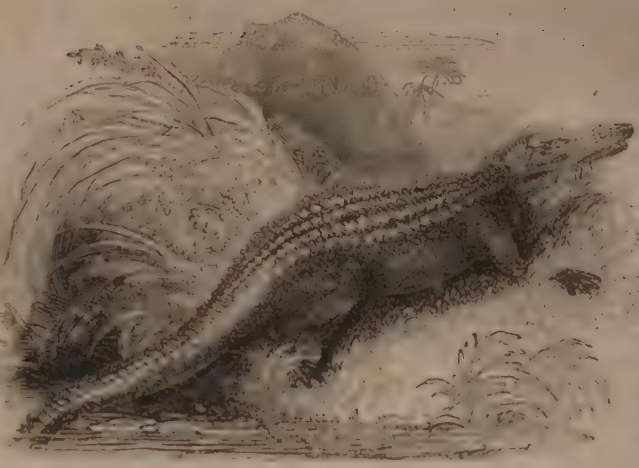
"*Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal. One is so near to another, that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.*"—(Verses 14—17.) Terrible, indeed, are the jaws of the crocodile; the teeth are all exposed in open array; they are large, conical, and set apart, but interlock when the jaws are closed. Let those jaws when open suddenly snap together, and tough must be the weapon which will not be shivered [illegible] in a moment.

And then the coat of mail, a scaled suit of armour, each scale of a bony texture joined close to those around it, so that "no air can come between them." On the head, (the very bones of which are impenetrable by a leaden bullet of the ordinary form,) and over the whole of the upper surface, the scales, or rather plates and bosses of horny or osseous mail, are put together upon a dense tough leather skin, with admirable workmanship—if we may reverently say so. Down the back and tail they form several bold hard ridges, which defy the stroke of the sword; and indeed we have lately seen, in the armoury of the Tower, a most efficient breast-plate, probably of African manufacture, made from the simple dried back-skin and plates of the crocodile.

The muscular strength of this reptile is prodigious, and those who, like ourselves, have dissected it, can bear witness to the solidity of its flesh. Well says Job, (ver. 23,) "*The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.*" The limbs, though short, are thick, and so is the neck, which has to support a huge and massive skull ("in his neck remaineth strength"); whilst the tail, voluminous from the development of the muscles at its base, becomes literally flattened as it proceeds, and is capable of being lashed from side to side with inconceivable energy. The bones are dense and heavy, and the whole framework strongly knit, compact, and of "goodly proportions."

"*The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee: slingstones are turned with him into stubble. Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear. Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon*

the mire. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him: one would think the deep to be hoary. He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride." (Ver. 26-34.) Thus endowed with offensive weapons and defensive armour ordinary weapons—the sword, the spear, or the arrow or dart—are, as stated in the highly poetic language of the text, little calculated for the infliction of serious injury upon the crocodile. Who, then, unskilled in the crafty methods adopted by the professed hunter, would dare to rouse up the monster in his lair?



THE CROCODILE.

The voice of the crocodile, said to resemble that of a human being in distress, is described by Waterton as commencing like a suppressed sigh, and then bursting forth so loudly as to be heard to a great distance. This snorting and bellowing seems to be indicated by the obsolete word "neesings," during the utterance of which the eyes glare with fury. When the reptile lies on the hard shingles, or little islet of mingled mud and stones, alluded to by Job, this voice is often uttered; while suddenly the bordering reeds open, and forth darts the concealed reptile into the water, with glaring eyes, and body distended to the uttermost. Forward he dashes, uttering his horrid bellowing, and lashing his tail from side to side, makes a hoary wake in his progress; then suddenly arresting his course, he plunges and lashes again so furiously, as to work the surrounding water into foam, making "the deep to boil like a pot." This exercise ended, he retires to his covert, and slumbers like a huge motionless log. He is the king and tyrant of the river, a terror to man and quadrupeds no less than to fishes. For all these he watches from his place of concealment, and suddenly darts upon them as they draw near, with wonderful rapidity. Woe to the unsuspicious beast which comes to drink at the river's margin. Woe to the man who slumbers heedlessly on the bank; for not few are the instances on record in which men and children have been seized and carried down into the depths of the water, there to be devoured at leisure. Nor are aquatic birds safe. On these the reptile either darts suddenly from his ambuscade, or he swims quietly under them, and suddenly drags them down by the legs. Repulsive as this animal is, yet it fulfils a wise and benevolent office in the economy of creation; it acts as a species of scavenger, and devours substances that would otherwise putrify and corrupt the air. Of this, as of every work of God, it may be truly said, "*In wisdom hast Thou made them all.*"

In the Nile, the gums and mouth of the crocodile are often infested by small leeches, or parasite creatures, as noticed by Herodotus, who states that it admits in a friendly way the visits of a small bird, called trochilus, (probably some kind of plover) into the cavern of its jaws, which it enters with confidence, and assiduously pecks out these little pests, to the satisfaction of the monster. If this fact can be authenticated, it would certainly argue a merciful provision for the comfort of the animal, and would furnish an additional illustration of that system of dependence of the strong upon the weak which runs throughout the various departments of creation.

The crocodile, as is well known, was constituted a subject of religious worship among the ancient Egyptians. Thankful ought we to be that a purer light has dawned upon us, and that instead of bowing down to an animal possessing features in many respects loathsome and repulsive, we have the great and glorious God—the sun of light, joy, and happiness—offered to us as the theme of our adoration and the object of our love.

ACTIVITY IN HEAVEN.—In the heavenly state there is everlasting active service, with everlasting delight and satisfaction. In that blessed world there can be no idleness, no inactivity, no trifling intervals to pass away time, no vacant or empty spaces in eternal life. Who can be idle under the immediate eye of God? Who can trifle in the presence of Christ? —*Dr. Watts.*

SPRING THOUGHTS.

THE returning spring once more calls upon us to admire the goodness of God, and to learn some of the instructive lessons which it is willing to teach. We can scarcely see the old world becoming young again, and clothing itself in its beautiful garments, without desiring to shake ourselves from the dust, and to have a resurrection to a nobler and holier life. "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." But a little time since and the earth was frost-bound. The fields and woods stood silent, hard, and lifeless: there seemed no sap in the plants, and the trees, stripped of their foliage, hovered like spectres over the place which they had once graced with their beauty. The life of brooks and rivulets was frozen up, and the winter winds swept dismally over deserted plains and heaths. The beauty of the world had vanished, and but a grim skeleton remained. Now what a change! The dry bones have been quickened; the earth has awakened from its winter sleep; and to-day we see radiance, promise, and vigour, where of late there reigned silence, gloom, and death. Unless our hearts are cold and insensible, we cannot remain unmoved at the sight of this beautiful annual which God publishes to revive wearied hearts. Let us endeavour to read it, and to understand some of the lessons which are written in its divinely illustrated pages.

I. Observe that, although the winter is past, its influences have not passed away with it.

You look upon the delicate green that is now beginning to fringe the hedges and trees, and you ask, perhaps, What had winter to do with this, except to hinder its appearance sooner? What affinity is there between these tender buds and grasses, and the hard frost which, to our eyes, enchained the very life of nature? What secret relationship exists between the little violet or snowdrop, and the cold rains and winds which raved over the earth during the last two or three months? Yet without the winter, with its frost and snow, its biting sleet and rain, we should not now have had all this beauty and fresh promise of harvest. Winter has gone, but it has left a blessing behind; its secret influences and vitalizing powers have remained, and are now manifest in the upspringing corn and herbage, in the healthy freshness of buds and blossoms, and in the unseen strength which animates the tenderest spring leaves. Winter has given birth to a progeny very unlike itself; still the little smiling spring is the offspring of the grim old parent, and confesses "Without thee I could not have been." May we not say that the winters of the human soul are thus mighty and influential? They pass away, but they leave us stronger, wiser, and better men. There seems perhaps but little affinity between tears and a gladness too deep for words, between suffering and the state of mind and heart which issues from it gracefully as the rosy morning from the womb of night. What fellowship exists between blank despair and calm resignation, between graves where the dust of beloved ones lie mouldering and deep convictions of immortality, between loss of friends and hopes of heaven? Yet from sufferings the most intense, from grief the most poignant, have our calmest moments, our brightest anticipations, and our most fervent hopes, risen into form and reality. Without our winter, we should have had no spring time of faith and hope; without our seasons of suffering and trial, we should not have been what we now are; for the days of darkness have caused our souls to take deep root in God's truth; they have imparted a strength and a grace to our characters which days of unclouded happiness and prosperity might not have given.

II. Observe again, how, amid many signs of spring, there are still proofs remaining of stern winter's power.

Amidst all the promise and verdure of spring we behold, on walking through the woods and gardens, many a tree blighted and dead, and many plants so withered that the husbandman can never hope to see them blooming again. Side by side with the tree now putting forth its leaves we see those from which the life has for ever gone, and many trees as yet give no evidence that spring has come. If there be life within them, it is entombed by the dark hard rind. And so in the world of men, the dead and living, the joyful and the sorrowful, the energetic and the slumbering, are found side by side. You pass by one house, and you hear issuing from its well-lighted rooms sounds of mirth and triumph, for the son and heir has just come of age, and his youth is prophetic of noble maturity—his spring-time is full of promise. But the next house perhaps stands dark and silent, or the wail of bereaved ones is the only music heard within, for the firstborn, who was to hand down the family name with honour and renown, lies shot through the heart on a foreign shore; the plant that looked so healthy

is blasted and dead; and side by side with the father rejoicing over the bloom and vigour of his boy growing in stature, there stands one clothed in sombre garments, with pale and careworn face—a human monument of grief over disappointed hopes and plans. The south wind may blow over the plain, and the flowers spring into being under the gentle breath of spring; but for the dead in our world there is no spring-time, they can return no more for ever. The analogy, too, holds true with regard to Christian experience. Amid some promising signs of spiritual growth, how many are the proofs which we give of having within ourselves sinful and depraved hearts. Sin holds mighty and terrible sway within us, and the law of sin and death does hourly constant battle with the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. When we would do good, evil is present with us. And how many there are who, living in a Christian land, and under the most elevating influences, have as yet given no sign that they have received Christ Jesus the Lord. They seem to be as destitute of spiritual life as an old gnarled withered oak is of sap. Others are living and active, but they, with a heaven above them and a hell beneath them, pass the days of their earthly existence in a heavy death-sleep; others are rejoicing in the life of a spiritual spring-time, but they are still under the power of the cold winter of sin and death, having their susceptibilities for improvement and activity most fatally frozen up. They are dead while a world of life around them demands their resolution and religious endeavours.

III. Observe how vigorously winter appears to resist the approach of spring.

As John Foster has written: "While the winter is forced to retire, it is yet very tenacious of its reign; it seems to make many efforts to return; it seems to hate the beauty and fertility that are supplanting it. For months we are liable to cold, chilling, pestilential blasts, and sometimes biting frosts. A portion of the malignant power lingers or returns to lurk, as it were, under the most cheerful sunshine, so that the vegetable beauty remains in hazard, and the luxury of enjoying the spring is attended with danger to persons not in firm health." Now, is it not true that the progress of the heart towards spirituality, towards peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, is resisted step by step and inch by inch? How long a period sometimes is the soul a prisoner to dark despairing thoughts and feelings! What cold doubts it sometimes experiences ere it steps triumphantly forth into the warm sunshine of faith! And when the convert imagines that he has found peace, and begins to give himself up to the joyous transports which flow from a sense of reconciliation, how frequently something happens to cast a cloud over the bright heaven that hangs over his heart! Some doubt about his acceptance, some feeling of unworthiness, or thrill of agony at the heinousness of the past, takes possession of him with blighting, harrowing effect, and his joy comes to an abrupt termination. Steadily is our progress from the city of destruction to the heavenly Canaan resisted; the way lies through an enemy's country, and we have to journey past the mouth of hell and through the valley of the shadow of death, wrestling ever with our adversary the devil, who, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

Ever in this world there seems something to oppose our progress towards that which is good: we no sooner imagine that we have mastered one temptation, than another, and a more powerful one, arises; we dare not for a single moment relax in our watchfulness or prayerful efforts, nor must we ever appear without being clad in the whole armour of God. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Woe unto us if our enemy find us sleeping.

IV. Observe once more, how the spring season brings to light hidden things. You looked upon the trees last winter, and you saw no signs of life in them; but now every spray seems teeming with vitality and vigour: you looked upon the corn-fields which, with their promise of harvest, are now exciting our hopes and our thanksgivings, and you saw nought but the cold hard ground, unrelieved by a single speck of green. But the grave has given up its dead; the seed corn has expanded, and gently thrust its way from the furrow in which it was embedded, and now stands triumphant, with its verdant spire pointing towards heaven. Nature has had a resurrection, and now appears clothed afresh in new beauty and power; things which appeared lost and dead were only taking to themselves new shapes and powers; they have come to light again, and will in their turn give birth to more and more vigorous creations. What a solemn teaching there is in this fact for the soul!—for the soul of the justified and the soul of the guilty. Perhaps, as a Christian labourer, you are discouraged that you see no fruit arising from the seed you have zealously and prayerfully sown: the words you have spoken, the advice you have offered, and the warnings you have declared, seem to have made no more impression than snow-flakes upon the river, or dew upon the granite rock. Be not so sure of this: even the day before the seed springs up there is no more appearance of its doing so than the morrow after it was planted: learn to labour and to wait; being well convinced of this fact, that God's word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish the end whereunto it was sent.

There is nothing secret that shall not be made known, nor hid that shall not be made manifest. And this is true also of all ungodly states of mind, and of every kind of unholy and irreligious conduct. The foolish thoughts that we have conceived have given birth to others far more foolish; the hasty and passionate words we have spoken have reverberated through the circumambient air, and gathered as they rolled, in intensity and guilt; the sinful actions we have committed, however dark the night or solitary the sphere, have not been done with, though they are done. We shall see them again; they will re-appear in our modes of thought and conduct. Things apparently small and trivial in themselves have sometimes a most terrible harvest attached to them. "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

In conclusion, as we look upon the signs of spring that are now everywhere visible, we cannot but be grateful to him to whose faithfulness we owe it that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, do not cease. To quote John Foster again: "The vast importance to us that the spring season should regularly and infallibly return in its time, is obvious the instant it is mentioned. But it is not so instantly recollected how entirely we are at the mercy of the God of nature for its return. We are in our places here on the surface of the earth, to wait in total dependence for him to cause the seasons to visit our abode, as helpless and impotent as particles of dust. If the power that brings them on were to hold them back, we could only submit, or repine—and perish! His will could strike with an instant paralysis the whole moving system of nature. Let there be a suspension of his agency, and all would stop; or a change of it, and things would take a new and fearful course! Yet we are apt to think of the certainty of the return of the desired season, in some other light than that of the certainty that God will cause it to come; with a sort of passive irreligion, we allow a something conceived as an established order of nature, to take the place of the author and ruler of nature, forgetful that all this is nothing but the continually acting power and will of God, and that nothing can be more absurd than the notion of God's having constituted a system to be one moment independent of himself."

Let us be grateful to God in that he has once more graced the earth with the beautiful spring season. "His mercy endureth for ever!" We have never yet seen a diminution in his faithfulness; in silent, beauteous succession, the seasons come and go, each leaving a blessing behind, that we perish not. The winter was long and dreary, and many found it a difficult matter to obtain bread for themselves and for their families; but see! its stern cold has gone, and its hardships vanish under the mild airs of spring. The sun has climbed higher in the heavens, and the days have lengthened out, and now we see proofs that, although nature seemed dead, God's laws were steadily going on in their operation—those laws which make the old earth to bud and blossom, and to wave with fruit and herbage for man and beast.

May our hearts confidently repose in his faithfulness and fatherly care. "Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire; for still has he ravens to carry food unto those that put their trust in him; and in the house of the pious and uncomplaining, there shall be found the barrel of meal that shall not waste, and the cruise of oil that shall not fail until the days of plenty come again.

THE BOOK OF SPORTS.

The important Sabbath controversy which has lately agitated this country will prepare the public for reading with deep attention the history of the same controversy, in the form it assumed throughout England two hundred years ago. In the seventeenth century, as much as in this nineteenth, there were many who practised and advocated the Lord's day observance, and there was also, though not under the same designation, a National Sunday League, whose object was to convert the day of sacred rest, and especially the latter part of it, into a time for public and ungodly amusement. Happily for us, there are several points of difference between the seventeenth and the nineteenth century. In the former period, the sovereign and the archbishop of Canterbury employed all their power for the desecration of the sabbath, as zealously as their successors use their influence (the one by her example and the other by his active exertions) to promote its observance. To record the controversy on this question that raged during the seventeenth century is to sketch the history of the notorious Book of Sports.

There are two publications which bear this name. The first, issued by James, is a coarse-looking document, a few pages in length, printed on such paper and with such type as may be seen in the lowest ballads, and having for its title, "A Declaration to encourage Recreations and Sports on the Lord's day." The composition of this production is attributed to Bishop Moreton. It is dated, Greenwich, May 24th,

1618, and states that, "For his good people's recreation, his majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations; such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations; nor having of May-games, Whitson-ales, or morrice-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used; so as the same may be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or let of divine service: and that women should have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring of it, according to the old customs; withal prohibiting all the unlawful games to be used on Sundays only; as bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, and at all times (to the meaner sort of people prohibited) bowling."

It should be observed that this "people's recreation" was denied to Roman Catholics, under the designation of recusants: to such as were not present at the whole of divine service; and to such as did not keep to their own parish churches.

Fuller, the author of the Church History, informs us that when this declaration was published, "It is not so hard to believe, as sad to recount, what grief and distraction thereby was occasioned in many honest hearts." Great, however, as were the "grief and distraction" produced by this declaration when first issued by James, it was not until its republication in the next reign that its bitter fruits were ripened, and their deadly effects were experienced throughout the country. On the first appearance of the royal declaration, it was ordered to be read in all the parish churches in Lancashire, which abounded with Roman Catholics. It was also to have been read in all the churches of England, to which much opposition was made by archbishop Abbot, who was then at Croydon, and who "flatly forbid its being read there."

Many of these "lawful recreations" are too well known in our own day to need description; but as some of them are now forgotten, except in the most obscure parts of the country, it may be as well to give such brief notices of them as may assist the reader to understand the nature of the amusements in which it was the pleasure of king James the First that his subjects should not be "letted" after divine service.

An old writer thus describes the MAY-GAMES. "On the first of May, commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied by music and blowing of horns, where they brake down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils; and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll which they call a *May-poll*: and being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there consecrated as it were to the goddess of flowers." These May-games were generally productive of very immoral results, and while they were the terror of all sober-minded persons, they called forth the remonstrances of faithful Christian ministers.

WHITSON-ALES. An author who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth tells us, that "In certain townes where drunken Bacchus bears sway, against Christmas and Easter, Whit-Sunday, or some other time, the church-wardens of every parish, with the consent of the whole parish, provide half a score or twenty quarters of mault, whereof some they buy of the church stoke, and some is given to them of the parishioners themselves, every one conferring somewhat, according to his ability; which mault being made into very strong ale, or beer, is set to sale, either in the church or in some other place assigned to that purpose. Then, when this nippitatum, this huffe-cappe, as they call it, this nectar of life, is set abroach, well is he that can get the soonest to it, for he is counted the godliest man of all the rest, and most in God's favour, because it is spent upon his church for sooth."

MORRICE-DANCES. The garments of the morrice-dancers were adorned with bells of unequal sizes. The principal dancer was more superbly habited than his companions, and the number of dancers sometimes was as many as ten. A hobby-horse, which seems to have been almost inseparable from the morrice-dance, was a compound figure: the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, was attached to the person who was to perform the double character, covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the feet of the actor, and prevent its being seen that the supposed horse had none. Thus equipped, he was to prance about, imitating the curvetings and motions of a horse. Such absurd spectacles are still exhibited on May-day, by the mummers in some parts of Ireland. The writer of these observations remembers having once seen them in the town of Charleville, in the county of Cork.

The carrying of "rushes to the church for the decoring of it," originated in the use of rushes for covering the floors of houses and the pavement of the churches previous to the introduction of carpets and matting. At the period under consideration, this practice was turned into an exciting amusement. The women went in procession, and the occasion was marked by a great amount of noisy and intemperate mirth.

The only other prohibited amusements which require a word of explanation are the interludes. They are described as consisting of facetious or satirical dialogues calculated to promote mirth, and were generally performed by strolling minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, and jesters. A tragical occurrence, at the Paris garden in Southwark, in the reign of Elizabeth, was considered by most people to be a judgment from God, and had occasioned a general prohibition of such pastimes on the Lord's day. On the occasion in question, "a prodigious concourse of people being assembled together on a Sunday afternoon, to see plays and a bear-baiting, the whole theatre gave way and fell to the ground; by which accident many of the spectators were killed, and more hurt."

It is difficult, on comparing the "lawful" with the "prohibited" recreations, to discover the principle on which the distinction was founded. Well may the excellent Daniel Neal ask: "If any sports are lawful, why not all? What reason can be given why morrice-dancers, revels, May-games, Whitson-ales, wakes, etc., should be more lawful than interludes or bull-baiting?" And well may he add, "It cannot arise from their moral nature; for the former have as great a tendency to promote vice as the latter."

For twenty-five years this disgraceful edict was the cause of great distress and suffering to faithful Christian ministers and their people, wherever it was put in force; until, on the 5th of May, 1643, it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in Cheapside, as well as in other places. All persons, too, having any copies of it in their hands, were required to deliver them up to the sheriffs of London to be burnt—a circumstance which will account for the rarity of this notorious "book," of which most people have heard, but which comparatively few have seen.

In the year 1633, under the advice of archbishop Laud, the Book of Sports was again issued by Charles I, "out of a like pious care for the service of God, and for the suppressing of those humours that oppose truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of his majesty's well deserving people." At this period, as on the former appearance of the royal command to violate the Christian sabbath, a controversy prevailed throughout the country respecting the proper observance of the Lord's day. Great numbers of the people were fond of the most ungodly recreations, and the justices of the peace had petitioned the king against the revels, which not only introduced a great profanation of the Lord's day, but "riotous tipling, contempt of authority, quarrels, and murders." It is very remarkable that these sinful amusements were defended by not a few in high stations in the church, on the plea which we have frequently heard of late adduced in favour of opening the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace—their tendency to civilize the multitudes. In direct opposition to the petitions of magistrates, who had prayed the king to suppress these amusements, it was declared as his express will and pleasure that the feasts and wakes should be observed, and "that all neighbourhood and freedom with man-like and lawful exercises be used;" and the justices of peace were commanded not to molest any in their recreations, "*having first done their duty to God*, and continuing in obedience to his majesty's laws."

The seven years which followed the revival of the Book of Sports, witnessed the severe persecution of all who would not yield to its sinful requirements. The serious part of the nation had the pain of seeing the youth of the country spending the latter hours of each sabbath in revels, morrice-dances, may-games, church and clerk ales; while the royal proclamation was sustained by corresponding example, for the court was the scene of balls, masquerades, and plays on each succeeding Sunday evening.

The historian of the Puritans tells us that "the severe pressing of this Declaration made sad havoc among them. Many poor clergymen strained their consciences to read it. Some, when they had read it, immediately read the fourth commandment to the people, adding, 'This is the law of God, the other the injunction of man;' some put it on their curates; but great numbers refused to comply on any terms." It is calculated that about eight hundred faithful ministers of the gospel were deprived of their offices and their benefices in consequence of refusing to obey the king's commandment. The vicar-general of Laud had a special charge to convene before him all ministers who would not read the Declaration, and to suspend them for their refusal. When some of the ministers, after they had been suspended, repaired to Lambeth and petitioned to be restored, archbishop Laud told them that "if they did not know how to obey, he did not know how to grant their petition." The names are preserved of many excellent clergymen who had to suffer the loss of all things, and see their wives and children reduced to great privation, because they would obey God rather than man."

Among those who thus courageously stood up for the honour of the Divine law, one instance may be given, in the case of the Rev. Lawrence Snelling, the rector of St. Paul's Cray, who was not only suspended by the high commission for four years, but deprived of his living and excommunicated, for not reading the Declaration of Sports. This good man pleaded in his own defence, the laws of God and of the realm, the

authority of councils and of fathers; he added that the king's declaration did not enjoin ministers to read it, nor authorize the bishops or high commissioners to suspend or punish ministers for not reading it; that it being a mere civil, not an ecclesiastical declaration enjoined by any canons or authority of the church, no ecclesiastical court could take cognizance of it. All which Mr. Snelling offered to the commissioners in writing; but the archbishop would not admit it, and said in open court that "whosoever should make such a defence, it should be burnt before his face, and he be laid by the heels." This faithful servant of Christ continued many years under sentence, suffering great damage for his fidelity to his heavenly Master. Soon after these events, the civil wars set in, and anarchy and confusion rolled over the land—a fit termination of the efforts to relax the bonds of the sabbath.

Gratefully ought we to acknowledge the goodness of God, in having influenced the hearts of our legislators to resist the late attempt to secularize the Lord's day. May our readers learn to appreciate the blessings of that period of sacred rest, by delighting in the service of God: and may we not forget that, as recent circumstances have shown that the Lord's day as a religious institution has greatly lost its hold on the masses, we are bound by private and public exertions to do all that lies in our power to remedy so great an evil.

THE WELLS OF OLD.

The fountains of the olden time,
How beautiful they lay!
Flashing the golden sunbeam back
Of the clear eastern day.

Quivering, where swept from Carmel's bowers,
The scented evening breeze,
And sparkling as the star-beam glanced
Through the pale olive trees.

Calmly lay Tabor's shining height,
Reflected on their breast,
And dark pine groves of Lebanon,
Or Hermon's dewy crest.

And scenes of solemn meaning passed
Beside their noontide wave,
As beings of the elder day
Bent low their brow to lave.

I saw the desert fountain flash
Beneath the burning sky,
Where the lone wanderer Lael hid
Her outcast son to die.

And though his pale, sad brow was faint,
With childhood's clustering hair,
Yet the fair child of desert tribes
And Israel's hordes was there.

Where Elim's fan-like palm trees rose
High o'er the pebbles' swell,
By the cool well-springs glanced the tents
Of Israel's pilgrim band.

Eagerly bent the dusky forms
At noontide's breathless hour,
O'er the two sparkling founts that gushed
Forth from their feathery bower.

Urns, spoiled from Isis' idol shrine,
Were plunged beneath the wave;
Backs, with the sacred lotus wreathed,
Which haughty Egypt gave.

O'er Marah's bitter fountain bends
A worn, yet heaven-lit brow:
The [illegible] from [illegible]
Is laid that mystic bough.

High shadowings of heavenly truth
Dwelt in those outward signs,
And through dim Nature's half-drawn veil
A glorious day-beam shines.

Fountains! their murmuring voices tell
Not of this earth alone;
An echoed melody from heaven
Thrills in their swelling tone.

[illegible]
Where rose a mournful tree;
A living fount that burst from forth
The shades of Calvary.

Thou who reposed Thy wearied form
Where Sychar's waters swell,
And, as a thirsting pilgrim, sought
The patriarchal well—

We "know the gift of God," the life
Which Thou alone canst give:
We know Thee; send the healing stream,
That we may drink and live.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

When afflictions sore oppress you,
Low with grief and anguish bow'd,
Then to earnest prayer address you:
Prayer will help you, through the cloud,
Still to see your Saviour near,
Under every cross you bear;
By the light his word doth lend you,
Prayer will joy and comfort send you.

None shall ever be confounded,
Who in God will freely trust;
Though by many foes surrounded,
God's a rock to all the just!
Though you deem He hears you not,
Still your wants are ne'er forgot:
Cry to Him when storms assail you,
Let your courage never fail you.

Call on God, seek, seek, implore Him,
'Tis the Christian's noblest skill;
He who comes with faith before Him,
Meets with help and favour still:
When on God most firmly rest,
Are the wisest and the best,
He will with such strength imbue them,
Ne'er shall any foe subdue them.

Ponder all God's truth can teach you,
Let his word your footsteps guide,
Satan's wiles shall never reach you,
Though he draw the world aside:
Lo! God's truth is thy defence,
Light and hope and confidence:
Trust in God, he'll not deceive you;
Pray, and all your foes will leave you.

JOHANN OLEARIUS.

Pages for the Young.

THE CHILD-PROPHET OF SHILOH.

CHAP I.—THE FEAST AT SHILOH.

THE season had again come round for the celebration of the sacred feast which was held once at least every year in Israel. Thousands of pious Israelites, attended in many instances by the youthful members of their families, were flocking from all parts of the land to Shiloh, which was then, as it continued to be for many years, the spiritual metropolis of the tribes. Jerusalem—that city so dear to every Hebrew heart—had not yet risen to the distinction which it afterwards attained. The strong fortresses of Zion were still in the hands of the fierce Jebusites; and Moriah, the future site of the then unplanned temple, was a bare and probably unpeopled rock. Shiloh, from its more central position amidst the territories of the tribes, was well fitted to be the gathering-place of the pious worshippers of God. It was situated about twenty-five miles to the north of Jerusalem, and ten south of Shechem. There, accordingly, the wandering tabernacle was set up after the conquest of the land; there the sacred ark, with its precious contents, at length found rest; and there around the settled sanctuary, grew up the ordinances of divine service, and clustered the hearts of the people of the Lord.

A joyous sight was it to behold this little city of God on the occasion of one of these solemn festivities! Like so many of the towns and cities of Palestine, the buildings crowned the summit and covered the sides of a small hill, which was separated from the mountains that encircled it by delightful valleys. As the bands of pious pilgrims approached the spot from all directions, and descended the verdant and fruitful slopes, how animating was the scene that met their gaze; and especially so if they happened to be late comers. The little city, unable to contain the concourse of Israelites drawn together, would be already overflowing into the beautiful vales at its feet; where, as was the case at Jerusalem in after ages, pleasant accommodation was afforded to the visitors by the erection of temporary resting-places, in the shape of booths, tents, and bowers, in the construction of which, ever since the days of their wilderness pilgrimage, they were very expert and tasteful.

It happened toward the close of the life of Eli, the high priest of Israel, that a family, dwelling in the southern part of the land, started, as was their annual custom, to attend the feast of the Lord in Shiloh. The name of the man was Elkanah, who, contrary to the social usages among private Israelites, possessed two wives—Hannah and Peninnah. This is one of the practices which, though not distinctly forbidden by the Hebrew law, was afterwards condemned by Christ, who declared that it had only been tolerated by God from the hardness of heart of the Jewish people. No words can describe the sorrows, and sufferings, and agonies that have been inflicted upon families where this practice has prevailed. Discords, dissensions, hatreds and feuds have reigned and raged in abodes that should have been sacred to concord, sympathy, and the tenderest affections. The Bible abounds with sad examples of the truth of this statement. Jacob suffered through great part of his life, from family rivalries and domestic quarrels, and Joseph was for many years the victim of jealousies and envyings. Equally marred is the picture of Elkanah's home as presented to us in the early part of the first book of Samuel. There was division and strife in that house. Both wives, however, in this case, were not alike blameworthy. Hannah appears by the sacred narrative to have been a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, which gave her favour in the eyes of the Lord; while Peninnah was of a proud and overbearing temper, and did her utmost to embitter the life of her companion. There was one circumstance which, above all others, seems to have exposed the amiable Hannah to the contempt and the taunts of Peninnah. This was the fact of the former being without any children, for which she had hitherto, for many years, prayed in vain; while the latter had been blessed with a numerous offspring. This privation was made the subject of cruel mockings and insults on every available occasion, until the life of the tender-spirited woman became a burden and a continual grief. Her health visibly declined as her soul grew sad, in spite of all the sympathy and solace of her husband, who evidently regarded her as his Rachel.

Such was the family whose footsteps we are about to trace from their native town, in the neighbourhood of Hebron and Bethlehem, to the sanctuary of God in Shiloh. This group, multiplied and enlivened by the numerous boys and girls of Peninnah, we might, but for the glimpse we have had of their relations to each other, have pictured to ourselves as happy and joyous while they wended their way along the pleasant road that was to bring them to the altar of their father's God. The season was charming, and the country teemed with plenty and smiled with beauty as they advanced towards the more fertile north. The mountains of Ephraim, upon which they at length entered, having their sides terraced and cultivated to the very summit, contrasted refreshingly with the grey naked rocks of the southern deserts, on the borders of which they dwelt. Here the vines, stretching their luxuriant arms around the hills, were putting forth their tender shoots and tendrils; olive-gardens glistened, with their silvery foliage, on the slopes; figs and mulberry trees spread their grateful shadows; while wild roses, honeysuckle, and thyme bore their fragrant odours on every passing breeze. Surely all the sights and sounds met with on this journey would suffice to dissipate the melancholy that hung around and oppressed the soul of the beloved Hannah. Alas! it was not so. The very exultation of her rival, and the hilarity of the children around her, struck fresh pangs through her bleeding heart; for was she not childless? And had not her hope, so fondly cherished from year to year, again and again mocked and deluded her? Cheer up, thou drooping one! have faith in God, keep alive thy expiring hope a little longer, and thou shalt yet sing of mercy and of judgment; though meanwhile there are further trials in store for thee!

At these religious festivals, it was a usual thing for those who could afford it, to present before the Lord, in addition to the sacrifices imposed by the law, a lamb

or a goat, or some other lawful animal, as what was called a peace-offering. After it had been slain, and the priest at the altar had taken his allotted portion—which was the breast and the right shoulder—the rest was returned to the person offering it, who was accustomed either to give it to the poor and needy, or to convey it from the sanctuary to some private dwelling, where it was served up at a family feast, to which, when the household was small, some friends were usually invited. There was a solemn as well as a joyous character about these entertainments; since the pious Israelites considered that, in partaking of such sacred repasts, they were eating as it were with God—the Divine Being receiving one portion of the offering on his altar, while they partook of the remnant in the precincts of the sanctuary.

It was around a festive board of this sort, that the family of Elkanah, after the services of the tabernacle were over, were gathered. Friends had joined the party. Many were joyous, and all were cheerful except Hannah. Even on this solemn occasion, the taunts and insults of her loquacious rival were not spared. Her privation, and, as it was deemed in Israel, her disgrace, was heartlessly exposed in the presence of her fellow-guests, and the very children of Peninnah were thereby encouraged to regard her with feelings of disrespect. The only comfort of the poor childless wife was in a faithful, though, as it seemed, a face-hiding God, and in the constant love of her affectionate husband. We read that while Elkanah bestowed on the other members of his family suitable portions of food, he marked his especial esteem for Hannah by a truly oriental sign of favour—such as Joseph had in former times shown to Benjamin—namely, that of giving her "a worthy portion." Some think this to have been a *double* portion, but others suppose it to have been a choice and dainty part of the meat. This mark of loving attention gave new venom to the sting of Peninnah's cruel tongue, which so increased the sorrow of Hannah as to render her unable to partake of the dainties set before her. Elkanah, deeply moved by her affliction, sought to comfort her. "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" The wound, however, was too deep and too painful to be healed by these words of sympathy and affection. She must go to a higher quarter for relief. Heavenly balm would alone suffice to soothe her sorrows.

Accordingly, as soon as the meal was over, and just as her friends were going forth in quest of some innocent recreation, the heart-stricken Hannah quietly withdrew to the tabernacle, that she might there cast the burden of her soul upon the Lord. It will be remembered by our young readers, that the tabernacle itself was a comparatively small structure, surrounded at some distance by a lofty fence. The space thus enclosed was called the "court" of the tabernacle. It was here that the great altar stood. Females, however, had not the privilege of entering this sacred enclosure. When engaging in acts of worship, they were not permitted to advance beyond the spacious doorway at the entrance of the court. Here, with their faces turned towards the holy place—the dwelling-place of Jehovah—groups of devout women might often have been seen worshipping the God of their fathers; and thither, amid the sweet repose of the early evening of that feast-day, went Hannah, to cry unto the Lord, steeping her fervent prayers in her contrite tears. The supplication of the earnest woman ended with a vow that if God would indeed remember her, and bless her with a man-child, that child should be given unto the Lord all the days of his life.

Now whilst Hannah, quite unaware that she was attracting any notice, was thus absorbed in her devotions, there was seated by one of the pillars at the entrance of the court, a patriarchal man, full of years, and robed in the vestments of a priest. This was the venerable Eli, the high-priest of Israel. The evening sacrifices having been offered, he was resting from the fatigues of the day, and probably gazing with interest upon the enjoyments of the people, then gathered like flocks around the sanctuary of Shiloh. Attracted by the unusual fervour and wild excitement of Hannah, as she inwardly, or it may have been in vehement whispers, wrestled with God, his aged eyes rested upon her. There was suspicion in his glances. He regarded her strong emotions as evidences of intoxication. She had been drinking too freely of the wine always provided on these festive occasions. Such was the hasty conclusion of the man of God. Under this false impression, he rebuked her sternly: "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Here was a fresh increase of her affliction. Every one except her husband, even the high-priest himself, misunderstood her, and she now met with reproach from the very quarter where she was best entitled to look for encouragement and support. She, however, humbly ventured to vindicate herself from Eli's suspicions, and exclaimed: "No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit; I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial: for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto."

Eli, finding that he had been entertaining injurious thoughts of her, replied with words of tenderness, solace, and blessing. "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him." She did go in peace. She was no more sad. Her faith sustained her. She felt an inward persuasion that her prayer had been accepted of God; and so it had. On the following morning, after an early season of worship at the sanctuary, the whole family returned to their home in the mountains of Judea. Of Hannah, and the fruit of her prayers and entreaties on that memorable evening, we shall hear again ere long.

THE CUCKOO.

I.

Come with me to the meadow green,
And look upon the changing scene,
As early lights and shadows pass
Over the rich and flowery grass!

II.

See buttercups, with eyes so bold,
Array'd in hues of shining gold:
Soft grasses trembling to the sight,
And daisy flow'rs all silver bright.

III.

Now lift from earth to heav'n your eyes,
And gaze upon the sunny skies;
Ah, well they may be bright and fair,
If God has built his dwelling there.

IV.

Hark to the cuckoo's thrilling shout:
The sound seems ev'rywhere about;
This way and that—now there—now here,
The wand'ring sound deceives the ear.

V.

O not with such uncertain sound
The gospel's trumpet shouts around;
No sounds unknown are in God's word,
To cheat us like this mocking bird.

VI.

If from God's word we turn away,
We cannot and we dare not say
His promises deceived our ear,
Or that his language was not clear.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CHILD APPEALING TO THE UNHAPPY MOTHER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XV.

A PALLID female, of sad countenance and mournful voice, sometimes sat in the room in which I was imprisoned and doomed to perpetual silence. She was the wife of my owner.

Hers was a desolate life. Whatever smiles and flattering words the husband had for others, none beamed upon the eye or reached the ear of her whom he had vowed to "love and cherish." The superior wisdom in which he boasted, was not that which makes even humble homes happy, and exalts above their fellows those who inhabit them.

It may be that my owner fancied it beneath his manhood to show tender regard for his wife: but beside this, was it not natural that he who gloried in his emancipation from the trammels of superstition, and asserted his right to trample on the written commands of his Maker, as being worn-out, abrogated, and unsuitable to the high cultivation and superior attainments of modern days—those commands which require worship and honour to the supreme Majesty of heaven, his word, and his day; and regard to mutual well-being from man to man, in truth and

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uprightness and sobriety; and which, reaching to the mainspring of human actions, demand that the heart be kept with all diligence: was it not natural, I ask, that such an one should class with these threadbare and abrogated laws, those which were intended to regulate the conjugal relationship, and exalt it above the sensuality of the brute creation, by such requirements and restraints as these: "husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them;" "likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life;" "husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

Wonder not, reader, that those who make the commands of God of none effect, and say that they have "no duties but such as they owe to themselves and to society," will, at some time, begin to treat with contempt the moralities of home, and act as though the entire duty of a man to himself is to disregard all things that come in the way of his own utter selfishness and depravity.

Many were the scenes of domestic misery of which I was the silent witness—many the harsh, upbraiding words which sounded loudly in that gloomy room—many the tyrannical command uttered there, and tremblingly obeyed by the shrinking wife; for, reader, be it known that he who most loudly vaunts his freedom from the old and discarded law of his Maker, is he who most sternly exacts obedience to himself by those beneath his control.

Well had it been for that afflicted woman had she known where to look for consolation and support, and that peace which the world cannot give. Yea, well had it been for her soul if, from her heart, she could have uttered the prayer which my pages would have dictated: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause! O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. For thou art the God of my strength. O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

But, alas! little did this sad and afflicted one know of the true source of relief; and less than this slight knowledge was her desire to seek it there. She often, indeed, retired to her solitary chamber, as I well knew, to weep over her sorrows; and also to drown them in temporary oblivion by otherwise occupying her thoughts. But the companions of her unhappy solitude were chosen by the poor lady, not for their substantial worth in any golden maxims of patience and endurance they inculcated; nor for any instructions they might contain for the performance of life's duties; nor for the examples they might set before her of meekness and wisdom, so that perchance she might be better enabled not only to bear her burden of grief, but better fitted, also, to win the respect if not the lost affection of her unworthy husband: rather would she have scornfully rejected such instructions as these, as dull and unadapted to her wants, while her chosen studies were those soft and alluring fictions which, outraging at once probability and propriety, cast a false glare over human passions; make the common duties of life appear tame and irksome; advocate erroneous principles of thought and action; too often deliberately ridicule the gospel of salvation; and, in any case, unfit the minds of their admirers for the stern realities of life, and for preparation for the life that is to come.

And mournful was the effect which this indulgence produced on the heart of this female. Like some powerful narcotic, which, for a time, lulls mortal bodily pain, only to be renewed with greater poignancy when its effects have ceased, so did these narcotics for the mind produce, for a time, partial insensibility to present griefs which, when the delirium was over, pressed with more ponderous weight upon her soul, and prostrated every remaining energy. Then again she had recourse to fresh mental excitements, to be succeeded by still lower depths of misery and woe.

Need it be said that her duties were neglected while the mind was thus occupied with the unreal scenes of some dazzling or meretricious romance? and that the unhappy condition of her domestic life was rendered more hopeless by this one engrossing occupation; so that it was with her, in her futile attempts to escape from the memory of daily wrongs and troubles, "even as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint."

Yet had this wife one source of consolation and tranquil pleasure, had she known rightly how to appreciate the mercy. By her side might have been occasionally seen a lovely, thoughtful child, whose sweet-toned voice called her "mother." Fondly, indeed, did the mother sometimes take the boy to her bosom, while her tears of disappointment and distress fell fast and hot on his fair forehead, until, looking up inquiringly and sympathizingly to her woe-begone countenance, he asked, in gentle tones, "Mother, why do you cry so much?" But, too

seldom for her peace and for the healthy exercise of her heart's affections and the enfeebled powers of her mind, did the mother suffer her child to be near her. He "troubled her with his questions," she said; or he "distracted her with his noise," or "terrified her with the earnest gaze of his dark eyes," when, in mute wonder and questioning, they were fixed on her pallid countenance.

So, day after day, the child was committed to the care of a hireling, in a distant apartment, that the mother might pursue her dreams of romance, or mourn over her sorrows, undisturbed. Little, alas! cared the father for his child, who else might have been a bond to re-unite the severed affections of father and mother.

Not long, however, was the child to be an inhabitant of earth. Like another boy of whom I tell in my histories, he was one day suddenly stricken with pain, so that he cried out plaintively, "My head! my head!" and the servant carried the news to his mother.

Impatiently did the mother hear, and imperfectly did she comprehend the intelligence, for her thoughts were absorbed in the fantastic evolutions and entanglements of a tale of horror which lay before her, by the side of her neglected work. For a moment she raised her eyes as she replied, "I cannot attend to it just now. Do you not see that I am busy?"

"But poor little Ferdinand seems very ill," pleaded the servant.

"You are always making a fuss about Ferdinand, I think," said the absorbed parent. "I dare say there is nothing the matter with him; but you can put him to bed, cannot you? and I will come and see him presently;" and her eyes fell upon the page from which they had unwillingly been up-drawn, so that she did not see the look of mingled wonder and indignation which her apparent insensibility provoked from the hired servant as she slowly withdrew—a look which seemed to say, "*Can* a woman forget her child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?"

The mother *did* forget her child. Hours passed away, and still the absorbing occupation left no room for other thoughts; and the night passed away, and morning came; and then, once more, was she reminded of her child.

Unwillingly, as it seemed, she entered his chamber, and stood by his little cot, to mark his flushed, pained, and altered countenance and his filling eyes, and to listen to his cries. Then was the mother awakened within her, in agonizing alarm and bitter self-reproach. "Why did you not tell me how ill he was?" she shrieked, as she bent over her child and frantically kissed his fevered lips.

And then, when the father was summoned, and he sneeringly asked his shrinking wife, where her eyes and senses had been wandering that she had not perceived the approaches of this disease? and when the physician came, and shook his head sorrowfully as he declared that he ought to have been sent for many hours before, who but a mother can guess the despairing anguish of that mother's heart?

No more fancied griefs or wild romantic imaginings now! no more tears for a heroine in distress, or raptures at a hero's triumph! All meaner thoughts were swallowed up in this new, strange home trial. And then, as the mother, day after day, sat mournfully by the side of her child's cot, and sought to alleviate his pains, and marked distractedly his altered countenance and his emaciated frame, did she bethink herself that the neglected Bible might have a word of comfort for her in her sore tribulation; and she removed me from my shelf, and—not without remorse, surely—carefully wiped away the dust which had, by this time, thickly gathered upon me: for though others of my fellow-servants might have been found in that dwelling, all had been alike neglected.

Nay! happily, not all: there was one of which I must presently tell.

And did the mother then, in those hours of trial, find the consolation she sought in my pages? Alas! my language was strange to her: and when, with trembling fingers, she had turned my leaves, and with swollen eyes, had endeavoured to fix on some stray declarations which might give present relief to her agitated soul; and had found none which seemed to suit her case, she despondingly laid me aside. Or when, at other times, on renewing her endeavours to form acquaintance with me, I told her of the almighty power of Him who, when he was on earth, rebuked diseases and they fled, and raised from death to life the widow's son and the ruler's daughter—then did she, in her heart, impatiently demand why the same mercy should not be shown to her; while, in touching accents, she repeated the supplication, "My little *son* lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on *him* that *he* may be healed; and *he* shall live."

"Mother, will you not read to me?" said the child, feebly, half rising from his pillow, and lifting his full dark eyes, which sparkled with the brilliancy of disease, to his mother's troubled countenance.

"It will make your headache worse, darling," she whispered.

"No, mother, no; oh no."

"What shall I read? some pretty story or fairy tale?"

"Ah no, mother. The Bible: read something out of the Bible. I like that best."

A faint blush overspread the mother's countenance. "The Bible! You would not understand it."

"O yes, mother; some of it, very, very nicely. Do you not know what it says in one place, mother? But perhaps you don't," added the child, thoughtfully; "for I think you do not often read the Bible, mother; so I will tell you: may I?"

"Yes—yes, dear," sobbed the mother, for her utterance was choked by conflicting emotions: "but you must not talk much; it will hurt you."

"No; I do not think anything will hurt me now, mother; but I will not talk if you do not wish it, only let me tell you what the Bible says; just this, mother, only you know it was really Jesus who said it: 'Father'—that means God, the great God, you know—'I thank thee that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' So you see, mother, it is not to be wondered if I understand some things that the Bible says, very, very nicely."

"But Ferdinand, dear boy, who taught you this?" cried the astonished and confounded and self-condemned mother.

"It was Susan, mother; she has got a Bible, and she reads it," said the fever-stricken boy, unconscious of the pain he inflicted: "and she often reads it to me, and talks about it to me, mother."

The mother asked no more questions; but, with unsteady hands, she opened me, and read in a broken voice of the tender compassion of the Infinite One, till a short and fitful slumber closed the eyelids of the weary feeble child. And then she gently laid me down, and, bowing her head over me, she *prayed*.

And she did not perceive that while she prayed, her husband entered, approached, cast a glance at my open pages, smiled derisively, and withdrew.

Wearied with watching and grief—for all hope of recovery was over—the mother permitted the servant to sit by the bedside of her dying child.

It was night; but he did not sleep; and she read to him well-remembered messages of love and mercy from her own well-worn pocket Bible.

"And Susan," said the child, "now we are alone, you know, I can say my prayer, as I used to say it; only I cannot kneel," he added with a sigh.

"Say it from your heart, darling," said the pious servant, "and God will hear you for his dear Son's sake. Remember this, dear."

Ah yes, the boy remembered it; and a smile mantled on his countenance, a happy smile, as the simple petitions dropped, one by one, from his lips.

"And now, Susan, you will sing—gently you know, but you will sing—those verses you used to sing to me when I was well? You know which I mean: 'Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth.'"

And Susan sung softly, gently, even as the child had begged her to do. Let the words stand recorded here:—

"Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, once lived with sinful men,
And children were brought unto him, to ask his blessing then;
Yet some there were who coldly thought their gracious Master's care
Was all for older, wiser ones; and they rebuked the prayer.
But Jesus said—and unto us the blessed words are given—
——'*Suffer the little ones to come: of such as these is heaven.*'

"Though now we cannot see our Lord, nor listen to his voice,
We know he calls us still, to make his pleasant ways our choice.
To shelter in his gracious arms, as in a peaceful home:
And if the world would hold us back, or tempt our feet to roam,
May never, never, from our hearts, those precious words be driven—
——'*Suffer the little ones to come: of such as these is heaven.*'

"And when a feeble infant dies, the gentle call is heard;
The weeping parents meekly bow, submissive to the word;
They lay the body in the grave, but the ransomed soul is flown
Where sin, and pain, and grief, and fear, shall ever be unknown.
For they know that in compassion, the mild command was given—
——'*Suffer the little ones to come: of such as these is heaven.*'

"And if we grow to manhood's years, like little children still,
May ours be meek and trusting hearts, submissive to his will;
And should our lives be long or short, to the end may we rejoice
That in childhood's tender years we heard, and listened to his voice:
Then, washed in our Redeemer's blood, and all our sins forgiven,
We may calmly wait his loving call, to go to him in heaven."

And as the soft song came to an end, the suffering child closed his eyes, and his lips moved. No sound was heard; but he was repeating the burden of the song, "'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.

THERE are many Christian parents throughout our land who look with dread and dislike upon the world's snares and amusements, who entirely withdraw from them, and who loudly express their hope and determination that their children may be kept from participating in such scenes. But how do they act? A fashionable dancing-master comes to their vicinity. Youthful beings, who are to live for ever in heaven or hell, are seen flocking to his hall of tuition. What will they learn there? To love the world or to love not the world? to please God or to please men? to follow after Jesus or to follow after vanity? Those who have seen a little girl preparing for a dancing-school exhibition, or watched her through the day which is to her so eventful and exciting, may easily trace the germ of every possible form of vanity, frivolity, and worldliness. The love of display, the furtive glance around for applause and admiration, the boldness in exhibition, and even the commencement of flirtation and coquetry, have taken the place of the childishly graceful timidity and simplicity so lovely in youth, and how unlike have they thus become to "little children" such as "Jesus loved!" how unlike those who seek him early and are sure to find him!

But whose children do we see in this hotbed of premature worldliness? too often, alas! the sons and daughters of Christian professors, who, be it remembered, are the most decided in reprobating such amusements for themselves and for their children in future years! Is this consistent? Will not the very little ones themselves, with the acuteness of childhood, see and pronounce upon the inconsistency? Can you believe that the authority you perhaps intend to exert afterwards, to keep the well-instructed feet from the place of exhibition and excitement, will keep the heart from craving after the amusement you gave a taste for, can quench the worldly imaginations which your own act kindled? What right have you to expect that the delicate garments of your child's soul have touched the pitch you have held to them without being defiled? But "I could not bear my children to reproach me when they grow up for their awkwardness and ungracefulness; and there is nothing like a dancing-school for improving the figure, and teaching girls to walk well!" Christian parent! will not that reproach be easier to bear than this, "Father! mother! you first sent me into the world's ways, and I continued in them, and I have found that the end of these things is death!"

Far be it for Christians to neglect or undervalue those outward gifts and graces which may, by increasing influence, extend usefulness—and there is no necessity for the children of consistent parents being either awkward or ungraceful the watchful care and superintendence of attentive and ladylike mothers and sisters, aided by healthful and graceful exercises, will probably produce more pleasing forms than the stiff and studied attitudes of the dancing-school; but, however this may be, O Christian parents! be not instrumental in bringing forward a generation who, with the habit and form of gospel religion, will keep fast hold of the world with one hand, while they stretch out the other toward heaven. It may indeed be so in spite of you; but you can at least lift up your protest, your prayers, and your practice against it; and then you may have a well-grounded hope that, like the father who presented his seven stately sons to an earthly monarch, instead of gifts of gold and precious caskets, you may yet stand before the Lamb, and say with rejoicing, "Behold, here am I and the children thou hast given me."*

THE TRAVELS OF THE SACRED VESSELS.

WE last year† laid before our readers a narrative entitled "The Travels of the Cross;" and it will perhaps be remembered how closely we traced the march of the pretended true cross of Christ from Jerusalem to Persia, from Persia to Jerusalem, thence to Italy, Africa, and other lands, till it finally disappeared for ever in a very unsatisfactory way. Nor did we omit to apprise the reader that the invention of the cross by Helena, mother of Constantine, and daughter of the Welsh king Coel, was one not very honourable to its monkish fabricators.

We now propose to trace the travels of those costly gold and silver vessels which once adorned the venerable temple of God at Jerusalem—to follow those oblations of Jewish piety and zeal from land to land, from fane to fane, till the rich and valuable treasures at last disappear, and are lost to history and the human gaze. When we say "lost," we only mean lost in the form of sanctuary vessels; for it can scarcely be questioned that man still possesses, in some form or other, some of the precious metals and gems of which those holy vessels once consisted.

In tracing the travels of the sacred vessels of the Jewish temple, we shall classify the information as derived from two sources:—first, that of the Holy Scriptures; and, secondly, that of profane historians. Let us consult each in order. And—

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* From Miss Brewster's "The Word and the World"—an earnest expostulation against the worldly amusements so prevalent in the present day.

† See "Sunday at Home," No. 53.

I. What say the Holy Scriptures?

Take notice, reader, that our present enquiry is *not* after the vessels of the *tabernacle*, but of the *temple*. The tabernacle was Jehovah's house in the Arabian desert only, and ceased after God's people entered the land of promise; then arose the more permanent temple, built, not of wood, but of stone. Rich and large were the oblations of God's servants even for the tabernacle, as is clear in the texts placed below.* The entire value of this tabernacle in gold and silver has been computed at two hundred and forty thousand pounds worth of British coin. What a noble example of liberality did the Jews thus furnish to the Christian church!

Let us also remark here that, after the erection of the temple, there is no account whatever, sacred or profane, as to what became of the tabernacle. It seems to have been lost even before the reign of David; for when the ark was restored to Israel by the Philistines, it was not replaced in the tabernacle, but in another building reared by the king for that purpose.† Thus it is that king or priest, gold or timber, when God has no farther use for them, disappear as snow before the sun, or "wax before the fire." We now return to the temple and its costlier treasures in precious metals and gems.

Our first enquiry is—What was the *number* of the sacred vessels in the ancient temple? and what their apparent *value?* The answer to those questions will evince the liberality of God's ancient church, and the extent of the plunder of such alien robbers as stole those consecrated utensils for secular use. The precious metals amassed for the temple by king David are thus stated by himself: "I have prepared for the house of the Lord a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver."‡ This mass of precious metal is tantamount to many millions of pounds sterling; but it was chiefly used in the *building*, while the vessels for sacred service seem to have been made from the pious oblations of the faithful. What those holy utensils at first were, we may infer by the list of those sent back from Babylon by order of Cyrus. Ezra states them as follows:—§

Chargers or dishes of gold	30
Chargers of silver	1000
Gold or silver knives	29
Basins of gold	30
Basins of silver	410
Sundry other vessels	1000

In addition to the above, there were numerous other costly utensils; for Ezra concludes thus: "All the vessels of gold and of silver were five thousand and four hundred. All these did Sheshbazzar bring up with them of the captivity, that were brought up from Babylon unto Jerusalem."

These consecrated vessels must have been of very great value, highly adorned as some of them probably were; yet can their worth be but proximately computed, for there now exists no account of their size. Besides, it is at least probable that, as the holy vessels (this we shall show anon) had several travels, not a moiety of the original number ever came back from Babylon. How precious were these vessels in the eye of a devout Israelite! and how specially under the protection of Israel's God! Yet, though Jehovah's thunder could have blasted any sacrilegious hand that might touch the holy treasures, again and again were those valuables stolen away, travelling from land to land, from shrine to shrine, till at last they disappeared for ever.

Let us now follow the sacred vessels, and track their course by light both sacred and profane, till history can guide us no farther.

The First Journey of the Sacred Treasures.—In the year 1005 before the birth of our Lord, Solomon placed these holy vessels in the temple he had built.* There they remained untouched by the hand of rapine till the reign of Jehoash, being about one hundred and fifty years. At that time Hazael, king of Syria, threatening to besiege Jerusalem, Jehoash took all the hallowed things that the kings of Judah had dedicated, and all the gold that was found in the house of the Lord, and sent it to Hazael, and he went away.† A pious king, we thus learn, bribed a pagan prince with the riches of the temple of Jehovah; and the first journey of those treasures was to *Syria*. Hazael became the earliest spoiler of Solomon's beautiful temple: yet Jehoash himself was, perhaps, the guiltier party; for very likely the Syrian pagan might have been bribed to peace by a less holy tribute. Nor is it probable that Hazael's act of spoliation left no treasure behind; for, about a hundred years after him, the wicked king Ahaz took silver and gold out of the temple, and therewith bribed Tiglath-pileser, king of Assyria.‡ May we not take it for granted that on this occasion money *only* was given? for of sacred vessels there is no express mention at all. If, then, the Jews *bought back* from Hazael, as is supposable, the sanctuary vessels he took to Syria, we believe they still remained in the temple of Jerusalem.§

* Exod. xxxviii. 23, 24. See also Exod. xxv.—xxx.
† 2 Sam. vi. 17. Compare 1 Chron. xvi. 1.
‡ 1 Chron. xxii. 14. § Ezra i. 7—11.

* 1 Kings vii. 51. † 2 Kings xii. 17, 18.
‡ 2 Kings xvi. 7, 8.
§ See 2 Kings xxiv. 13, for proof of this.

Sennacherib, an Assyrian king, and an impious foe to the God and people of Israel, next came up against Judah, about 713 years before the incarnation.* To him also were given by king Hezekiah large sums of silver and gold out of the temple; but nothing is said of the sacred vessels, or they might now have travelled as far as Nineveh.

The Second Journey of the Sacred Vessels was caused by an act of sacrilege committed by the tyrant Nebuchadnezzar; a deed that must have been most afflicting to the devout Israelites, for they loved the house of God, and all it contained was dear to their heart. In the following language the inspired penman pensively narrates this evil deed of the Babylonish king.† "At that time"—that is 599 years before Christ, being about four hundred years from the time when the holy utensils were first placed in the temple by Solomon—"the servants of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, came up against Jerusalem, and the city was besieged. And Nebuchadnezzar carried out thence all the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house, and *cut in pieces* all the vessels of gold which Solomon, king of Israel, had made in the temple of the Lord, as the Lord had said." And thus, farewell, O Israel, to all thy precious vessels; for the ruthless tyrant of Babylon carried away and placed them in the temple of Belus, far from their proper home at Jerusalem.

Nebuchadnezzar, we learn, "cut the sacred vessels to pieces." Then there was an end of them, the reader may suppose, save as precious metal for other uses? By no means; we find them again in Jerusalem sixty-one years after their travels to Babylon, as will appear anon; nay, we find them used as drinking cups at the feast of Belshazzar. Nebuchadnezzar, then, only so far cut them up as to admit of subsequent reparation.

The feast just named was that of Belshazzar; and an impious banquet it was, for then they brought, at his command, the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which is at Jerusalem: and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them.‡ But Jehovah awfully resented this sacrilegious affront; for while the royal symposiasts were in the very act of quaffing wine out of those holy vessels, in honour of the false deities of Babylon, a mystic hand was seen, to their terror and dismay, writing on the wall of that banqueting-house—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting: thy kingdom is divided;"§ and awfully sudden was the fulfilment of that prediction.

Third Journey of the Sacred Vessels.—From Belshazzar, the Babylonish sceptre, as predicted by the mystic scroll, soon fell "to the Medes and Persians." On the throne of that once mighty empire, then comprising also Babylon, sat, 536 years before Christ, Cyrus, whose early life is so pleasingly written by Xenophon in his "Cyropedia." By this amiable monarch the holy vessels of the Lord's house were once more sent back to their home at Jerusalem. This is a most striking event; and we thus abridge the account of it as given by Ezra.* "Now in the first year of Cyrus, king of Persia, that the word of the Lord, by the mouth of Jeremiah, might be fulfilled,† he made a proclamation, saying: Thus saith Cyrus, The Lord God of heaven hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem. Who is there among you, of all his people, now captives in Babylon? Let him go up to Jerusalem and build it. Also Cyrus brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Nebuchadnezzar had taken from Jerusalem, and had put them in the house of his gods." Then follows Ezra's list of these sacred utensils, just as we have already given it; after which Ezra adds: "All these did Sheshbazzar bring up to Jerusalem." And we find that as soon as the second temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, the holy vessels again occupied that long lost home.‡

When Cyrus died, his successors, Darius and Artaxerxes, nobly followed out his kindly intentions in favour of God's emancipated Israel; and, massive and costly as were the temple utensils, those kings appear greatly to have augmented the treasure.§

By the light of God's holy book we cannot farther track the travels of those sacred utensils; for their inspired history ends with their return from the unholy temple of Belus, at Babylon, to the second temple at Jerusalem. Yet by aid of Josephus, who flourished in the apostolic age, and of Gibbon, who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," we can follow their history for some ages after Cyrus, till they finally disappear. We therefore ask—

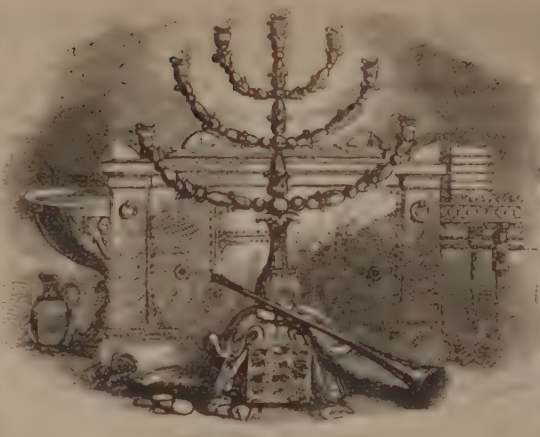
II. What say the *profane* historians? Whatever we read in holy writ is of God, and therefore true; but the statements of other books are only of man, and may be false. Yet we shall not greatly err, if we place a very unqualified confidence in the authorities we are about to cite.

The Fourth Journey of the Sacred Vessels.—We have seen that after the ruin of Solomon's temple by Nebuchadnezzar, a second holy fane

* 2 Kings xviii. 13—16.
‡ Dan. v. 1—4.
† 2 Kings xxiv. 10—13.
§ Dan. v. 5—28.

* Ezra, chap. i. throughout.
† See Jer. xxv. 12, and xxix. 10.
‡ See Ezra v. 13—15.
§ Ezra viii. 24—30.

was built by Zerubbabel. This was about five hundred and thirty years before the advent of our blessed Lord. This second temple had stood some four hundred and fifty years, when, as Josephus fully states, Herod the Great rebuilt it entirely, and in a most magnificent style; and this was the temple which was honoured by the presence of Christ, but was destroyed by Titus, the Roman general, in the year 70 after the incarnation, as we shall shortly show.



SACRED VESSELS OF THE TEMPLE.

The removal of the holy vessels now under consideration was effected by Antiochus Epiphanes, about two hundred years before Christ. The unhappy Jews having quarrelled about the high priesthood, this dissension opened a path to the relentless foe, who was a Syrian king; and the sad result is thus stated by Josephus: "He left the temple bare, and took away the golden candlesticks, the golden altar, the table of shew-bread, and its sacred treasures."* And thus did the temple treasures find their way across the Syrian mountains, to enrich the coffers of a pagan spoliator! After this afflictive event, the temple lay desolate for full three years, when Judas Maccabeus defeated the Syrians, and once more replaced the gold and silver vessels in the house of God, or part of them at least.†

The Fifth and Last Journey.—It is a singular fact that when Pompey, the Roman general, took Jerusalem, in the year 66 before Christ, though he entered the temple of God, and saw its rich utensils, he generously left all untouched, besides two thousand talents of silver and gold that lay in the treasury. This act of Pompey is also adverted to by Cicero.

But the scene now changes! In the year of Christ 70, that is, one hundred and thirty-six years after Pompey's generous forbearance, Titus Vespasianus came against the devoted city of Jerusalem, and after a siege to which that of Sebastopol is as nothing, if death and misery are the elements of comparison, took the city, burned the temple, and scattered the Jews for ever; unless their predicted restoration comprises their return to the land of promise. This sad catastrophe, so explicitly foretold by our divine Lord,* is narrated with its sad details by the Jewish historian Josephus, who took part in the defence.†

But what became of the holy vessels at last?—The reply is brief and sad! Josephus states that during the progress of this siege, a Jewish leader named Johan "betook himself to sacrilege, and melted down many of the sacred utensils, which had been given to the temple," for the benefit of the defenders of Jerusalem.‡

The remnants of those holy vessels, as the same author informs us, were conveyed as trophies to Rome; and when the victor enjoyed his triumphal procession through the crowded streets of the Roman capital, these spoils from the temple of Jerusalem "made the greatest figure of all" the trophies pompously displayed on that ever memorable occasion.§ "It is somewhat remarkable," observes Gibbon,‖ "that the flames of war consumed, almost at the same time, the temple of Jerusalem and the capital of Rome."

When Jerusalem was sacked by Titus, a certain priest, named Joshua, preserved the sacred candelabrum and the golden table of shew-bread, and having resigned them to that Roman conqueror, they were carried, as already stated, in the victor's triumphal procession; after which those holy things were deposited in the pagan temple of Peace at Rome! It is also a wonderful attestation of sacred history, that these and the silver trumpets, once used for the calling of Israel's "solemn feasts," are engraved on the triumphal arch of Titus, still standing in that ancient, but now enslaved and degraded, city of the Cæsars.¶

All attempts to trace these vessels farther have failed. They had fulfilled their typical purpose, and God had no more use for them. Christians were now to be "living vessels," sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

* Jos. Antiq., b. xii. ch. v. sect. 4.
† Jos. Antiq. b. xii. ch. vii. sect. 6.
‡ *Ibid.* b. xiv. ch. iv. sect. 4; and Whiston's note.

* Luke xxi. 5, 6.
† Jos. Wars of the Jews, b. v. throughout.
‡ Wars of the Jews, b. v. ch. xiii. sect. 6.
§ Wars, b. vii. ch. v. sect. 5.
‖ Decline and Fall, ch. xvi.
¶ See an engraving of this arch from a photograph, in No 56 of "Sunday at Home."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

RELIGION'S WAYS, WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—*Prov.* iii. 13.

From the manner in which the term wisdom, referred to in this text, is spoken of in other portions of Scripture, there can be no doubt that Solomon means to commend to us true religion. Some short-sighted individuals, indeed, are accustomed to associate religion and its professors with all that is weak and contemptible, so that to have spoken of it as folly would better have squared with the impressions they have formed on the subject. Unhappy blindness! Religion, and religion alone—in its *reception*, *spirit*, and *enjoyment*—is in true conformity with the highest dictates of the purest reason. Let us briefly consider it in these divisions of the subject.

1. In its *reception*. Man is naturally without religion—without wisdom. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child," (Prov. xxii. 15); and if he will possess this precious treasure, he must receive it according to a divinely appointed method. Consider the case as the Scriptures represent it. Place before you—a sinner with all the weight of his iniquity upon his conscience—a God holy, and just, and true, who has declared "the soul that sinneth it shall surely die;" yet who, side by side with this, proclaims a propitiation for sin, perfect and all-sufficient, and invites the sinner to believe and live. Observe the additional fact, that if from this moment the sinner were able to commence a course of blameless holiness, he could never perform a single act exceeding the Divine demand, and his own consequent duty as a creature; and never, therefore, be able to present a single supererogatory virtue to balance the enormity of his past transgressions. Observe, too, that the commencement of such a state of holiness is impossible to him apart from faith in the propitiation; and then ask, which is the wise man—he who falls at the footstool of Divine mercy, receiving Christ as his only Saviour, and rejoicing in a pardon sealed, and a heart renewed? or he who proudly turns away from the free gift of mercy, obstinately shuts his ears against the entreaties of redeeming love, and, resolving not to humble himself before the cross, goes about to establish his own righteousness? While the one proceeds on his way rejoicing, conscious of redemption, glowing with hope, and aspiring to heaven, the other treads a path of cheerless difficulty and useless labour, destitute of high hopes and Divine comforts; his pride goeth before destruction, and his haughty spirit before his fall. But who shall express the insane folly of him who tramples on the offers of mercy, turns holiness into ridicule, and debases his God-given soul in ever-deepening iniquity? His course is that of a wandering star, madly hurrying away from the centre of light and attraction, "for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." There is no wisdom but in submitting to the Divine arrangement of mercy through Christ Jesus.

2. In its *spirit*. The very essence of all religion is *love*—supreme love to God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first and great commandment." (Deut. vi. 5; Matt. xxii. 37; Mark xii. 30.) And is not this in conformity with the highest reason? If there is one God, infinite in all his attributes, the Creator of all things, and their constant sustainer; if we are his creatures, dependent upon him momentarily for the breath in our nostrils; if all our high endowments are his sovereign gift, and all the arrangements of his boundless universe are tending to our happiness; does it not follow that we are bound by all the ties of being and relationship to love him supremely? Can that Great Being make any less demand upon us? Can reason conceive any other? Therefore, to fix all our affections upon God; to have all our passions inflamed and regulated by his love; to have all the powers of our mind engaged in lofty contemplations of his character, as manifested in his word and works; to make him thus the centre of all our affections, and the circumference of all our thoughts; and to have all our activities directed to the manifestation of the Divine glory, according to the apostolic command, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" this is religion—this is wisdom.

3. In its *enjoyment*. Religion invites us to seek our happiness in God. "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." This gladness has ever characterized its true subjects. The psalmist exclaims: "Thou art the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot: the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." The prophet, in times of deep distress, seeks his solace in the utterance: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." The apostle says: "We joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

The rapturous appeal of the servant of God is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth whom I desire beside thee." Now if this is the privilege of religion—if God thus condescends to be the portion of his people, and their exceeding joy—if that source of joy is ever satisfying and ever full—is it not true wisdom to take hold of this portion and to enjoy it; to be able to say, "This God is our God for ever and ever?" "When my flesh and my heart fail, thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

Religion, then, is the truest wisdom; but it is also the highest happiness.

1. It gives *intellectual pleasure*. "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Ps. cxix. 130.) How many minds has it rescued from utter darkness, and polished and brightened till they have glowed with beauty and splendour! In all religious circles, the power of religion to quicken and strengthen mental power has been remarked. It is natural that thus it should be, for if intellect is under the control of will, as all true philosophy teaches, and if religion makes the will its own, and brings the mind into contact with the noblest motives to thought, and the loftiest themes of contemplation—how can it fail to raise and ennoble it? If its powerful influence is felt in quickening the whole man, shall the mind not most largely share? The pleasure which a man derives from intellectual pursuits is dependent upon the themes with which his mind is conversant—their adaptation and greatness. A measure of delight may be realized in trivial things; but it is small and short-lived. It is the higher themes of thought that yield full and prolonged delight. Now religion brings to the mind objects of contemplation most grand and interesting: not the universe alone, but its Great Author also, and all that he has produced. There is not a universal law, nor a starry system, nor blazing comet, nor complicated mechanism, nor mysterious atom, which lies not before the mind of the Christian as the material of his thought. Nothing of God's is forbidden to him. All nature and all revelation unfold to his gaze, and solicit his inquiry; while he carries with him that principle which, in their study, gives him a supreme advantage. Behind all the objects perceived by sense, his intellect and heart recognise the great cause—the living God. Looking upon the aspects of ever-beauteous nature, in the freshness of early dawn, or the gorgeous splendours of evening; inhaling the sweet breath of flowers, or gazing on their fascinating beauty; drinking in melody from grove or stream, or standing rapt before some object of majestic grandeur; the Christian is privileged to—

> "Lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'"

This thought beautifies even the desert solitude; and imparts new life and loveliness to scenes of native beauty.

And if the subject of study should be history, whether the outer or inner life of nations, the progress of science and art, or the triumphs of religious truth, the Christian has the true key to the whole. Above the clash of arms, and the contentions of sects, and the confusion of thought, he can hear the Divine voice ordering the result. He can see the Divine hand "putting down one and setting up another;" arranging, disposing, and working for the accomplishment of his purposes; causing the wrath of man to praise him. And he can mark the Divine wisdom inspiring the minds of his ministers, at different periods, like Bezaleel of old, to invent and produce those things which are profitable to human happiness and progress. Thus the ages pass before him, marshalled by the hand of God; and upon every epoch and every event is written, "The Lord reigneth." History is the revelation of his action in worldly affairs; a volume containing the successive records of his wisdom, and righteousness, and love, and from it is gathered a confidence in his guidance, that makes the soul strong in the prospect of the future.

2. This wisdom gives the pleasures of *possession*. Man without this wisdom may have wealth, broad lands, and unlimited credit. Every day his wealth may be increasing; and who does not know what pleasures it can purchase, and what smiles it can coin? "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." (Ps. xlix. 18.) But what are wealth, and luxury, and human esteem, to a being who spends but the preface of his existence here? They may not even continue during the present life. "Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." (Prov. xxiii. 5.) But suppose they do continue so long. Cast your eye forward and ask, what will they avail when death arrives? "Can any man redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him, that he should still live for ever and not see corruption?" Can he redeem himself from that corruption? Ah, no! The grave receives all. The rich and the poor meet there together; and what do riches profit in the eternal world? All their profit, such as it is, belongs to time. "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away." (Ps. xlix. 17.) Let a man be never so full of wealth, this one thought may deprive him of all pleasure; it avails nought in eternity. But the Christian has that possession which is satisfying and lasting; for "wisdom is

better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold;" the inheritance to which he looks forward is "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for him. (1 Pet. i. 4.)

3. Divine wisdom has the pleasures of *society*. The possessor of this wisdom is "come to Mount Zion; to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; to the spirits of just men made perfect." He has entered a society of spiritual intelligence, of pure and lofty character, and of elevating influence; whose hearts beat with a kindred affection; whose aims are one with his own; and whose friendship is cemented with a Saviour's love. Who that has felt the power of fitting society to stimulate and strengthen, has not regarded it as one of God's choicest blessings? And, indeed, the pleasures of a converse pure and upright are so estimated by God, that he has placed exalted society among the blessings of a future state: "They shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God."

4. Divine wisdom has the pleasures of *honour*. Man seeks for this with an intensity of earnestness. To be esteemed and applauded by his fellows, to be the object of the wondering gaze and the admiring word, seem to be the acme of human ambition. To many it seems even to be a consolation that, after death, men shall speak of them and praise their deeds. But how trivial are earthly honours compared with those which true religion imparts! Hear the beloved disciple. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." (1 John iii. 1, 2.) Just as Jesus, in the sublime simplicity of his appearance, hid the grandeurs of the infinite Deity in the garb of human nature, and men knew him not—had not the eye to perceive his glories—so live his followers here: perhaps mean in outward circumstances, they elicit no notice from the world; or, if somewhat more advanced in the social scale, they become the objects of ridicule; yet theirs is the highest honour, for God approves them. Their true distinction is so high, that the carnal mind cannot perceive it. Like travellers who have climbed some lofty mountain, they become diminished to the gaze of observers below. But they dwell in a purer atmosphere, and are lifted nearer heaven; and from that superior elevation they can behold the trifling honours of this world passing away. The hoarse murmurs of its applause, or of its obloquy, cannot reach them, for their ear is ravished with the choral symphonies of a higher sphere; and above them all rises the voice of him who shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

5. The reception of Divine wisdom has the pleasures of *conscience*. "All her paths are *peace*." Nothing can give peace to a man if conscience is wakeful and accusing. Belshazzar, surrounded by his satraps and flatterers, in his most gorgeous state, trembled, as conscience became roused by the hand-writing on the wall; and the season of the worldly man's greatest triumph may be that of bitterest pangs, if conscience is offended. But the Christian has peace. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. iii. 1.) With a heart purified by the blood of Christ from an evil conscience, he lives, and can say, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have our conversation in the world." (2 Cor. i. 12.) "The peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps his heart and mind." Calm as the summer lake slumbering within its hills, bright as the deep autumn noon, is the heart of the man whose sin is purged away, and who walks by the guidance of heavenly wisdom.

6. And these pleasures are *enduring*. They do not pall or pass away. The pleasures of the world are violent, and unsatisfying, and unhealthy; and the soul that has tasted of them ever thirsts for something new. To-night, the ball; to-morrow night, the opera; and the next, it may be, the drama. How sad to many minds would uniformity be; and yet with all the variety there is no content. But he that drinketh of the water that Christ bestows, shall never thirst; it shall be his, ever satisfying and refreshing, springing up in perennial freshness to eternal life.

7. And these pleasures are most truly *our own*. You may rob a man of his wealth, and you reduce him to misery, if he has made it his stay. The breath of popular applause may change, and lay the ambitious man prostrate, robbed of all his honours; for they were external to him, and in the power of others; but the possessor of this Divine wisdom has his treasures and honours within, or above, beyond the reach of man. Human envy cannot touch them. Demoniac fury cannot deprive him of them. Earthly changes cannot affect them:

> "His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
> And bids earth roll, nor heeds her idle whirl."

His possessions cannot be polluted by contact with earth; they are immutable as heaven's throne, for the pleasures and the peace of Divine wisdom end not with time. The principal portion enjoyed even in this world is drawn from eternity; and there, in the heaven of God,

in blissful society, of which Jesus is the centre, crowned with unfading honours, and enjoying an ever increasing bliss, shall the possessor of true wisdom shine, realizing, in the exceeding great and eternal weight of glory, the fulness of the truth—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

PART I.

Amidst the sorrow and horror which the details of suffering and death, of garments rolled in blood, and the other ghastly accompaniments of fearful war, have been exciting in the hearts of British Christians for some time back, the tale of Christian faith and love now and then interwoven with them has come with a peculiar power of comfort and hope. It has been as sweetest music rising above the frightful din of all hateful and discordant sounds, as rays of glorious sunshine piercing through clouds of portentous darkness. Of this character is the record recently given to the public of Captain Vicars—the record of a life in which the Christian, however situated, will find something to instruct and encourage him.

Hedley Shafto Johnstone Vicars, born in the Mauritius, on the 7th of December, 1826, was the child of pious parents. When he was twelve years of age, his father (an officer in the Royal Engineers) died, praying, as his hand lay on the boy's head, "that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under his banner as to glorify his holy name." The prayer of the dying Christian was heard, though for many days the answer seemed to tarry.

When seventeen years old, a commission in the army was obtained for Hedley Vicars, and soon after he accompanied his regiment, the 97th, to Corfu. Open and generous in disposition, with a bearing at once manly and courteous, and withal possessed of the gayest spirits, and capable of contributing largely to the social enjoyment of his associates, the young officer could not fail to be a favourite with them. There was much indeed that was amiable and lovable about the youth; but, alas! he was as yet totally destitute of those principles which give true value to amiable natural dispositions, and render a character really estimable. Thus unshielded, he yielded to the temptations of a military life, and recklessly plunged into sinful pleasures. The Bible given to him by his mother was lost in Corfu, and for five years he was content to live without possessing a copy of the word of God. Yet the instructions and example of that pious and ever fondly loved mother could not be altogether forgotten. The life he led, incapable of bestowing true happiness in any case, has moments of peculiar bitterness to those who have been brought up amidst the love and light, the pure and blessed enjoyments, of a Christian home. In after years the young man writes to his brother in these terms: "The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me; yet before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of *pleasures!* The very name, when applied to sin, now makes my heart sicken. Even then I never could enjoy recalling the occupations of each day; and think you my conscience was quiet? No, though again and again I stilled it, as too many do. Bitter experience has taught me that 'there is no peace to the wicked!'"

At length, conscience so startled him in his career of pleasureless pleasure, that for a season it was abandoned. He was compelled to feel the solemnity of his position as at once a mortal and an immortal being, and he betook himself to prayer and the reading of the word of God. He was in Jamaica when this occurred. But, by and bye, temptation again prevailed, to be in its turn followed by remorseful conviction of sin; and thus a state of careless gaiety and of serious impression alternated for a considerable time.

In the summer of 1851, the 97th was removed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia. A few months after, while young Vicars was waiting one day in the room of a brother officer for the return of its occupant, he employed himself in a careless mood in turning over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Closing the book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." The night which followed was a nearly sleepless one. His mind was agitated by the all-important question, might he or might he not, without presumption, claim a personal interest in these words? The struggle was short. The morning light beheld him a rejoicing believer, receiving for himself by the effectual working of God's Holy Spirit, the message of mercy through Jesus Christ. "The past," he said, "then is blotted out. What I have to do is, to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood."

And how now may he meet his gay companions, the companions of his follies and his sins? The trial was not a small one. To bear ridicule often requires more moral courage than to endure revilings. But Mr. Vicars shrunk not from this part of the Christian's cross. "On the morning which succeeded that memorable

night," writes his biographer, "he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table in his sitting-room, determining that "an open Bible," for the future, should be "his colours." "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." His friends came as usual to his rooms, and did not altogether fancy the new colours. One remarked, that he had turned Methodist, and, with a shrug, retreated. Another ventured on the bolder measure of warning him not to become a hypocrite: "Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." So, for the most part, for a time, his quarters were deserted by his late companions. During six or seven months he had to encounter no slight opposition at mess, "and had hard work," as he said, "to stand his ground." But the promise did not fail, "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger."

But though greatly tried in this way, he was not left, in the kind providence of God, without some outward helps. In Dr. Twining, the garrison chaplain at Halifax, he found a faithful pastor and a kind friend, and his teaching in private and in the Bible class, as well as in the pulpit, did much, by the blessing of God, to build up the young disciple in the knowledge and love of the truth. Then there were a few of his brother officers who had already chosen the Lord for their portion, and in whose society he found profit and pleasure.

From this time henceforward, Hedley Vicars' course was onward and upward. For us it is instructive to note the means by which his life of high and holy consecration to God was maintained. In doing so, we are at once struck with two prominent traits in his spiritual habits, if we may so use the word—the great care with which he attended to the health of his own soul, and the active zeal with which he sought the good of others and the promotion of his Lord's kingdom. "I generally spend," he writes, "four or five hours each day, when not on duty, in reading the Bible, and meditation and prayer." Again we have the following entry in his diary, written in winter: "Rise every morning at seven o'clock. Meditate on a text while dressing. From eight to nine, read a chapter in the Old Testament and prayer. From nine to ten, breakfast and read newspaper, or any light book, carefully avoiding novels. From ten to one, orderly room work. From one to half-past two, a chapter in the Gospels, and prayer. From half-past two to four, orderly room work. From four to six, exercise, visiting sick people, etc. Offer up a short prayer before going to mess, that God would keep me from temptation. After dinner, offer up a prayer to God first; then read books of general interest, and give an hour to my Bible and prayer before going to bed: and oh! I beseech Thee, my heavenly Father, to enable me thus to devote the remainder of my days to Thee. May my motto be, 'Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'"

Thus diligently tending his own vineyard, Hedley Vicars was in the right position for aiding in the cultivation of the vineyards of others. And to this work he gave himself with characteristic energy. In whatever way Christ's kingdom might be promoted, he was ready to act. He taught in the Sunday school, and interested himself warmly in various schemes of Christian beneficence. And with special care he laboured for the spiritual good of the soldiers of his own regiment. Day by day, the young officer—once a leader, as he says of himself, in dissipation and riot—might now be seen sitting by the bed-side of some sick soldier, reading to him the word of life, or kneeling there in fervent supplication on behalf of the afflicted one. "How amply shall I be repaid," he writes, "if even one of my fellow soldiers is brought by my example and advice, as a means in the hands of God, to a saving knowledge of his mercies in Christ." It was graciously given him to know that this reward was his. He had the joy to see three soldiers, of whom he says that they were "once great sinners, nearly as bad as myself," brought to the knowledge of the truth. He was also honoured to be the instrument of good to the souls of some of his fellow-officers. One young man, whose leg was amputated, he nursed with the tenderest care for many weeks. "Vicars, tell me," said the desponding sufferer to him one day, "do you *really* feel happier *now* than you did?" And his friend could tell of a joy which the world could neither give nor take away—a joy which gave a keener zest to all the innocent pleasures of life, and had the power to make happy even in the darkest hour of affliction and adversity. The lessons of these sick days were happily not lost on the young officer. Shortly after Hedley Vicars writes of him: "I am delighted to say, I firmly believe that his suffering illness has, through the blessing of God, been made the means of the conversion of his immortal soul."

Meanwhile, Hedley Vicars took care that his secular duties should in nowise suffer neglect. So well did he discharge these, that he was appointed adjutant of his regiment with the gratifying remark from his colonel—"Vicars, you are the man I can best trust with responsibility." The appointment, we are told, gave satisfaction to all concerned, though one officer jestingly remarked, "He won't do for it; he is too conscientious" Thus he lived up to his

motto, "Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." And thus he eminently adorned his Christian profession.

At length his regiment is ordered home; and after a separation of nine years, the happy mother is permitted to embrace her son, now doubly hers by the tie of spiritual as well as temporal relationship. The joy of such a meeting, who may describe? or the happiness of the season which followed, when this Christian family in their strong love to each other, purified and intensified, not lessened, by their supreme love to the Saviour, enjoyed the highest bliss of which this world can be the scene? Cheerful and buoyant as ever, Hedley Vicars is again the delight of the domestic circle, entering with the most affectionate interest into the employments of his sisters, and spreading around him that general sense of pleasure in young and old, which wide and genial sympathies create. But never does he forget his one great work as a Christian. Whether in the new world or the old, amidst his companions-in-arms, or the quiet inhabitants of an English village, wherever Hedley Vicars meets with a fellow sinner, there it is his delight to tell of the message of peace and salvation through a crucified Saviour. When in London, he is teaching in ragged schools, visiting the sick in the hospitals, accompanying city missionaries to the lowest abodes of wretchedness; in short, doing whatsoever his hand findeth to do, in the service of his Lord. Then when sojourning at Tealing Place, in Essex, the residence of his brother-in-law, Lord Rayleigh, he is busily engaged in the same work in the cottages of the neighbouring villagers. Or if he is visiting at the rectory at Beckenham, the home of very dear friends of his, we find him holding religious meetings with some of the railway men then employed in the Sydenham palace grounds, teaching in the Sunday school, reading and praying beside the afflicted in body and in mind.

It was the love of Christ constraining him which made such labours the delight of Hedley Vicars. Oh! how different from the joy which the pursuit of the world's pleasures had yielded him. He had tried both services, as he himself said, and knew well what each had to bestow. "A Christian," he wrote to his mother, "has certainly his moments of bitterness and anguish; but I would not change even these for the world's moments of jollity and mirth. The former generally precede happy hours of peace and calm, and the latter, I know, end in trouble and remorse."

But Hedley Vicars is speedily called to far different scenes from those of his happy home. The dread sword of war is once more unsheathed, and the 97th is ordered to the East.

THOUGHTS AND INCIDENTS AT SEA.

III.—DIVINE SERVICE ON DECK.

During the fine weather we had Divine service on deck, under an awning spread athwart the ship abaft the mast. We were thus screened from the scorching rays of the sun, and were enabled to enjoy the freshness of the breeze. On the Saturday, the sailors had swabbed and dried the decks, and had made them glisten like ivory. Early on Sunday morning they commenced rigging out the church; planks and cases were temporarily arranged for seats; the capstan was covered with the union jack, and the Bible and Prayer Book placed upon it. At ten o'clock the bell on the fore deck called us to prayers. The passengers all assembled aft, dressed in their Sunday attire, with the crew in their white trousers and blue jackets, in true tar style. The captain in his uniform read the service, and it was pleasing to observe that many of the crew had not only paid an outward deference to the day, but entered with attention and reverence into the solemn ritual. Many had brought their Bibles with them. There was something striking and impressive in the scene, as all stood up and repeated the appointed psalm. With nothing of old associations around us, we yet felt that the church of Christ might dwell on the mighty deep, and that his Spirit was with us even there. The sabbath afternoons were passed pleasantly and profitably by some. In fine tropical weather, we were surrounded by so many wonders of Divine creation, so many evidences of his providence and power, that praise involuntarily burst from our lips, and we felt how beautifully expressed are those passages of Holy Writ, which compare the power and exemplify the attributes of God, by allusions to the grandeur and vastness of the boundless ocean. Such seasons were well suited for serious thought, and we were enabled during those quiet sabbath hours, to renew our faith, and to seek that encouragement from the Book of Life which would sustain us amidst the perils of our voyage.

IV.—HOMEWARD-BOUND.

"And now, my boys, we are homeward bound!
Hurrah! Hurrah!"

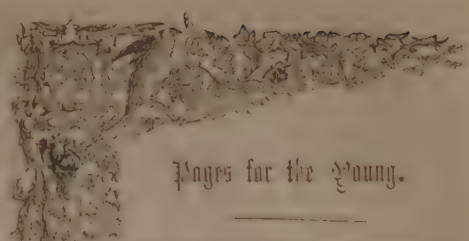
Sang merrily an old tar one bitter night amidst a gale. "Why, Jack," said I, "can you sing in rough weather as well as in fair?" "To be sure I can," he replied; "I have been thirty years at sea, and I could always sing when homeward-bound, and in a good ship."

"Lay up and reef the main-top sails!" shouted a loud voice from the poop.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack, while cheerfully he hurried aft to obey the skipper.

As I paced the deck up and down, bending one leg, and stretching out the other to leeward, to keep my balance on the rolling ship, I could not help pondering on the words of the brave old sailor. I thought, what a simile of the Christian life was this long voyage, bound for the haven of home; and how, looking thankfully back upon the dangers and storms of the past, the Christian, amidst present trial, learns to sing a joyful strain of hope, in the knowledge that he is homeward-bound. I, like most landsmen, wondered how Jack could find the heart to sing amidst that gale; and, in like manner, they of the world think it strange that Christians can sing at all. But the only true song of praise is that which pours forth from the heart of a child of God. Trouble cannot check his song: amidst the storms of night, the shrill howlings of the bitter wind, and the raging billows of the deep, the Christian, knowing that he is in a good cause, can sing, and sweetly too, in all the dangers of his life-voyage, rejoicing that he has left Babylon behind.

Hurrah! hurrah! Yes, there is the old mariner now up aloft, bare-headed, his grey locks dancing in the breeze, the wind swaying the tottering mast, and the ship lurching into the waters almost on her beam-ends. As he catches the fluttering shrouds, and reefs them on the quivering boom, he again sings his merry hurrah! hurrah! for home. Singing even there! whilst those on deck are trembling for his very life. See! the boom dips into the gloomy wave, and dripping with foam mounts high above the billows again; yet the old sailor clings to it with faithful grasp, and mingles his merry song with the winds of heaven. The long-drawn waves dash against the ship, making the mainmast quiver like a reed; still he slides along the mainyard in active duty. A sudden blast puffing out the huge sail tears it into ribbons. Look, look! Jack is buried amidst the tattered sail, and surely will be dashed from his slippery hold. Yet hark! as with outstretched arms he stows the fluttering shreds, he sings with undaunted courage. Well may we, in a spiritual sense, wish for a faith like this. It is easy to obey when the way is smooth, and the sun is shining on our path, but when it lies amidst death and peril, and the clouds darken around us so that we indeed require a lamp for our feet—when the storms of the world cast us down into the depths of poverty and desolation, or prosperity mounts us up to the giddy heights of worldly power, oh! then for a steadfast hold of the Saviour, a willing heart to do our duty, and a cheerful spirit; so that the world may see that the Christian can sing in the midst of dangers and afflictions which would cast the irreligious into repining gloom.



THE CHILD-PROPHET OF SHILOH.

II.—SAMUEL LENT TO THE LORD.

A few years, with their changes, had swept by since the transaction described in the former chapter had taken place. That sorrowing woman, who had knelt and wrestled with such earnestness at the gate of the Lord's sanctuary, had been seen there no more. The other members of the family in whose company she had hitherto journeyed, worshipped, and feasted, had paid, as usual, their annual visit to the great altar of the tribes; but the sad countenance of the childless wife was missed, and probably led to anxious inquiries after her welfare by the friends whom they were wont to mingle with on those occasions of sweet intercourse. Had she sunk beneath the domestic persecutions of her rival, and the sickness of heart brought on by hope too long deferred? Was she pining at home in solitude and dejection, while her husband and Peninnah, with their sons and daughters, were bounding over the breezy hills of Ephraim, or singing the lofty psalm to God in Shiloh? Or, sadder still, had she fallen asleep by a gentle death, and gone to the place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" Neither of these conjectures was right. Hannah still lived, and lived a glad and exulting life. Her eye had regained its early flash, her cheek its tint of health, her step its elastic spring, and her heart its music of thanksgiving. Need we specify the means by which this wondrous transformation had been wrought? If so, follow us once more to Shiloh.

Again it is a festive scene. Myriads upon myriads are gathered like a great flock around the dwelling-place of the Shepherd of Israel. White-robed priests are there, and busy Levites, and singing-men, and singing-women, and skilful players upon instruments of music. The narrow streets of Shiloh are choked with strangers, and the vales around dotted over with tents and moving forms. There may be seen the patriarchal chieftain, now leaning on his staff, but who once fought valiantly under some of the latter Judges, to repel the inroads of the Philistines or other border foes. Near him stands a cluster of Hebrew maidens, who have come from different districts of the land, and who are talking with animation of matters interesting to each other. In another group may be recognised, by their grave faces and earnest gestures, some of the princes of the tribes, who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by these national gatherings to discuss questions of common interest to the whole people.

But see, there comes an Israelitish mother, leading gently up the ascent a beautiful boy. They are followed by attendants, guiding three bullocks and bearing an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine. (1 Sam. i. 24.) These are evidently designed to be presented to the Lord as a free-will offering, in acknowledgment of some signal mercy. It being very unusual for so young a child to be brought to the yearly feast, the sight attracts considerable notice. Kind words in abundance are spoken as the mother slowly passes on her way, and many are the kisses which the happy-looking, fair-browed boy wins from admiring strangers. At length the party reaches

the sanctuary, and disappears within the gateway of the outer court. That bright-eyed mother, we need scarcely say, was Hannah, and that lovely boy was her SAMUEL—her "asked of God," as the name implies. The Lord had been faithful to his ancient promise, and, though not till after a sore trial of her faith and patience, had thus answered Hannah's prayer. And now she, in her turn, having weaned him,* has brought him up to the house of the Lord in Shiloh, to fulfil her vow to dedicate him to the service of God all the days of his life.

Let us enter reverently within the court of the tabernacle and witness what takes place. Two out of the three animals being presented to the ministers of the Lord's house, as a testimony of gratitude, the third is slain by some of the Levites in attendance, and certain parts of it are consumed upon the great altar as an oblation. Small portions of the flour and wine also, in the manner prescribed by the law, are offered up to God. When these ceremonies are over, the mother, her countenance beaming with an expressive joy, requests an interview with the high priest. Ushered into the presence of the venerable old man, Hannah salutes him with the respect due to his dignity and rank. The sight of his snowy beard and magnificent vestments vividly recalls the sorrows and agonies of that hour when she had last seen him at the door of the tabernacle, and she naturally concludes that his recollection of her will be equally clear. Eli, however, accustomed as he is to similar cases of maternal trouble, fails at first to recognise her; but the full-hearted mother is not to be daunted or discouraged, and with all the eloquent earnestness of her pious spirit she exclaims, "Oh, my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here praying unto the Lord. For *this* child"—and she cast down a loving look upon the wondering and lovely boy, whose little trembling palm she grasped in her hand—"for this child I prayed; and the Lord hath heard my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

Eli, as he gazes upon those animated features, lit up as they are with a serene joy, and listens to that noble avowal from her lips, remembers the circumstance to which she has referred. Here, then, in this grateful and exulting mother he beholds that sad and distracted woman who, a few years before, had attracted his notice by her wild and mysterious conduct at the door of the tabernacle. And this winning, intelligent, bright-eyed boy before him was the Divine answer to those bitter soul-cries of hers; and as such was now, in a spirit of exalted self-sacrifice, to be dedicated and devoted to the service of Jehovah. Happy mother to possess such a child! but happier far to find it in thine heart to surrender him to God! Eli feels his aged heart yearn towards the young devotee, as he receives him from the affectionate embraces of his parent, and undertakes the solemn charge of training him to be a prophet in Israel.

This singular transaction was sanctified by acts of devotion at the tabernacle, and Samuel was commended to the care and watchful love of Him who "dwelt between the cherubim." Hannah, too, wrought up to a pitch of sacred enthusiasm, like Miriam and Deborah before her, ere she left the precincts of the sanctuary, gave vent to her full heart in a hymn which is scarcely to be surpassed by any similar composition in the Old Testament Scriptures.

This sublime song of praise having been sung, and the dear child having received the parting caresses of his parents, they returned, full of divine comforts and happy hopes, to their southern home at Ramah. Our young readers will have no difficulty in believing, however, that the absent boy, living among perfect strangers, was seldom out of his fond mother's thoughts. There was little letter-writing in those days, so that it would be at what we should think long intervals of time that the parted ones heard, or received love-tokens, from each other. Yet was the mother always solicitous for his welfare; and many were the kind schemes which she would devise to keep his memory alive. And if no other opportunity offered by which she might convey to little Samuel the products of her loving industry, there was at least the annual feast, on which periodical occasions she regularly visited Shiloh—a spot now invested with a new and irresistible attraction to her maternal heart. Among other things which she took up at the annual meeting, we are told that she brought with her a little coat, woven probably by her own fingers. This she did from year to year; and even when other children came, as they did, to share her attention and thoughts, her consecrated first-born—the child of her prayers—was always foremost in her regards. She hoped great things for him, as mothers often do of their children; but her highest aspirations for him could hardly reach the exalted pitch of real greatness to which he in time attained. The lad's best duties were to render such little services as his age allowed about the person of the high-priest, and afterwards to assist in some of the lighter offices of the tabernacle. Old Eli became greatly attached to him, and he perhaps found, in the affection and endearing ways of this little boy, some consolation under the deep sorrow caused by the wickedness of his own sons. How Samuel became entitled to the name which we have given him, of the "child-prophet," we will describe in the next chapter.

* Weaning takes place much later in the east than with us. The Mahommedan law directs that children should not be weaned until they are at least two years old. The Jewish writers generally consider the age of Samuel to have been two years when he was taken to the tabernacle; others, however, fix the period at three years or upwards. But even three years is deemed by Dr. Kitto to have been too early for the child to be taken from his mother, and be in the care of strangers; and still more if we consider that his destination was to render some service in the house of God. There may, therefore, be something in the remark of an old writer, that there was a threefold weaning of children in old times: the first from the mother's milk, when they were three years old; the second, from their tender age and the care of a nurse, when they were seven years of age; and the third, from childish ways, when they reached the age of twelve. Dr. Kitto inclines to the seven years as the most likely period when the child of so many prayers was taken up to Shiloh, to be dedicated to the Lord.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XIII.

It is a calm summer's evening, and the plain glows with the retiring heat of an eastern day: in the distance lies a populous city, its buildings bathed in the golden hue of the setting sun. In the foreground of our scene is a picturesque and ancient well, beside which stands an eastern traveller. His whole bearing is of a nature to command admiration and respect; his face, which exhibits by its serenity the inward piety of his heart, is turned upwards in silent and earnest prayer. There are seen coming out from the gates of the city, maidens with pitchers to draw water, and one of them, more comely than the rest, is quickly approaching the well.

XIV.

It is a festive occasion; in a large and splendid apartment are seated the chief nobility of the land; upon the table are the remains of a sumptuous feast. The company exhibit looks of the greatest surprise; some are conferring with, each other, others are seen leaving their seats. At the head of the table is seated a man of noble appearance, he looks from one to the other of his guests as if seeking some explanation; at his right hand stands a warrior, who is addressing the assembly in a loud and commanding voice; while at the open door stands a young man awaiting an invitation to enter.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE SCOFFER ARRESTED FOR FRAUD.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XVI.

THE child died and was buried; and the mother's heart was torn with anguish, refusing to be comforted. I speak not of the father's grief. Cold and impassible, to outward seeming, he returned from the grave with tearless eyes, and resumed his ordinary occupations, smiling and jesting with his acquaintances, and adding misery to the sorrows of his wife by increasing unkindness and neglect.

And then fell another stroke of sorrow on the desolate woman. I have said that my owner boasted himself on his good repute among men; but, suddenly and unexpectedly came upon him the blight and the blast. Unexpectedly, I say; for when, in his heart, my owner was saying, "Peace and safety," then sudden destruction came upon him; and it was shown that he who had spoken proudly of the perfectibility of human nature, of the sufficiency of human goodness, of the might of human intellect, and of the needlessness of a Divine law to regulate and restrain the conduct of man to man—had secretly and basely been transgressing the commonest and plainest rules of commercial

integrity, and had brought himself within the reach of human law and human punishment.

It needs not that I should tell *how* he had sinned, and how his sin had found him out; and let me pass over lightly the scene of confusion and degradation which was witnessed when rude and unsympathizing officers of justice entered his dwelling, to convey the offender to prison, and to take possession of all he had called his own.

But let me not fail to record how, in that hour of dark retribution, the womanly heart of the wife expanded towards her unfaithful and tyrannical husband; how she then forgot his unworthiness and her wrongs, and would fain have been the partner of his prison home, to administer to his wants and alleviate his distress; and when this could not be, how, still forgetful of her own added load of wretchedness, she wept for him whom she had once trusted, and who was yet her husband.

Fain would I tell how her double stroke of sorrow—this "wave upon wave" of desolation—was sanctified to the weaning of her soul from vanity; and that, in after days, humbly and believingly she could say, "Thou hast dealt with thy servant, O Lord, according unto thy word. Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." But it was not appointed to me to be the means of leading her to the Rock that was higher than herself, even the Rock of Ages, in whom is everlasting strength; and, after a few days of inconsolable grief and deep humiliation, the wife of my unhappy owner took her departure from the dwelling which had been to her a Bochim—a place of weeping; and I saw her no more.

Neither did I see my late owner again; for, not many days after the breaking up of the small household, I was consigned, with others of my species, to darkness; and when the light again broke upon me, it was in a large place of merchandise, in a distant town. Ere long, I lay, for the second time in my history, on the crowded board of a book-stall, to witness the eagerness of the multitudes who passed by, in the busy scenes of life.

There was little in me now to attract attention, for the services of many years had left their traces behind, to the utter defacement of my external beauty; and though my spiritual and immortal vigour was undiminished, and there was yet much remaining strength in my mortal constitution, I could not but be conscious that my term of earthly service in the cause of my Great Master was approaching its appointed end.

Calmly and quietly could I wait for this; for the inevitable dissolution of my frail substance into its original elements I knew to be the great and certain law of all earthly being. And verily, I had been permitted to be a faithful witness of salvation, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear; and the spirit within me could but rejoice as it recalled the scenes through which, as a faithful and true witness, I had passed—those scenes in which, as I have shown, the Divine life which animated my pages had been evidently transfused into the souls of my readers.

Yet, while looking forward, with composure, to the termination of my mortal course, could I be otherwise than concerned that of those to whom I am sent, few appeared to be acting and living under the consciousness that "it is appointed unto *men* once to die?" Many were the gray-haired, enfeebled beings, who, with tottering steps, passed by my temporary abiding place, in whom I could discern no token of daily preparation for meeting with their God. Their thoughts and desires and emotions, it was plainly to be seen, were limited by the near mental horizon of daily cares. And many hoary-headed sinners passed by, whose hearts were fully set in them to do evil, regardless of my Master's emphatic declaration that such as they, though they live to be a hundred years old, shall die accursed. Strange was it to discern that the nearer such as these approached to death and eternity, the more did they cling to life and life's vanity and life's guilt. *Here* was one who passed on with dragging slowness, with a smile on his withered countenance at the thought of how he had over-reached his neighbour in a bargain, and enriched himself at the expense of another, while, as I could tell, the voice of the Eternal Arbiter of life had already spoken, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" *There*, shuffled by another, with bleared and watery eyes, downcast as though his soul shunned the light of God's blessed day, and muttering with palsied lips, while his heart was as a nest of unclean birds.

There passed by, also, proud rich men, who gloried in their wealth, and pleased themselves with the vain fiction that their own hands, and their foresight, and their wisdom or cunning, had overcome the difficulties which once obstructed their way, forgetful of Him who had given them power to get wealth. And the secret thoughts of such as these were in their houses and lands, their warehouses of merchandise, their manufactories and their ledgers; and their secret desires were for the increase of their riches, and the building up of a yet higher fabric of renown, and their own higher advancement among the merchant princes of the land; while no spark of gratitude burned in their

hearts towards the great source of their prosperity, and no wholesome remembrance was admitted there, that they were but stewards who must hereafter give account of the talents committed to their keeping.

There passed by the oppressor, who ground the faces of the poor, and diminished their just wages, and turned into the channels of his own polluted and stagnant morass of luxury, the means of support guiltily filched from the poverty of the destitute; and little recked he that the day was at hand when in his ears should resound the everlasting curse, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

There passed by the poor, who hated the rich because they were rich; in whose breast strong unholy passions were imprisoned, waiting but for release to break forth in fury, devastation, and revenge on those whom they called their natural enemies. Here was a man of cadaverous aspect, in faded tattered neglected garb, whose own degrading vices had brought ruin upon his worthless self, and on those who should have been dearer to him than life; and who laid the blame of his misery on what he called unequal and grinding laws, while he consumed on his own lusts the substance which would have spread comfort around his now desolate home. Verily, in him might have been seen the man who, when his son asked him for bread, would have given him a stone, or for an egg, would have given him a scorpion.

There, again, was the working-man, who, complaining of the incessant toil of six days' labour, by which, in the sweat of his face, he ate his daily bread, insanely sought to break down the barriers which the All-wise and All-merciful had reared from the beginning against the encroachments of grasping covetousness and tyrannical oppression, in providing, establishing, and sanctifying a seventh day of rest for the fallen suffering race of Adam. Fain would this man have cast into contempt the law of his God, reckless that thereby he was binding around him the chains of perpetual bondage.

And of all these, and hundreds more like unto them, not one laid to heart the truth which I teach—"It is appointed unto men once to die, and AFTER THAT THE JUDGMENT."

Yet were there others in that constant but ever-shifting scene of passers-by, of whom better things might be recorded. Rich men there were, who, not trusting in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who had given them richly all things to enjoy, walked humbly before him, were rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; and were laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they might lay hold on eternal life. These did not despise the poor because they were poor, nor oppress them because they had no helper: the blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon them, and they caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. Poor wise men there were, too, who were yet "rich in faith," and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him.

And, as the crowds thus passed and repassed my temporary resting-place, to no mortal eye was it given to see how the wheat and the tares were growing together until the harvest. And I remembered the solemn warning: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

JOCULARITY IN THE PULPIT.

THE following extracts from a correspondence which took place between that eminent Christian merchant, John Thornton, and the Rev. Mr. Berridge, a worthy but somewhat eccentric clergyman of the last century, will be found not without their use in the present day. Some preachers still stand in need of Cowper's admonition:—

"He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart:
So did not Paul.—Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain."

The correspondence in question thus opens with a letter from Mr. Thornton:—

"In some discussions we have had, I could not help laughing with you, though at the same

time I felt a check within; your reasons silenced, but did not satisfy me. Your vein of humour and mine seem much alike. If there is any difference between us, it lies here: I would strive against mine, while you seem to indulge yours. I fight against mine, because I find the ludicrous spirit is just as dangerous as the sullen one; and it is much the same to our great adversary, whether he falls in with a capricious, or a facetious turn of mind. I could not forbear smiling at your humorous allegory about the tooth, and was pleased at the good sense displayed in it; yet something came across my mind—Is this method agreeable to the idea we ought to entertain of a father in Israel? It would pass mightily well in a newspaper, or anything calculated for public entertainment; but it certainly wanted that solidity or seriousness that a Christian minister should write with. What the apostle said in another sense will apply here: 'When I was a child, I spake as a child,' etc. An expression of yours in your prayer before sermon, when at Tottenham-court, struck me, that *God would give us* NEW *bread, not stale, but what was baked in the oven that day*. Whether it is that I am too little, or you too much used to such expressions, I won't pretend to determine, but I could not help thinking it savoured of attention to men more than to God. I know the apology frequently made for such language is, that the common people require it; it fixes their attention, and it affords matter for conversation afterwards; for a sentence out of the common road is more remembered than all the rest. This may be true, but the effect it has is only a loud laugh among their acquaintances; not one person is edified, and many are offended by such like expressions. Some ministers I have known, run into the other extreme, and think something grand must be uttered to strike the audience; but this seems to me as unnecessary as the other, and both have a twang of self-conceit, and seem like leaning to carnal wisdom. Truth, simple truth, requires no embellishments, nor should it be degraded; we are not to add to or take from it, but to remember the power is of God wholly.

"My reverend friend, as an old man, might be indulged in his favourite peculiarities if they would stop with him; but others catch the infection, and we find young ministers and common people indulging themselves in the same way; they think they are authorised so to do by such an example. Wit in any person is dangerous, and often mischievous when used improperly, and especially on religious subjects; for as the professing part of an audience will much longer retain a witty or low expression than one more serious, so will the wicked part of it too, and turn it to the disadvantage of religion. I recollect but one humorous passage in all the Bible, which is that of Elijah with the Baalites; and when the time, place, and circumstances are properly considered, nothing could be more seasonable, nothing so effectually expose the impotency of their false god, and the absurdity of their vain worship. The prophets often speak ironically, sometimes satirically, but I do not remember of their ever speaking ludicrously. Our Lord and his apostles never had recourse to any such methods. The short abstracts we have of their sermons and conversations are all in a serious strain, and ministers cannot copy after a better example. I dare not say that giving liberty to a man's natural turn, or an endeavour to put and keep the people in good humour, is sinful; but this I may assert, such a method is universally followed on the stage, and in all places of public entertainment, and therefore it seems to me to savour much more of the old man than of the new.

"I remember you once jocularly informed me you were born with a fool's cap on; pray, my dear sir, is it not high time it was pulled off? Such an accoutrement may suit a natural birth, and be of service; but surely it has nothing to do with a spiritual one, nor ever can be made ornamental to a serious man, much less to a Christian minister. I waive mentioning Scripture injunctions, such as, 'Let your speech be with grace,' etc., as you know these better than I do. Surely they should have some weight, for idle and unprofitable words stand forbidden. If it should please God to give you to see things as I do, you will think it necessary to be more guarded; but should you think me mistaken, I trust it will make no interruption with our friendship that I am thus free with you, as it proceeds from a sincere love and regard. The Tabernacle people are in general wild and enthusiastic, and delight in anything out of the common course, which is a temper of mind, though in some respects necessary, yet that should never be encouraged. If you and some few others, who have the greatest influence over them, would use the curb instead of the spur, I am persuaded the effect would be very blessed. Wildfire is better than no fire; but there is a Divine warmth between these two extremes which the real Christian catches, and which when obtained is evidenced by a cool head and a warm heart, and makes him a glorious, shining example to all around him. I desire to be earnest in prayer that we may be more and more partakers of this heavenly wisdom, and ascribe all might, majesty, and dominion to the Lord alone.

"I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

"JOHN THORNTON."

"Dear and honoured sir," replied Mr. Berridge, "your favour of the 17th requires an answer attended with a challenge; and I do hereby challenge you, and defy all your acquaintances to prove, that I have a single correspondent half so honest as yourself. Epistolary intercourses are become a polite traffic, and he that can say pretty things and wink at bad things, is an admired correspondent. Indeed, for want of due authority and meekness on one side, and of patience and humility on the other, to give or to take reproof, a fear of raising indignation instead of conviction, often puts a bar on the door of my lips; for I find where reproof does not humble it hardens, and the seasonable time of striking, if we can catch it, is when the iron is hot: when the heart is melted down in a furnace, then it submits to the stroke, and takes and retains the impression. I wish you would exercise the trade of a gospel limner, and draw the features of all my brethren in black, and send them their portraits. I believe you would do them justice every way, by giving every cheek its proper blush without hiding a dimple upon it. Yet I fear, if your subsistence depended on this business, you would often want a morsel of bread, unless I sent you a quartern loaf from Everton.

"As to myself, you know the man: odd things break from me as abruptly as croaking from a raven. I was born with a fool's cap. True, you say; yet why is not the cap put off? It suits the first Adam, but not the second. A very proper question, and my answer is this: a fool's cap is not put off so readily as a night-cap. One cleaves to the head, and one to the heart. Not many prayers only, but many furnaces, are needful for this purpose. And after all, the same thing happens to a tainted heart as to a tainted cask, which may be sweetened by many washings and firings, yet a scent remains still. Late furnaces have singed the bonnet of my cap, but the crown still abides on my head; and I must confess that the crown so abides, in whole or in part, for want of a closer walk with God and nearer communion with him. When I creep near the throne, this humour disappears, or is tempered so well as not to be distasteful. Hear, sir, how my Master deals with me; when I am running wild, and saying things somewhat rash or very quaint, he gives me an immediate blow on my breast, which stuns me. Such a check I received while I was uttering that expression in prayer you complained of; but the bolt was too far shot to be recovered. Thus I had intelligence from above, before I received it from your hand. However, I am bound to thank you, and do hereby acknowledge myself reimbursed for returning your note.

"JOHN BERRIDGE."

"THE MOUNT THAT BURNED WITH FIRE!"

AMONG the earliest recollections of my childhood is one that I still fondly cherish, and which, I believe, will never lose its charm. We had, among the books that were brought out for the use of the children on Sunday, a fine old copy of Pilgrim's Progress, printed in large, readable type, and, above all, adorned with curious and characteristic plates, illustrative of the Pilgrim's progress along the road to Zion. The first of these represented him, with a heavy burden bound upon his back, and an open volume in his hand, setting off from the doomed City of Destruction, and meeting Evangelist, who, armed with a scroll, on which were imprinted the words, "Flee from the wrath to come!" with his finger pointed to a distant pathway, ascending towards a steep hill, crowned with a gateway encircled by radiating lines of glory.

It is, however, of the next plate in the series that I wish now to speak; for it depicted "the mount burning with fire," which was represented by a huge and ominous black mass, overhanging a narrow path, while from its side burst flickering flames, terrific to the trembling Christian, who, seeing this fearful sight, and "dreading lest he should be burned," was seen, quaking with terror, his burden heavier than before, and threatening now to bear him down for ever! Well might the poor man tremble; he had "gone quickly aside from the narrow way," and was beneath the awful shade of Sinai's brow! "The mount that burned with fire"—fit emblem of the terrors of the law—chosen by God, of old, as the scene where he displayed his terrible majesty, and Moses, his chosen servant, said, "I exceedingly fear and quake!"

Thus early was my imagination impressed by the idea of a burning, fiery mountain, emblematic of the wrath divine, and filled with awe at the sinful being who ventured to approach its limits; nor can I conceive any scene in nature more adapted to impress the mind with a sense of the terrible majesty of the Great Creator, who, by his mighty power, made the earth, and has declared that by fire he will one day destroy it. It is probable that, in the memory of man, there has not been seen, on our globe, so sublime a natural spectacle as that which has been of late (and which, for aught we know, is still) witnessed upon the island of Hawaii, amid the mighty waters of the great Pacific Ocean.

Some of my readers may not know that this island (formerly called Owhyhee) is composed entirely of volcanic matter, in different stages of decomposition. Covering a space of four thousand square miles, it is perforated with in-

numerable apertures in the shape of craters; the island forming a hollow cone, over one vast furnace, situated in the heart of a stupendous submarine mountain, rising from the bottom of the sea. A gradual ascent leads, from the sea-shore, to the summits of three mountains, which enclose a central valley, the mighty crater of this Etna of the Pacific. The most remarkable volcano in the island, and the largest in the world, of which we have any account, is that of Kirauea, which is on the eastern declivity of Mouna Roa, whose summit is said to be fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This volcano is not, like other volcanoes, a conical mountain, but a depression, below the general surface of the slope, of irregular shape, and with almost perpendicular sides. It presents the aspect of a vast plain, some fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and in the centre is a huge crater, which is described by Mr. Ellis, in his "Polynesian Researches," as a "spectacle sublime and even appalling." He says he had expected to see a mountain whose summit would have presented the appearance of a mighty caldron; but, instead of this, on approaching the spot, he beheld before him an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles long, and nearly a mile wide, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific agitation, rolling to and fro, in "fiery surge" and flaming billows.

Around the edge, or from the surface of this burning lake, rose fifty-one conical islands, of varied shape and sizes, each having its crater; two-and-twenty of which constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; while several at the same time vomited streams of lava, which rolled, in blazing torrents, down their black and rugged sides into the boiling mass below. Mr. Ellis and his companions passed the night in a hut, placed on a pile of rocks, overhanging the yawning abyss, and when darkness had set in, they continued to gaze at the magnificent spectacle, fascinated by its awful beauties; and though weary and exhausted by fatigue and cold, but little disposed to sleep. The dark clouds and heavy mists that had hung over the volcano at the setting of the sun, now cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded to their view a sight terrible and sublime even beyond all they they had yet seen. The lively flames that danced over the undulating surface of the lake were tinged with sulphureous blue, or, glowing with metallic red, cast their broad glare of dazzling light on the dark sides of the craters, which continued to belch forth from their mouths fresh streams of liquid lava and eddying fire.

For several hours the awe-stricken missionary and his friends continued to gaze, until at length, "having commended themselves to the sure protection of their heavenly Father, they lay down to rest amid the whistling of winds above, and the roaring of the furnace beneath; and, after two or three hours' sleep, arose, and gathering around the fire they had kindled, sang their morning hymn of praise to Him whose wondrous works filled them with renewed admiration. One of those who gazed, described it as "at once the most splendidly beautiful and dreadfully fearful of sights; irresistibly turning the thoughts to that lake of fire from whence the smoke of torment ascendeth for ever and ever." He added: "No work of Him who laid the foundation of the earth, and who by his Almighty power still supports them, ever brought to my mind the more awful revelations of his word with such overwhelming impression. Truly, 'with God is terrible majesty.' 'Let all the nations say unto God, How terrible art Thou in Thy works!'"

Mr. Ellis's visit to Hawaii was made in the year 1823. In 1843 two new craters were formed near the summit of Mouna Roa, and during the six or eight weeks that the eruption continued, three rivers of lava were formed, which, together, were in width five or six miles, and in length twenty or thirty. Terrible as this eruption must have been, it seems to be surpassed in magnitude and duration by that of which news have been recently brought from the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent of the "Polynesian" thus describes the phenomenon.

"Hilo, Saturday, October 13th, 1855. Hawaii still burns. The great furnace on Mauna Roa is in full blast. For sixty-three days the molten flood has rolled down the mountain without abatement. Our Hawaiin atmosphere is loaded with smoke and gases, through which the sun shines with dingy and yellow rays. The amount of lava disgorged from this awful magazine is enormous. The higher regions of the mountains are flooded with vast tracts of smoking lava, while the streams which have flowed down the sides of the mountain spread over a surface of several miles in breadth. The main stream, including all its windings, must be more than fifty miles long, with an average breadth of three miles. This is still flowing direct for our bay, and is supposed to be within ten miles of us. It is eating its way slowly through the deep forest and the dense jungle in our rear, and its terminal must be the sea, unless the great summit fountain ceases to disgorge."

The writer of this letter, accompanied by a friend, set off on the 2nd of October to explore

the eruption, taking as their path the bed of the stream—the Wailuka river. They reached the terminal crater in four days and a half; tracing up the fiery current, from the upper skirt of the forest, to the summit of the mountain. In the woods they were unable to follow its course, on account of the thick jungle. The burning stream ran all the way in a covered duct, so as only to be visible at its apertures, which served as vents to let off the gas. These were truly fearful to behold. Looking down into one of these, the travellers saw the molten flood rushing along beneath their feet, in some cases at the rate of forty knots. They returned to Hilo, after an absence of ten days. "What we saw, felt, and heard," concludes the narrator, "cannot be described. I need not say that Hilo is wakeful and inquisitive just now. We apprehend no personal danger, but, should the fiery ruin enter our bay, wealth will take wings like an eagle." A P.S. added October 15th, states that a native had visited the lava stream the day before. It was distant twelve miles, and advancing towards Hilo with sure and solemn progress. No wonder the inhabitants were filled with anxiety. They proposed sending up daily parties to watch the progress of the devouring element.

It will be interesting and instructive to the readers of this short account to go back more than a quarter of a century to the time when the first band of missionaries landed at Kaitua, a few miles from this bay, in the spring of 1820. What did their eyes behold? A company of squalid miserable wretches, whose naked figures and wild expression of countenance, together with their uncouth actions and fierce cries, gave them the appearance of half men, half beasts. So savage was their whole aspect that one of the officers who had conveyed the heroic little company of missionaries to these shores exclaimed, "Well! if I never saw brutes in the shape of men before, I have seen them now;" and turning to one of the missionary group, he said, "You can never live among such people. We shall be obliged to take you back." A consultation was held. These men of great faith and holy courage determined to abide by their original purpose; and, having come on the errand of mercy, to remain and risk their lives in the endeavour to bring these pagan savages to the knowledge of Christ their Saviour.

Two husbands, with their wives, were left all defenceless, amid these untutored objects of humanity, in the remote heart of the great Pacific. What were their hopes, humanly speaking? What chance that they should transform such miserable creatures into intelligent, conscientious, civilized Christian men and women? Will they succeed, or will they fail? Will all their labour, their efforts, their hopes, be blighted and be in vain? Or, having gone forth weeping and bearing their precious seed, shall they with rejoicing return, bringing their sheaves with them?

Let us look thirty years after this their first landing on the beach at Hawaii, only one generation later. What do we now behold? In 1850 there were found twenty-two thousand men and women in the Christian church, seventeen thousand pupils in Christian schools, and a transformation in the state of the whole island little less than miraculous. "Never in the history of man," says Mr. Cheever, "has so great a change been effected in so short a time. Where robbery and murder but a few years ago were practised as trades, and were events of every-day occurrence, life and property are now safer than under any long-established government that can be named. Great as is the Hawaiian love of property, and degraded and bad as they still are in many ways, yet, such is now the force of law and the effect of the gospel, that we might almost say a man may travel through the whole cluster of islands with a net bag of shining dollars without fear of molestation, unless it were from some desperate runaway foreigner or a straggling Hawaiian sailor, hardened by his cruises abroad. To the gospel, which has wrought the change, be all the glory."

Yes! Christianity has wrought these blessed results. These poor Sandwich islanders, in the days when Mr. Ellis visited their mighty volcanoes, were grovelling in the darkness and dread of idolatry. Their idols were innumerable, hideous, and deformed; made to inspire fear and horror. The most terrible and impressive of all the sights they beheld being the volcano, and its cause being unknown, they believed it to be the dwelling-place of gods, horrible, fierce, and cruel. The roaring of the furnaces and the crackling of the sulphureous flames, they believed to be the dances and music of these gods, whom they regarded with the greatest awe, and whose anger they tried to avoid or appease. Offerings were made to Pele, the chief goddess of the volcano, and no one dared to approach near her precincts without seeking her goodwill, and her priests imposed upon them the most intolerable burdens, and exacted from them the best of their produce as offerings at her cruel shrine. Now the grim idols are gone; the offerings are made in a new and blessed service. The missionaries, in their report for 1849—a year when the island was decimated by a wasting epidemic—state that the contributions of native Christians to different religious objects exceed the sum of 7000 dollars!

We hear much in these days, of discovering God by the light of nature, of the innocence of

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN OF HAWAII.

the untutored mind when uncorrupted by foreign influence, and of the vast good resulting from civilization and its arts and sciences; but it was the gospel, and the gospel alone, which wrought the change we have seen. John Williams, that true-hearted missionary, who sacrificed his life on behalf of such poor savages, has given the result of his experience when he remarks, that until people are brought under the influence of religion, they have no desire for the arts and usages of civilized life, but religion invariably creates it. While nations are under the power of their superstitions, they show an inanity and torpor which no stimulus has proved powerful enough to dispel, save the new ideas and new principles imparted by Christianity.

A short note, written by one of the girls at the missionary boarding-school at Hilo, may interest my younger readers, and with it I will close this paper.

"*Hilo, Hawaii.*

"Love to you, teacher; great is our love to you, in consequence of our dwelling together so pleasantly at Hilo here. We remember all your words and your commands. It is our mind to keep them all.

"This also. We are living together pleasantly and in peace, we school-girls of Mrs. Coan. If you should hear we are doing those things which are not right, then your heart would be heavy.

"This also. We remember our pleasant walks with you, in Hilo. Will you pray much that we may live in the peace (literally *cool shade*) of our Lord? By the waves and the winds of the ocean is borne this our thought to thee.

"From the girls at the school at Hilo,

"By me, KALAMA."

My readers will join with me in the hope that the "devouring element" which was threatening to bring desolation and ruin to Hilo may have been stayed, and that the next tidings we receive from Hawaii may be of a happy and prosperous nature.

Blessed is it to have the friendship of that great God under whose control are even the volcanic fires of creation, and to be able to say, He is "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be cast into the depths of the sea."

A.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

BY DR. PAYSON.

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.—2 CORINTHIANS v. 10.

As there is no middle character between the righteous and the wicked in this world, so there will be no intermediate state between heaven and hell in the next; but one of these is the habitation finally appointed for all living. And do you feel no anxiety, do you consider it a matter of no consequence, my friends, to know which of these will be your lot? You are usually sufficiently fond of looking forward beyond the present hour, and anticipating the future scenes of life; especially when any important event is before you. With anxious eagerness and curiosity, you look forward from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to age; and perhaps not a single hour arrives, which has not been the subject of frequent anticipation. Come, then, and exercise for a few moments an employment of which you are so fond. Let not your thoughts be ever confined to this narrow circle of threescore years and ten; but for once take a bolder range and anticipate scenes equally certain, far more instructive, and infinitely more important, than any which this life affords. Come and look forward to the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall be revealed in flaming fire, to take vengeance on those who know not God, and who are disobedient to the truth; when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, with the works thereof, shall be burned up. Come and look forward to that tremendous day, far more terrible to the self-condemned sinner than all the horrors of dissolving nature and a world on fire, which will unalterably determine our final destinies, and bestow on each of us an eternal weight of glory, or consign us over to the mansions of despair.

But the subject is too vast to be grasped at once by any finite intelligence. To assist our feeble faculties, let us consider it separately under the following particulars. The certainty of a future judgment; the Judge who will preside; the persons who will be judged; the things for which they will be called to an account; and the design of the whole transaction.

I. We are to inquire into the certainty of a future judgment, before which we all must appear, as the apostle asserts.

Of this, my friends, we shall soon see there is no room for doubt. No proposition of natural or revealed religion, not even that which regards the existence of a God, is accompanied with more convincing evidence than this. They are indeed truths necessarily and inseparably connected; for it is evident almost to demonstration, that he who created must govern, and that he who governs must judge the world. We cannot possibly suppose, that an infinitely wise being would create man, and then leave him to himself, or to the sport of blind accident. No, he must have had some suitable design in his creation; and the only design of a being infinitely holy, just, and good, of which we can form any conception, is his own glory as connected with the greatest possible happiness of his creatures. To accomplish this design, certain laws and regulations are necessary; and if his creatures disobey these regulations, all his perfections join in requiring that they should be restrained and punished. Experience, however, abundantly shows that, in this world, no adequate punishment is inflicted, that there is little or no apparent distinction between the bad and the good: but that all things come alike to all; that there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. Hence it appears, that there must be a future day of recompence and retribution, when God will vindicate his own character, reward his faithful friends, and convince the assembled world that his righteous laws are not to be violated with impunity.

This brings us, as was proposed,

II. To inquire who will be the judge on this solemn occasion; who is the man that God hath ordained; and this is none other than the man Christ Jesus, even he who was born of the Virgin Mary, who was crucified, and who rose and ascended to heaven; he shall so return in like manner, and before him shall be gathered all nations. This truth our blessed Saviour abundantly taught while on earth; and there seems in this appointment the same fitness and propriety as in all other parts of the Divine conduct. It is certainly highly fit and proper that he who made and redeemed should also judge the world, and that he who humbled himself below all creatures should also be exalted above all, so that to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess him Lord to the praise and glory of God the Father. Then will his exaltation be complete. Everything will then mani-

festly appear to be put under him. The glory in which he will then appear will be greater than he has ever yet assumed, greater than we could support the sight of, while clothed with mortality. At the creation he was surrounded by hosts of morning stars, who sung together, and the sons of God, who shouted for joy; and at the dispensation of the law on Sinai, he was arrayed in all the majesty and terror which the elements could afford. But on this still more awful occasion, he will come, not in his own glory only, but in that of his Father and the holy angels. Heaven will pour forth all her armies to grace his triumph, and spread around him all her ineffable glories in one undivided blaze of splendour, before which the sun will fade away and even archangels veil their faces; while,

> From his keen glance affrighted worlds retire,
> He speaks in thunder and he breathes in fire.

His countenance, like the pillar of cloud between the Israelites and Egyptians, will present a double appearance; and though clothed with the rainbow of peace toward his friends, it will lower on his enemies like a stormy sky; and while his eye, at every glance, pours upon the former a flood of joy, it will flash lightnings on the latter, which will scorch their inmost souls, and fill them with unutterable, inconceivable anguish. Then shall he come in the clouds of heaven, and every eye shall see him, and yours, my friends, among the rest. Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they who condemned him as guilty of blasphemy will find, to their eternal shame and confusion, that he uttered a solemn truth when he said, "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven" to judge the world at the last day. Then shall his murderers find, that he whom they buffeted, scourged, mocked, and crucified, was indeed the Lord of life and glory, and they, with all who have since despised and all who are now despising his offered grace, will then be convinced by their own sad experience, that "whosoever falls on this stone shall be broken, and that on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

And remember, O sinner, that you too must see him. Remember that in the person of your judge, you will see the Saviour whose offers of mercy you are now slighting, whose commands you are disobeying, and whose institutions you are neglecting, and concerning whom you are saying in your hearts, "We will not have this man to reign over us." And oh that this remembrance might lead you to obey the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way, when yet his wrath is kindled but a little. But blessed are all they who put their trust in him; for they too shall see him. Yes, my Christian friends, you who now believe and rejoice in him, together with those who shall now confess him before men, shall see him who is so precious to your souls in that situation where you now desire and will then rejoice to see him, exalted to the throne of the universe, far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named in heaven or earth. Now, perhaps, rivers of tears run down your eyes, because men keep not his law, and because his sacred name is profaned. But then his name shall be glorified, and he shall be magnified, and all tears shall be for ever wiped from your eyes. In your judge, you will see the friend, whose love was stronger than death; the physician, who healed your wounds with his own blood; the shepherd, who gathered you in his arms and carried you in his bosom; nay more, your head, in whom you are all united. But it was proposed to consider,

III. The persons who will be judged. And these are the whole human race, for we must all appear. There will be no exceptions. In vain shall any call upon the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them. Flight, resistance, threats, and entreaties will alike be vain. There must appear rulers, with their subjects; parents, with their children; ministers, with their people; masters, with their servants; and blind guides, with their blinded followers. There will be present all who have lived in the world, from creation down to the present day; there our first parents will contemplate, with various emotions, the long line of their descendants, while they, on the other hand, will behold their common father. There will be found the inhabitants of the old world, the men of Sodom and Gomorrha, the host of Pharaoh, with their proud king, and the ancient inhabitants of Canaan, with the Israelites, their rebellious and idolatrous successors. There will be seen Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Enoch and Elijah, Joseph and Moses, with all the other patriarchs and prophets, in a long succession. There will also be assembled the proud, cruel, hypocritical pharisees, with the priests and rulers who with such inveterate malice persecuted him who will then be their Judge. There Pilate, with Herod, shall appear before him who once stood at his iniquitous tribunal, and receive the reward of his injustice and cowardice. There will be found all of whom we read in profane and sacred history; the apostles and martyrs, with their persecutors, the famous heroes and conquerors, who have so often deluged the world with blood, and were highly esteemed among men, but were an abomination in the sight of the Lord; the statesmen, the philosophers, and

great ones of the earth, with all that is noble, all that is vile among mankind.

Further, there will be present all who are now on the earth, they who now fill the mouths of men with their greatness, and think this world too narrow for their fame; they who are now envied for their beauty, wealth, honours, or accomplishments; they who now excite the love or hatred, the hopes or fears, the admiration or contempt of mankind, will then stand out in their naked characters. All disguises will then be stripped off, all human distinctions will be destroyed, and the only difference which will then be of any avail, is the grand, the eternal distinction between saints and sinners. The scoffers who are now asking, where is the promise of his coming? who have wasted their lives and abused their talents in neglecting or denying a future judgment, will find to their cost that, verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth, and that while they have been following lying vanities, they have forsaken their own mercies and destroyed themselves, with all their disciples. But what is this, my friends, that we are saying? Have we forgotten that we too must be present on this solemn occasion, and that we shall be too much occupied with our own concerns to feel any curiosity respecting the affairs of others? Yes, every individual in this assembly, they who hear as well as he that speaks, must there make his appearance. As certain as you are now assembled in this house: as certain as you now behold each other; as certain as you now hear these words, so surely shall you all be assembled at the judgment seat of Christ, behold his face, and hear the sentence, "Come, ye blessed!" or "Depart, ye cursed!" addressed to each of yourselves.

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE young soldier's last farewells to his home friends were said in the Waterloo station, on the morning of the 19th of May, 1854. In the waiting-room they read together the 121st Psalm. "I remember well," says one of the party, "the deep well of quiet confidence in his eye, as the words were repeated to him, 'The Lord is *thy* keeper.'" Yes, the consciousness of this bestowed the only consolation which could avail in that hour. Alas! for those whose partings know no such alleviation!

Athens was his first destination. While there, cholera and malignant fever broke out amongst the soldiers. The visitation was a direful one, carrying off in the course of thirty-four days one hundred and twenty of the ablest and finest men of the 97th. Keenly did the warm heart of Captain Vicars sorrow over this sad havoc. As he stood beside the open grave, addressing words of solemn admonition to the surviving comrades of the dead, he and they might be seen weeping and sobbing together like very children. With wonderful brightness his zeal and love shone forth in this mournful season. His days and a great part of his nights were spent in the death-laden atmosphere of the hospital, pointing his poor dying fellow men to Him who is able to save to the uttermost. For himself he feared nothing. "Should I die now," he writes home, "*you know* my *only* ground of hope, my only confidence, my only assurance is in the cross of Jesus Christ, and in the knowledge that the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin: words as full of sweetness and of consolation to me now as on the day when they were first made to my soul 'the power of God unto salvation.'" It was this—the story of the cross, which had given peace to his own soul—that he carried to the sick bed of officers and men, and, as he had reason to hope, not without the most blessed effect in some cases, both of those who recovered and of those who died.

And now the scene of Hedley Vicars's labours and dangers changes. The 97th is ordered to the Crimea, and on the evening of the 20th of November, he disembarks there, amidst torrents of rain. Captain Vicars's first care was to arrange for his company as comfortably as circumstances permitted, and then he says: "About ten o'clock I read by the light of my first bivouac-fire, Psalms xxiii., xc., and xci., with Captain Ingram, and derived great comfort and peace from them. One of my brother officers came up to warm himself while I was reading, and begged me to go on (not that I had any intention of stopping). God grant that he may soon find a dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, even in the heart of the Lord Jesus; and be able to say, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I will not fear what man can do unto me.' Resting on Jesus, my precious Saviour, I went to sleep securely. My bed was made of dry leaves, with a stone for the pillow, and but for the biting cold I should have slept like a top."

Thus he began a season which was destined to try to the uttermost his Christian patience and submission, and his self-denying love to his fellow creatures. Severe as the test was, he failed not. Earnestly seeking to follow the example of the compassionate Redeemer in caring for the bodies as well as the souls of men, he exhibited such a beautiful and noble care for others, and forgetfulness of self, as won all hearts to him. In the end of November, while in command of an outpost, he and his party were obliged to sleep in the open air, or under a miserable roofing of bushes—a shelter from

neither wind nor rain. Yet when two tents were erected, one for him, the other for his soldiers, he generously gave up his own for their further accommodation, believing himself hardier and fitter to bear exposure to the open air than many of the men were.

The same spirit was manifest in all his conduct during that dreadful winter. For his poor suffering soldiers he deprived himself of nearly all the comforts he possessed. Every one has heard of the terrible work in the trenches. Now he is out whole nights in the bitterest cold, then under torrents of rain, and again wading knee-deep in mud. From all he returns to no softer or warmer couch than a bed of stones and leaves; until he received a fur rug from England, which being a special gift of friendship for his own use, he was constrained to appropriate accordingly.

Yet with all this external discomfort, his slumbers are sweet. "It is curious," he writes to his sister, Lady Rayleigh, "what delightful dreams I have every time I fall asleep: now I am at Teiling, surrounded by all your beloved faces; then again at Beckenham, with those I love so dearly; at another time I am going to read to old Sophy; again, sitting by the blazing fire in the drawing-room, telling tales of the war to dear John; and awake to find my teeth chattering in my head, a sharp stone sticking into my side, the wind howling in gusts and squalls, and a concert of cannon and small shot, with variations from English, French, Turkish, and Russian performers, instead of a chant in the hall."

Cheerily, too, he describes his abode, though presenting so strange a contrast to the elegant homes he had left behind. "My mansion is much more comfortable for this purpose (a prayer-meeting regularly held there) since I excavated it; there is more room in it, and it is warmer. I have a fire-place now (what do you think of that?) which only smokes two or three times a day, a small chair I bought at Balaklava, a little table made out of the bottom of an old cask; and as for my bed, with the depth of *that fur*, why it is the envy of all who see it! And, although others beat me in having bedsteads and double tents, I think *my house* now the most comfortable in the camp; at all events, it *will* be when the caudle stove arrives. I shall never be in want of visitors then."

But though uncomplaining for himself, he felt deeply for the sufferings of the soldiers, and great was his delight to receive for them, from his friends at home, many articles of comfortable clothing, as well as books and tracts. "Two officers," he writes, "and forty poor fellows were sent down to Balaklava yesterday for the recovery of their health. It was pitiable to see them. Few, if any, will ever return. I saw them off yesterday morning; some wept as they wished me good-bye. They were so delighted to get the tracts and Testaments I had brought with me, that they began reading them aloud as soon as I put them into their hands." Again, in acknowledging the arrival of a "great box" from Teiling, and describing his own pleasure in distributing, and the delight and gratitude of the men in receiving the articles sent, he adds: "Groups of them collected outside the tents to read the hymns and tracts tacked so enticingly to the comforters and cuffs."

His personal labours amongst them were, as might have been expected, most abundant. Worn out as he was on returning from the trenches, a visit to the hospital frequently preceded the rest his exhausted body so greatly required. Nor was it a joyless work. "On picquet the other night," he says, in a letter dated Dec. 15th, "I was looking up at the bright moon and stars, thinking of the power and love of Him who made them, and of the star in the East which 'came and stood where the young child lay,' and the Saviour's sorrow and suffering from Bethlehem to Calvary passed in review before my mind. . . . This afternoon, while speaking to our poor fellows in the cholera hospital, who were lying cold and comfortless on the bare ground, rays of sunshine seemed to illumine that charnel tent as I brought the crucified Saviour before those men; for tears glistened in many an eye, and the smile of hope and peace was on many a lip. I feel it to be indeed a pleasure and a privilege to talk to my sick comrades and fellow sinners of Jesus; and I am sure that they who never visit the suffering and dying deprive themselves of the deepest happiness this life affords. It is painful, often *heart-rending*, to witness agony we cannot alleviate; to see the distorted face and hear the cry of anguish of friends and comrades. But it is sweet to be the bearer to them of glad tidings of joy and peace through the great Redeemer's atonement and love; and to see some of them gently falling asleep murmuring the life-restoring name of Jesus. *I have seen these, and I cannot find words to tell the delight* of hope which has then filled my breast."

Early in January, 1855, the friends of Captain Vicars were agonized by a newspaper statement that he was "hanging between life and death" from the effects of the fumes of charcoal, and that three officers had been found dead in their tents from the same cause. The report was true. Before lying down to sleep, after an intensely cold night in the trenches, he desired his servant to make a small fire of charcoal in a dish, and leave the tent door a little open, which he thought would avert dangerous consequences. In the afternoon he had military duty to attend

to, and his servant finding it impossible to awaken him, became alarmed, and procured a surgeon, who, by God's blessing on the extreme means used, at length succeeded in restoring consciousness. It was not yet quite the time, nor was this the mode by which his Father designed to call him to himself.

The record and letters of the few following months, while full of human affection, evince at the same time a love and devotion to his Saviour which was ever growing warmer and higher. Beautiful indeed and most worthy of his Christian profession is the whole course of these memorable days. His intercourse with his Christian friends—some of whom, like himself, were soon to meet a sudden death—was such as became those who had tasted that the Lord was gracious. In the house and by the way they talked of the love of Jesus till their hearts burned within them, and in the reading of God's word and prayer they found the highest enjoyment of their social hours.

In his own experience Captain Vicars proved the truth of the Lord's promise, "He that drinketh of this water shall never thirst." There was a well-spring of satisfaction within which nought could destroy. The fragment of a letter, addressed to a lady in England to whom he was engaged, found after his death in his desk, closes with the words: "In Jesus I find all I want of happiness or enjoyment: and as week after week, and month after month roll by, I believe he is becoming more and more lovely in my eyes, and precious to my soul." His engagements, which were most sacred on the fast-day appointed on account of the war, are described to another friend, and he ends the account thus: "I spent the evening with Cary. I read Isaiah xli., and he prayed. We walked together during the day, and exchanged our thoughts about Jesus." Jesus! the last word he ever wrote—the word of all others dearest to his soul, and sweetest to his ear.

On the night of the 22nd of March, a dark and stormy night before Sebastopol, a detachment of the 97th, commanded by Captain Vicars, occupied a position at the advanced post of the British forces on the side nearest the French. For some time a dead calm lay over both armies, which was broken soon after ten o'clock by loud firing sustained in the direction of the Victoria redoubt, opposite the Malakoff tower. Favoured by the darkness of the night, and under cover of the fire of their ambuscades, fifteen thousand Russians issued from Sebastopol, stole into the French advanced parallel before the sentries could give the alarm, and after a short but severe struggle compelled them to fall back on their reserves. They then advanced to the British lines, and when they were first seen in the ravine which separated the allied armies, they were mistaken for French. Captain Vicars was the first to discover that they were Russians. "With a coolness of judgment," says his biographer, "which seems to have called forth admiration from all quarters, he ordered his men to lie down until the Russians came within twenty paces; then, with his first war-shout, 'Now 97th, on your pins and charge!' himself foremost in the conflict, he led on his gallant men to victory, charging two thousand with a force of barely two hundred. A bayonet wound in the breast only fired his courage the more, and again his voice rose high, 'Men of the 97th, follow me!' as he leaped that parapet he so well defended, and charged the enemy down the ravine."

A few moments after, a Russian ball struck him in the arm close to the shoulder, and divided the principal artery. He fell in the midst of the foe; but his men quickly fought their way to where he lay, and carried him away in their arms. The shouts of victory rang in their ears; alas! a sad victory, which cost the life of their beloved leader. On their way to his tent, they met another officer who procured a draught of water for his friend, and a stretcher on which to lay him. His own impression, given in a cheerful voice, was, that his wound was slight. Presently, however, he said, in faint accents, "Cover my face, cover my face!" Ere his tent was reached, the spirit had departed. Thus fell another of war's victims. How earnestly should prayer ascend from every Christian heart for the speedy coming of the time when "wars shall cease unto the ends of the earth!"

Wide and deep was the mourning caused by this sad event. All lamented the death of a brave and capable officer; his pious companions grieved for the loss of one who was a stirrer-up of their own faith and a most devoted and useful servant of their Lord; his men sorrowed over the removal of an officer ever ready to sympathise with and aid them in all their trials.

"I heard of his death on the evening of the 23rd," wrote Mr. Matheson, a missionary to the soldiers, "and yesterday hastened to the front. I met one and another of the 97th, and the deepest sorrow filled each heart. I cannot express it. Rough hands wiped the starting tears away at the mention of his name, and one after another told me of the good he had sought to do him."

Our space permits one extract more only. It is from the letter to his own mother of Lieutenant Macgregor, a young officer who fell in the Redan on the terrible 8th of September. With an agonised spirit, he tells of the death of one who was to him the dearest of friends and

the wisest of counsellors. "Every one," he writes, "liked and respected Vicars; even those who did not agree with his strict religion, and those who had known him so long as the leader of every mad riot, when, after closely watching him for years, and finding that, once enlisted in Christ's army he never flinched, at last gave in, and acknowledged that Vicars, at any rate, was a true Christian."

THE RAVEN KRAPPENHANS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

UNDER the Polish king Stanislaus, in a village not far from Warsaw, lived a peasant of German extraction, with a large family. Dobry—so he was called—had to put up with many privations; but he and his family were happy and contented, for they enjoyed health and peace under their thatched roof. This peace the good people drew from the word of God. It is true Dobry had nothing left after paying taxes to the government, and providing the bare necessaries of life, and to enable him to do this the harvest must have been good, he must have sold a pair of oxen, and disposed of his horses at a fair price. But his father and grandfather had done the same before him, and Dobry had a contented mind, and could rejoice where others would have murmured. Domestic peace was a rich compensation to him for many privations.

There belonged to this family a particular guest, whose arrival was always eagerly looked for with the first fall of snow. It was an old raven, which Dobry's grandfather had taken from the nest, tamed, and afterwards restored to liberty. The bird had preserved such an attachment for this house, that when there was nothing more to be found out-of-doors, it took up its winter quarters there. There were all sorts of things for his beak, scraps from the kitchen, crumbs, the remains of vegetables, and bones from which he picked many a dainty bit. He allowed his friends to stroke and caress him, and always flew into the room the moment the door or window was opened. He then walked about as ravens do, gravely and solemnly over the tables and benches, and sometimes perched himself upon heads and shoulders.

It may be believed that Krappenhans, so they called him, was a favourite guest, and a true winter friend. But this family friend was to make many experiences at Dobry's house. It happened there, as it now does in many families, sorrow of all kinds came; Dobry's fields were laid waste by hailstorms, the harvest yielded scarcely the fourth of its former produce, the bees gave but poor spoils, and in autumn the best cow died. This disturbed the little household. Dobry sold a piece of land to pay the most necessary expenses, but still had to incur debts without the immediate prospect of being able to pay them. He had to do, however, with a hard-hearted creditor, who said to the lump of gold, "Thou art my consolation." He demanded heavy interest, and had, indeed, only lent the money in order soon to possess himself of the poor man's little property. The next year brought, alas! no help, but only failure of crops. As winter now approached, the miser pressed for payment. The last term which he had set had already arrived. Dobry besought patience till the following spring, when he hoped to be able to dispose of his little estate better, and then to emigrate to the new Russian colonies. This delay, however, he would not grant; and, accordingly, one wintry day he entered Dobry's house with the officers of justice, and took away the last cow, his firewood, and the beds of parents and children; at the same time threatening him that if he did not pay in fourteen days, he would return, throw him into prison, and sell the remainder of his goods.

It can scarcely be imagined what distress filled the peaceful cottage all at once. Dobry had no wood, and no money to buy bread, with the dreadful prospect of being obliged to leave his cottage in the middle of the severe winter, and go begging with his wife and children. The cold was so severe that he cut up the wooden bench and threw it into the stove, to be preserved from being frozen, for it was too late to fetch dry wood from the forest; and Dobry did not belong to those who steal their wood in the night, and brand their consciences at the same time. The snow was deep. Then one of the children remembered old Krappenhans, who would probably be there again next morning.

"Ah," said the mother, "he will come in vain, for we have nothing to give him."

"But the children thought they could beg a few scraps from a neighbour which he did not want, and which the hungry guest would relish capitally. The father encouraged them in this hope, glad to see them cheered with such thoughts during the sorrowful evening. Scarcely had the day dawned, when the children sprang from their miserable straw beds, and opened the icy windows, to see if Krappenhans was there. And there, indeed, sat the venerable old bird, on the great nut tree before the cottage, and flew immediately to the window-sill to greet his little friends by croaking and flapping his wings. They screamed with joy, and awakened the parents with the cry that Hans was there! Dobry also was glad.

"Come in," he said, going to the window and stroking him; "you find us very much changed, and you no more see such friendly faces as formerly; but we all love you as much as ever, and as long as we have a morsel of bread you shall share it. Come in, old comrade, you remember better days gone by; they will, perhaps, never come again, and who knows if he who occupies this cottage after us will give you anything? Who knows where we ourselves shall find food and shelter when we wander hungry and forsaken?"

At these words the wife and children sobbed, and tears stood in Dobry's eyes. The raven appeared almost to feel something of the distress of the family; he looked at them wonderingly, and seemed as if he would like to know what made them all so sad. He flew through the window, and perching on the table, looked round the room, and found indeed a lamentable change. So many things were gone; and his surprise at this was evident, for he croaked in a pitiable manner. He eat but little of the bread which the children gave him; and seeing that he wished to leave them, they opened the window, and he quickly flew away. He was not seen for many days, and the children said, "He did not like to be with us, for he did not seem at all pleased, and ate very little."

The day appointed by the hard-hearted creditor for his return approached nearer and nearer. In vain did Dobry try to touch his heart and obtain a respite. In vain he sought for another home. The time drew to an end; the winter became daily more severe; the snow deeper; bread dearer; and Dobry found cold, unsympathising hearts among his fellow creatures. Still he continued to pray, and admonished his family to do so. A very hard trial of faith had indeed fallen upon this poor family; and even if their faith became very weak, they must not be judged too hardly. Nevertheless, they held fast to the word of God, read the old promises, and were strengthened.

One evening Dobry had come back with a heavy heart from his creditor, whom he had vainly tried to soften. "Mary," said he, sorrowfully, to his wife, "it is all of no use; the unmerciful man keeps to his resolution. Eight days he will still wait, and no longer; then we must leave our home. I shall, perhaps, go into prison, and you and the children into the wide world. Make bread wallets for yourself and the seven little ones, and prepare for beggary. I can no longer help you."

With these words, he threw himself into a corner, and concealed his weeping eyes. Wife and children sobbed with him, and begged him to flee the next morning, that he might not be taken from them. Prayer now came to their aid. They all fell on their knees, and commended themselves in supplication to the great God—the all-powerful helper in need; then Dobry commenced singing old Paul Gerhard's comforting hymn:—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands."

This verse especially comforted them:—

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head."

We shall for the present leave them singing these consoling words.

Poetry for the Young.

COMPASSION FOR THE HELPLESS.

"Papa, is Dobbin well enough
To take us down the lane?
I do not think the way is rough,
Or that there will be rain.

"Or shall we take the turnpike road
We'll only gently trot;
Nor use a cruel hand to goad—
Say, shall we go or not?"

"No, Charles, just now, to dear mamma,
I heard the coachman say,
That yesterday we drove too far,
And must not drive to-day.

"Besides, you see his foot is lame,
He lifts it up to show;
Poor horse! I should be much to blame
Were I to let him go."

"I see, papa, that you are right,
We must not ride to day;
Come, Dobbin, be not in a fright,
But rest and eat your hay.

"Poor horse, how heavy is your eye!
Your neck how low and bent!
I wish I could the cause espy,
And know what all this meant.

"You have not, as I have, a speech,
Your troubles to make known;
No language human ears to reach,
Except this plaintive moan.

"But I to dear mamma can go,
With all my cares and fears,
And each sad grief and sorrow show,
By words as well as tears.

"Yes, and to God himself can cry,
And all my wants explain,
And lay before his pitying eye
The secrets of my pain.

"O let the gratitude I owe
To God for all he grants,
Make me to those compassion show
Who cannot speak their wants."

ELLEN ROBERTS.

Page for the Young.

THE CHILD-PROPHET OF SHILOH.

CHAP III.—THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

YEAR after year glided away, unmarked by any very important change in the life of little Samuel. In the performance of such light duties as were required from him as the favoured attendant upon the aged Eli, and in listening to the instructions of some of the wise men of Israel, his time passed pleasantly and profitably. Unknown to himself, he was being trained by the providence of God to fill a post of the highest honour and dignity in the nation. Nor was it long before a glimpse of his coming greatness flashed forth. He was probably still only in the state of advanced boyhood, when the Lord made him the repository of an awful secret—a secret full of disaster, anguish, and death to him who had become his guardian and devoted friend. The first great event in his hitherto quiet unruffled life happened in this wise.

Night has fallen upon the land of the tribes. All is silent in Shiloh as its inhabitants sleep peacefully upon their beds. In the precincts of the tabernacle, too, every sound is hushed, save the low muffled tread of the Levitical watchman, as he slowly paces the pavement of the court. Through the deep darkness can be plainly seen the outline of the great altar, as the smouldering ashes, stirred by the gentle night airs, now and then shoot up into momentary flickerings. The golden lamp, with its seven branches, still lights up the sanctuary with its soft lustre, showing that the night has not yet far advanced. At this still and solemn hour, there lies upon a simple couch, in one of the numerous chambers attached to the tabernacle, a sedate and intelligent-looking boy. He is not asleep; but seems deep in thought beyond his years. There are signs of anxiety and sorrow in his countenance. What can he be thinking of? Is it of his fond mother, who is far away; or of his little brothers and sisters of whom he has heard, but whom he has never had the joy to see—he having been taken from his early home before they were born? Or is it some matter affecting the sanctuary and the worship of God that excites concern in a heart so young and tender? We fear it is the latter, since there are sad scenes taking place almost every day within the boundaries of the tabernacle; and the chief actors in these deeds of shame and sacrilege are the sons of old Eli, who has spoiled and ruined them by his weak indulgences.

While wrapped in these midnight musings, the boy is startled by hearing himself addressed by name. "Samuel!" exclaimed an unknown voice. Supposing, after a moment's reflection, that it was Eli who had called him, and who might be ill, and require his ministry, he rises hastily and rushes into the high-priest's apartment, which is near by. "Hear am I, my lord," exclaims the anxious boy, as he appears before the surprised old man; "for thou calledst me." Eli assures the excited child that he had not called him, and that he must have mistaken some other sound for his summons, and kindly bids him to return to his bed and to his slumbers. The child obeys; but ere balmy sleep can seal his eyelids, the mysterious voice again falls upon his wakeful ear—"Samuel!" Convinced that this time at least he is not the dupe of any delusion, he proceeds again into the presence of his venerable guardian, and says in a tone of assurance, "Here am I; for thou *didst* call me." Again the child is sent back, full of wondering awe, not unmingled perhaps with terror, to his mattress, where he is scarcely settled before the same deep whisper thrills through his very soul. On apprising Eli of the strange circumstance for the third time, the good old man takes to the solemn persuasion that it was the voice of God which had broke the stillness of the midnight hour, and he instructs Samuel how to act, should the call be again repeated.

Once more, then, the agitated child seeks his couch, but not to sleep. The supernatural character of these occurrences has banished every disposition to slumber. His mind, like his eye, is wide awake as he sinks into the posture of repose. Eagerly he listens to catch the accents of the Divine voice, should it again deign to address him. In the tomb-like hush of the night every sound is audible. Now it is the tread of the watchman, as on his rounds he draws near to the tabernacle: then it is the sighing of the night-breeze; and, again, it is the bleating of sheep coming up from the adjoining pastures. At last, with a clearness that leaves not the shadow of a doubt upon his mind, he hears his own name again pronounced—"Samuel, Samuel!" Knowing now that it was the God of Israel who addressed him, he timidly replied, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The Lord then proceeded to declare to this child-prophet the terrible judgments which he was about speedily to bring upon Eli and upon his family—upon his sons, because they had "made themselves vile," and upon him, because "he restrained them not."

Dear children, remember that God still has a voice for you. By his word, by the whispers of conscience, by the events of his providence, he still speaks to *you*. Oh! pray that, like Samuel of old, your ear may be attentive to that voice, and your feet swift and ready to obey it. All God's commands are good and gracious, and though sometimes they appear disagreeable to our corrupt natures, yet by the aid of the Holy Spirit they can be made easy and delightful to perform.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

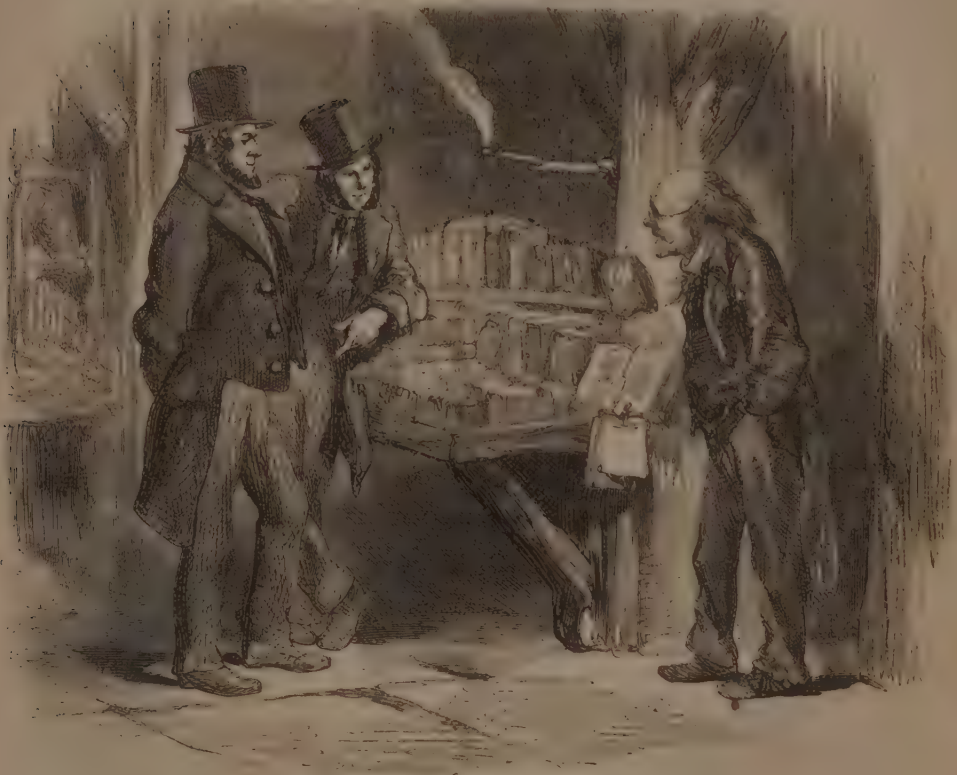
20. Give a prophecy of the ascension of Christ.
21. Give a prophecy of his session at the right hand of God.
22. Name a prophecy of the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.
23. What are we told by Christ himself as to the best way to know the truth of his doctrine?
24. Give scriptural examples of the setting up of memorial stones.

SHORT SCRIPTURE PRAYERS.—Lord save me, Matt. xiv. 30.—Lord help me, Matt. xv. 25.—Blot out my transgressions, Psalm li. 1—Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me, Psalm li. 10.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE BIBLE AT THE BOOK-STALL AGAIN

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XVII.

On a cold misty evening, the keeper of the book-stall was trimming the lamps which lighted the board on which I lay, when two young men halted before it, and began to examine some of my companions. They were clad in coarse garments, and the smoke and soil of their daily labour in a near factory hung upon them.

"What dost seek, lad?" asked the book-vendor of one of the twain, when he had taken up and laid down several volumes with marks of disappointment.

"Nought that I shall find here, as it seems," said the young man, carelessly.

"May-be not," said the seller, going on with his occupation. He was an aged man, not courteous in his manners, and ordinarily of few words; shrewd he was, nevertheless, and observant of those around him.

"We'll have a new world of books soon," said the other of the loungers; "and then, old Davie, thy whole stock may feed a bonfire; for it will be fit for little else."

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Price One Penny

"Eh!" said old Davie, looking keenly at his visitors.

"Thou may look, Davie," said the workman who had first spoken, "but Zech is in the right on't. There's a good time coming, Davie; and we'll have another guise sort of teaching out of books than what we have had."

"Eh!" exclaimed the old bookseller again, without taking his eyes from the speaker.

"New books, and new men, and new doings," continued the man, laughing a fierce dissatisfied laugh; "new philosophy, new manners, new principles, new government, new everything, Davie."

"Ye'll be wiser than Solomon when all these new things come to pass," said the bookseller, "seeing that he could find nothing new under the sun: but maybe ye're among these new lights yourselves, the two of ye."

"Davie does not like his wares to be run down," interposed the other workman, with a sneer; "and we had better be getting on, lad, or we'll be too late for the beginning of the meeting." This he said to his companion, who was still vacantly turning over the books on the stall.

"I thought so," said old Davie: "so ye'll be going to hear you anti-fashion chiel tell of his new moral world, and how to get to it?"

The young men replied that they were.

"Well, maybe I might go too, if I could get any one to mind my shop," said the bookseller, in a quiet tone, "if it were only to know what this great reformer is like unto: I have seen many a one in my days. But ye are wrong, clean, altogether wrong, lad, in saying I had no book to suit your turn. Read this, and ye'll know all about the new moral world of righteousness and peace;" and he thrust me into the young man's hands.

With an oath, which, had I possessed mortal sensitiveness, would have caused every leaf in me to curl with holy indignation, the young man threw me aside.

"Ye need not have sworn," said the bookseller, solemnly.

"What's the book?" demanded the more indifferent visitor.

"The Bible, lad; didst ever read the Bible?"

"Nay: I cannot say that I have much acquaintance with it. I may have seen it at bytimes," said the man, with an air of contempt.

"Thou shouldst read it, man," said the bookseller: "ye're all for reformation, chartism, liberty, equality, fraternity, and what-not, ye'll find it all set down there, in black and white, so that 'he may run that readeth it.'"

"I believe nought of that," replied the man; "'tis only priestcraft and statecraft, from beginning to end of it. I know that much about it."

"Ye are wise, lad, to find that out," said my advocate; "but I doubt ye have not read the Bible discreetly, if ye have ever read it at all. Priestcraft and statecraft! I tell ye again, ye are wrong—clean wrong. It goes right against priestcraft and statecraft both; listen to it;" and opening me, he read: "'Then the Lord said,' this was to the prophet Jeremiah, ye must know—and a real hearty reformer he was in his time, and was put into bonds and a dungeon for the same thing. Well, the Lord said to Jeremiah, 'Behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof; . . . . . and they shall fight against thee, but shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.' There, what think ye of that for a slap at priestcraft and statecraft both?" asked the old bookseller.

"Not bad that, any way," said the man who had been called Zech by his companion, and whom I afterwards knew as Zechariah Vickers, "and if there was more stuff like that in the book, I, for one, would say nought against it. We want men, now-a-days, to stand up like iron pillars and brass walls against kings, princes, and priests, and almost the whole land besides; eh, Davie?"

"Maybe we do, in one sense," said the old bookseller, who seemed to be in an unusually communicative mood: "and as to more of it, there's plenty more like unto it, man, if ye would but hear what the book has to say to ye: listen again;" and with more knowledge of my contents than might have been supposed, he turned over a few pages, and read again: "'Among my people we found wicked men: they lay wait as he that setteth snares; they set a trap; they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land: the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?' What call ye that, lads?" asked the old bookseller.

"Why, that it comes pretty close to the mark, I reckon," said the workman; "let's have some more of it, Davie."

"More; read the book for yourself, man, if you want more; but ye shall have more if ye like;

here's another slap at priestcraft, if ye like it: 'They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us.' Listen to it again," continued old Davie, turning over my leaves rapidly:—"'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts. But ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of hosts. Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law.' Ye see," continued the strange old bookseller, "the Bible is as bold as the best of ye, or the worst, take it which way ye will, in denouncing *craft* of all sorts—priestcraft, kingcraft, statecraft, any craft; and ye tell me that it is full of priestcraft and statecraft from beginning to end. Little ye know about it!"

"This is all very well, Davie," said the other workman, who had impatiently stood by while this conversation was going on; "cry up your wares; you are in the right, so far; but if ye preach till doomsday, ye'll not make me believe that yon book," and he again uttered a daring and guilty imprecation, "isn't just a tool to uphold injustice and oppression, and all manner of villany. Did ye ever hear a man that was up to any rascality, who didn't quote Scripture to justify his doings?"

"Ay, just as the devil quotes Scripture," said the bookseller, "and never quotes it right—never. Just a tool, say ye? Ay, just as a billy-roller may be a tool in the hands of a drunken brutish man, to beat his wife and bairns with, for nought but because he *is* drunk and a brute, and maybe to murder them, for ought ye ken; but whose fault is that, the billy-roller's or the man's? Wad ye burn all the billy-rollers in the whole factory, because a man, such as thou, misused one?"

With a severe tone and searching look, the old bookseller said this; and the man to whom he spoke became white with passion. "If it were not for your gray hairs, old Davie," said he.

"Nay," said the bookseller, calmly, "my gray hairs have nae feeling, and my withered haffits can bear a buffet as well as a three-year-auld babe; but I did na mean to offend; and maybe ye're ashamed, as ye well may be, of your unmanly action: but it was a fair illustration, mine, ye can but know; and if there's them that wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction, as the apostle Peter tells us there are, whose fault is that, the Bible's or their own?"

The man thus addressed did not wait to hear more; hastily quitting the open shop, in the doorway of which he had been standing, and calling upon his companion to follow, he speedily disappeared.

His companion lingered, however.

"Yon book may be made of the right stuff, after all," said he, pointing to me.

"Right stuff, and plenty of it, lad," said the bookseller, "if one does but know how to use it rightly. Did ye ever hear of Jesus Christ?" he asked abruptly, and turning upon his visitor an earnest look.

"Oh ay; it had been better, perhaps, if there hadn't been so much heard about him. I've been at times, sick of hearing so much about Christianity——"

"And seeing so little, ye would say," interposed old Davie: "very right, looked at in that way; but can ye tell me, friend, what Christianity *is?*"

The young man laughed. "Thou art in a strange mood to-night, Davie," said he, "with thy cross questions and crooked answers. What ails thee?"

"Nay, lad, I know of nought that ails me. I'll tell thee one thing though—I've seen a sight not many hours gone-by."

"Ay! and what was it, Davie?"

"Oh, nothing that ye would think worth seeing or hearing of, maybe; I saw a Christian *die*—DIE, man: nothing more."

"Well; and what like was that?" asked the man, carelessly. "Much like other folks dying, I reckon."

"I tell ye, lad, if ye had been there, ye would hae been like auld Balaam, the covetous auld man as he was; or, if ye hadn't *been* like him, ye'd ha' *said* like him, 'Let me die the death o' the righteous, and let my last end be like his:' What like was it? I'll tell ye what like it was, in the words of an auld hymn I mind of:—

> 'A mortal paleness on his cheek,
> And glory in his soul.'

That like it was, lad—glory, glory: nothing short of it; I wad but ha' been in his place, if I could," said the old bookseller. "You asked me to tell ye what Christianity *is*," continued he; for now that he had begun and gone on to speak, it seemed as though his tongue was loosened. "I winna tell ye what Christianity *is*; ye may find it out here better than I can tell ye; and if ye will na look for it *here*," laying his hand on me, "it will be no good my telling ye what it is: but maybe, I can tell ye what it is *not*, if ye'll hear me."

"Ay, say on," said the workman.

"Well, then, lying and all manner of cheatery; that is not Christianity."

"I've had a thought, at by times, that it is, though," said Zech.

"So many others have said, who have wished in their hearts they could only prove it," said Davie; "but they could na prove it, nor thou neither, lad. Then there's pride and conceit, they're not Christianity: and drunkenness and lust, they are not Christianity, either."

"And hypocrisy? what say ye to that, Davie? Plenty of that in Christianity, I guess: and that's just worse than all the rest put together," said the man, triumphantly.

The old bookseller made no reply; but took from his pocket a piece of coined metal, which he threw down on his narrow counter before the visitor. It fell with a heavy, dull, leaden sound.

"What call ye that, lad?" he asked.

"Brummagem," said the man.

"Thou'rt right, lad. But, wad ye think it, an auld dim-sighted chap that I was, I took it only yesterday for true and lawful silver?"

"Thy wits were woolgath.ring, Davie; but what has that to do with Christianity?" asked Zech.

"Nay, lad, thou can see; if there had been no true coin, there could na have been the false: and if there are hypocrites—and too many there are, I grant ye, be they few or many—what does that prove, ye know? Why, just that there's something that's real, with God's own image and superscription on it."

"Thou hast a queer way of putting it, Davie," said the man; "but thou may be right."

"*May* be! must be, man; ye can make nought else of it," said the old bookseller. "But I'll tell ye something more, if ye'll listen. Ye're all for reform, and new moral worlds, and what not; very good: and ye're mad against auld abuses and tyrannies and all manner of iniquities in the world; very good, again. I say nothing against it. Ye're right, lad, so far. And ye're going to hear this reformer lay down his new plans, and that reformer lay down *his*; and ye're after buiks that tell of new philosophies and new doctrines, when ye've never had a thought of going to the fountain-head; and ye know nothing of the grandest Reformer that ever came into the world; and that is na very good, it is very bad, man.

"I asked ye, just now, if ye knew anything of Jesus Christ," continued the bookseller; "and 'tis plain that ye dinna know, and dinna care to know; and yet—but ye shall hear what he says;" and Davie again took me in his hand, and, opening me, read: "'Woe unto you, Pharisees'—they were your great men in those days, ye must know; riding, as it were, on the high places of the earth, and caring nothing for the people, ye understand—'Woe unto you, Pharisees,' said Jesus Christ; 'for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greeting in the markets. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them . . . . . Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers'—law-makers, ye must know—'for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers; . . . . ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye enter not in yourselves, and those that were entering in, ye hindered.'

"I tell ye, man," continued the bookseller, "that if ye want to know the words of a right down grand Reformer, ye should read the Bible; and there ye'll have them. And if ye want to know aught of liberty, and equality, and fraternity, just ye search the Scriptures, and ye'll find out more than ye'll learn at all your big lecture rooms and halls. And if ye want to make acquaintance with a brave teacher that wad na run away when his life was in danger from tyrannical laws, and that did not leave his followers to shift for themselves—like some modern reformers that I have heard of, ay, and known—but just laid down his life for them, and in defence of his doctrines, read the Bible; and ye'll find out who it was; and so I'll tell ye no more."

"Well, I'll have the book, good or bad, man," said the workman. "What d'ye value it at?"

"Will ye read it when ye have it?" asked the bookseller.

"Ay, will I," the man answered.

"Then ye'll have it for naething. You man, that beat his wife with a billy-roller till she could na call out for mercy any longer, threw it in my teeth that I wanted to cry up my wares. Maybe I did, and maybe I didna. But for the puir auld Bible that's seen its best days, ye're welcome to it;" and the strange-tempered old man thrust it into his visitor's hand.

"Nay but, Davie——"

"I'll take naething for it," said the bookseller; "but if ye winna be beholden to me, I'll make a bargain: ye shall promise that when ye have found out the pearl of great price in it—ye dinna mind what that is now, but maybe ye will—and when ye have found it, ye shall promise that ye will get another Bible, I'll sell it ye that time if I'm living, and ye come to me—and give the auld one away to anither puir ignorant wretch that's crying out for reform."

The man laughed and promised; and putting me into his pocket, he departed, and hurried along the streets till, reaching a large building, he entered it.

THE RAVEN KRAPPENHANS.

PART II.

While the family were singing, as already mentioned—hark! there is a tap at the window. "It is the creditor," thought they, "who has altered his mind, and has come to take our father at once to prison."

The knock being repeated louder, one of the children went to the window; when lo! there stood Krappenhans, who came joyfully into the room.

"What has he got in his beak?" said the children, "that glitters so beautifully?"

He flew up to Dobry, put the shining thing in his hand, croaked, and rubbed his beak on Dobry's knees. The latter was not a little astonished on seeing a gold ring in his hand, set with precious stones, which almost dazzled his eyes with their brilliancy. All crowded round to look at the ring. Not one of them had any idea of its great value; but Dobry embraced his wife with joy, and cried—"There is help, Mary, God be praised." He thought the ring might, perhaps, be worth one hundred dollars; and mother and children all rejoiced. They stroked and caressed the faithful raven, who shared in their joy.

"But, Krappenhans," said the father to the raven, who was proudly strutting about the table, "from whom have you stolen this ring? You have certainly taken it away secretly from some place, and you bring me something which I cannot keep with a good conscience."

The raven could not reply, it is true, to this question, but said "croak, croak," and seemed amazingly pleased at its clever performance.

"Yes, yes," said the father, "we know you, clever gentleman, pretty well. You are not over particular about honesty, and when anything takes your fancy, you don't first ask the owner's leave. Nobody has certainly made you a present of this ring, and though you have found it, it does not belong to you or me."

"Mary," said Dobry, turning to his wife, "we must give this ring back to whom it belongs. We shall not be assisted by doing wrong. If God sends us good fortune by the raven it will remain with us if we are honest; but if the devil sends it us as a temptation, it shall not succeed."

Mary sighed, but found her husband's words so true, that she must agree with him. Still she believed that when the owner of the ring was found, they would receive a reward, which would improve their miserable circumstances.

"Certainly," replied Dobry, "this ring will be a fortunate thing for us, but only if we remain honest."

In such talk the evening passed. They let the raven out at the window, and the children went to bed. Dobry, however, could not close his eyes. Scarcely had the day begun to break when he went to his worthy clergyman, related the story of the ring, and told him of his intention to restore it when he could find the owner; but he did not know how to set about it. The clergyman, astonished at the story, and pleased with the honesty of the man, whose poverty he so well knew, took the ring in his hand. How much more astonished was he, however, when he saw upon it the crown and arms of the king.

The clergyman immediately gave a true and full account of the whole to the prince, and the next morning a royal carriage rolled into the village to fetch him and Dobry to the palace. How delighted the children were when they saw their father enter the beautiful carriage, and drive away with the four white horses. Dobry, however, was somewhat anxious at the approaching interview; but the king's chamberlain, who was in the carriage with him, cheered him, by saying how pleased his majesty had been with the story, and that he might expect some great favour.

They reached the palace, and were received most graciously by the kind Stanislaus. Dobry now took fresh courage, and related all the particulars with great minuteness. Some of the courtiers remembered having seen a raven hovering near the palace, and the king recollected having opened the window of his cabinet on that particular evening to let in the fresh air.

But what happened to Dobry? A year after this event there stood a beautiful new house in the place of his old miserable hovel. Fields and meadows surrounded it, good cattle filled the outhouses, and Dobry was one of the wealthiest peasants of the land. But the best of all was that his good fortune did not dazzle him: he kept in the fear of God, led a godly life, and relieved the wants and necessities of the poor around him, till he died in a good old age, followed to the grave by his children and children's children. The yearly return of old Krappenhans was long celebrated by them.

Now, dear reader, how do you like my story? Don't you see that God can help now by means of ravens as in the time of Elijah? Perhaps you shake your head sorrowfully, and say, "I, too, have known want, and God has never sent his ravens to feed me." Ah! look at the story nearer, and compare yourself with Dobry. Have you his faith? But God has other messengers besides ravens: only believe; be constant in prayer; in time of distress still cleave to God in faith, and there shall stand by you, if not a raven, an angel of God ready to aid you.

ENGLAND PAPAL:

WHAT WE MIGHT EXPECT IT TO BE.

"WITH the fall of our religion and liberty will come all the demoralizing and pauperizing effects which have followed the Papacy in Italy. Mind will be systematically cramped and crushed; and everything that could stimulate thought, or inspire a love for independence, or recall the memory of a former liberty, will be proscribed. We cannot have the Papacy and open tribunals. We cannot have the Papacy and free trade: our factories will be closed, as well as our schools and churches; our forges silenced, as well as our printing presses. Motion even will be forbidden; or, should our railways be spared, they will convey, in lack of merchandise, bulls, pails, dead men's bones, and other such precious stuff. Our electric telegraph will be used for the pious purpose of transmitting absolutions and pardons, and our express trains for carrying the host to some dying penitent. The passport system will very speedily cure our people of their propensity to travel; and instead of gadding about, and learning things which they ought not, they will be told to stay at home and count their beads. The Index will effectually purge our libraries, and give us but tens where we have now thousands. Alas for the great masters of British literature and song! The censorship will make fine work with our periodic literature, pruning the exuberance and taming the boldness of many a now free pen. Our clubs, from Parliament downwards, will have their labour diminished, by having their sphere contracted to matters only on which the church has not spoken; and our thinkers will be taught to think aright, by being taught not to think at all. We must contract a liking for consecrated wafers and holy water; and provide a confessor for ourselves, our wives, and daughters. We must eat only fish on Friday, and keep the church's holidays, however we may spend the sabbath. We must vote at the bidding of the priest; and, above all, take ghostly direction as regards our last will and testament. The Papacy will overhaul all our political rights, all our social privileges, all our domestic and private affairs; and will alter or abrogate as it may find it for our and the church's good. In short, it will dig a grave, in which to bury all our privileges and rights together, rolling to that grave's mouth the great stone of infallibility.

"Nor let us commit the error of under-estimating the foe, or of thinking, in an age when intelligence and liberty are so diffused, that it is impossible that we can be overcome by such a system as the Papacy. We have not, like the early Christians, to oppose a rude, unwieldy, and gross paganism; we are called to confront an idolatry, subtle, refined, perfected. We encounter error wielding the artillery of truth. We wrestle with the powers of darkness clothed in the armour of light. We are called to combat the instincts of the wolf and tiger in the form of the messenger of peace—the Satanic principle in the angelic costume. Have we considered the infinite degradation of defeat? Have we thought of the prison-house where we will be compelled to grind for our conqueror's sport—the chains and stakes which await ourselves and our posterity? And even should our lives be spared, they will be spared to what?—to see freedom banished, knowledge extinguished, science put under anathema, the world rolled backwards, and the universe become a vast whispering gallery, to re-echo only the accents of papal blasphemy . . . . What a warning do the nations of the continent hold out to us! They teach how easily liberty may be lost, but how infinite the sacrifices it takes to recover it. A moment's weakness may cost an age of suffering. If we let go the liberty we at present enjoy, none of us will live to see it regained. Look at the past history of the Papacy, and mark how it has retained its vulpine instincts in every age, and transmitted from father to son, and from generation to generation, its inextinguishable hatred of man and of man's liberties. Look at it in the Low Countries, and see it overwhelming them under an inundation of armies and scaffolds. Look at it in Spain, and see it extinguishing, amid the fires of innumerable *autos da fe*, the genius, the chivalry, and the power of that great nation. Look at it in France, whose history it has converted into an ever-recurring cycle of revolutions, massacres, and tyrannies. Look at it in the blood-written annals of the Waldensian valleys, against which it launched crusade after crusade, ravaging their soil with fire and sword, and ceasing its rage only when nothing remained but the crimson stains of its fearful cruelty. And now, after creating this wide wreck—after glutting the axe—after flooding the scaffold, and deluging the earth itself with human blood—it turns to you, ye men of England and Scotland! It menaces you across the narrow channel that divides your country from the continent, and dares to set its foul print on your free shore! Will you permit it? Will you tamely sit still till it has put its foot on your neck, and its fetter on your arm? . . . .

"I firmly believe, from the aspects of Providence and the revelations of the Divine Word, that, menacing as the Papacy at present looks, its grave is dug, and that even now it totters on the brink of that burning abyss into which it is destined to be cast; and if we do but unite, and

strike a blow worthy of our cause, we shall achieve our liberties, and not only these, but the liberties of nations that stretch their arms in chains to us, under God their last hope, and the liberties of generations unborn, who shall arise and call us blessed."*

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

"Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches (*nigella*), and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye, in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him."—*Isaiah* xxviii. 24—26.

THE plough represented in our drawing is very simple in its construction, and in all likelihood is a very fair specimen of the ploughs in use when Isaiah delivered His prophecy. We are warranted in making this remark, from the description Hesiod gives of the plough, when he is pointing out the different kinds of wood which were deemed by him best suited for the several parts. The age of Hesiod has not been ascertained with satisfaction, as he flourished before the commencement of the Olympiads, and consequently anterior to the period of regularity in chronological records. In the Arundelian marbles he is set down as contemporary with Homer. But other authorities make his time not so early by a hundred years. There was not perhaps more than a century between him and Isaiah; and, considering how little agricultural implements were likely to vary at a period when science deigned not to look upon the labours of the field, we venture to say that Isaiah and Hesiod referred to instruments identical in fashion as well as in use.

If we look on the plough represented in the illustration, we shall perceive, with a little thought, that it consists of four principal parts. 1. The handle: this part, according to the advice of Hesiod and Virgil, was to be made of the elm or the bay-tree. In the Roman ploughs, as well as in our native ones, this part was bent. In the picture it is represented as being straight, which is not the case with those ploughs which fell under our notice in that country. 2. The beam, which, Hesiod tells us, ought to be made of oak. In the drawing it is bent, to compensate the want of curvature in the handle. But in the one referred to by the poet last mentioned, it seems to have been straight, and so corresponded to the form most usual now among the Chinese. 3. The mould-board: this part travels in the furrow, and constitutes the principal part of the instrument. Hesiod directs that it should be formed of the seventeen oak. 4. The share: this forms a sort of curvature upon the end of the slade, and performs the office of opening and breaking the clods of the ground. In China as well as in this country the share is made of iron.

It appears to have been wrought of the same material among the Jews, from what is said in 1 Sam. xiii. 20: "But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock." The coulter is a modern improvement, and formed no part of the ancient ploughs. The Israelites used a share for ploughing; a spade, *not a coulter*, for delving; an axe for hewing; and a mattock for breaking up the soil upon the sides of hills, and for hoeing the corn.

We shall proceed to notice several texts illustrated by our present subject: "Where no oxen are, the crib is clean; but much increase is by the strength of the ox." (Prov. xiv. 4.) Or, because there are no oxen the crib is empty, and a great increase or crop is by the strength of the ox. The Chinese use a single buffalo in drawing the plough, as is displayed in the picture. The strength and patience of the animal qualify him for the work, while his natural fondness for water renders a treading in that element from morning till night no hardship to him. The instinctive predilection which the buffalo shows for moisture, appears to have been given on purpose to qualify it for the turning over the soil for the rice crop, amidst mud and water, in the colder season of the year. The traces are merely short pieces of rope, and the collar a band of leather or of some soft material. The ploughman is thinly clad, and has his trowsers turned up to keep them from being sodden in the water that soaks the field. The foreground of the picture is strewed with clods, to point out the necessity for the plough.

"He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread; but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough." (Prov. xxviii. 19.) Hesiod, when he recommends a man to prepare a plough for tilling his field, tells him not to waste his time in words, lest when harvest comes he should be obliged to beg his bread, instead of reaping his crop. Winter was a time of rest in Greece and Italy, in which the swain spent his time among his neighbours in friendly chat. But as leisure engenders idle habits, the opening of the year found some of the farmers more disposed to mingle with the light and the gay, than to encounter the cold and the drudgery of turning over the soil. "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing." (Prov. xx. 4.)

"Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass

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*Dr. Wylie's "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber."

PLOUGHING IN THE EAST.

together." (Deut. xxii. 10.) If two animals are yoked to the same plough, they must pull equally, otherwise the ploughman will not be able to keep his furrow in a direct line. A disproportion between the powers of the two beasts in question affords a practical reason for the prohibition. It is not fair that two animals, or two persons of different capacities, should be compelled to execute the same amount of work. This practice of *unequally yoking* the ox and the ass is not yet obsolete in the east, for Niebuhr tells us that near Bagdad he thrice saw an ass put to a plough together with oxen.

"Because the ground is chapt, for there was no rain in the earth, the plowmen were ashamed, they covered their heads." (Jer. xiv. 4.) In China the ploughman can do nothing without an abundance of moisture. It is probable that from the want of strength and compactness in the plough employed by the Jews, the land could not be stirred successfully by that instrument, except it was after the usual rain in autumn, or, as it is called, the former rain.

"So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." (1 Kings xix. 19.) Elisha was ploughing in a field belonging to his father with eleven others, who were engaged in the same employment, and would seem, from the expression "before him," to have been set over them as the representative of his parent. One might infer, from the number of ploughs at work, that either the field was very extensive, or that the land underwent several operations of the same kind. The manner in which Elisha signified his entire renunciation of his occupation, and the entire heart with which he followed God's prophet, is worthy of our attention. "And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. He slew the oxen, and boiled the flesh with the plow and the other implements used in the tillage of the field."

Let us not forget the example he has set us. "Let me take leave of my father and mother," said he, "and then I will follow." Whether he did this or not, the sacred writer does not inform us. But we see he gives up his occupation, with its gains, in a solemn and public manner, and then follows the prophet, who was very poor, and becomes the servant of one who could give him no wages. God recompensed this act of self-dedication, and made him one of the most illustrious men that ever lived.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

BY DR. PAYSON.

PART II.

IV. It was proposed to consider the things for which this innumerable multitude will be called to give an account; and these are, as we learn from our text, all the things done here in the body whether good or bad. By the things done in the body are intended not only external actions, but also words and the thoughts and intents of the heart. Of every idle word that men shall speak, says the Judge, shall they give an account in the day of judgment. God shall bring every secret thing into judgment, and will judge the secrets of men by Christ Jesus. The great rule by which these things will be tried is the Divine law; and how this law will be interpreted our Saviour has himself informed us. He has declared that every sinful desire is no less a breach of its requirements, and no less exposes us to its dreadful curse, than the most open violation; and he will condemn, as breakers of the sixth command, not only all actual murderers, but all who have at any time indulged feelings of malice, hatred, envy, or revenge against their neighbours. Not only all adulterers and adulteresses, but all who have not maintained the strictest purity in thought, word, and deed, will also fall under his just condemnation. He who has coveted as well as he who has actually stolen his neighbour's property will be found guilty. Nay more, not only they who hate God and their neighbour, but they who do not love God with all their heart, soul, strength and mind, and their neighbour as themselves, must be condemned by the law of God. It is highly worthy of notice that, in all the descriptions which our Saviour has given of the day of judgment, he represents himself as dooming sinners to the fire prepared for the devil and his angels, not for what the world call crimes, not for injuring their fellow creatures, or disturbing the peace of society; but for being unprofitable servants, for neglecting to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to receive the stranger, and visit the sick. It is not so much against sins of commission that threatenings are denounced in the word of God. "He that believeth not shall be damned." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Not only every tree that bringeth forth bad fruit, but every tree that does not bring forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire. These regulations may seem, and indeed must seem, to the unhumbled heart, too rigid and severe; but, my friends, if the word of God be true, if Christ the Judge abide by his own positive declarations, by these regulations must every thought, word, and action be tried. To this standard must the conduct of every individual be brought. In this balance must every individual be weighed. And do you feel no apprehensions of being found wanting? Have you never committed one sin, in thought, word, or deed, and have you perfectly fulfilled all righteousness? If the world at large knows of nothing criminal in your conduct, will your families, will your own consciences, will the all-seeing and heart-searching God acquit you? Remember that "cursed is he who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." If you have ever committed one sin, however small, if you have ever omitted one duty, however trifling, you are exposed to this curse; and it will most assuredly sink you in everlasting perdition, unless you seek and obtain an interest in him who has redeemed us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us. Suppose you were to be called in question for those things only which you have done or omitted since you came into this house, could you hope to be acquitted? Have you indulged no wandering thoughts, no vain nor vicious imaginations; and have you felt perfect love to God and your neighbour during the short time you have been here present? If not, you must unavoidably perish, though the remainder of your lives were as pure as that of Adam before the fall, unless you earnestly apply to him who is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins; for, whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. And if you cannot justify your conduct for one hour; if you have been guilty of sins since you came into this house, which, unless repented of, expose you to eternal death; how will you answer for a whole life of iniquity? How will you answer for the follies of childhood, the vices of youth, and the sins of riper years? What account can you give of the talents with which you have been entrusted; of your time, your property, your reputation, your reasoning powers, and your opportunities of doing or getting good? All these things must be accounted for to the last tittle; and not only your external improvement of them, but the motives from which you acted will be

closely examined. Then all disguises will be stripped off; every action will be traced to its true source; every work of darkness shall be laid before the sun, and all the foolish, vain, wicked, and abominable thoughts, wishes, and desires which are now so carefully concealed, will then be exposed to the view of angels and men. And how will you be able to bear this? Above all, how will you answer your long-continued and obstinate rejection of Christ; for slighting his offers of pardon and reconciliation, and for neglecting his word, his sabbaths, and institutions? This is the sin of sins; it is the most provoking and inexcusable offence of which men can be guilty; it is the sin which will heat seven times hotter the furnace of God's wrath, and render the doom of those who are guilty of it more intolerable than that of Sodom and Gomorrha. We come now—

V. To consider the design of these solemn transactions, namely, that every one may receive the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad.

We are not to consider this trial as a mere matter of form, a thing of no consequence. No, it is intended to convince the assembled world of the justice of the sentence which is to follow, by which the righteous will be called to inherit everlasting life, and the wicked doomed to depart accursed into everlasting burnings, prepared for the devil and his angels. By this sentence, every action, however trifling, shall receive its just recompence of reward. Not a sin shall be committed, not a duty neglected, not a moment misspent, not a profane or idle word uttered, not a vicious thought or desire indulged, but shall aggravate the punishment of the finally impenitent. Yes, my friends, whether you know, whether you consider, whether you believe it or not, you are acting for eternity; and innumerable millions of ages hence you will continue to feel the consequences of your present conduct in its minutest part. And while this consideration checks the sinner in his mad career, let it animate those of you who are Christians indeed to run with new vigour and alacrity the race set before you; you too are acting for eternity, and your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. Not a sigh shall you breathe, not a prayer shall you utter, not a tear shall you shed, not one good action shall you ever perform, but it shall increase your future felicity. For even a cup of cold water given from love to the Lord Jesus shall, we are assured, by no means lose its reward. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not;" and he that soweth bountifully in this world shall reap also bountifully in the world to come. There will, doubtless, be degrees both in happiness and misery; and as among a number of vessels thrown into the sea, some may contain more than others, though all be alike full; so some vessels of mercy will be capable of containing more felicity than others, though all will be happy to the extent of their capacities; and in like manner some vessels of wrath will be capable of containing more than others of those vials of Divine vengeance, which will be poured out upon the wicked to all eternity.

Is, then, the Lord Jesus Christ appointed to be the Judge of quick and dead? and does our final destiny depend on his verdict? Of what infinite importance, then, is it to have him for our friend. If you were soon to appear at an earthly bar, where your lives, your characters or property were at stake, how earnest, how anxious would you be, and how careful to omit nothing which had any tendency to secure the favour of your Judge, and produce a favourable issue? And will you then remain entirely idle and unconcerned where your eternal interests are at stake? When the Judge himself offers to be your advocate, will you madly refuse acceptance? He is now willing to be your friend; nay, more, he is beseeching you to be reconciled to God; and will you slight and despise his entreaties? Now his voice is love, his words are mild, his countenance beams with compassion, and his heart overflows with tenderness for perishing sinners. He now offers you a full and free pardon of your sins, and an interest in his righteousness, without money and without price. The only condition on your part is thankfully to receive it. And now will you receive it on these terms or not? I call upon you to choose this day, this hour, nay, this very moment, whom you will serve. Will you have Christ to reign over you or not? Say that you will, say it sincerely, say it from the heart, and heaven is yours.

But if you think proper to give a different answer, remember, I charge you remember, that you must give an account thereof in the day of judgment. Then, when the earth is wrapt in flames, when the atmosphere becomes like the blast of a furnace, when the ocean is but as oil to increase the conflagration, then you will feel the worth and the want of that friend you proudly reject. Then you will find that it is not a light thing to have despised a crucified Saviour. Then will the door of mercy be for ever shut against you, and the Judge will then refuse to be your friend. Then will his countenance be like lightning, and his eyes like a flame of fire; his voice more dreadful than the archangel's trump, and his breath like a devouring flame, burning even to the lowest hell. What iniquity dost thou find in me, O sinner, will he

then demand, that thou wouldst not have me to reign over thee? Was not my yoke easy, and my burden light? Why then didst thou refuse to bear them? Why didst thou reject and despise my offers of mercy, and pour contempt on those blessings I died to purchase? Why grieve my Holy Spirit? why turn a deaf ear to all the warnings I sent thee in my word, my ordinances and providences? and why, when my faithful ambassadors besought thee for my sake to be reconciled to God, why didst thou refuse? Didst thou not hear what was thy duty? Didst thou not live in a land of gospel light and liberty? Wast thou not often told of this day, and did not conscience warn thee that, for all thy sins, God would bring thee into judgment? Was there nothing due to me for my goodness? Did I not love, did I not die for thee? Was I not, for thy sake, scourged, mocked, and crucified? Did I not, for thy sake, exchange a throne in heaven for a manger on earth, and the praises of angels for the blasphemies of men? Why, then, hast thou despised my name, and cast my laws behind thy back? And what answer, O sinner, are you prepared to make to questions like these? Will you dare offer to your Judge those vain and frivolous excuses with which you now quiet your conscience and deceive yourself? Will you dare come to the bar of God, and tell him that he was a hard master; that his law was too severe, that his word was unintelligible, that you could not learn your duty, that you were unable to repent and believe? Consider, O consider well what answer you are prepared to give, and see that it be such an one as you dare rest your hopes upon, and defend at the bar of a heart-searching Judge. Consider all these things, ye who are now forgetting God, lest he tear you in pieces as a lion, and there be none to deliver; and let this consideration rouse you from your lethargy to lay hold on the hope set before you. Do not stand lingering and delaying as did Lot in Sodom, but suffer me to hasten you as the angels did him; for the wrath of God is upon the state in which you now are, and the fiery storm of Divine vengeance is ready every moment to burst upon your heads. O then fly, fly quickly, fly immediately; escape for your lives; look not behind you; but hasten to the mountains pointed out, even to Christ, the eternal Rock of Ages, lest ye die.

A SERVANT OF SERVANTS.

On Monday evening, the 1st of November, 1852, the pedestrian who traversed Lambeth-walk and the Westminster-road might have discerned, among the poorer sort of inhabitants of that district especially, indications of grief, sorrow, and alarm, which were evidently shared by an unusual number. Here and there, at the doors of small shops, and at the entrances of lanes and courts, groups of the humbler orders were gathered together lamenting, not without tears and sobs, the sudden loss of one, humble and poor as themselves, who had yet been their friend and benefactor when they stood most in need of help, through many a long year. "Only this afternoon," said one, "I saw him going his rounds among the poor, and now he is dead."

"Dead!" says a shopkeeper. "Who's dead?"

"Mr. Reeves."

"What! the little old man with the umbrella, who was always going about visiting the sick?"

The shopkeeper's question was an involuntary and spontaneous testimony to the life and character of the deceased. William Reeves had not long left one sick bed, and it is not improbable was on his way to another, when he was struck to the earth by an over-driven and infuriated ox, and falling senseless, died, in apparent unconsciousness, within the hour. Never had the death of any individual, whatever his rank in life, so profoundly affected the inhabitants of Lambeth. Now that he was gone they began to realize his value, and their grief grew with their recollection of his services so long enjoyed, but now lost for ever.

That day week was appointed for the worthy man's funeral, and then it became in some degree evident how truly he that was dead yet lived in the hearts of the multitude, whose temporal and spiritual wants it had been the one object of his life to supply. Thousands flocked to the place of worship where the last service was said over his remains, and thousands more, whom the place would not hold, waited in respectful silence to accompany them to their last resting-place. The burial-ground of the old church, Lambeth, overflowed with the multitude, among whom you might have noticed that the very poorest had contrived to procure some badge of mourning to wear on the occasion, and that grief unfeigned for one loved and lost was the dominant expression on every face. What brought such an extraordinary gathering together? Why should thousands crowd round this poor man's grave, and press to grace his simple obsequies with their sorrowing presence and silent tears? The simple facts which we are about to relate concerning "the little old man with the umbrella, who was always going about visiting the sick," will answer these questions to the satisfaction of our readers.

William Reeves was born of poor but respectable parents, living at a village in Kent, in the year 1779. His parents could buy him no

schooling, but they lived a moral life, and taught him the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. He knew what work was as early as six years of age; and, when old enough, went into the fields as a farmer's boy. At fourteen he left his parents, and hired himself to a farmer, in whose service he fell into evil company, and joined in their excesses. Bad led to worse, and his conscience became hardened. In 1797 he returned to his parents, and to some extent outwardly mended his life. In 1798 he went to Eltham, and, to use his own expression, "lived in all manner of sin for two years more," in spite of his convictions and too feeble resolutions. In 1801 he apprenticed himself to a wheelwright at Wigmore for three years. His master was a pious man, and induced him to join a Wesleyan place of worship. There he became deeply convinced of sin, and was often compelled to throw himself on his knees and cry to God for mercy. But his master had an ungodly son, of his own age, and poor Reeves, succumbing to his influence, fell away by degrees to his former state.

On leaving his master, he wrought at his trade for two years in the country, but in 1805 came to London, a friend having obtained him employment. His life in London was for some time a continued struggle between his religious convictions and evil inclinations. At length he resolved to give himself to God, *after he was married* (a dangerous reservation), and made a promise to that effect on his knees. He married in October, 1807, and found a sober, honest, industrious, and loving wife; but she was one who seldom thought of God at all; "and so," says he, "I kept God's dealings with me to myself."

The young couple were very poor, and being without furniture of their own, lived in a ready-furnished room at seven shillings a week, until his employer advanced him money to buy a bed, a table, and chairs. But he forgot the promise he had made on his knees, until affliction reminded him of it. Before he had been married a year, his wife was taken ill, and within a week after he was attacked himself. Unable to help each other, and with their funds reduced to twopence, they lay wondering which would die first. Then came before him the remembrance of his unpaid vows, and the agony of soul he endured was beyond description. He prayed to God to raise him up again, and God heard his prayer. When partially recovered, he began to attend the means of grace; and one evening in December, 1808, entered Lambeth Chapel, where Mr. W. Vipond was preaching from the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

That night was the dawn of a new epoch in the life of William Reeves. "The preacher's words," he records, "were like a two-edged sword to my soul. . . . . I thought I should sink into hell." At this time it was with the utmost difficulty that he could spell out a chapter of the Testament, but he began to read and to pray at all opportunities. His wife, who did not know what to make of his groans and tears, now began to persecute him; in return he would pray with her, and his prayers were answered—she too, in a little time, learned to feel her need of a Saviour.

Their change of life offended their old companions, who all forsook them; but they found new society among the people of God, who now became their chief delight.

Feeling himself at length delivered from the bondage of sin, Reeves was now as anxious for the salvation of others as he had formerly been for his own. "I began," he tells us, "to rebuke sin wherever I saw it; and whenever I heard of any person sick, I could not rest until I had been to see them and told them of heaven and hell, and that they must repent, and what God had done for my soul. I was so ignorant that I thought they would believe all and receive all that I said, and be saved."

Together with his wife he joined a religious body, and appears to have commenced at once a course of active service in his Master's cause, which never ceased for forty-four years, up to the hour, we might say to the very moment, of his death. Finding, after some years of usefulness, that the various duties and responsibilities which he had taken upon himself in connexion with the welfare of his poorer brethren, required more time than he had at command, he resolved to sacrifice a portion of his earnings in order to procure the leisure he wanted. He could not do this without resigning six or seven shillings a week from his wages; and this, having sought by prayer to know the Divine will on the subject, he did, devoting the time thus self-denyingly redeemed to the service of the helpless, the indigent, and the sick. When we take into account that he rarely earned more than forty shillings a week, and seldom so much, that he had laid by no provision for old age, and was solely dependent upon the labour of his hands, we may form some idea of the extent of the sacrifice, and of the force and purity of the motives in which it originated.

He was naturally anxious for the salvation of his dear parents, and he besought them with filial reverence to embrace the promises of the gospel. His constant prayers for them were happily answered. In 1823 his mother died, at the age of seventy-two, and he blesses God's holy name for the good hope he had that she was made an heir of glory. His father lived to the advanced age of eighty-six, and then died rejoicing in Christ. Even when the old

man's voice failed, he cheered his surrounding friends by signs indicating his happiness and hope.

There was no one thing in his personal conduct which Mr. Reeves feared so much as inactivity or sluggishness, or the bare suspicion of such a thing, in the work he had allotted himself to do. Notwithstanding that he passed twelve hours a day in manual labour, and that he often lay awake half the night in bodily pain, nothing would induce him to neglect either the services of the sanctuary or the private labours of his own peculiar mission. Further, he had the faculty of order and system to such a degree, that all his arrangements partook of the proverbial punctuality of the clock, and he was never known to break an appointment. The amount of useful labours which he thus got through shows in the review of it like something almost preternatural, looking to the fact that they were the labours of a working-man employed at a toilsome species of handicraft, and that they were all self-imposed. Notwithstanding the toils of the week, it was his constant habit to be at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting at seven o'clock; thus beginning the day he loved best with rejoicing. At the week-day services, too, his place was never empty. Whatever he undertook was sure to be well done, and done in time. He anticipated every duty, and was never found lagging behind or in arrears with his work; and out of his small means he constantly gave whatever he could afford. Up to seventy years of age he had to work for his living; yet see how he worked besides. On Sundays, for many years, he was, except during very brief intervals, in the chapel from seven in the morning until eight at night, and after that at a neighbouring prayer-meeting; every evening in the week but one was spent in the chapel, school-room, or vestry, in some religious service; and yet he undertook and accomplished an amount of house-to-house visitation, such as made his person well known through the neighbourhood to every class. These visits during the earlier years of his labours do not seem to have been regularly recorded; but from his books for the years 1825 to 1852 inclusive, nearly thirteen thousand visits may be traced, or an average of four hundred and fifty a year. These are exclusively to members detained at home either by sickness, business, or temptation, and entirely apart from his visits on account of the Strangers' Friend Society, or his visits to other members. Were these added, it is probable that his domiciliary visitations would amount to a thousand a year for the last three years.

In this work of visiting he was indefatigable, and took especial pleasure in it. In him the sick and suffering always found a sympathizing friend, but he ever aimed to turn their sufferings to a profitable account, and while he sought to assuage their bodily anguish, strove earnestly for the rescue of the unsaved soul. He was frequently employed as the almoner of the bounty of others; and of all these transactions he kept a debtor and creditor account accurately posted in his books. When his rounds brought him in contact with distress, and he had no delegated alms to give, though poor himself he would yet do what he could. "If we have been absent through illness," says a poor woman, "he has been sure to call next morning before nine o'clock. Many a time he has helped us out of his own pocket, for fear we should not have bread."

Such was the sort of life which this simple-hearted and excellent man led for more than forty years among a poor and dense population, by whom he was revered and loved as the messenger of mercy and kindness to the needy and the unhappy. What were the feelings of his own breast? and what reward did he find under this long course of self-sacrifice? We shall let him answer these questions himself, by quoting his own words from the fragmentary diary he kept —words often mis-spelled by the untaught writer, but words, if we mistake not, full of weight and significance, and strikingly illustrative of the promise, which says, "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him."

We have space but for a brief extract. The following is dated August, 1846. "This morning I read at family worship the 3rd chapter of John, and when I came to the exceeding precious lines, the 16th and 17th verses, the Lord in a most extraordinary manner broke in on my soul by the light of his Holy Spirit. He filled my whole soul with pure light, fulness of joy, and holy love: all language fails to express what I felt—all the powers of my soul had such a mighty grasp of faith. I saw and felt, as I never did before, that the Almighty Father did not love me in word only, but in deed and in truth, in bestowing that unspeakable gift of his well-beloved and only-begotten Son: and I saw so clearly the precious love of his dear Son so sweetly blending with the Father's, that they became together one mighty ocean of unfathomable love."

When Mr. Reeves became too infirm for manual labour, a friend having obtained a small pension for him from a charity to which he was eligible, he devoted his whole time to the service of his Master. In 1849 the cholera raged in Lambeth; but though bowed with age and affliction, the veteran was still at his post. The following extract dates August 20, 1849. "I

spent some time in reading and prayer, and then went out to visit for the Strangers' Friend Society. I visited ten cases for this society today; eight of these were cholera cases. . . . . I felt almost worn out, but though I am tired in body, I am not tired of the glorious work. I could wish, were it my heavenly Father's will, that I had another body to wear out in his service, for his glory and the salvation of sinners."

The above extracts, though all too brief, must suffice for a glance at the inward happiness of the writer. His pertinacious adherence to the duties in which he found delight was remarkable to the last. The Monday previous to his decease was a day of incessant rain and wind, such as would have deterred many a young and hardy man from going out—but out went he, visiting the sick; and when, having taken cold in consequence, he was remonstrated with by a younger man, he merely remarked, "it was his day for sick visiting, and if he did not go then it would disarrange his plans for the next day."

A few days before his death he called on one of his colleagues, to whom he said, in the conversation that passed between them: "As I was walking along the street I thought of my age—seventy-three years. Seventy-three! Why how is that? Three-score and ten is the promise, and I have had three over this. Surely this was the Lord's time that he gave me in which to glorify him; it was not mine at all. I had three-score and ten to prepare for eternity, and now three years to glorify my heavenly Father. O brother, I see, then, I ought to be living in such a state of readiness, that if I was called this *moment*, I ought to be prepared. I feel my soul filled with love when I contemplate the love of God to me; my soul for some time has been continually filled with love. Indeed the last two or three weeks have been the happiest of my life."

On the morning of his death he visited a man who was apparently dying, and at parting he said, "I shall not be long after you." In the afternoon he took his tea as usual, and walked up and down his room singing a favourite hymn. He then left his home, and in a few minutes the fatal event already described had taken place. Of the pangs and the bitterness of death William Reeves knew nothing. He who had soothed the anguish of so many was spared in his own person the pains of dissolution. What he had been heard often to desire was granted him—he had ceased "at once to labour and to live," and had entered on his rest.

We need not seek to point a moral with his history; let us rather strive to emulate the example of his active usefulness and unwavering trust in God.

Page for the Young.

THE CHILD-PROPHET OF SHILOH.

IV.—THE FATAL TIDINGS.

NEVER before had "the burden of the Lord" come to so young a prophet. Instead of at once running to Eli with the tidings of coming disaster and ruin, he purposed to keep the sad secret to himself. He, therefore, lay quiet until the morning, and on arising from his couch, went about his ordinary duties as if nothing remarkable had happened.

The lad must have forgotten the strange circumstances of the night; and finding in the morning that his little Levite attendant did not come to him as usual, he suspected that something had occurred which he should not tell. Eli, therefore, sent for the child, and solemnly charged him not to conceal the message which he had received from the Lord. This appointed to the child prophet the painful task of telling what had passed, and the message was to the following purport. Severely was punishment for the wicked deeds of his sons, and his own sinful leniency towards them. No hasty lament or passionate murmur broke from the lips of the aged priest. In patience he possessed his soul. His only cry was, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good!" He, no doubt, felt that it was too late to avert the doom by speaking any censure to his now unscrupulous and corrupt children. He had failed, years before, to nip the early buddings of evil in the dispositions of his sons: with feelings of false and fatal tenderness he had neglected to chasten and restrain their open sins, profanity and profligacy; and now, with the decrepitude and failing strength of old age, he knew that any attempt to benefit them by his parental influence and counsel would be in vain. He felt that whatever chastisements might descend on them, they were justly merited; and he meekly bowed to the will of God, even though that will were to be executed in hopeless and utter ruin. In this sad history there is a solemn warning not only to the indulgent parents, but also to the young themselves, who may here see, as in a mirror, a picture of what they will become in mature life, if sin be loved, and cherished, and persisted in during youth, even though, like Eli's sons, they may happen to be brought up in the very gates of the sanctuary. This fearful example shows how even religious duties may be outwardly performed by men of impure lives, and how the children of the truly pious and devout may by their corrupt and corrupting actions bring scandal upon the worship of God. Hophni and Phinehas caused the Israelites to abhor the sacrifices which were presented to God, by the irreverent and profane way in which they conducted themselves; and it was to purge away this iniquity from the sacred priesthood that God had resolved to cut off the family of Eli.

Nor was the sentence long delayed. It happened, not long after the disclosure had been made to Samuel, that a war broke out between Israel and their neighbours the Philistines, and the two opposing armies met upon the battle-field. In the first action the Israelites were beaten with the loss of four thousand men. This defeat was ascribed by the elders of Israel to the withdrawal of the Divine favour, and the loss of help from that mighty arm which had so often rendered their sires victorious. At the council that was held in the camp after the discomfiture, it was suggested that their failure might,

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE LECTURE HALL.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XVIII.

HURRYING through the lighted streets, my new possessor at length arrived at a large building, which he entered; and pushing his way into the crowd, he took his station near to a man of middle age, who, standing on a platform, was addressing the multitudes who were gathering around him, and were listening to the words which proceeded out of his mouth.

Reader, among the predictions which I have it in charge to utter is one that foretells that "there shall come in the last days, SCOFFERS:' and in him whose voice now sounded through that place of assembly, were the words of my prophecy fulfilled. Loudly and passionately did he declaim against the arrogance of priests and the tyranny of human laws; and vehemently did he assert that of all books which had ever been written, and of all religions which had ever been thrust upon the world, the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, were the most mischievous and pestilent.

With many bold and blasphemous words did this unhappy man mock at the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, as though he were altogether

such an one as himself; and with proud and lofty look did he declare that by a mere excellent way than by obedience to God, and regard to the laws written in his Word, could *he*, the weak and fallible, show to his fellow men how happiness might be obtained, and a golden age again caused to visit the down-trodden world. And while, with the arrogance which he condemned in others, he triumphantly asked, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey him, or listen to his voice?" his language was, "Listen to *me*, and obey me, ye who would be delivered from all evil."

Much did this demagogue say concerning the wretchedness which was in the world, and how it had been brought about by the disregard of nature's laws, and by the ambition and folly of designing men: yet did he assert unblushingly that the dogma of man's depravity, because of his departure from God, and of the indwelling evil of sin, was insulting to man's dignity, and an invention of interested priests.

He spoke of Christianity, calling it a fable, and treated the story of the human birth and incarnation and sacrifice of the Blessed One as a monstrous fabrication. In set terms of contempt and hatred akin to that of fallen angels, he reviled the glorious revelation of God's mercy and free gift to the world, in that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He asked what had Christianity and the Bible done for man? or rather, what mischief had they not done, in teaching those who would receive their teaching, to bow their necks submissively to the yoke of tyrants, and to yield obedience to barbarous laws, which man's enlightened judgment condemned.

Then arose there a voice from the crowded room, asking, "What laws?" It may be that the speaker heard not the question; and yet, methought he did, though yet he replied not; but waxing louder in his vehement speaking, he taxed all who named the name of Christ as their Lord and Master, with double-faced hypocrisy and deceit, or as being the dupes of a miserable imposture; and trusted that the time would come, ay, that it was, indeed, fast approaching, when, as one of the bright signs of the ushering in of a grand era of freedom and universal love and brotherhood—of liberty, fraternity, and equality—Bibles should be banished from the face of the earth, or be found only in the libraries of the philosophical and the curious, as evidences of the ignorance and folly and degradation of an ago gone by, never to return.

Again did the voice which had before spoken, demand of the speaker, "If we part with our Bibles, what wilt thou give us instead? Tell us what is thy religion."

And thereupon did the man begin to speak learnedly, as he supposed and would have his hearers think, of "nature and nature's laws," —of "external circumstances" and "internal organization," and many such like words. He spoke of a new and grand division of property, so that thenceforward there should be neither rich nor poor on the whole face of the earth. He spoke also of large societies, which, in the new world that was to be, would have all things in common; of the entire abolition of marriage, that device for keeping the world in moral slavery and dreary discomfort. He spoke also of the sweeping away of all superstitions which, for ages, had held men in trammels; and the introduction of a new and grand philosophy which should unite man to man in brotherly love and everlasting peace. Instead of temples to God should be temples to the muses, poetry should regale the ear of the worshippers of nature, sweet and solemn music should penetrate the heart with soft yet glowing emotions, and the contemplation of all that is noble in art should elevate the mind and raise man to the level of fabled deity.

Once more did the voice of the unknown or unobserved questioner rise above the murmurs of approbation which rose from every part of the wide hall—"And what of DEATH? Thou dost not tell us of death: will men in thy new moral world be always young? Will they live for ever?"

So stern and startling rose the tones of that warning voice, that they hushed for a moment the assembly into solemn silence, till another voice responded from the crowd:—

"Ay, tell us of that. Wilt do away with death?"

"I do not promise that," said the speaker: "death is the universal law of nature: all living things are brought into the world to die, and thus make room for an endless succession of lives. Yet this will I say, that when the unnatural fear of death which superstition has engendered is disappeared, men shall no longer [illegible] but rather sink into quiet [illegible] shall not always continue young, [illegible] the laws of nature are observed and obeyed, disease will also vanish, and a healthy old age of contemplative wisdom shall succeed a youth time of enjoyment, until the full thread of existence shall have been spun. Will not this suffice?"

"And after death—what shall come after death?" asked the clear voice of the unseen questioner. And again was the echo repeated—

"Ay, tell us what shall be after death."

A smile kindled on the countenance of the orator, as he replied: "I see that the childish superstitions of priestcraft yet hold some of you

in their chains. What shall come after death? What is there, what should there be after death, but a gentle painless dissolution of matter into the original elements of its nature?"

"Nay, but," asked the doubter, "answer me only this—If a man die, shall he live again?"

"You ask a hard question, my friend," responded the speaker; "and one upon which wise men have differed. But superstition has guided their decisions in times past. We must wait until fresh discoveries are made in science and philosophy ere that question shall be finally set at rest. Yet one thing will I promise," he added; and he uttered the words with a loud and powerful voice, and in tones of strong defiance—"*after death* shall be NO JUDGMENT."

And having uttered this, he sat down and looked proudly around him, while some applauded, and others—among whom was my new possessor—questioned within themselves, and doubted.

Think not, reader, that the spirit which is in me taketh delight in the record of man's follies and guilty presumption; but rather that he who thinketh he standeth may take heed lest he fall after the same manner of unbelief, is this written. And had human voice then been mine, I might have rebuked the scorner in words such as these: "Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? The goodness of God endureth continually. Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs; like a sharp razor working deceitfully. Thou lovest evil more than good, O thou deceitful tongue. God shall likewise destroy thee for ever; he shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling-place, and root thee out of the land of the living!"

Nor was my Master left without a witness, even among those who had listened to the enemy's words; for while yet every man was looking at his neighbour, and some were laughing loudly, and some wondering in their hearts what these things meant, and wherefore they had been called together, and while all were turning to depart, there rose a pale, thoughtful man, above the sea of faces, and asked permission to be heard. His garb was mean, and his hands, as he stretched them forth, told of toil and labour in the world. And in the tones of his voice might have been recognised those which had from time to time addressed the former speaker.

Small encouragement from his brethren around had the adventurous opponent to utter the words which rose to his lips; yet was there one from a far corner of the hall who cried out, "Ay, ay, thou art one of us; speak on, if thou hast aught to say." And then, in words calm and clear, yet, as could be judged, not without strong emotions within, and much conscious inability, and fear lest he should damage the cause he had risen to defend, did the man speak thus:—

"Friends and neighbours: I am, as you say, one of yourselves; and I came among ye this night to hear and not to speak. I had heard talk of this new moral world, and the gentleman who wants to recommend it; and I came to hear what like it was, and what the gentleman had to say. Maybe I expected to hear something new, and maybe I did not. But now we have all heard; and I cannot help thinking, friends, that what of it is true is not new; and that what the gentleman would have us to believe is new, is not true."

A slight stir arose as he said this; but it speedily abated, and the speaker went on.

"It's true, friends, that there is much wretchedness in the world, and a good deal of wickedness; true it is, also, that many who call themselves Christians are no better than their neighbours; it is true, too, that if all men were to do justly and love mercy, much that is wrong would be put right. All this is true, but it is not new; the old-fashioned Bible has told us this long before."

There was a little applause when the speaker said this; but one called out to him, not to preach; while another cried out to him, to go on.

"But the gentleman quarrels with the Bible," continued the man; "and wishes it to be banished from the face of the earth, though I could not rightly make out his reasons why; and he wishes to put his own teachings instead of it. Now I want to know, first of all, what there is so much better in them than in the Bible; and I make bold to say, when any one tells us of brotherly love and charity and kindness—ay, and of liberty and equality—that he makes a little capital out of what the Bible has said before, and said better and more to the purpose than man can say it.

"The gentleman quarrels with Christianity too, and wants to know what the religion of the Bible has done for men. Friends and neighbours, let me tell you a little of what this religion has done for one man: it won't take long in telling.

"Years ago," continued the speaker, "in a wretched cellar in this town, might have been found a most wretched family, huddled together around a poor flickering fire. No table was there; no chairs; no more firing, and it was the depth of winter; and no food for the poor half-clad woman and her three helpless babes. Sickness was there also—pining sickness—for, on a heap of straw, covered with scanty, filthy rags, lay the father of those children and the husband of that wife.

"The man was an infidel: he boasted in his unbelief; and in his health and strength he had abused his powers in rioting and drunkenness, in self-indulgence, and in cruelty to those who looked to him for bread. He had hated the name of Christianity, and had poured contempt on the Bible, even as contempt has this night, in this place, been poured upon it.

"And as he lay there, sick and starving, one whom that wretched man had hated and reviled, and ill-treated above all others, because he was a Christian, entered and stood by his bed-side. That Christian man was poor and sickly, and out of work; and you know, my friends, what that is; how it hardens the heart, and sours the temper to feel that there is nought to be done that man should do, to keep together body and soul."

"Ay, ay," said one aloud; "we know something of that. Go on with thy story, lad."

"Well, friends and neighbours," the speaker went on, "the visitor was poor and sickly; but of his poverty did he pour out relief to him who had been aforetime his enemy—ay, and had injured him in word and deed. And that night was there bread for the starving ones, and medicine for the sick, and fuel for the failing fire, and hope—hope, friends, where before was only despair.

"Then said that sick man, 'I'll say no more against the Bible and Christianity till I have read the one and examined the other.' And this he did by and by: and he's here to night just to say to ye all, 'Read the Bible before ye burn it, and examine Christianity before ye turn away from it.' And if ye'll come with me, I'll show ye that man with a happy home, not in a cellar now, friends, if it's not so grand as a drawing-room; with well-fed bairns, and peace in his heart instead of hatred and strife; and he'll tell ye that the religion of the Bible has made the change."

"The man's right there," said one by my new owner's side; "I knew him when he was just a devil, and I know him now; for he is one of the best and steadiest hands in our mill. He's gey right about the change."

"The gentleman wants to know what Christianity has done," continued the speaker: "I'll tell you, friends, another thing it has done. Wives and sisters—for wives and sisters are here—here, in this 'down-trodden, priest-ridden' country, as it was called just now—it has made ye what ye are—*women*, and not toys and puppets; man's friends and companions, and not his *slaves*, like what this new moral world system would drive ye back into."

A great tumult arose when the man uttered these words; and it was some time ere his voice could again be heard. Then he again spoke:—

"We have heard this night of nature's laws. What are they? Where are they? Will the gentleman tell us that? And will he tell us where nature is, and who gave nature power to make laws? Is nature God? Then there *is* a God. Is nature *not* God? Then what gives nature power over us? But these laws—can any one tell us where they are to be found? I know that the gentleman said that they were 'in us and round us;' but that means anything, or nothing—it tells us nothing.

"Kind and dear friends and neighbours; there is a law that there can be no mistake about—a law that just tells us this—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself;' and I don't know yet why we should give up the book and the religion that teaches that law. Let us wait a bit, at least, till wiser and more learned heads than ours have agreed among themselves to let us know, plain and straightforward, what nature's laws are."

Hereupon, many voices among the people replied—"That is right and fair enough."

"I won't keep you much longer, friends," the man went on; "and I thank you all heartily for giving me a patient hearing: but there is one thing more. We have been told this night that this new religion—if it is a religion—knows nothing certain about what comes after *death*. Mayhap we shall live again, and mayhap we shall not. Well, this sort of religion won't do for me; for I have got to die; and I don't know how soon. I tell ye, friends, that the teaching that stops short *there*, and does not answer the question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' is poor teaching. The gentleman tells us that he can promise there shall be no judgment after death. Ah, but how does he know this? and if he should chance to be wrong after all, what's to come of it then? Friends and neighbours, one more last word and I have done: that religion is the religion for me that [illegible] life and immortality to light, and which gives me hope and power to say: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.'"

With these words the speaker sat down; and, amidst much noise and confusion, my new possessor pushed his way out of the place of assembly, while yet the people lingered to see if the first speaker would reply to the second; and after a few minutes he was walking quietly and thoughtfully, through the stillness of night, towards his home.

THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVIOUR.

FROM "A DEFENCE OF THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH."

MEN still wonder at the "gracious words which proceed out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room," where he instituted the beautiful feast which should for ever consecrate his memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of his love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which he well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius as well as the humblest mediocrity will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees; and over them age, with its grey locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by fictions yet more wonderful! Ah! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they ever have done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be remembered by him when he came into his kingdom; they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs—or the maniacs, if the infidel will, for it does not help him—sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus, not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proofs of his mission, and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character, and are types of the spiritual cures his gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately and found him unbidden at her side—type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet more sublime words in which he declares himself "the resurrection and the life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, they would see him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy, these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent him from having the pre-eminence, who loved, because he loved *us*, to call himself the "Son of Man," though angels called him the "Son of God."

It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! At his feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found and will find repose there, and have invested him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than his.

It does astound me, I confess, beyond all measure, that Mr. Newman can read the New Testament with such eyes, and rest content with such criticism on that "bright excellence" which has in general disarmed hostility, even where the mind has been unfriendly to Christianity itself; on which so many millions of

minds have dwelt with unmingled love and veneration. If only a picture, still it is a picture with which no history nor fiction besides furnishes us, in which power and wisdom—usually the exclusive gods of man's idolatry—are *for once* subordinated to perfect love. It is the picture of one gentle towards the infirmities and follies of man, patient with his waywardness, lovingly forgetful of his wrongs; of one—and oh! how beautiful, if *only* a fable—who never broke "the bruised reed," who came "to bind up the broken-hearted, to give deliverance to the captive," to welcome penitence to his feet, and to offer the weary rest; of one who sided unchangeably with weakness and suffering against strong-handed oppression, whose patience was proof against every insult to himself, and whose indignation never gleamed forth but twice, and was then only extorted by that comprehensive sympathy with humanity which was the burden and the passion of his existence; once when, mingled with grief, it shot a momentary flash on the censorious hypocrites who grudged and murmured at his mercy to the wretched; and once when it gathered in thunder-clouds, and launched its vivid bolts over the guilty abodes of those who had perverted every law, divine and human, to the purpose of oppressing and grinding their fellow-creatures, who "for a pretence made long prayers," "devoured widows' houses," "took away the key of knowledge," "sat in Moses' seat" and made it the devil's throne. In a word, it is a picture of one whose whole life was one long yearning agony of sympathy with the guilt and sorrows of humanity, and whose death——ah! how strange! how passing strange it is, that any should have an ungentle word to say of *Him*, even though only a picture. Is it not a picture which, if the original never existed, we should long to *see* realised? one from which we should turn away, after long and entranced contemplation, and sighing say—

"Oh, that those lips had language!"

And, in general, to do human nature justice—yes, even unbelieving human nature—it has not been insensible to the claims which that portrait has on human veneration. The "grim feature" of infidelity has generally relaxed when it has looked at him. Those whose foul breath has sullied every mirror which reflected any meaner excellence, has generally spared *that*. Once or twice in a century, indeed, some one or two have appeared, animated by such intense envy of greatness, or such pure hatred of goodness, that they have not spared even the character of Christ. They have been inspired by such a gratuitous malignity, that one almost feels that if they had lived in the time of Judas, they would have done the traitor's office at a cheaper rate, and spared the too happy Pharisees their thirty pieces of silver.

LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

THE VIOLET AN EMBLEM OF THE CHRISTIAN.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye"—WORDSWORTH.

ONE cannot think of a violet without thinking of the lovely spring-time when nature seems glad to lay aside the darkness of winter, and appear in her most enchanting dress and fairest form. Then every hedge, and bank, and field is redolent with freshness, and rife with flowery richness. Smallest, perhaps, of all the lovely little visitors of this delightful time, but most gladly welcomed by each heart that loves the spring, is the violet. It has been called by common consent the emblem of modesty.

We are going now to see in what points it may be taken as the emblem of the Christian. First, the violet is *small*: often at first it is itself unperceived in the hedges, but is *always* to be traced by its sweet fragrance. So is it with the true Christian; he is unobtrusive, but, as our Lord said, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and the atmosphere in which the Christian lives must be impregnated with the sweet odours of his daily works of love and self-denial; his hourly kindly thoughts and acts towards others. He may be almost unknown, but all who come near him will feel that he has "been with Jesus;" for, as the violet does not retain its fragrance for itself, so the Christian, having "received the gift," will "minister the same" to others as a "good steward of the manifold grace of God."

2. The perfume of the violet is *for all*. The little peasant girl or the rough ploughboy may go and gather it and rejoice in its sweetness. So is it with the Christian. He does not kindly withdraw himself and retire to the society of a chosen few, but he gladdens the hearts of all around, be they rich or be they poor in this world's goods; and as the violet gathered by the country [illegible] odorous some widowed mother's little room, or brings back happy thoughts of the blessed spring-time to the soul of the sick one, so is it ever the chiefest joy of the Christian "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and to shed around him the serenity which the love of God in the heart gives to the soul.

3. The colour of the violet. Sometimes it is dark, at others white. So is it again with the Christian. Some there are who cannot wear their profession with gladsomeness of heart, but, though really rejoicing in Him who made them, "go mourning all their days;" but

this gloom is only in appearance—the Christian perfume is there; the flower is the same, and the promise sure, that "the days of their mourning shall be ended."

4. Their numbers. Any one who lives in the country, or who has spent the spring of the year there, will call to mind pleasant fields and banks which are sprinkled each spring with violets. Even here again the resemblance, to some extent, holds good. Surely among the myriads of mankind there are many Christians, though they are not so easily discerned as the violets. Outward professors indeed abound, as there are many dog violets like the true, only larger and more boastful-looking, and without their perfume; but genuine Christians, when collected in the upper Paradise, shall, as Scripture assures us, constitute "a great multitude, whom no man can number."

5. The violet announces the advent of spring. "Ye may know her step by the violet's birth." So surely is this true also of the Christian. He is a silent yet powerful witness for his Lord. Living in the world, and fighting the good fight of faith, his every act speaks loudly to the world, and invites it to receive the Saviour. As every one who sees the violet must acknowledge that spring is come, so every one who sees a Christian must know and recognise the advent of our Lord.

6. Violets are not only the peculiar prize and possession of the country; we see them often in our large cities, not indeed growing in native freshness, but tied up in little bouquets, and sold to the passers-by; and to him who is hurrying to the seat of commerce, or returning home violet-laden, to those who with "kindly voices" greet

"The tired one at the door,"

they speak of the early days of his boyhood, of bright skies and fresh air, and do his very spirit good.

"The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pours back into his empty soul and frame
The times when he remembers to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

And so the Christian wins back, so to speak, the hearts of those who see and know him, from the thraldom of Mammon, and brings the sound of the melodies of heaven to soothe "the stunning tide of human care and crime."

7. In the last place, we must close with a comparison and yet a difference. The violet grows, and lives, and scents the air, performs its mission, does what God has bid it do, and —*dies*, giving its place to the next flower of spring unmurmuring. It is so, and it is *not* so, with the Christian. True it is that he does the work God has set him, and is "not slothful in well doing," for he does all "with singleness of heart as to the Lord." He, too, like the violet, *dies*. In this respect "one event happeneth alike to all," for "it is appointed to men once to die," and there is no exception for the Christian. Christ himself passed through the grave and gate of death.

But, though the Christian dies, he shall, unlike the violet, have a second spring-time, and appear in a more beautiful form. As he has "borne the image of the earthy," so shall he also "bear the image of the heavenly," and when he awakes up in the likeness of Christ, he shall be satisfied with it.

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Oh when th' avenging flood
Swept the wide world, why swept it not away
The stain of innocent blood?
The race of Cain hath perished; yet for aye
Endures the curse of Cain!
Brother sheds brother's blood, for vengeance, or for gain.

In Dothan's valleys lone
Their mingled flocks ten shepherd brethren feed.
And in the midst is one
Whom their unnatural hate hath doomed to bleed;
But sin hath sin withstood,
And by the thirst of gold is quench'd the thirst for blood

Upon the victim's brow
In mystic vision blazed a regal crown
They have the dreamer now,
Their knees to *him* shall he'er in life bow down,
For none is nigh to save;
His sire is far away—his mother in the grave!

"Yet stay th' avenging hand,"
One cried—"what profit if our brother bleed?
Behold yon merchant-band!
Let them this dreaming boy in bondage lead:
So we shall share the gain,
And he may dream at will—and dream, as now, in vain."

Oh fierce and stern of mood,
Whom nor an absent father's hoary hair,
Nor brother's kindred blood,
Nor thought of Israel's God, can win to spare!
Bears HE the sword in vain,
Or can ye do the deed, yet shun the curse of Cain?

Ere yet the deed is done,
Ere yet your hands have touched th' accursed gold,
Think on the hapless son,
Torn from a doting sire—the brother, sold
By brethren, and the shame
Which must for ever brand the base betrayer's name.

Think of the aged man,
Whose care for you hath sent his loved one hither!
Regard his waning span:
Doom not his dearest earthly hopes to wither:
Let pity plead to save,
Nor bring his hoary hairs with sorrow to the grave.

SELLING JOSEPH TO THE ISHMAELITES.

If love hath lost its force;
If nature's holiest ties no more restrain;
Yet dread the late remorse,
The conscious writhings, of the outcast Cain:
Still Abel's God in heaven
Is Israel's too, and still *that* crime is unforgiven.

Boy, vainly dost thou plead:
They have no thoughts of pity—cease thy prayer!
The God who marks the deed
Will guide thy course to Egypt, guard thee there.
In bondage *thou* must dwell,
But they in every breast shall bear a living hell.

The pastured plain by day,
By night the sleepless couch, where'er they be,
Or wandering far away,
Or in their father's tent, shall tell of thee:
Conscience shall sting within,
And hate and strife divide the brotherhood of sin.

From God thy vision came.
He will fulfil it in His own good time;
Thy servitude and shame
Are lighter far than their dark load of crime;
Thou still hast hope in prayer—
What can it bring to them but anguish and despair?

Go, then, and Israel's God
Go with thee! Thou must grind in bondage now;
But kiss the chastening rod,
And yet the promised crown shall grace thy brow,
When all once more shall meet—
Thy father in thy arms; thy brethren at thy feet!

From "The Christian Souvenir" for 1842.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

"ARE THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD SMALL WITH THEE?"

THIS solemn interrogatory is found in Job xv. 11. Let it be duly pondered. With some, unhappiness prevails. They are sad. They grieve sorely. Tears are their meat day and night. Waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

If your consolations are small, the cause is *not* found in any want of words of comfort from God. The Bible is full of sayings which are sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. The promises are exceedingly great and precious.

Nor is there any want of assurance that God will make good all he has promised. His truth and faithfulness stand pledged before heaven and earth. Yea, "God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Heb. vi. 17, 18.

Nor is there wanting a Spirit of consolation. The Holy Ghost is by office the Comforter. He is promised to all who believe and obey. Christ said, "I will not leave you comfortless;" "I will come unto you;" "I will send you the Comforter." That blessed Spirit can fill any soul with joy. He is a fountain of living waters, a most plentiful well-spring of Divine supports and consolations.

Nor are all the saints left with feeble comforts. In some, joy unspeakable abounds. Their cup runneth over. They obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing flee away. They *lift up* their voice, and shout aloud for joy. Their heads are anointed with the oil of gladness.

But a low state of consolation probably proceeds from a low state of piety. We are often straitened in ourselves. Faith is weak. Love loses its ardour. Penitence is not deep. A tender conscience is not maintained. Zeal is languid. Deeds of charity do not abound. Self-denial is avoided. In this case it is a mercy to make us know our misery, and to show us that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the living God.

Or, perhaps, spiritual comforts are withheld from us because we do not highly prize them and carefully seek after them. God does not commonly grant great spiritual mercies to those who lightly esteem them. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Or, having obtained some Divine consolations, we do not walk softly before the Lord, but allow ourselves to be unduly elated. Pride mars everything good. God never dwells with the lofty, but always with the lowly.

Or some other sin may be eating out, as a cancer, the vitals of piety. "Why criest thou for thine affliction? thy sorrow is incurable for the multitude of thine iniquity; because thy sins were increased, I have done these things unto thee." Jer. xxx. 15.

Or you may be living in ignorance of some important truth revealed in Scripture. All good consolations are by the word of God. He who lightly esteems the oracles of God, or slights any portion of them, does his own soul a sad injury. If God has said all you need to sustain you, search the Bible till you find it, and then hold it fast. No reasonings could be stronger than those found in Heb. iv. 14—16, and Rom. viii. 26—39. The logic of the Bible is divine, irrefutable.

Then let every man search his heart and ways, and turn to the Lord. He is mighty to embolden and deliver. His mercy reaches to the heavens. We all err by not coming out of ourselves. We may look at our hearts till a horror of great darkness shall cover us. Let us look to Jesus. He is a sun, and has healing in his wings. His grace is amazing. He knows our frame. He pities like a God. If the consolations of God are small with us, the fault is all our own.

And let them be no longer small. Cry after them. Lift up your voice for them. Plead with God for his name's sake. Never rest satisfied till Christ fills your soul with peace and joy.*

A CHRISTIAN FARMER.

WE invite the attention of all our readers, and especially of those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, to the leading outlines of the life and character of a truly Christian farmer. His memoir† has been written by a pious and faith-

* American Messenger.

† The Christian Farmer, a Memoir of Mr. John Last, of Otley, Suffolk, by the Rev. F. Storr, M. A., Vicar of Brenchley, Kent. Wertheim and Mackintosh, 1855.

ful clergyman, whom he warmly welcomed to a sphere of labour, where at first there was much to discourage, but where afterwards the pure and living gospel, prayerfully preached, asserted its power in the salvation of many souls. In every good work, in the parish of Otley, Mr. Last became his honoured pastor's "friend and helper," until the faithful man, with whom so many happy thoughts of Mr. Storr's ministry at Otley are inseparably bound up, was called to his rest.

Several years before the memorable sabbath when the new rector took for his first text the words, "I determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified"—the very announcement of which, as well as the sermon which followed, filled John Last with a joyful hope that a parish hitherto spiritually barren, was about to "blossom as the rose"—the subject of this notice had been set free from the bondage of sin and error. He had once been the slave of intemperance—a vice which, when once its habitual tyranny is established, is rarely repented of, but holds fast its victim to his eternal ruin. He had, too, been entangled in the meshes of that infidelity which is so often welcomed by those who have given themselves up to a career of prodigal excess. But from both these "snares of the fowler" he was completely set free through Him who says, "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Alas! how many have we known who seemed, by their confessions, their tears, their resolves, and their temporary abstinence from that accursed thing which had well nigh destroyed them, to have recovered their position, but who yet fell before fresh temptation, and at last perished miserably. The true safety of the young is to guard against the formation of the *habit* of drinking; for in the majority of cases, when once formed, it retains its fatal supremacy. John Last was an exception to the rule, and so fearful was he of the [illegible] had led him into sin, that, having in vain endeavoured to avoid intemperance by a moderate use of stimulating liquors, he refused them altogether. He was an escaped captive, who feared to be bound again with the chain which by grace had been broken; and well would it be for many if the power of sin were so felt by them, and the same watchfulness and hearty purpose exercised against it. He also entirely put away smoking, as an incentive to, or at the least as a usual accompaniment of, drinking habits.

As to his infidelity, it had given way under the mighty workings of the Divine Spirit. Like many a scoffer and sceptic, even in his wildest days he had a secret reverence for consistent Christians, and was at times strongly moved by apprehensions of a dread eternity. Not by the preached word was he led to flee to the sinner's refuge. Still the truth *was* brought home to his conscience, and suddenly of that godless mocker it could be said, "Behold, he prayeth!"

"One day," says Mr. Storr, "he was so long absent, that his housekeeper became alarmed. He was found on his knees in a back room of his house. He continued nearly seven hours in supplication, and came out with a calm and happy countenance. He had 'cast his burden on the Lord,' and he sustained him, and turned his mourning into peace." Proving thus early in his spiritual career the power of prayer, he continued to hold fellowship with God, and to bring down grace in rich abundance on his soul as long as he lived. Every afternoon he was accustomed to retire into his chamber for reading and prayer. "The rooms of his house were hallowed by prayer."

But the Christian farmer had other oratories than these. Among the early recollections of the writer is the memory of an authentic family tradition, which told of a great grandsire, who, like Enoch, walked with God, to whose soul prayer was its very breath, and who in the sweet harvest time had been wont to retire behind the shocks of golden grain, there to pour out his soul in thanksgiving and supplication to his heavenly Father. So was it with John Last. "There were retired spots about his fields, where, though he took care that none should approach him, it is evident that he betook himself for communion with God."

With these devout habits was associated that deep humility which nearness to God has always produced. Job xlii. 5, 6. Isaiah vi. 5. So also was it with regard to that *tenderness* of *conscience* which regards the very "thought of foolishness" as "sin," and which, like the sensitive plant, shrinks from contact with that which is mischievous and evil. To this were added earnest aspirations after purity of heart and holy [illegible] against everything that could taint or defile the soul. And does the reader ask what was the secret of his strength as well as the source of his comfort? Whence [illegible] peace, his joy, his separation from sin and from sinners? Whence the blessed contrast, obvious to the eyes of all who were acquainted with the antecedents of his life, between the present and the past? The reply is simple: the source of all was a *firm personal faith in the Lord Jesus*. Emptied of all self-righteousness, building on the One Foundation, trusting in the obedience and sacrifice of Him whose name is "the Lord our Righteousness," and the "faith which worketh by love," inspiring his heart with a hallowed sense of obligation, that rendered obedience easy

My 28 '6

Mr. Storr had now returned, and his last visit was paid him at the close of his sabbath labours, when he found him sinking fast. During the night his mind was filled with peace, and "the name that is above every name" was constantly on his lips. Ere morning dawned, his redeemed spirit had passed gently to its eternal rest. The parish of Otley with one accord mourned its benefactor, and devout men carried John Last to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

We long to visit Otley for the sake of its natural beauties, but far more for the sake of the triumphs of the gospel there achieved, and because in its old church-yard there sleeps the dust of one of those who bring religion into common life, and

"Who ply their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Over the seat in the house of God which he was wont to occupy is placed a marble tablet, inscribed with the following truth-telling and beautiful epitaph.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN LAST,
FARMER, OF THIS PARISH,
WHO ONCE AFAR OFF, WAS MADE NIGH
BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST,
AND FOUND PARDON, PEACE, AND VICTORY OVER SIN,
BY LOOKING UNTO JESUS.
THE GRACE OF OUR LORD
WAS EXCEEDING ABUNDANT TOWARDS HIM.
A FATHER TO THE POOR,
LOWLY IN HIS OWN EYES,
AND MAKING MUCH OF THEM
THAT FEAR THE LORD.
HIS CONVERSATION WAS IN HEAVEN,
WHITHER HE DEPARTED TO BE WITH CHRIST,
NOVEMBER 27TH, 1843,
ÆT. 64.
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY
BY THOSE WHO LOVED HIM, POOR AND RICH.

WHO IS HE THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD BUT HE
THAT BELIEVETH THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD?
1 JOHN V. 5.

POISON!

THE processes of science are wonderful—almost miraculous! But none are more extraordinary than those now used to detect poisons. From these some of the most important trials of modern times derive exciting interest. When we think of the rapidity and certainty with which many of the greatest crimes have been brought to light, the effects seem supernatural. The Bible has well said, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and we have at present little idea of the manner in which that prediction may be fulfilled, here and hereafter. The history of our courts of law is frequently introducing cases in which the very elements of nature seem to rise up against evil-doers, and exemplify the manner in which iniquity, however elaborately concealed, may be made to give up its hideous secrets.

My mind, recently thinking on such subjects, began to turn from the wickedness of the body-murderer, to the still more enormous guilt of the soul-poisoner. I could not fail, of course, to think of that arch destroyer, the great spirit serpent, and of his deadly fangs, and also of the countless myriads who have become his prey. I remembered, too, that he was not alone in his guilt; that he had many agents under his direction and control; and that these included not only the spirits of darkness, but all those who by word, look, gesture, persuasion, action, influence, convey the poison of ruin into the soul.

Meditating again on the subject of chemical tests and agents, I imagined that I had become an investigator of the phenomena of such poisons. I had, I thought, a portable case of tests and re-agents, so complete as that there was no morbid preparation which could not be made to tell its secret, and so point out the specific means by which it had been occasioned. I thought that these tests were always infallible, though, from requiring great care in the manipulation, a mistake might be readily made. I seemed to be surrounded by a great variety of cases waiting for inspection, and I proceeded to examine them, often with difficulty and sometimes with disgust.

There was before me, among other specimens, a case pretty common. It was a portion of a heart, not soft and yielding to the touch as it might be expected to be; but hardened into a kind of stone, which seemed absolutely impenetrable. With such an apparatus it was impossible that the blood could move freely. Though the heart had been originally formed like all other hearts, the subject might have been mistaken for a cold-blooded animal, possessed of only a single circulation. This ossified heart had belonged to a man who, though in younger years frank and open, had latterly become distinguished for qualities just the reverse. He was cold, stern, repulsive. Though he could conjugate every mood of the verb "to get," he was never able to master even the present tense of the verb "to give." He seemed a cross-breed between the stoic and the cynic, with a considerable leaning in maturer life to the latter. All his benevolence appeared to be under the influence of some opiate, which indicated the poison that was at work within. The most powerful excitants would not cause his eye to twinkle, or his pulse to quicken. When a case of distress was present, one could only ascertain his consciousness by the muttering, as if in mental vacancy, of some expression like "impostor," or "cheat." Of late his symptoms had somewhat changed, and he had become affected with a kind of *mendico-phobia* which burst out furiously on the mention of the word charity.

My 28'6

All remedial means proved inefficacious; checks, appeals, remonstrances, were applied in vain. At last he died, with every symptom of desperate hardness, leaving enormous wealth among a number of poor relations whom he would never acknowledge whilst he lived. The general opinion was that the case was one of original malformation, and that the heart had never been soft. But of this I entertained some doubts. The result confirmed my suspicions. On stripping off the hard outer covering, I was almost choked by the vapours of good resolutions and broken vows. Submitting the integuments to various tests, I found that the poison of which the man had died was *selfishness*, and that this had been administered in constant doses of *prosperity*.

I was next engaged in investigating a morbid portion of an infidel's conscience. It was a singular sight. Scarcely any part of the original form remained. It was exceedingly misshapen in form and irregular in texture; some parts of it were excessively indurated, and others so soft and flabby as to tear at the slightest touch. There were besides patches which had evidently been the seat of violent inflammation, and which had advanced even to gangrene. It appeared that the subject had been distinguished during the greater part of his life for his hostility to Christianity. His was the remarkable peculiarity that whilst he could believe nothing upon evidence, he was credulous on every subject which had none. He would receive many things if proved by reason, but if you showed that they were truths of revelation, he would deny that there was any reason in them at all. Actions might be virtuous if performed by heathens; but the same actions were vicious if they were the results of Christian truth. In short, he saw everything that was *not*, and nothing that *was*. In the course of his life, however, he contrived to disgust, not only all sober and serious men, but even many of his choicest companions. Before he died, he fell into a state of frenzied despair, declared that he saw hell before him, and shrieked out for another hour of life. The dissecting knife revealed a large mass of dark putrid matter, exceedingly disgusting, which, on applying the test, was found to have been occasioned by the poison of a large amount of *deliberate sin*. I no longer wondered at the symptoms.

Another case presented a portion of the brain of one who, whilst living, had been remarkable for the eccentricity and variety of her religious opinions. Had the case been a disorder of the body, St. Vitus's dance would have applied to the phenomena. As it was, the subject had been as a religionist fitful and fidgetty to the last degree. Once she had been a gay and giddy lover of the world's amusements; but coming under the hearing of the gospel, had received it, like some of whom we read in the Bible, with not a little ardour, and speedily became distinguished for her religious zeal. There was, however, one peculiarity always about her, that though ready to teach, she was most reluctant to learn. She never could be still. There was ever some new doctrine, or preacher, or observance, which for the time exercised a wonderful influence over her. She exhausted in turn all the "isms" of the religious vocabulary, without gaining vital religion from any one. If perpetual motion was likely to be discovered anywhere, it was at the tip of her tongue. Not a failing which quick eyes could detect, but it was with her set down as a proof of religious insincerity. Her ears began to tingle after strange doctrine. She forgot every guide of her youth; she wandered far off. At last she died in gloom and despondency. I wondered at her delusions. But the first test revealed an inordinate portion of *self-esteem*, and I wondered no more!

I then examined the morbid remains of one who, though moving in the religious world, prospered in nothing he ever attempted. He had been a religious professor, but inconsistencies spotted his whole career. He had been engaged in works of usefulness, and possessed many qualifications for shining in them. But there seemed a blight upon him. His efforts were powerless, his words came without effect. He was one of the loudest talkers, one of the lustiest professors! In vain! To some the anomaly appeared a strange one, and many wondered how so promising a subject should die away so soon into contempt and oblivion. But when the expanded mass of religious profession became subjected to my analysis, it shrunk suddenly into the smallest dimensions. On examination, it appeared that *prayerlessness* had been his destruction.

Time would fail me to tell of other and similar operations. There was one case of a head with the smallest modicum of sense. On opening it, the odour of *vanity* was almost insufferable. Another case of paralyzed limbs was clearly traceable to the presence of *indolence*. A third, of a peculiarly offensive character, betrayed the poison of *untruthfulness*. And there were several cases which had every natural indication of healthfulness, with regard to which I concluded that *procrastination* had been their poison.

True, thought I, on reviewing what had come under my notice, I have found a valuable *test*. But where shall I find the *antidote?* How happy would the world be if the same provision would direct both to one and the other. I awoke. My hand was resting upon THE BIBLE. Was it all a dream?

My 29'57

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BIBLE INTRODUCED INTO A NEW FAMILY.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XIX.

THE home to which my new possessor introduced me was not inviting. It was a small dwelling in a narrow, crowded yard; and the aspect within betokened heedless neglect, rather than poverty.

"Thou art late to-night, lad:" the voice was that of a woman, who sat by a small table on which glimmered a feeble lamp; on the woman's knee was an infant, smiling in its sleep, which, methought, was the pleasantest sight within that apartment. "And what is that thou hast there?" she asked, as her husband laid me on the table.

"Nought of much account, Mary," said my owner; "but thou hast let the fire out, and the night air is cold."

"Thou art over late; and I, and the fire, and the babe, even went to sleep together, I think," said the woman, yet not angrily. "Maybe thou canst rouse it again as thou hast roused me, if thou wilt."

The means of re-kindling the fire were at hand; and ere long a cheerful blaze illuminated

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

the small room, and brightened the countenances of the young workman and his wife.

"But thou hast not told me what thou hast heard," said she, after they had sat some time in silence.

"I know not if thou wouldst thank me for telling thee all I have heard this evening," replied the young husband, with a short laugh. "What wouldst think of a new moral world that would cut asunder the knot that tied us together awhile ago, and that made us man and wife?"

"Eh, Zech; but that would be a queer moral world," said the woman; "and if that is what thou goest to hear at these lecture-rooms and halls, thou hadst better be at home."

"Nay but, Mary, that is not all I heard this night. Canst thou tell me what will be after death?"

"After death, lad? Thou art surely in a strange mood the night! What dost thou mean?"

"I tell thee, Mary," resumed the man, speaking somewhat bitterly, "I have heard to-night what I wish I had not heard, for the confusion it has wrought in my mind, and what I must hear more of, ere it can be again settled, if it ever will be."

"Thou art always hearing some strange thing, lad," rejoined the woman; "and thou hast an unsettled mind, ever," she added, laughing.

"In all but love to thee, Mary," said the husband, kindly; "but thou sayest true: I have heard many strange things at by-times; canst thou number them all up for me?"

"Nay, I should be clever to do that, Zech," said the young wife.

"I think thou wouldst, Mary; but thou canst think of some of them. There was the man that lectured about workmen's rights and wrongs—"

"Ay, and that stirred up thee and thousands more to strike for higher wages," said Mary. "Eh, lad; but it was well thou wast not married then."

"That's very true, lass: I suffered enough through that strike, though I was alone; and should have suffered more if I had had thee to care for then: but that's past and gone."

"Then," continued the husband, speaking rather to himself than to his wife, "came up the charter, and its five points; and now comes this new moral world, which, as far as I can make it out, is an immoral world—"

"I should think so, lad, if one of its points is to put asunder what God has joined together," interposed the listening wife. "But, why dost not give up these meetings, for good and all? It is not much they have ever done for thee."

"I tell thee, Mary," continued Zech, not heeding her question, "I heard that to-night which made me grieve, and think queer strange thoughts, lass. Canst tell me what shall be after death, Mary?"

"Thou saidst that before, Zech," replied the wife, impatiently; "and I ask thee again what thou meanest? I know nought about it."

"Ay; and so say they all; charter, trades' unions, workmen's rights and workmen's wrongs, strikes, and new moral worlds—all are mostly alike for one thing; they know nought about it; they plan and plan, and scheme and scheme; but 'tis all for this life. I dunno: that's a queer question that long-headed fellow put to-night, and the other couldn't answer—'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

"I wish thou wouldn't," interposed the young wife. "What's yon book about; and where didst get it?" she asked, willing to turn aside the conversation.

"Eh! I had a'most forgotten it," said my owner; "what's the book about? Thou should have heard old Davie, at the bookshop, tell what it was about! And where got I it? Why, just of old Davie."

"Thou hast gotten thy head full of old Davie's books a'ready; and yonder kist half full of them. Thou spendest too much money on books, lad," said the wife, somewhat angrily.

"Better on books than strong drink, anyway, Mary," he replied; "but I doubted thou would say that: and may be I should na have brought this home; but I got it cheap enough, lass: the man gave it me."

"He'll no get rich at that work, then."

"And yet he did not give it me altogether and out and out, without conditions neither," continued Vickers. "For one thing, I promised I would read it."

"'Tis a Bible!" exclaimed Mary, who had taken me in her hand, and opened me.

Methought there was mingled surprise and terror in this exclamation; but the wife said nothing more then.

"I'd have had nought to do with it," continued the husband; "but old Davie read parts of it out, strong and clear against statecraft and priestcraft; and I mean to know what like the book is."

"Ye'll not be reading it the night?" interposed Mary.

"I dunno why I should na," said the man, thoughtfully; "but 'tis waxing gey late; so we'll putten by to-night, lass. But, Mary, I cannot get out of my thoughts the question that lad put to the lecturer, the night—'What shall be after death? If a man die, shall he live again?' I promise it puzzled him, lass."

Many days passed away, and I saw but little of my new owner. Early in the morning before the sun had risen, he rose to take his way to the

busy factory; and, except that he returned to his mid-day meal, he was generally absent until long after night closed in. Meanwhile, I had been placed on a shelf, with some few others of my kind; and was left in silence, to make such observations as my new situation suggested.

And I could not but perceive that in the young wife of my owner were pleasant qualities, which made her a suitable help-meet for her husband. Merry was she, at times, as though the troubles of the world had hitherto pressed lightly upon her; and it seemed also, that the love she bore to her husband made her think little of the cares which belong to married life. Yet were there times when her countenance was distorted with strong and angry passions, and hasty words were uttered by her lips.

It was plain, also, that the young wife felt but little sympathy with the aspirations of her husband for worldly wisdom—that wisdom which he sought by converse with books, and by listening to such instructions, in lecture-rooms and halls, as those of which he had spoken. Little cared she for these things: and among the few causes of her discontent and occasional impatience was this—that her young husband persevered by such means in obtaining and increasing in knowledge.

And by an observer of mere human mould might it have been seen, that the young wife of my owner exercised but little of that commendable thrift and wise forethought in the things of the life that now is, which I am commissioned to enjoin on all concerned, and which is depicted by me in the portraiture I give of "the virtuous woman," whose price is above rubies, and whom the heart of her husband may safely trust, in that "she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." Little of this, I fear, could have been found in her, so that, although free from the more pressing and painful privations of grinding poverty, the discomfort of carelessness and improvidence was rarely absent from that dwelling.

And yet further might it have been observed of the young wife, that, though disregarding the more solid predilections of her husband for mental solace from the daily labour of his hands, she had a strong attachment to recreations less compatible with domestic tranquillity; and in this love of exciting pleasure was she countenanced by many companions and acquaintances, so that it would not have been difficult to predict that the wedded life of my present owner, though it had commenced smoothly, would not be a scene of unruffled tranquillity throughout its course. And, alas! much as I must regret it, I was destined, in accordance with the warning of the Saviour, to be for a time the occasion of strife between them.

THE DAWNING.

Long before the nations who sat in papal gloom had, in the person of Luther, seen a great light, streaks of the day that was about to dawn continually broke the darkness. The great truths of the Reformation were not, as the Papist asserts, false lights freshly kindled, but a breathing into flame of a smouldering fire, of Divine origin, which burned even in the bosom of Rome herself, and which flashed and died away again and again, till God's good time came for it to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of his spiritual Israel.

It would be too long a task for us now to trace every one of these scintillations during the papal night. We intend only to point out the gradual dawning of the truth as it brightened more and more into the perfect day, beginning with one whose name is not so well known in the Protestant world as it deserves to be, namely, Claudius, bishop of Turin.

A Spanish priest, he filled in his youth the office of chaplain to Louis le Debonaire, king of France. Here his gentleness and talent won for him an affection from his royal master, which proved of material importance to his after-missions. In A.D. 817, Louis, perceiving the ignorance of great part of Italy in regard to the doctrines of the gospel, determined on promoting Claudius to the vacant see of Piedmont. The reason of this selection is given by a Roman Catholic writer, Fleury, and as a testimony to the character of the first great reformer it is of much weight. Louis, he says, selected Claudius on account of his great knowledge of the Scriptures.

It is interesting to know that the *first* reformer was a bishop of the mountain church of Piedmont, and there proved a barrier to the torrent of image worship which threatened to overwhelm Europe. All that we know of this champion of the truth is derived from the testimony of popish writers, and must, therefore, be received as undoubtedly unbiassed by party sympathies and prejudices. It is from them we learn that this meek pastor of the Alps laboured assiduously in the duties of teaching and tending his flock; and assuredly an episcopal visitation in Piedmont, during those wild ages, must have had something of apostolic self-sacrifice and zeal to ennoble it. On many a mountain summit, amidst perpetual snows, did this true father of the church give the bread of life to the hardy peasant, teach him God's will from his word, and warn him of the cloud charged with idolatry which rolled below.

In the brief leisure of his city hours, Claudius employed a more lasting instrument than the voice in opposing the corruptions of the church.

He wrote against them, and thus, "being dead, he yet speaketh," and blends his teaching with that of the present age. It is to be regretted that the manuscript form of all his works, save one, has rendered this teaching of little avail except to the learned. His commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, which has been printed, makes us long for the possession of the treasures which still remain buried in the obscurity of manuscript in many a French library. In that commentary he maintains the scriptural doctrine of justification by faith; he denies the infallibility of the Roman church; proves that prayers for the souls of the dead are vain and futile. He everywhere asserts the equality of all the apostles with St. Peter; declares Jesus Christ to be the only proper Head of the church; and is severe against the doctrine of human merits, and of the exaltation of tradition to a height of credibility equal to that of the Divine word.

In his commentary on St. Matthew he thus paraphrases the words, "I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine till that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom:" "No longer will I delight in the carnal ceremonies of the synagogue, among which the paschal lamb was the most distinguished, for the time of my resurrection is at hand. That day will come when, placed in the kingdom of God, exalted to the glory of immortal life, I shall be filled with a new joy, together with you, on account of the salvation of the people born again from the same spiritual fountain. What else does he mean by new wine, but the immortality of renewed bodies?" These sentiments, and his having broken and cast down the images in his diocese, excited the indignation of Rome, and complaints were made against Claudius at the court of his royal friend.

The bishop being called to account for his conduct, thus apologized:—"Being obliged to accept this bishopric, when I came to Turin I found all the churches full of abominations and images; and because I began to destroy what every one adored, every one began to open his mouth against me. They say, 'We do not believe that there is anything divine in the image; we only reverence it in honour of the person whom it represents.' I answer: 'If they who have quitted the worship of devils honour the images of saints, they have not forsaken idols, they have only changed the names. For whether you paint upon a wall the pictures of St. Peter or St. Paul, or those of Jupiter, Saturn, or Mercury, they are all *dead*, and are therefore now neither gods, apostles, nor men. If you worship Peter or Paul, you may have changed the name, but the error continues the same. *If men must be adored, there would be less absurdity in adoring them when alive, while they are the image of God, than after they are dead, when they only resemble stocks and stones.* And if we are not allowed to adore the works of God, much less are we allowed to adore the works of men. If the cross of Christ ought to be adored because he was nailed to it, for the same reason we ought to adore mangers because he was laid in one, and swaddling clothes because he was wrapped in them. We have not been commanded to adore the cross, but to bear it, and to deny ourselves.'"

"In defending the truth," he says, in another place, "I am become a reproach to my neighbours; those who see me scoff at me, and point at me to one another. But the Father of mercies and the God of all consolations has comforted me in my tribulations, that I may be able to comfort others who are oppressed with sorrow and affliction. I rely on the protection of Him who has armed me with the armour of righteousness and faith, the tried shield of my eternal salvation."

Louis retained a tender memory of his young chaplain, whose ingenuous and gentle nature had been such a contrast to the wild, fierce, turbulent spirits of the time, and would not listen to his enemies, but interposed the shield of his protection between him and Rome. The papacy dared not defy the power which had so recently established and strengthened it, and the good bishop was not again molested in his holy labours. He lived and died amidst his own people, beloved as a father and revered as a saint.

He was early called to his reward, and no successor, worthy to fill his vacant place, became for many a long year bishop of Turin. Mysterious indeed must have appeared that dispensation which so briefly illumined the valleys of Piedmont, only to leave them in a more perceptible darkness. But the light was only *apparently* quenched. The memory of the good bishop still shone, a guiding star for his flock, the light perchance brighter now that the earthen pitcher which held it was broken. They clung with a stedfast faith to the truths which Claudius had taught during the two following centuries. The name of *Vaudois* was given to them, which after-time corrupted into *Waldenses;* and thus we find that the Protestant church of the Alps was *not* a new sect founded by Peter Waldo, but a Christian church preserved in the truth by a bishop ordained by Rome herself.

"Twin stars" next rise on the night of the church during this period—Cyril and his devout brother Methodius. They were born of a Roman family residing at Thessalonica, and were educated at Constantinople. In A.D. 846 the famous Photius, who by much ingenuity had obtained the bishopric of Constantinople, contended, out of opposition to and envy of

Ignatius, that every man had two souls. Cyril boldly reproved him for this heresy. Photius excused himself by saying that such was really not his own belief, but that he had asserted it to try the logical powers of Ignatius.

"You have thrown your darts into the crowd," said Cyril, "yet pretend that none will be hurt. How keen soever the eyes of your wisdom may be, they are blinded by the smoke of avarice and envy." A significant warning, which many might take, who, in the present day, start novel doctrines contrary to "the simplicity which is in Christ," under a similar blindness.

The borders of the Greek empire were, at that period, harassed by the frequent incursions of the Bulgarians, a barbarous and savage nation still plunged in the darkness of paganism. In one of their incursions, the young sister of their king, Bogoris, was by some strange accident taken prisoner and brought to Constantinople. We say by some strange accident; it would be more true to say by God's good providence; for, as in the case of Naaman's little maid, the Lord had a purpose in her captivity. He brought her within the hearing of his word, and he prepared her heart to receive it.

She returned from her thraldom doubly ransomed; no longer the slave of sin and Satan, but a Christian in heart as well as name. With the zeal of a real convert, she urged her idolatrous brother to turn from his vanities and seek the living God, and used all the arguments her simple faith taught her to convince him of the futility of their national worship.

Bogoris was touched by her love and her earnestness, but was not prevailed on by her to forsake the gods of his fathers. At last a famine and a plague desolated Bulgaria. Bogoris vainly sacrificed to his idols in order to avert the judgment; they were, he found, powerless to deliver; and at his sister's prayer, he poured forth a supplication to the God of the Christians. The Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague ceased. There was something so striking in the immediate answer which was vouchsafed to his prayer, that Bogoris sent to Constantinople, and solicited the presence of his sister's teachers. The brothers came, ready to use all their talents in their Master's service. Nor can we forbear from observing how every gift and every accomplishment may be made subservient to the cause of God if the heart be right with him. Methodius was a painter. The unpractised eye of the royal barbarian was charmed with the first specimens of art he had ever seen. He requested the missionary to paint him a picture. Methodius seized the opportunity; he painted the final judgment; and when the awed Bulgarian asked what the terrible vision meant, he told him how God had appointed a day to judge the world in righteousness by the Christ whom he had sent.

Startled and terrified, Bogoris asked, like the jailer, "What shall I do to be saved?" The answer was that of the Christianity of all ages, and Bogoris believed and was baptized. The brothers then continued their apostolic labours along the banks of the Danube, and at length proceeded to the Crimea itself.

Nor was the faith they taught only a better kind of idolatry. It was God's word they taught — God's word that they gave to the people. Nay, because they—the Crimeans—had no letters, Cyril invented an alphabet for them, formed the Sclavonic into a written language, and translated the holy Scriptures into it. God blessed the labour with much fruit, and Bartilas, prince of Moravia, hearing of the brothers, sent and begged them to visit him and his people. Side by side, they again journeyed on their light-giving errand; taught the Moravians the letters and language they had made, and thus opened to them also the gospel of Christ. Methodius became bishop of Moravia, and, to this day, the Moravian church uses the language and the liturgy of these faithful brethren.

> Who art thou that wouldst grave thy name,
> Thus deeply on a brother's heart!
> Look on these saints, and learn to frame
> Thy love-charm with true Christian art.
>
> If he's before thee in the race,
> Urge him with thine advancing tread;
> Till like twin stars, with even pace,
> Each lucid course be duly sped.

Time would fail us to speak of all the twinkling stars that lighted the dark sky of Rome during the gradually increasing darkness till the sixteenth century. Luther himself shall introduce us to one of the last of these morning planets.

"Behold," he says, "I am told that even in these days there is in secret a remnant of the people of God. Nay, I am not only told so, but I rejoice to see a proof of it. Here is a new publication of Wesselus of Groningen, a man of an admirable genius and of an uncommonly enlarged mind. It is very plain he was taught of God, as Isaiah prophesied that Christians should be; and as in my own case, so with him, it cannot be supposed that he received his doctrines from men. If I had read his words before, my enemies might have supposed that I had learned everything from Wesselus, such a perfect coincidence there is in our opinions. I am surprised that this excellent Christian writer should be so little known."

Thus speaks the great reformer, and an examination of the few and rare works of Wesselus which still remain, would lead us to believe he had been an English divine rather

than a member of that of papal Rome. He proves the perfect consistency of justification by faith and the necessity of good works; declares the utter corruption of man's nature, his need of repentance, and of the assisting and sanctifying grace of the Spirit.

Amidst the storm of persecution which broke out in 1479, Wesselus was protected by David of Burgundy, bishop of Utrecht, who both loved and esteemed him. Nay, so great was his reputation for holiness and intelligence, that Pope Sixtus IV, immediately after his inauguration at Rome, offered to grant him any request he chose to make.

"My request," replied Wesselus, "is that you would so discharge the duties of your elevated station, that your praise may correspond with your dignity, and that when the Great Shepherd shall appear, whose first minister you are, he may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The pope replied: "That must be *my* care, but do *you* ask something for yourself."

"Then," replied the future writer against the Papacy, "I beg you to give me out of the Vatican library a Greek and a Hebrew Bible."

"You shall have them," said Sixtus; "but, foolish man, why don't you ask a bishopric, or something of that sort?"

"For the best of reasons," said Wesselus, "because I don't want such things."

To those who are not in the habit of studying the chameleon-like changes of the human mind, and are unobservant of the constant and cunning wiles of the enemy of Christ's church, it will appear strange and startling that this enlightened Christian should have been harassed on his death-bed by doubts of revealed religion. The friend to whom he confided this weakness was astonished, and knew not how to answer him, save by directing him to turn his thoughts more entirely to his Saviour. The admonition appeared to displease him, and his friend retired deeply afflicted. But in the hour of this his extreme need, the Lord did not fail his servant. To the godly arose light in the darkness. Amid the gloom of the shadow of death, the lost day-star gleamed forth once more. The Lord turned and looked upon Wesselus, and when his sorrowing friend came back, the sufferer greeted him with joyful accents, crying, "God be praised! my vain doubtings are fled, and now, all I know is Jesus Christ and him crucified." With these words, he fell asleep.

We will close this brief record of the dawning of truth with the touching and yet cheering spectacle of a woman, both setting it forth and suffering for it.

One of the most polished courts of Europe, during the sixteenth century, was that of Ferrara. There the wisdom of this world shone in all its false lustre. There Ariosto sang, philosophers taught, wits disputed, and chivalry displayed its courtliest grace and gallantry. Renée of France, the duke's wife, was one of the most intelligent and accomplished princesses of the age. But it was another love than that of romance or chivalry which she studied—a deeper wisdom than the subtle questions of the schools. She read the word of God in its original languages; and, taught by it, she refused confession; would not be present at the mass, and fearlessly condemned the teaching and the doctrines of Rome. Her husband was pained and displeased; he endeavoured vainly to win her back to his own faith; but prayers, threats, and entreaties were all vain. At length, by the advice of his confessor, he shut her up in a strong tower, and deprived her of her children's presence. But she knew that she who loveth husband or children better than Christ is not worthy of him, and for her Saviour's sake she meekly resigned all—her princely dignity, her womanly freedom, her maternal happiness—and died, one of those hidden martyrs, on whom the judgment day alone will bestow their palms. Her children have been renowned in song and story, while her name rests in its holy oblivion till the hour when God shall make up his jewels.

One of those children was the Alfonso to whom Tasso dedicated his immortal poem; another, Lucrezia, betrayed her native land, and yielded up its freedom to the Popedom: both were unworthy of such a parent. But the youngest, Leonora d'Este, preserved, probably, some memory of the truths taught to her in childhood, for she was a grave and gracious princess, so blameless and holy in her daily walk and conversation that the people ascribed the cessation of a plague to her prayers. One likes to think that for *this* child God had heard Renée's prayers in her lonely prison.

May these examples of devout servants of God, who made his word a lamp to their feet amid clouds and darkness, lead *us*, who live in brighter and better days, to watch carefully that the light within us become not darkness, for great indeed would it be; far worse than the mere external superstitions of an ignorant and benighted age.

> Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if thou be near;
> Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide thee from thy servants' eyes.

BURNING JOSS PAPER.

"WELL, there appears to be a great waste of paper in this place. It's a pity we haven't got it in England; we could there change its colour

and make it useful." Such was the utilitarian remark of a young merchant, who had but lately arrived in Canton, and who was looking with some interest, and not a little wonder, at a Chinaman, who, in a narrow and crowded street in the vicinity of the foreign factories, was burning several large sheets of paper, and making many genuflexions before a little recess in the brick wall, which abutted from the house of which he seemed the owner, or, at all events, the inhabitant; for after the fire had burnt the paper to ashes, and the winds had scattered the ashes in the street—wafting some heavenward, and some on the clothes of the passers-by—he walked quietly in at the door, which he closed after him.

I had seen this done so many thousand times during a long residence in Canton, that it had ceased to be a matter in the least interesting to me, or to excite that surprise which it would naturally engender in the mind of a new-comer; and yet, in truth, the act was one of importance; for it was an act of worship—a sacrifice by fire, and an obeisance of the body in conformity with that sacrifice. Besides the Chinaman who had entered the house, there were in the same street many others engaged in the same rite; indeed over the whole of this great country, at the same hour, millions had offered, and were offering, this service to their household gods before partaking of their evening meal.

This ceremony is generally known to the foreign residents by the definition of burning "joss-paper;" but this term, to those who at a distance may happen to read it, and are unacquainted with the *patois* commonly spoken by the foreigners resident in Canton, would convey no meaning, because they could not understand the word "joss," though it is one frequently to be found in English writings on matters relating to the Chinese, and has thus become an adopted English word. It is first of all necessary, therefore, that we should explain what it means.

This word is derived then from the Portuguese word *Deos*. The Portuguese were the first of the western people who had a permanent settlement on the shores of China. For services rendered by them, three centuries back, to the Chinese government, the peninsula of Macao—then a barren and tenantless rock, but now the site of a populous and ancient city—was ceded to them; the introduction there of the Romish faith was necessarily a consequence of this cession; and hence, in speaking of anything connected with worship, the Portuguese language would be the dominant one among the foreign languages spoken. The Chinese have great difficulty in speaking any language save their own; their pronunciation of such foreign words as they occasionally use is, therefore, corrupt and inaccurate; and thus it is that the word *Deos* has become changed into "joss," and, in English, is always used when describing any act or place having reference to the religious ceremonies of this singular people. Hence the burning of the sacrificial paper is called burning "joss-paper," the sanctuaries of their priests, which in China are literally "on every high hill and under every green tree," are called "joss-houses."

But this word, though generally used by the foreigners in the *patois* spoken by them in China, is only known by the few natives there, who by their commercial avocations are brought into antagonism with resident foreigners: their own definitions are far more expressive.

When the act is the same as that which is illustrated by the accompanying engraving, it is called Pai-shur, which means to worship by fire. But the offerings which are made by the Chinese are not restricted to the burning of paper; there is a large consumption of an article which the English call "joss-stick." The best joss-sticks are made from the sawdust of cedar-wood, and are to be purchased in Canton in any quantities; they are packed in bundles about nine inches long, and of a catty weight,* and vary from the thickness of a small pinion to the size of a little finger, and are made more easily consumable by being prepared with a slight infusion of saltpetre; they are occasionally to be purchased in London, and are here sold as pastiles.

Now in looking at these acts of pagan worship, one cannot but be forcibly impressed with the strong indication they bear—strange though it may seem—that they have a divine original, and be led to the belief that the Chinese of to-day, like the Greeks of two thousand years ago, are alike conscious of an unknown God. The genuflexions of the Chinese of the present time, and the incense they burn, are acts of worship in form as old as the days of Cain and Abel; but the end which the Chinese have in view in the observance of these rites is a material one alone. Good luck and dollars are the "be-all and the end-all" of their religious sentiments; so that if, in remote times, they have had some glimmering of the truth, during the lapse of centuries their minds have become darkened, and but faint scintillations of its origin is left with them; and even that which they possess is misunderstood and perverted. Nay, so frequently in the lapse of ages do effects in their turn become causes, that I make no question that in some cases where the Chinese

* A catty is a Chinese weight equal to one pound one third English avoirdupois, that is, a little over twenty-one ounces.

BURNING JOSS-PAPER BY THE CHINESE.

now use the joss-stick with some religious observance, it was originally introduced from its sanitary benefit only.

The burning of this joss-paper is not confined to the inhabitants of cities; it is a nightly ceremony with its vast boat population; and in the darkness there is something at once mysterious and picturesque in watching the burning paper floating with the stream, hurrying swiftly forward with the tide, casting around a wild and lurid brightness, which, in a twinkling extinguished, is like—

"The snowdrop on the river,
One moment seen, then lost for ever!"

Yet surely this picturesque feeling is dissipated by a graver and more solemn emotion when we regard these illuminations as the signal-fires of idolatry—as tangible proofs that this great land is almost everywhere given up to forgetfulness of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. Christians! is there nothing in the spectacle to move your sympathies, to excite your prayers, and stimulate your efforts for the conversion of China?

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

GRACE AND PEACE.

"GRACE" and "peace" are words that often occur, and are frequently linked together, in the New Testament. This is especially the case in the letters of the apostle Paul. For example, in Rom. i. 7, he says in the introductory portion of his epistle, "*Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.*" This was his usual prayer on behalf of the various churches with which he corresponded, as reference to the epistles that bear his name will verify. Now the terms of this prayer are worthy of our special notice. They sum up all the blessings of the gospel. He that receives "grace and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ," possesses all that the soul of man can enjoy or omnipotence bestow.

As the first of these terms, "grace," is used with some degree of latitude by the writer, it is necessary to glance at the different meanings he attaches to it, so that its exact import in this passage may be fixed. When writing to the evangelist Titus, by the phrase "grace" the apostle describes the gospel as the revelation of the boundless love of God to man, thus: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus ii. 11—13.) He also uses the term "grace" to denote the operation of the Divine power upon the soul, so as to effectually lead it to hate evil and to love goodness, truth, purity—the right in feeling, desire, and action. In this sense we find it in his letter to the Corinthian church, when, alluding to the transformation of his own character, he says—"By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain." (1 Cor. xv. 10.)

It is, however, chiefly used by him to express *the fulness of the unmerited favour of God as the source of our salvation, and of all its accompanying blessings.* To quote all the passages where the term is employed in this sense would be to repeat a very large portion of the apostle's letters, and would deprive our readers of the advantage of a personal examination of the epistles themselves. It is in the last-named sense that he employs it in his prayer for the Christians at Rome. He desires that the Divine favour and love, which led to their emancipation from idolatry, from trust in a dead ritualism, and from condemnation, might still be manifested towards them, to invigorate and preserve in their hearts the principles of the new and divine life of which they had been made partakers.

The second gift which he desires for them is "*peace.*" By which he means that perfect tranquillity and harmony of the inner life which is experienced by those who receive the "grace" of God. Grace and peace are related to each other as cause and effect. Where love to God exists, the insensibility to the influence of truth; the torpor of conscience, of the will, and of the affections; or the reproaches of that conscience aroused only to accuse of sin, and to shadow forth coming wrath; the conviction of guilt and of uncleanness, that harassed the soul and caused it to dread all serious reflection; these, all these, pass away when Christ is received as the Saviour, and in their place, joy and peace come in to dwell. The penitent believer in "the gospel of the grace of God" perceives that his guilt, in its penal consequences, has been atoned for by the Lord Jesus; that his justification has been secured by the resurrection of his deliverer, that he might appear in the presence of God for him; that his emancipation from the thraldom of long-contracted habits of sin, and the remoulding of his moral nature, are secured by the advocacy of Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit; and, finally, that his eternal glory is secured by the express promise of the Lord that bought him: "He that believeth on me shall not perish, but shall have eternal life." These are the convictions of the man who trusts to the testimony of the gospel, and who acts in conformity with that belief. Every portion of that testimony serves to strengthen his faith, and to confirm his assurance that "He is faithful" in whom he trusted—"the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Thus reconciled to God by belief of "the record which he hath given" concerning Christ, and made, in consequence, a member of his family and inheritor of his kingdom—the consciousness of this (when applied with power by the indwelling Spirit), fills the heart with "joy unspeakable," and diffuses throughout the soul the most tranquil satisfaction. Compared with this, all other

peace is trouble, and all other joy disquietude. This is what the apostle calls the "peace that passeth understanding." (Phil. iv. 7.) None can really estimate the value of this blessing but those who enjoy it; and they have it because they have *scriptural* warrant for believing that they have passed "from death unto life"—that God is no longer angry with them—that he will not reckon with them for their sins in "the great and terrible day of the Lord"—that for Christ's sake they have been fully pardoned, and that God will guide and sustain them to the close of their earthly career, and then receive them unto himself to dwell with him for ever, "in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"This honour have all the saints." It is not the privilege of some, but the common portion of all who "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Therefore, we perceive how "peace" follows "grace;" and hence, we conclude that, where there is no such peace reigning in the heart, through the reception of the gospel, that heart must be a stranger to the "grace" of God, and yet in its sins. For it is the decree of heaven that "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." (Isaiah xlviii. 22.)

Mark, reader, the Scriptures do not specify the *degree* in which this profound tranquillity is enjoyed by each reconciled person. They merely assert that it is a necessary result of restoration to God. It evidently, from its nature, becomes more and more profound as the convert progresses in holiness. As the heart is weaned from the objects and pursuits of sin; as it becomes more sensible of the love of God in giving *to* him and *for* him, the Lord Jesus; as it realizes its new relations to the divine and the eternal, and desires to live solely in accordance with the revealed will of God; so does its peace become more deep and heavenly.

If it should be asked, "How can we maintain and secure this peace?" the reply is simple. Take heed against presumption, abide in Christ, and cherish a constant watchfulness over the state of your heart, your inclinations, temper, and disposition.

Take heed of presumption. The inspired writer of the book of Deuteronomy tells us (chap. xxix. ver. 19), that even when listening to the announcement of the vengeance which would certainly overtake the wicked, there were some who said, "We shall have peace though we walk after the imagination of our heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." This is a fearful delusion—the most fearful that any soul can beguile itself with. That the subject of such a delusion may have peace there can be no doubt; but it is not, and cannot be, the "peace of God." By turning to the New Testament, we find our Saviour describing the nature and origin of that peace, in the eleventh chapter of the gospel of Luke. He there shows that as the Holy Spirit diffuses peace throughout the soul where he abides, so likewise its counterfeit fills the heart where the spirit of evil has sway. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." Indulgence in any known sin, or the neglect of any known duty, delivers us into the hands of the ruler of the children of disobedience; and that dread being blinds his willing victim, and strengthens his delusions by crying "peace, peace." Sin is to the soul what a powerful opiate is to the body. By it conscience is drugged and rendered insensible. Like a man in a burning house, whose sleep is rendered more profound by the warmth of the flame that is silently investing and soon will consume him, so is every one in the circumstances we have just described. The greater his supposed safety, the nearer is he to destruction. His peace, at best, is but short-lived. That which deepened his slumber will soon scorch and agonize. The hand of God will be laid upon the dreamer, and then his peace will flee away! The word of God, abused, neglected, set aside, will then be found to be infallible truth. Conscience, too, will awake as a witness for God, to sleep no more! Trouble and anguish, remorse and despair, will become the everlasting tenants of that wretched and self-deceived soul, and will lash it like scorpions. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." If this be the result of all sin, it is especially so of all presumptuous sin. Let us, then, take heed against it; for as light cannot be produced by darkness, or life by death, neither can true peace result from indulgence in any known sin. He, too, that is anxious to avoid not only evil, but the appearance of evil, that peace with and from God may be maintained, will

Abide in Christ. To do so, is to have constant regard to his revealed will; to seek the accomplishment of his gracious purposes in us, by resting on his priestly intervention, as the offerer of the all-sufficient sacrifice on our behalf, and as our "all-prevailing advocate" with God, and by him to keep up unremitting intercourse with "Him that sitteth on the throne." Thus we shall dwell in him, and daily derive wisdom, strength, light, love from him. Without him we can do nothing—resist no temptation, and are incapable of the self-sacrifice and self-denial to which he calls. Therefore, said he, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." Here, then, is the secret by which peace of heart

and conscience can be maintained. He that so abides in Christ, becomes a sharer in the bequest which he made on the eve of his departure from the world, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." And again, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace." (John xiv. 27; xvi. 33.) Here, reader, is the abode of peace. Let us enter in and dwell for evermore. Renouncing all other refuges, let us betake ourselves to this; and, though beset by temptations, and harassed by Satanic suggestions and the reawakening of evil within at the voice of the enemy without—though hedged in by difficulties and oppressed by many cares—though deserted, bereaved, poverty-stricken—we shall find peace in Christ, and with it the sweetness of the Divine favour and the fulness of Divine love!

He who thus discovers Christ the Lord to be the peace-giver, will maintain fellowship with him, by cherishing an abiding sense of the necessity of a constant guard being kept over the state and engagements of the heart and mind, of the memory and the imagination, of the inclination and the will. These are the strongholds of the soul, which, if not watched and defended, will most assuredly be taken possession of by the enemy of all righteousness, and place us at his disposal. Thousands overlook this, or listlessly acknowledge its truth, and leave them as unguarded as before! They fall an easy prey to the destroyer. They deliver themselves into his hands. Their blood is upon their own heads. Reader! art thou of the number who live, as if they believed that without "watching unto prayer," without having on "the whole armour of God," without giving any diligence to fight "the good fight of faith," without secret supplication and earnest vigilance, they, somehow or other, shall, in the end, be prepared for the inheritance of the saints in light? If thou art not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad. For their way is their folly; their path is not that of the just; their rule of life is not that "once delivered to the saints;" and their "end is destruction." If God's work is to progress *in* us, it must be advanced *by* us. Divine grace does not suspend either the moral agency, or set aside the moral responsibility of man. God's Spirit does not act independently of us; on the contrary, he leads us "to *will* and to *do*," in accordance with his gracious and righteous purposes. He quickens and causes us to employ in the service of holiness the faculties which were once the servants of sin. No holiness, no peace and no joy for man or angel. This is the law of the whole moral universe. And there can be no holiness without our own willing co-operation with God. We are neither machines nor brutes, but men, and hence the repeated injunctions to depart from evil and do good, to keep the heart with all diligence, to add to our faith virtue, to walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit, to make our calling and election sure.

But as holiness consists in the right state of the affections, the desires, the will, and the understanding—the accordance of the moral, emotional, and intellectual powers of our nature with the known will of God—it is clear that where those powers are ungoverned and unguarded, sin has an undisturbed empire. Grace, reader, is not like a weed that requires no culture, that flourishes in the degree that it is neglected; but it is an exotic from the paradise above, that withers and droops, if not tended and cherished by watchfulness and prayer. Let us not deceive ourselves on this point. External fellowship with a church, however orthodox or spiritual, constitues no valid proof that we have fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. *That* can be known only by our Christian *life*—by its vigour and by its advance! This every truly converted person is assured of. But where the soul hungers and thirsts after righteousness, sin will not only be mourned over, and confessed with deep contrition before God, but sedulously guarded against, and Divine power sought to resist its force. The times, the occasions, and the modes of its attack will be considered, and watch and ward kept that it may not prevail. Where this is done, there will be an obvious and noticeable advance in holiness, and an unceasing conscious enjoyment of the Divine favour. Old things will pass away, and all things become new. The leopard will change his spots; and those who once had only "a name to live," and whose unchanged state was manifested by the violence or petulance of their tempers, their sheer worldiness, or their pleasure in evil words and works, will daily rise into the moral likeness of their Saviour, and be assimilated to him in purity, gentleness, and heavenly-mindedness.

Watch, therefore, reader, watch and pray, that you be not deceived by the deceitfulness of sin, or blinded and led astray by the delusions of Satan. Study yourself. Search out and bring into view your besetting sins. Determine to be thoroughly acquainted with your own character. Neither allow self-love nor self-indulgence to hinder your doing so. View yourself by the light of the word of God and the example of our Lord; and then you will never lack matter for earnest supplication; nor will you be likely to trust in yourself for the fulfilment of any good purpose. Be not satisfied with doing this once or twice; let it be a daily duty. Do not allow a day *to begin* without profiting by the experience of the day before; nor allo-

day *to close* without solemnly considering how you have borne yourself through its hours. Let this be done, and you will find that duty becomes plain and performance easy. The "grace" of the Lord Jesus Christ will be "sufficient for you," and, as the result of your own experience, you will be able to say with the psalmist, "Great peace have they that love his law, and nothing shall offend them!"

Life's Closing Hours.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

No man occupied a more conspicuous place among the notables of the religious world, during the generation just gone by, than the late Rev. Rowland Hill. The spacious sanctuary which he long occupied, and in which he had begun to preach when the truths of the gospel were little understood in the metropolis, was commonly regarded as one of the sights of London, and even remote country quarters heard with admiration of Surrey chapel, its large congregation, and its amiable though eccentric minister. Rowland Hill was the last link connecting the past generation with the days of Whitefield, Wesley, and their compeers; and long after the great lights of the modern Tabernacle had sunk, he was permitted to shine with steadiness and brilliancy. Who can estimate the benefits conferred by these heroes upon the church and the world? What are the inventions of science, what the appliances of art, before the achievements of which they were instrumental? The effect of their preaching upon many a worldling was as if a new heaven had been discovered, not known before; the effect upon a slumbering church was like that of some trumpet-blast, which warns the host that a terrible and destructive foe is near. The irregularities of such men were like the "faults" which occur in the strata of the earth—often unsightly, often inconvenient, but serving to supply mankind with abundant streams of living water. Long surviving his early companions, Rowland Hill was permitted to see the result of their conjoint labours in the extension of vital religion within and without the Established Church.

The subject of our notice was formed by nature and by grace for the position which the providence of God called him to occupy. We shall not attempt to characterize his ecclesiastical opinions. Passing over these, he was endowed with many special qualifications. He had several things about him which awaken public attention. To possess such an introduction is no little advantage to any man. He was born of a good family; had relations not only distinguished for aristocratic birth, but, as in the case of Lord Hill, for high personal achievements; his personal appearance had a commanding dignity, his look was full of intelligence and observation, and his loud and powerful voice was capable of being heard by thousands at once.

The personal sacrifices which Hill had made added also to his prestige. He was known to have relinquished for the cause of Christ, rank, fortune, and social distinctions; and men who would have turned away from an ordinary preacher, listened with eagerness to *him*. The appearance, the crowd, the music of Surrey chapel had for that day a great attraction. Large congregations were then comparatively rare, even in London. Men came to hear, and Mr. Hill knew well how, having gained the ear, to aim at the heart. The Holy Spirit, in whom his dependance was, gave him distinguished success. Converts were reckoned in large numbers.

During a course of nearly seventy years, Rowland Hill thus lived and laboured. At first itinerating with the Calvinistic Methodists, he had at length fixed himself mainly at Surrey chapel (built for his use), though he never desisted from his labours as an occasional preacher elsewhere. The half of his year was nominally spent in London; the other half at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire; but both periods were subject to constant deviations and interruptions for itinerating work. No man was so ready to preach at almost any call of benevolence or religion. To preach, indeed, cost him little effort; it was usually the spontaneous expression of the feelings of his heart, and, as a natural consequence, his sermons varied as did the impulses of the moment. Yet, except on some occasions of peculiar temptation, his preaching realized the sentiment, "the words of the wise are as goads." They went from the heart to the heart. No matter if the wires were sometimes jagged and uneven, the shock was often resistless. He knew the value of the three Rs, commemorated often by evangelical preachers as forming the staple materials of a gospel sermon—Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration. "My aim in every sermon," he said, "is a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be a universal blessing to all." Berridge had called Hill in his younger days "a comet;" and he retained that character till his dying day. He called himself "Rector of Surrey chapel, Vicar of Wotton-under-Edge, and Curate of all the fields and commons in England and Wales." It was not wonderful, therefore, if his opinions had exposed him to some animadversion, though the personal affection of most of his friends remained unchanged.

The amount of his labours was extraordinary. He was computed to have preached twenty-three thousand sermons, or, on an average, nearly a sermon a day; a number perhaps only exceeded by John Wesley.

He was in the custom of recommending pulpit labour, with his characteristic humour, as a panacea for most ministers' disorders, and a recipe for long life, and he retained the ruling passion strong to his dying day. Though frequently exposed, especially in his earlier days, to personal insult, his fearlessness was remarkable. He often preached in storm and uproar. On one occasion, when preaching at Portsea, to an unruly mob of sailors, he contrived, with admirable adroitness, to get them to listen to what he had *meant* to have said to them if they would have allowed him, and by his good humour and frankness won his rough enemies to his side. His foes might object to him that his love of humour led him sometimes into extremes, that his words were not always guarded, and that he sometimes forgot both his message and himself. But his great excellences formed a large counterpoise to all such defects; and such levities Mr. Hill himself was the first to mourn over. On one occasion, after having been so betrayed, he was found bewailing his fault with deep anguish, saying; "I never wish to say a single word to excite a smile, which would prevent an immediate approach to God, in all the solemnity of spiritual prayer."

Mr. Hill's preaching had power—power of the highest kind. Many distinguished men, among others the late Mr. Wilberforce, attended upon and profited by his ministrations. Dean Milner said at the conclusion of one of his sermons: "I *felt* to-day; 'tis this slap-dash preaching that does all the good." A friend and companion says: "I do not remember ever to have remained two days with Mr. Hill, in any town, without meeting with one person or more to whom his ministry had been made useful." The secret of this success was that Mr. Hill was a man of exemplary holiness and of anxious prayer. Long will his memory be revered in the sanctuary in which, during a long life, he had so often preached. "His ascent of the pulpit stairs in his old age," says one of his biographers, speaking of his better frames, "was most striking. His venerable figure, his slow and solemn step, the evident fulness of his mind wrapt up in his subject, his commanding air and perfect self-possession, combined to produce the feeling that his people often expressed, 'it does us good if we can only see him!'" Nor in Surrey chapel alone will the name of the Rev. Rowland Hill be respected! It will endure as an illustration of the grace of God, wherever spiritual religion is honoured, throughout the world.

It is delightful to add to this portraiture that Mr. Hill was not more distinguished by his public labours than by his private excellences. His humility, kindness, and general forbearance, were remarkable. Though not faultless, as has been faithfully shown in the pages of his biographies, he was a man of God, not only tenaciously holding the great doctrines of the gospel, but laboriously intent on showing their efficacy in his own life. Though he was eminently cheerful, he knew how to restrain his cheerfulness, and no man was more loud in denouncing sinful compliances. He was an exemplary husband and master. His extraordinary benevolence was extended even to his horses and to his domestic animals.

The memory of Rowland Hill has been left in a form more enduring than marble in those great institutions which, formed in his day, have been transmitted, to be the honour of our own. Not only did his large benevolence prompt him to constant movements for the benefit of the aged, the industrious, the needy, the afflicted; not only did he interest himself warmly in the introduction of vaccination, which he practised gratuitously upon its first discovery; not only did he visit the prisoner in his cell, and show his interest in his country's defenders by assembling a body of volunteers within the walls of Surrey chapel; not only was he a friend to the slave, and an enemy of slavery in all its forms; but many noble societies owed much of their efficiency to his zeal and fostering care. Among these were, "The Book Society for promoting religious knowledge among the poor"—Sunday-schools, which he set up in London and laboured to promote by the agency of a society comprising men of various religious denominations—the London Missionary Society—the Religious Tract Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. Many more institutions, of less note, were either originated by his enterprize or aided by his wisdom. Nor was he like the ostrich, who, having laid its eggs in the sand, forgets that the feet may crush them, or the beast of the field devour them. On the contrary, he continued through life to identify himself with the prosperity of these important movements, urging his people to liberal benefactions for their support, whilst his own purse largely contributed, often anonymously, for their maintenance. If over the prospects of any such institutions any cloud was seen to gather, he was one of the first to bewail it; if any personal exertions could tend to restore peace, he was among the foremost to employ them. His liberality towards differing Christians was a prime element in his character. He was, as some one said of him, "a bigot for liberality," and his whole life exemplified his sense of his

favourite aphorism, "Better love Christians than parties." Even those who might differ from some of his views as tending towards vague indefiniteness, must admire the nobleness of his unselfish heart.

The result of this character was, that in his later days Rowland Hill was regarded with peculiar respect and affection wherever he was seen. When his nephew, Lord Hill, received, at Guildhall, the honours of the city of London, his uncle was loudly cheered and welcomed. The presence of the good old man upon the platform of a public society was usually the signal for general acclamation and a warm welcome, and when he spoke, the influence of his words was usually most propitious. His wit and humour, indeed, were peculiar qualifications for the platform, though somewhat apt to degenerate into the comic. But there was relief about it; and the tear succeeding the smile is one of the highest achievements of public oratory.

In the year 1826, Mr. Hill had reached the eighty-third year of his age. In reference to it he said: "I ought to be much more ripe than I am. I wish by a wise conduct, as long as strength lasts, to do good without doing harm. My course is nearly finished. Oh, that I may finish it with joy!" Yet at this time his activity was extraordinary. He not only preached twice on the Lord's day, but made itinerant excursions into the country, as he had been wont to do, preaching nearly every day, sometimes at considerable length. He made frequent allusions in the pulpit to the probability of his speedy removal—"allusions," says his biographer, "which seldom failed to bring tears into the eyes of his people, who were constantly saying, when they looked on his hoary hairs and aged face, 'the Lord spare him a few years more.'" The same relative and biographer says: "When Mr. Hill entered his eighty-fifth year, under a solemn impression that it would be his last birth-day, he selected for the evening text, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.' His countenance was unusually pale, but exceedingly expressive of the train of serious and devout ideas that was passing through his mind, and of the awe with which he contemplated the near approach of the day when his account must be rendered up to God. His calm but lofty tone bespoke the repose of his own bosom. It was like the half-hour before sunset, in the midst of nature's most majestic scenery, when there is not a breath to agitate the frailest leaf, or ripple the glassy smoothness of the water's surface; it was the sublime of tranquillity!" "He shed no tear," says one of his biographers, "on this birth-day, but his people shed many; and one poor man, devoted to his ministry, said to me: 'Sir, I cannot bear the thought of losing him; I wish we could put him back about forty years!' The increasing infirmities of age, and an inflammation which affected his eyes, compelled Mr. Hill at this time to use an amanuensis, he being no longer able to see clearly, especially at night. About this time his friend and biographer, the late Mr. Jones, witnessed his farewell of Surrey chapel, under the impression that he should return to it no more. Part of the scene may be given; the whole is very characteristic.

"Having finished his lunch, he called out, 'Charles, are the horses ready?' 'Not quite, sir.' 'Horses are good things, sir,' he remarked; 'I had one that carried me many miles to preach the gospel; he was a kind creature. . . . . O me! I am now leaving this place, never, perhaps, to see it again. Oh! 'tis a solemn thought!' . . . . . When summoned to depart, he said, 'Oh dear, must I go? He rose with difficulty from his chair. He walked to the door, and turning back he sighed, and gave a searching look round the room, and then, in a subdued tone, with his eyes raised, he exclaimed, 'Oh, 'tis a solemn thought; I am not likely to see this place again.' He paused, and in a voice little louder than a whisper, added: 'But what a mercy to have lived here fifty years, and by heavenly grace to have been kept unspotted from the world.' He then said to his attendant, 'I'll go into the kitchen, and see the servants.' . . . . . After taking leave of them, and even of the cat," Mr. Jones says, "Mr. Hill then proceeded to the coach-yard. He looked for a second or two with deep interest at the chapel: 'There I have preached for fifty years; but my work is done.' He got into his carriage, and then exclaimed, as he drew up the window-blind, 'Farewell, till bodies meet to part no more.'"

Yet Mr. Hill returned once more to London, though his bodily strength was well nigh exhausted. He was now compelled to sit to preach, and it was with some difficulty that he could read his text, though it was written out for him in very large characters. His mind was ripening for its change. "Oh!" said he, "I love those lines of old Sternhold:—

> "Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
> This is the total sum;
> For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
> O let thy mercy come!"

The loss of Mrs. Hill, which had occurred in 1830, had deeply affected him, and strongly admonished him of his own approaching change. Some of his remarks upon death were pertinent and affecting: "What a mercy it is to feel Christ as our life while we are in life, that when we come to die we may find his love as a fire within us, warming our souls when the chilling hand of death is upon us." "I would

rather die a thousand deaths than that the cause of God should grow cold upon my heart!" At this time those lines were often on his lips:—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why."

"No," he would add, "I cannot tell why; every sinner saved is a mysterious monument of redeeming love." He often repeated the language of a minister who, being asked how he felt in prospect of eternity, replied, "There is a sweet communication kept up between God and my soul."

Mr. Hill's last sermon was preached March 31st, 1833, from 1 Cor. ii. 7, 8. He had undertaken to preach on the Tuesday following to the teachers of the Southwark Sunday-school Union, but was only able to utter a brief address. He had indeed selected a text for the following Sunday, but never entered his chapel more.

On the following Tuesday he was seized with death. "Were I," said he, as his conscience bore testimony to his past career, "to live my life over again, I would preach just the same." With beautiful humility, he added, "I shall creep into heaven through some crevice in the door. I do believe," he said, "that for the first ten thousand years after we enter the kingdom of glory, it will be all surprise; but will this surprise never end? Never, while we behold the person of the Lord!"

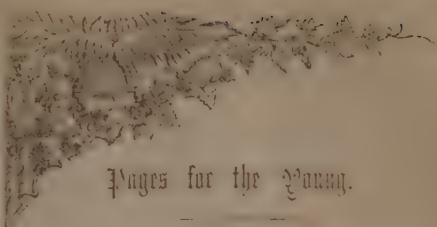
A friend said: "Well, sir, it is probable we shall soon lose you; but our loss will be your gain. You are going to be with Jesus, and to see him as he is." "Yes," said the dying man, "and I shall be like him; that is the crowning point." To the Rev. G. Clayton, he said: "I have no rapturous joys, but peace—a good hope through grace—all through grace." The Rev. T. Jackson added: "You would not give up the good hope you have, sir, for all the world?" "No," said he, "not for ten thousand thousand worlds! Christ is everything to a dying man; but I want to be perfectly holy—perfectly like my dear Lord: without holiness there is no such thing as getting to heaven." Mr. Jones, on the morning of his death, repeated his favourite words:—

"And when I'm to die," etc.

He gave a sign of recognition, but the power of speech was over. On the 11th of April, 1833, this servant of Christ expired, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

"The weary wheels of life at last stood still."

All the honours due to an exemplary life, a wide and comprehensive heart, and illustrious usefulness, gathered about the funeral of the Rev. Rowland Hill. His name will be ever respectfully associated with the revival of religion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. III.

Clara slowly returned to the house. As she crossed the hall, she was met by Susan, who said, "If you please, Miss Clara, your aunt thought we had better go out at once before the sun gets hotter."

"Very well," returned Clara, coldly, "I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour;" and she reluctantly began to prepare for her walk. She felt cross, miserable, and discontented; angry at seeing another deliberately considered before herself, and envious of the place which the poor sick girl held in her cousin's thoughts and affections. Gladly would she have avoided the walk had she dared, but this was impossible.

Poor Clara! she had so long indulged every evil temper, that she had gradually lost all power as well as all desire to overcome what nevertheless made her miserable. Of the sin which she daily committed she thought little; and when reproved only pleaded, "that it was her nature to be so, and she could not help it." Alas, poor child! she was a stranger to the secret of conquering the evil propensities which dwelt within, and were too strong for her. She had never been taught to seek from God the new and holy nature which would, with the Holy Spirit's aid, enable her to struggle successfully against the evil tempers which now perpetually led her to do wrong, and marred her peace continually. She had, unfortunately, lost her parents at an early age, and had ever since resided with an uncle and aunt, who were also her guardians. They were extremely fond of their orphan niece, and did all they could to supply her loss; but they were gay, worldly people, and thought of little but pleasure and amusement, and could not therefore be expected to instruct their orphan charge on subjects of which they themselves knew nothing.

Clara's religious instruction had hitherto been limited to a chapter in the Bible, daily read to her governess, but hurried through without understanding or explanation, and a weekly sermon at church, to which she never listened. The daily practice of reading the Scriptures, even as a task, was so far advantageous that she gained insensibly a tolerably accurate knowledge of the gospel history, of which she would otherwise have remained completely ignorant. But she never learned to apply to herself the great truths so acquired, or to draw from the sacred page any rules, or motives by which to regulate her conduct.

Having no brothers and sisters, or young cousins, Clara was accustomed to unbounded indulgence; every desire was gratified as soon as expressed, and her pleasure always studied before the wishes of others. She knew nothing of the delight to be found in yielding up a selfish enjoyment for the good of another. The gratification of self was always uppermost in her thoughts, and she cared little for the inconvenience brought upon those around her by her unreasonable whims and capricious fancies. She had been so long accustomed to the indulgence of every wish, that she could not bear the slightest contradiction; and at the period of which we write, when she had nearly completed her eleventh year, a more

spoiled, disagreeable, and, we may add, miserable child, could scarcely have been found.

A slight attack of illness about this time rendered country air desirable, and Mrs. Clifford kindly invited her to Westmaven Cottage. For the first week of her visit, Clara, to whom life in the country was entirely new, appeared to less disadvantage than might have been expected. Mrs. Clifford kindly made every allowance, and avoided as much as possible thwarting her reasonable desires; while Rose, whose sweetness of disposition, and constant habit of considering the comfort of others before her own in the merest trifles, yielded up her own wishes without a murmur to please her cousin.

On the morning on which we commenced our story, Clara had been at Westmaven about a fortnight, and her health had certainly derived benefit from the entire change of air and mode of life; but, in other respects, Mrs. Clifford watched anxiously, though in vain, for any token of improvement. Rose was often really shocked at her cousin's ignorance; on many subjects she seemed scarcely able to distinguish between right and wrong. She was also much surprised at her cool indifference to the sufferings of others, and her selfish determination to secure pleasure to herself, no matter at what expense to those around her. On this morning, she had felt no less angry than astonished, to see her deliberately about to gratify her selfish appetite at the loss of the little suffering invalid, to whom the fruit thus appropriated would have been a real comfort and relief, while in her own case it was merely a needless luxury. Rose related the circumstance to her mother. Mrs. Clifford was much pained at such [illegible] little niece, and the apparent fruitlessness of her own unwearied and prayerful efforts to [illegible] the much-to-be-pitied child, and observed in reply: "I am sorry, indeed, that Clara has yet to learn how far 'more blessed it is to give than to receive;' poor child, she has never been taught to feel for others: I hope she may one day discover that the secret of true happiness consists in something far nobler than the gratification of every selfish fancy."

While this conversation was passing, Clara, followed at a little distance by the servant, was walking towards Forest Lodge. The morning was lovely, combining the warmth and brightness of summer with the clear freshness of autumn. The road lay through a shady wood and pleasant meadow; and had Clara been in a happier mood, she could not have failed to enjoy the expedition exceedingly. Alas! that evil tempers should mar so much that was lovely, and take away the power of relishing the blessings which, though so lightly valued, were denied to numbers. Clara's sullen humour had not yet passed away; her extreme vexation at being forbidden the fruit for which, until forbidden, she had never cared, filled her heart with envy and displeasure, not unmixed with a feeling of strong dislike to the poor sick girl who was the innocent cause of her disappointment.

"Now, Miss Selwyn, if you please," said Susan, at last, "this is Stonehurst Farm. I must go in here; there is Forest Lodge right before you; you can't mistake the way;" and turning up the narrow winding lane, Susan quickly disappeared. Clara stood looking after her for a moment, and then walked slowly forward. The basket still hung from her arm, the lid of which had become slightly displaced, and two or three leaves had escaped and straggled down outside.

Clara stopped for a moment to re-arrange them; and in doing so, the tempting contents of the basket met her eye, and excited doubly the secretly cherished desire for the forbidden gratification. She looked at the fruit long and earnestly, little thinking that every moment so employed was rendering her less able to resist temptation. Poor Clara had never been taught to ask her heavenly Father's help in moments of trial, and had never been taught to restrain her inclinations. She did not know how much sin and misery may spring from a single wrong feeling allowed to dwell in the heart; and from selfishness sprang envy and covetousness. "Surely there can be no harm in taking just one or two; they would never be missed," was the next thought that crossed her mind. How rapid is the downward path, and how carefully should we guard against the first approaches of sin! Had Clara resolutely turned away from the temptation, and earnestly prayed for God's help, how much unhappiness would she have been spared; but instead of doing this, she trifled with it, and was at last overcome.

As she took the first mulberry, her hands trembled, and she glanced hastily around as if fearful of immediate detection, but no one was near, no eye was upon her save that of Him to whom all things, even the most secret, are known; but Clara thought not of this; she forgot that it is written, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The first step in sin is always the most difficult. Clara now grew bolder; the single taste, far from satisfying, only excited the wish for more; and as she walked along, she continued to help herself from the basket. It is true, her conscience reproached her, but she stifled its whispers. She felt that she was acting very dishonourably, but this conviction was not sufficiently strong to restrain her; and alas! she had no fear of God to be her safeguard.

When close to Forest Lodge, she stopped to re-arrange the basket, and was much startled to perceive that its contents were sadly diminished. The single mulberry with which she had resolved to be satisfied had tempted her to go on; self-restraint is not to be learnt in a moment; it is often to be acquired only by years of [illegible] prayerful effort. What was to be done? Clara stood in real perplexity. To [illegible] the very small quantity of fruit remaining to Forest Lodge was impossible; it would at once lead to her detection. It did not occur to her at the moment that in any case discovery was certain. She forgot that when Rose paid her evening visit everything must become known. Her mind was in such confusion that she lost all power to reflect calmly. She had little time for consideration: she heard herself called, and this frightened her extremely, so that without thinking what she was doing, she hastily swallowed the remainder of the fruit, shook the leaves out of her basket, and threw away the flowers, then walked forward to meet the servant who was now in sight. She tried to look unconcerned; but a guilty conscience disturbed her, and she vainly strove to appear as if nothing were the matter.

"You look quite flurried, Miss Clara," said Susan, unsuspectingly; "you should not run so fast this hot day; you will make yourself ill again. Is Miss Leslie better?"

"No," replied Clara, with a great effort, averting her face as she spoke. She hurried home as fast as possible, anxious to escape Susan's observation. Alas! there was ever upon her, though she knew it not, one Eye which pierces even through the shades of night. It was with a feeling of intense relief that she heard that her aunt and cousin had not yet returned.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XVI.

A LATTICE window; from it several females are gazing on the deserted road below. One of them is a noble-looking woman, past the prime of life, and on her countenance is strongly depicted maternal exultation, chequered at times by impatience and fear. Her attendants at first appear to encourage her most sanguine expectations; but as the hours pass, silence and despair gradually steal over the entire group.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE CONCEALED BIBLE DISCOVERED

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XX.

"ALWAYS books, lad."

The words were uttered by Mary Vickers, in a tone half kindly and half complaining. Her husband had been sitting an hour by his fireside, with me in his hand, at intervals turning over my pages, on which shone the feeble light of a lamp; it was one of the evenings which he passed in his own home.

"Nay, Mary, not always reading. Much working and little reading, I think: and better reading at by-times than drinking. Here's something that's gey true," he added, meaning the words on which his eyes were just then fixed; "shall I read it out, lass?"

If he pleased he might, she said; and these words fell from his lips—"'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' I

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

have heard these words before," Vickers added, thoughtfully; "though I do not remember where at this minute."

"At one of your temperance meetings, I guess," said Mary; "'tis like what they talk there: but what book hast thou got hold of now?" she asked, suspiciously, as it seemed. And, more sharply, without waiting for a reply, after glancing at my now worn and dingy covering, she cried out, "Why, lad, thou hast gotten the Bible reading!"

"Ay, Mary: I promised old Davie I'd look into it; and, by what I can see, there's the right sort of stuff in it, here and there."

"I wish old Davie had been minding his own business, when he set you up with that book, Zech," said the young wife, with a look of vexation, which, together with the tone in which the words were uttered, caused my owner to turn towards her a puzzled countenance.

"Why, Mary, lass! what ails thee?" he asked; "dost not like the book?"

"I have naught to say against the book, lad," replied his wife; "but against thy reading of it, and its being in the house, I wish thou would not, and it had not been."

"Eh, Mary: it had a'most gone out of my mind that I was brought up a Papist," said the husband; "but it isn't much of religion any way that has troubled us since we came together; so make thyself easy, lass. The Bible won't harm us, whatever thy priests may say."

"I dunno that," said the wife; "and may be, if I have given up religion for a grey bit, I might take to it again some day; and I would not like to have it on my conscience that me or mine had had aught to do with the book. So just put it by, lad, and have done with it."

"No, no; that will not do," said my owner: "thou may do as thou please, but I shall have no priest laying down the law like that, and no woman either, though 'tis thou thyself, Mary," he added, laughing.

Little more passed at that time, and soon my owner laid me aside; yet there might have been perceived on the countenance of the wife, the look of unease and disquiet which had before marked it, on the first evening of my entrance into the house. And it was plain now that early teaching had implanted in her mind a superstitious terror of me, as of an enemy to be ever shunned on pain of eternal loss. And ere long I discovered that the prejudice she had conceived against me was not to be expressed only in words: for, on the following day, my owner had no sooner departed to his daily occupation, than the poor woman—scarcely knowing the ground of her enmity to me, or her dread of her husband forming my acquaintance, (save only that the priests of a corrupt communion prohibit and prevent that acquaintance, so far as it lays in their power)—laid hands on me, and hid me, securely as she hoped, from her husband's sight, beneath a loosened board in the floor of the apartment.

Here, for some time, I lay in darkness; and, as was afterwards seen, the young wife skilfully parried the inquiries which were once or twice made for me by my owner, and engaged his attention on other objects.

Yet was I not long to be thus hidden. Was there not even a secret and unperceived yet irresistible impulse, which impelled my owner to seek my counsels and directions? and which, after many days, led him to demand, in stern and angry tones, for which I do not praise or justify him:—

"Mary—woman—I must know what thou hast done with that book."

"I know not what book thou meanest," she replied; but she spoke falsely: "thou hast many books. I wish thou thought less of thy books, lad."

"It is the Bible that old Davie gave me," he replied, still more angrily: "thou knowest that right well. Hast thou made off with it, lass?"

"Nay," said Mary, "I have taken no book away: but leave thinking of that now. The Bible is somewhere about house. I promise thee: but thou will keep thy promise, lad, and go to-day with you party out into the country?"

"I call na promise, Mary," rejoined the husband, still irritated at the loss of me.

"Thou as good as promised," pleaded the wife; "and such a fine day as this, it is a shame to be cooped in-doors; and my brother will be here for us, by and by."

"Thou may go with thy brother if thou wilt," said my owner; "but I am in no mood for holiday-making to-day. I wish thou would tell me where thou hast put the book."

Many more words passed which need not be recorded. At length the sound of other voices was heard, in which that of the husband was loud and angry. Then there was silence: the wife had departed with her brother on the holiday excursion of which she spoke, taking with her her infant child, leaving my owner in a mood of discontent.

Presently he spoke again, in self-communing, and still very angrily: "I will not be thwarted thus by any woman, though she be my wife," he said; and then he commenced a search for me, doubtless rendered the more keen and persevering by the opposition he had encountered. Yet was it not until he had nearly despaired of finding that which he sought, that, searching over the loosened floor, he perceived that a board had been raised; and the next moment he had me in his hand.

Wrathful was his countenance. "I did not think the woman would have played me foul in this way," he said, as he cast me indignantly on his table, and seated himself disconsolately on a bench. "If I had not taken a pledge against strong drink," he added—and then he paused: but I will not be driven to it thus," he went on; "it shall not be said that I could na keep from drink because of my wife."

The sun was brightly shining, even as the young wife had said; and, streaming in at the open window, his beams enlightened the small apartment, disclosing, alas! a scene of much confusion and disarray. It was morning, and the sky above, unclouded by the every-day smoke of many furnaces, together with the not far distant chime of bells, betokened the Christian sabbath. From the yard beneath the open window came the sound of many voices, little in harmony with the day, concerning which my words may surely be applied, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." They were tones of mirth indeed; but of unholy mirth, mingled with ungodly oaths and fierce invectives. There was a movement to and fro of footsteps; and from my owner's room might have been seen both worldly bustle and much idleness, which proved how little was the spirit of the Divine commandments and promise regarded—given, indeed, first to the ancient nation which the Holy One condescended to call his own, until the fulness of time was come when the "wall of partition" should be broken down which separated Jew from Gentile; but applicable, in their spiritual meaning and design, to all nations of men, in all ages, until time shall be no more—"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

It was too manifest, that though among the dwellers in that crowded narrow yard might be some who went not with the multitude in their disregard of "the Lord's day," yet the greater part, in the conduct of their lives, if not in the words of their lips, contemptuously demanded, "Who is the Lord that he should rule over us?" Thus was petty commerce being transacted with brisk confusion, while men half clad and unwashed were leaning against the door-posts of their houses, basking idly in the warmth of the sunshine, and holding converse with each other on subjects of worldly interest.

My owner sat gloomily by his open window, but little noticing the scenes without, until addressed by an acquaintance, who rallied him on his look of discomposure, and sought to learn its cause. To him did Vickers reply in some short and pettish words, and then, hastily closing his window, he drew me towards him, and opening me at random, these words caught his eye—"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"Thou hast fairly hit the mark there, friend," spoke the man, smiling, though somewhat bitterly; "and since thou art so sharp upon me for a few hasty words, I will try thee again." Saying which, he closed me and reopened my pages at another portion of their contents. Not again, however—though he thus trifled with me for some time—did I utter my response, which renewed his surprise.

"This is childish play, after all," he said; and he spoke truly when he added: "If the book is to teach anything, it ought to be read with patience, and attention, and understanding as a whole, and not to be picked to pieces and made to say one thing here and another thing there, just as happens, like putting one's hand in a lucky-bag without knowing what's to turn up." Thus saying he resolutely opened me at the beginning of "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David."

"This grand reformer that old Davie talked of," said he to himself, "let us see what like he was."

Think not, readers, that it is strange and incredible, even in a Christian land like yours, that one man was to be thus lighted on by me to whom, though not ignorant in much worldly lore, the history though not the name of my master, and perchance thine also, was a new and hitherto unread tale. Go ye into "the highways and hedges;" search ye in the bye-paths, and lanes, and courts of every town and city; seek, not among the outcast and uninstructed only, and ye shall find, not one here and there, but many to whom the intent of the mission of the Son of God is an unknown and unthought-of mystery, and the story of his life an unread volume.

And think not to say, in proud superiority—casting your glances on the distant nations of the world, and then bringing your wandering thoughts homeward—"The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we," when thousands around ye are "perishing for lack of knowledge"—the knowledge that sanctifies and saves.

And think not, O reader, whosoever thou mayest be, if blessed with clearer light and heavenly knowledge, which thou failest to impart to thy neighbours, that my words have no significance, even to thyself—"If thou forbear to deli-

ver them that are drawn into death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not—doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

And the workman, Vickers, sat down to read, *for the first time*, the story of the life and death of the Son of man. With a temper yet ruffled with contradiction and discontent did he commence the narrative given by one of the witnesses in my pages; but ere long his brow was smoothed, and his attention was absorbed in the contemplation of his character, and of his sublime and divine teaching, who spake as never man spake, and who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. At times his lips moved, and his voice quietly uttered such exclamations as these: "Eh, but old Davie was right, Jesus Christ *was* a grand reformer!" "And that is good: if every man did but as he tells, there would be the new moral world at once!" "The new moral world! I doubt me if that poor blinded man that told us about *his* 'new moral world,' had ever read this. That was a true word spoken by yon lad that tackled him, that what was true in his scheme was na new; and I misdoubt me more than ever that if anything he said was new, it was na true."

And still my owner went on, slowly turning over my pages with fixed and concentrated attention. Hours passed away, and with them passed the time for his mid-day meal, and yet he read on and on. There was confusion without in the narrow yard, and shouting, and laughing, and talking; but he heeded it not. Once and again, however, he rested, and leaning back in his seat, pondered the words he had last read; and when, at length, he drew near to the conclusion of the marvellous tale, and began to perceive what the end would be, and how a life of such unexampled purity and benevolence, of teachings so exalted, and of miracles so stupendous, was to be sacrificed to the ignorance and prejudices of the very nation for whose good he had striven, he could bear no more.

"I dare na read more now," he cried out, as he closed me with a trembling hand; "it wad make me beside myself. The senseless ne'er-do-weels! the ungrateful and blinded fools! that could na perceive they were cutting off the very right hand that could ha' saved them if they wad ha' been saved. But it is the fate of all true reformers, I think," he added, with a melancholy voice, "as far as ever I heard; and—yes, old Davie, thou wert right: JESUS CHRIST WAS THE GRANDEST REFORMER THAT EVER LIVED! I'll read it all over and over again; and may be I'll have the heart next time to get to the upshot what they did with him."

The sun had sunk low in the heavens, and the shadows were lengthened in the yard, when Vickers turned to his window and looked out. "I did na think it was so late," he said, in much surprise, "and I have na changed my garments nor eaten nor drunken to-day since Mary left me. I dunno, but I think this is the shortest Sunday that ever I spent."

An hour or two later the young wife returned to her home. Somewhat timidly she raised the latch, and entered. It may be that she dreaded the continued anger of her husband; and it was assuredly not without surprise that she perceived a smile on the countenance where she might have looked for a frown. Ere this, also, had the room been restored to order, and my owner had refreshed himself and exchanged his garments.

"Thou shouldst have been with us, lad," said the young wife, when a little while later they sat together at their evening meal, and she was encouraged by the quiet and subdued tones of her husband's voice; "thou hast been moping at home for nought."

"Nay, Mary, not for nought; and I have not been moping either. Shall I tell thee how I passed the time?" he asked.

The young wife glanced uneasily at her husband, for she thought of the hidden book; and very pale was her countenance when he took me from his pocket and laid me on the table before him.

"Thou seest, lass," he said, "that I put my hand on thy hiding-place. I will not say an angry word more, Mary, but thou must not play me the trick again."

GOETHE'S YEARNING AFTER PEACE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALL the literary world know, as a familiar household word, the name of "Goethe," that monarch of German literature. There was once a strange hour in his life. There had been ebbing and flooding in his soul, much unsatisfied longing, much restless enjoyment and dark uncertain striving; and he craved for something besides ebb and flood, for the steady flow of the waters of peace, bringing joy and comfort to his soul. Many know such hours well; they are solemn hours, when from a distance a knocking is heard at the heart, and he who knows time that knocks, finds what he seeks, and more than he has ever hoped for. Goethe did not know that stranger who knocked at the door of his heart, though he had often imagined the day of his love; and as the unsatisfied longing seized on his heart, he wrote a sweet word. Do you understand it?

"Fairest amongst heaven's daughters,
Thou who stillest pain and woe,
Pourest thy refreshing waters
On the thirsty here below;
Whither tends this restless striving?
Faint and tired, I long for rest;
Heaven-born Peace!
Come and dwell within my breast."

These words were written with pencil on a piece of coarse paper, lying by chance on Goethe's writing table. The paper came into the hands of a noble-minded lady, who was a true friend, and understood the deepest cause of his sufferings. She wrote on the other side of the paper: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JESUS CHRIST.

We are not told if Goethe found this true peace or not, but well we know that without it all the treasures of his vast learning, all the power of his mighty intellect, were valueless *and unsatisfying*.

THE ROSE.

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

IN the garden of the shah of Persia grew a rose-tree of surpassing beauty. Nothing could equal the brilliancy of its colours, the elegance of its form, or the exquisiteness of its perfume. One spring, this charming rose put forth buds of unequalled loveliness, and one bud surpassed all the rest in beauty; but, alas! before it was fully open, the gardener came and cruelly cut it off. The poor rose grieved over her lost child, and shed tears of exquisite perfume; but, at length, consoled herself by shooting forth twin buds, which were, if possible, more beautiful than the loved one she had lost. It was all in vain, however; for one evening, when the dew upon them shone like diamonds, and their bright crimson tints resembled the blushes of the orient sky at dawn, the cruel gardener came again and bore them away.

The poor rose was now in despair; but after languishing for a time, she revived, took heart, and put forth a blossom more exquisite still. This was her most favourite child; on it she concentrated all the love she had felt for her lost children, and as it advanced to perfection she felt comforted.

The nightingale, who loved her fragrant blossoms more than all the other beauties of the garden, perched on the lofty tree beside which she grew, and sang to her throughout entire nights. The lovely bud was just ready to open. One day more, and its crimson petals would be all unfolded, and its rich perfumes wafted on the sweet morning breeze. Alas! that very day, ere the [illegible] rose, while still bowed [illegible] with the precious dewdrops of morn, which sparkled on its crimson cheek like diamonds set among rubies, the cruel gardener again drew near. Again he raised his fatal knife, and severing the blushing bud from the parent stem, bore it away.

Who can express the distress of the rose? She sunk into gloomy despair. Her leaves drooped, she put forth no more buds, and seemed to be withering away. In vain her faithful nightingale sang his sweetest songs; in vain he tried to cheer her. The pride of the garden of Nadir Shah pined hopelessly away.

At last, one balmy moonlight evening, when the air was all perfume, and the other flowers of the garden displayed all their many-coloured charms, the nightingale said to her: "Fair rose, why droopest thou? Why are thy branches bare of flowers? Why sendest thou not thy bright blossoms forth as heretofore?"

"Alas!" said the rose, "knowest thou not my misfortunes? Hast thou not seen my bright blossoms snatched from me at the very moment of perfection? Hast thou not seen the cruel gardener tear them away when I loved them most? Why should I nourish my lovely buds for such a fate? No! I will fade, and die myself, for life is hateful to me."

"Beautiful rose!" said the nightingale, "knowest thou not where the gardener places thy fair offspring?"

"Oh no," said the rose; "but they must wither and die when parted from me?"

"Listen, sweetest rose," answered the nightingale, "and I will tell thee where thy children are. I was in the banquet-hall of the shah, our master, and I saw thy beautiful blossoms placed in crystal vases of most precious mould. I saw our master present them to his bride! I saw her take them in her fair hands, inhale their exquisite perfume with fond delight, and then with eager care place them beside her at the banquet; and when she retired, her fairest and most beloved attendant was charged to bear them to her favourite bower, that they might be the first objects on which her eye should rest when she awoke. Had they remained with thee, in a few hours their glossy petals would have faded, and the evening breeze would have scattered them on the ground, unknown and unhonoured. Grievest thou now?"

"No, faithful Bulbul! no; since my sweet blossoms give pleasure to my master, since they are with my mistress, I will grieve no more; but I will rather thank my lord, who has so honoured his poor servant, and I will again raise my drooping head."

So the poor rose was comforted and revived, and bloomed more richly than ever; and when

her loveliest blossoms were taken from her, she mourned not, but rather rejoiced, and said, "It is best so; they are with my lord!"

Oh ye Christian parents, who, like Rachel, "weep for your children, and refuse to be comforted," learn from a heathen fable. Your beloved are not lost; they are with your Lord! Say with the rose, "It is *best* so!"

THE FIRST DEATH.

BY DR. GARDINER SPRING.

Few facts in history are more instructive and melancholy than that the first death which ever took place in the world was by the hand of a murderer. What an humbling and fearful view must have forced itself on the mind of our first parents of the consequences of their apostasy! How strong the proof of that melancholy transformation of character from the image of God, in which they were first created, to a close resemblance to him "who was a murderer from the beginning!" What demonstration of the moral depravity of the race, that the first-born should be so utterly destitute of true holiness, so insensible to the influence of motives that were virtuous, and so alive to those that were sinful and malignant! From the distance at which we look upon this deed of blood, we are ready to ask, How was it possible? Can the human heart be the subject of such great and awful depravity? What a dreadful act was this! how indicative of a stupefied conscience and a hardened heart, and how expressive of revenge and slaughter, thus to stain his hands with a brother's blood! What a complication of evil passions must have found access to the bosom of that guilty and miserable man, and what utter extinction of his hopes, when, with breathless anxiety and boding terror, he heard the one agonizing shriek, and then looked upon that silent corpse! Never, probably, were passions known to human being more terrible than those which agitated his bosom. Whether he had been led on, step by step, or by his hatred of God and jealousy of his more accepted brother, had plunged suddenly into this fearful crime, we do not know. But the deed was done which left nothing but remorse and anguish, which has made his name accursed, which drove him from the midst of all the warm and kindly feelings of home, and made him an outcast and a vagabond in the earth. It was not a stranger that he had slain, nor was it an enemy. There were no secular collisions between them, for there was room enough in the world for both, and they might have been mutually serviceable to one another.

No; the earth was not broad enough for them both. Though God's creature, and one who had as good a right to live as himself, he rose up against him and slew him. There lay the brother whom he had once loved. He had broken and trampled on the nearest and dearest ties; he had murdered one who "hung on the same breast, dimmed the eyes that looked on him in infancy, frozen the warm heart that was cradled in the same womb with his." Yes; there he lay —that youthful and manly form motionless; that smile, once so cheerful, passed away in the ghastliness of death. And now the murderer stood alone in the field. God's eye was upon him. Conscience was no longer hushed to silence. He had done his work, and the voice of his brother's blood cried to heaven from the ground.

But we say no more of the first murderer; he is gone to his own place. It is of the murdered one that we propose to speak. It is not a poetical nor rhetorical view of this first death that most interests us. It is a more serious and practical view, and one which interests us as dying men. The names of Cain and Abel live in the New Testament history, and are fraught with instruction. It were easy to advert to some of the lovely and heaven-imparted traits of the renovated and sanctified character of this murdered man, but we dwell now upon his death —the first death in the annals of time. In its proximate cause, it was a fearful death; but that the world might see and admire the power of God's recovering grace in contrast with the terrible effects of man's apostasy, it was a peaceful and happy death, and as such speaks to every subsequent age of the world.

How soon did death enter this newly-formed world! Adam's first-born probably hoped to bury his parents: little probably did the parents think to bury their first-born. Sad assurance that death is the inheritance of the race! Human life is not only frail and fugitive in itself, but ten thousand instruments of destruction are always near, and wait but the Divine permission to do their fatal work. The graves of those we love compel us to pause in our course: they are breathing-places in our rapid career, where we may look back upon the ground we have trodden over, and forward to the certainty that our race must soon be run. God does not suffer time to flow on broken by no obstructions, interrupted by no changes, and chequered by no indications of its uncertainty. Everything conspires to tell us that we must die. Vacant chambers, vacant offices, vacant seats in the house of God, and places elsewhere once occupied, to be occupied no more, remind us that human life is "soon cut off, and we fly away." Day utters this affecting sentiment unto day, and night utters it unto night. The seasons, in their alternate majesty and beauty, proclaim it.

The elements announce it; the heavens and the earth are one great dial which is continually sending out its monitory notes to tell us how much of our short life is already gone, and to assure us that its end is nigh.

There there are who die, who never thought of making any preparation for death; they are "driven away in their wickedness." Nothing is more strongly marked in their character than a fixed aversion to "consider their latter end." The things of time interested them; they were wise to plan, and eager to pursue the business of this world; but they were slow to think of death and the world to come: or if, alarmed by some fearful providence, they were constrained to serious reflection, the subject was soon dismissed and forgotten. They resolved, perhaps, to become Christians before they died; but before they were aware of his approach, death was too near for them to prepare for his coming. They were on the very threshold of eternity; nor was it until the last sands were dropping from the hour-glass, that some friendly voice whispered to them that they were already in the last conflict. Not a word was uttered about the interminable hereafter; not a thought was expressed about the immortal soul; not a lisp of Christ and his redemption. The body died, and the soul, unprepared, uncomforted, went to meet its Judge. The bond is sundered that bound them to earth; affection dropped its tears of grief, and the cold tenement of clay was committed to the coffin and the grave. Death closed upon them the door of hope and of heaven, and closed it for ever. The account is sealed up; it cannot be altered; it is immutable as eternity.

The death of Abel was not such a death as this. "He died in faith." Let us pause a moment here, and inquire how it was that he and all who die as happily as he died, made this high attainment.

It is not in a moment that men prepare to die. There is previous thought and preparation for death, where this closing scene of life is tranquil and happy. Nor is it perturbed and distracted thought.

There is a God, and both living and dying men are his creatures. There is such a state of mind as the habit of reflecting upon his being as the most important reality in the universe, and of feeling that none can escape his searching eye, nor flee from his all-governing dominion. Men themselves have a rational existence; a body fearfully and wonderfully made, and a thinking sensitive spirit within them, that will outlive time and all its changes, and will wake to an eternity beyond the grave. Many a time a reflecting man will ask himself the question, What am I? why was I born? For what great purpose do I find myself an inhabitant of this earth, and what is the great errand on which I have been sent into this world of hope and mercy? This short life is a most important period of his being. A great work is assigned him; and by the combined laws of man's nature and God's government, the course which he pursues here must decide his eternal destiny. There there are who have been arrested by the charms of sin, all the fascinating pleasures of sin have exerted their influence to urge them onward in the broad way that leads to death; but they have taken the alarm at this easy and rapid descent, and trembled at the consequences of walking in the ways of the destroyer. They have entered into their closet to implore the Father of mercies that he would "send out his light and his truth and let them lead them;" and there they have learned the folly of risking their eternity upon a life of wickedness, and rushing upon the experiment of living without God, and dying without hope. They have looked into their own hearts, and there read many an humbling lesson, and have made discoveries of their wickedness that have filled them with apprehension. They have learned that God is holy, and cannot approve of sin; that he is just, and cannot allow them to transgress his law with impunity. They have read his threatenings; they know that he is able to execute them, and that "he is of one mind, and none can turn him." Their responsibility to God their Maker has assumed a character of most serious importance. They have sinned against God; the case is plain, that if they die in their sins, they must lie down in sorrow. It is a settled point, that they are heirs of eternity, and must for ever dwell in glory or despair. They have thought of these things. A secret voice within them has often uttered the expostulation, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" This is the earliest characteristic of those who "die in faith," and as Abel died.

But their reflections do not stop here. Such a state of mind as that just described is not often long endured. Those who are the subjects of it either drop the subject of religion, or take another step, and repair to the gospel of the Son of God. Abel lived under the shadow of a dark dispensation, but he believed in the promise of a Saviour to come, and, rested on that promise as the only foundation of hope. This promise was not yet fulfilled; yet he had no doubt of its fulfilment, and no doubt of the perfect all-sufficiency of the predicted Messiah as "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." "Not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, he was persuaded of them and embraced them." It were interesting to analyze the operations of his mind in view of

ADAM AND EVE DISCOVERING THEIR MURDERED SON.

the great truths of the gospel thus obscurely revealed under the dawning light of those early ages of time. It was by faith in this promise that "he offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," and by it "he, being dead, yet speaketh," uttering to us and to all men the value and preciousness of that great sacrifice whose "blood speaketh better things" than the blood of all other sacrifices. It was by this same faith that "Enoch was translated, that he should not see death;" presenting in his own character an example of reconciliation to God, to all subsequent generations. It was thus, too, that "Noah being warned of God of things not seen as yet," prepared the ark, and "became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." It was thus, too, that "Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac." The command, "Take now thy son, thine only son, and offer him for a burnt-offering on one of the mountains that I shall tell thee of," was a revelation by actions instead of words, of the great sacrifice of Christ for the redemption of mankind. Abraham had longed impatiently to "see Christ's day," and he thus "saw it and was glad." Yet none of these ancient believers had those clear views of the way of salvation by Christ which are furnished by the Christian revelation. They died

in the faith of Jesus; but "God had provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." The Saviour who was made known to them only by promise, is made known to us by the promise fulfilled. It is on this sacrifice, this now completed and perfected atonement, that all who die in faith place their hopes. Their responsibility to God their Maker is sustained only by an humble reliance on the person and work of his Son. They receive this Saviour as he is offered in the gospel; as their divine teacher, and as their only deliverer from sin and the curse. They have seen that there is no other way of escape than by repairing to him who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" no cleansing, if he wash them not; and no "light of life," if they take not up their cross and follow after him. They have been burdened and heavy laden; they have been like the troubled sea, labouring and tossing, and found no rest day or night; but they enjoy peace in the ark, and "have entered into rest." They did not "neglect this great salvation." They found it dark at first, and perhaps hard to be understood; but attention, thought, prayer, and God's blessing, made this way of mercy plain, and they were satisfied with it and rejoiced in it; it was all their salvation and all their desire. It was no easy matter to give over labouring to build up a righteousness of their own; they lingered, hoping that they should grow better, and still striving to do something to recommend them to the Divine favour; but they found there was salvation in no other, that they had nothing to give for it, and nothing to do but accept it, as the gift of God through Jesus Christ. It was not in themselves they gloried; they gloried in the cross. The love of Christ constrained them to live not unto themselves, but to him; these new bonds of self-devotement they made welcome; and when they came to the close of their pilgrimage, they found it gain to die.

TRACES OF THE DIVINE HAND IN CREATION.

THE argument from adaptation to a particular end is one which addresses itself to every human being. It is suited to every intellect, and comes home to every man's experience.

Every manual labourer may see something analogous to the art by which he earns his livelihood operating among the natural objects by which he is surrounded.

The sailor may discover the peculiarities of his craft among marine animals. Thus, among the lower tribes, he has observed a jelly-fish—called by him the Portuguese man-of-war—setting up a sail which consists of a crest surmounting the bladder. He may notice, too, how the mussel and pinna anchor themselves by means of threads of a horny material. The tail of the fish, it is well known, acts as a scuttle, enabling its possessor to plough its way through the deep. The web-foot of the swimmers is an example of what is called "feathering the oar;" when advanced forward the web and toes collapse; the leg (usually so called) of the gillemot and divers is compressed laterally, presenting a knife edge before and behind, and thus gives resistance in the fore and back stroke. It is also worthy of being mentioned, as illustrating the same point, that the whale's tail collapses in the upward but expands in the downward stroke.

The fisher, as he prepares the bladder to make the edges of his net float on the water, may observe that the sea-weed is buoyed on the surface of the deep by a contrivance more ingenious than his own, that is, by vesicles which act as floats. Most fishes have one or more bladders filled with air, the amount of which is regulated by the will of the animal, so that it can vary its depth, sink or rise to the surface, as may suit its purposes. The fisher, too, may see that if he has nets to catch the food needful for his sustenance, so also have spiders and other species of animals.

The shepherd knows how much care and watchfulness are necessary in order to protect his flocks from the wild beasts which attack them, and is thus led to admire the instincts of those animals, such as the deer, which set a watch to give a signal of danger. The hunter knows how much cunning he must exercise in order to come within reach of the wild animals pursued by him, and should not withhold a feeling of wonder when he observes how their instincts lead the brutes to show such dexterity in avoiding their natural enemies. The weapons with which he and the fisher attack the animals which they wish to seize or kill, do not point more clearly to a purpose, than the instruments, whether claws or teeth, with which they defend themselves. The Aphrodite hispida, for example, is furnished with very curious weapons of defence; they are harpoons with a double series of barbs; these are retractile, and the animal can draw them into the body by a muscular apparatus, and in order to prevent them, when drawn in, from injuring the animal itself, each barbed spine is furnished with a two-bladed horny sheath, which closes on the barbs in the act of retraction. Some of these provisions have a reference to the native instincts of the animals, others have rather a regard to the position of the species. Thus we find that

those liable to be chased as prey often take the colour of the ground on which they habitually feed. The riflemen of our army are dressed in the hue which is deemed least conspicuous, and which is best fitted for concealment; and is there not an equally clear proof of design furnished by the circumstance that fishes are often of the colour of the ground over which they swim, and that wild animals are not unfrequently of the colour of the covert in which they hide themselves? Thus the back of the young turbot may be seen of the same colour as the sand on which it lies. The red grouse and red deer are of the colour of the heath on which they feed, whereas the lapwing and curlew, themselves and their eggs, take the grey hue of the pasture among which they are usually found.

The horticulturist and agriculturist regulate their plans in accordance with the seasons, and in doing so they should observe that the plants of the ground suit themselves in regard to the time of flowering, bearing leaves and fruit, to the same seasons which are all determined by the movements of the celestial bodies. The builder may easily perceive that the woody structure of plants and the bones of animals are constructed on architectural principles, being strengthened where weight has to be supported and pressure resisted, and becoming more slender where lightness is required. The form of the bole of a tree, and the manner in which it fixes itself into the ground, so as to be able to face the storms of a hundred winters, is said to have yielded some suggestions to the celebrated engineer, Smeaton, in the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse. The architect of the Crystal Palace confesses that he derived some of the ideas embodied in that structure from observing the wonderful provision made for bearing up the very broad leaf of the beautiful lily which has been brought within these few years from the marshes of Guiana to adorn our conservatories. The weaver cannot but notice that there are certain tribes of insects which fashion a web of finer texture than his own. The clothmaker obtains not a little of the material of the fabrics with which he clothes the human frame, from the covering provided for the lower animals, and he derives it all from natural products. When man wishes to protect his body from severe cold, he steals their covering from the lower animals, and by no means of his own devising can he furnish clothing so warm as that which has been provided for the brutes in the Arctic regions. The dyer and calico-printer, with all the aids of modern chemistry, cannot produce such rich and agreeable colours as are made to appear, for our gratification, in the flowers of plants and the plumage of birds; no doubt through the influence of principles which have not been detected by the very deepest scientific research. Rising higher in the arts, we find the painter taking credit to himself for the beauty of his figures and colours; but he cannot, with all his skill and genius, match those lovely ideal forms and exquisite tints which everywhere fall under our eye in nature.

> "Who can paint
> Like nature? Can imagination boast,
> Amid her gay creation, hues like these?
> What hand can mix them with that matchless skill,
> And lay them on so delicately fine,
> And lose them in each other, as appears
> In every bud that blows?"

Again, every kind of contrivance, every principle of mechanism used by man, is visibly employed in the operations of nature. The lamp placed in a window to direct the benighted traveller, the lighthouse erected on the harbour to guide the mariner to a place of safety, are not clearer and more decided illustrations of purpose than the phosphorescent spark by which the glow-worm allures its mate in the darkness of night. What contrivances does man resort to in order to keep his dwelling warm and comfortable! but the physiologist will tell him that there are still more wonderful schemes devised for keeping up the heat of the bodily frame.

Every mechanical power employed by man is at work in nature. There is as much skilful leverage in the human frame as in the most ingenious human machine. The pulleys by which heavy bodies are lifted from the ground do not go even close imitations of means and end, as the tendons and muscles by which the bones are moved. The mechanician has often a large cylinder running across or through his works, and to this he attaches the lesser parts of his machinery. Have we not a similar contrivance in the backbone of the higher animals, and the axis of the plant, constituting the support of all the appendages? Every one who has seen the cord of plaited iron by which a carriage is dragged up an inclined plane, and has noticed how in it strength and flexibility are combined, should be prepared to admire the different means by which the same end is effected in the backbone of all animals, but especially in that of such animals as the eel and the serpent. The mechanician who wishes to combine the saving of materials and lightness with strength, makes his cylinder a hollow tube: it is on this principle that Messrs. Stephenson and Fairbairn have spanned the Mersey by a tubular bridge; but the principle was in operation before man adopted it, or was created to observe it, in many of the bones of animals which are hollow. Found in the bones of all grades of living creatures, it is carried out to the greatest extent where most needed in the

bones of birds, so as to allow them to float in the air. In the case of birds, too, the air from the lungs permeates the larger bones as well as the smaller parts, the higher temperature of the body (108°—112° F.) rarefies it, and imparts an increased buoyancy to the whole frame.

Every joint in the animal frame can be shown to be exactly suited to the function which it has to perform. Where motion backward and forward in one direction is all that is required, we have a common joint; where motion all round is necessary, we have, as at the shoulder and hip, the ball and socket-joint admitting of a rotatory motion round a ball. We have a beautiful example of ball and socket-joint in the sea-urchin, the spines of which have a cuplike cavity at the base, which is fitted to a converse tubercle on the shell, fixed by ligaments, and combining strength and great freedom of motions. In some parts of the animal frame, a single bone is all that is required, and more would injure the strength; in other parts, as in the fore-arm, a kind of rotatory motion is furnished by two bones, a radius and an ulna, so adjusted as to move to some extent round each other.

Almost every sort of instrument employed by man has something resembling it in the operations of nature. The parts of the mouth of insects are made, according to the instincts and habits of the animal, to act, now as saws, now as knives, and, in the case of the leaf-cutting bees, the mandibles become scissors. The hyena is led by its instincts to crush the bones of carcases and feed on them; and when certain teeth of that animal were shown by Professor Owen to an engineer, they were declared by him to be admirable models of hammers to break stones for roads. The tongue of many shell-fish, that of the common limpet for instance, has numerous siliceous spines, and the organ is used as a rasp or drill. One end of the shell of Pholas resembles a file, and, by varied motions, the animal makes for itself tunnels in clay and in other substances. The foot of the mole is an admirable tunnelling instrument, and enables it to construct for itself those subterranean passages, through which it is led, by its instincts, to wend its way in search of food.

Instruments of a more peculiar nature, and instruments invented by man only at a late date in the history of the race, have all along had their analogues in nature. Millstones are selected because they have gritty materials in the midst of softer substances; and we find that, on a like principle, soft and hard matters are mixed in the grinding-teeth of mammals. The cupping instruments of surgery were anticipated in the animal kingdom; the mouth of the leech combines in itself the offices of cupping-glass and scarificator; hence the importance of the animal, as a remedial agent. It is also worthy of notice in regard to this animal, that the capacious stomach, with its lateral appendages or reservoirs, enables it to extract a very considerable quantity of blood before being detached. Some of the feet of the argulus foliaceus, a parasite on various fresh-water fishes, are so modified that they act as real suckers or cupping-glasses; by a certain arrangement of muscles the animal can exhaust the cavity of its disc-like feet, and produce a vacuum, and is thus enabled to stick closely to the body of the fish.

The tubes and pipes which conduct water and gas through all the streets and dwellings of a great city, are not such ingenious contrivances as the veins and arteries which convey the blood to every extremity of the frame. The means by which water is forced to rise in a pump are not so wonderful as those by which, proceeding on a different principle, fluid is made to mount in the plant to the most distant twig and leaf. We construct valves to allow fluids to pass in one direction, and to prevent them from flowing back in the opposite direction; but before man devised such agency, they were already in his own veins; and it was upon noticing them that Harvey, proceeding, as he tells us, on the principle that they were there to serve a purpose, was led to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. In the back of the mouth of the crocodile are two cartilaginous plates or valves, one above, the other below; these, acting as floodgates, cut off communication between the mouth and throat, so that the animal can hold its prey underneath the water till dead, and itself continue all the while to breathe by its nostrils.*

A PIOUS COACHMAN.

Any one who has noticed the sneering manner in which some of our modern writers of light literature have treated evangelical Christianity, must have remarked their favourite practice of ridiculing religious tracts by alluding to them under some serio-comic title. "The Serious Footman," for instance, is presumed to be a title so exquisitely amusing, that the very mention of it is expected to be sufficient to throw the reader into convulsions of mirth. This is a very unhappy state of things, and we propose to grapple frankly with it, by giving the above title to this article, and so calling attention to the life of one of this much laughed-at class. Should any of those who have hitherto been accustomed to sneer at such narratives, rise

* From "Typical Forms in Creation," by Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1856.

impressed with the conviction that there is a living power in evangelical religion, fitted to adorn the humblest station in life, our object will have been in part accomplished.

Joseph Ling, the subject of this memoir, for the facts of which we are indebted to his biography, from the pen of the Rev. A. J. Morris, was born at Thaxted, in Essex, in the year 1766. He appears to have been, when a child, to some extent the subject of religious training, but to have profited little by it, and to have fallen in early youth into evil habits and the practice of vices, the temptations to which were at that period, even more than now, incidental to lads in a lowly sphere of life. Of his infancy and childhood he left no record.

When about seventeen, he hired himself as a servant at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire, where he continued three years, at the end of which time he was dismissed in disgrace. He then went to Cambridge, and remained for four years, his master being the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, of Christ's College. His description of himself and his associates, at this period, is very melancholy. "There could not be a greater swearer. He was in the midst of all manner of evil. He did not know a godly man at college, and he should have known him had there been one, for he would have been a marked man." Again was he turned away in disgrace. Destitute of a character, he came to London in search of a place, but found that his not having had the small-pox was an insuperable obstacle to his obtaining one. In this difficulty he returned to his former master in Cambridge, who, notwithstanding his previous misconduct, kindly helped him to get inoculated. He then revisited the metropolis, and was received into the family of the Rev. John Fell, tutor of Homerton Academy, who had been the pastor of the church at Thaxted, and to whom he had been recommended by his mother, a member of that church. With Mr. Fell he continued a year and a half, and then entered the service of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Highbury-place, Islington, the father of the late treasurer of Highbury College. In his family, and in that of his widow, he remained, with the exception of a short interval, during the long period of twenty-six years, till the death of Mrs. Wilson.

Joseph Ling commenced his service in Mr. Wilson's family in the capacity of a footman, the duties of which he performed for several years. Though still young, he appears to have reformed his vicious habits, and was a clever and valuable servant; but his manners were disagreeable, being haughty and imperious, and the services of religion were distasteful and offensive to him. So much was this the case, that shortly after his entrance into the family he declared his intention of leaving, giving as a reason that he could not endure so much religion. His master told him that he had no desire to part with him, and would make him his coachman, in which situation he would not be obliged to hear quite so much upon the subject he disliked, probably because, as coachman, he would not be obliged to come into family morning prayer. And coachman he became.

It would appear that the force of example constantly before his eyes in a pious family, operating perhaps with other causes, overcame in a few years his repugnance to religious exercises, for we find him, long before he had experienced any real change of heart, consenting, in compliance with the request of his mistress, to read a form of prayer at family worship. That change which was to work so great a revolution in his life came in the tenth year of his servitude. Many causes combined to bring it about. There was the force of ever-present example; there were the recollections and impressions of his childhood; but, more than either, there was the conduct of a young footman, a fellow-servant to whom he was much attached, and who at this time was taken alarmingly ill with brain fever. Ling attended upon him day and night. The young man's senses wandered, but the ruling passion, which with him was a love of religion and its exercises, prevailed through all the derangement of his faculties, and during his days of delirium he would sing from morning to night, "Salvation by God and the Lamb!" During the weary hours of watching by such a sick couch, it is little wonder that unwonted thoughts and questionings filled the heart of the watcher, and that a change was gradually wrought in the spirit of his mind as subtle as it was to be complete and perfect. One Saturday night, having sat up several preceding nights with his afflicted friend, and being much fatigued, the thought occurred to him that he would try to pray. He read a portion of Scripture, and knelt down, but could not pray, not even a single word, and retired to rest without fulfilling his purpose. The next night he made a second attempt. After reading in the epistles, he knelt down, and for a few minutes he could say nothing, but all at once such a spirit of prayer was poured out upon him that, though before he could not begin, now he could scarcely cease supplicating. The excitement of this event was followed by a season of intense misery not to be described. Afraid to pray, and afraid to refrain, he sometimes prayed till one in the morning, and was often overheard praying aloud in the loft over the stable. Sudden as was this spiritual change, the peace and joy of which it was the herald came by slow degrees. But he

did obtain them, and obtained them by "receiving the atonement." To express the exclusiveness of his trust in Christ, he was accustomed often to say to his friends, "I have not the shadow of a hope from any other source than the Lord Jesus Christ. I am shut up, completely shut up, to the faith."

The manner of this good man's conversion, though sudden, is by no means singular, and the religious reader will recollect many parallel instances. Of the reality of the change there is no possibility of doubt, as it was attested by a subsequent course of Christian excellence running through nearly half a century. Among the few papers he left behind him is the following reference to this period of his life, in his own hand, dated April, 1806. "About this time, six years ago, the Lord was pleased to meet with me and change my heart, convince me of sin and make me cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I had much legal working, but the Lord has been bringing me off more and more to accept of Christ as a poor helpless sinner. I thought I should be much better long before this time. I did not think that I should have found so much pride, passion, self-will, and a hundred such like things; but I do not know the depth of iniquity there is in my heart, nor shall I ever know but as I am tried. When I heard of the infirmities and failings of others, I thought, to be sure, that I should never be as bad as they, but now I see that they only are well kept whom the Lord keeps. May the Lord keep me in times of trial and temptation! I must say, with one of old, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe,' and I believe this must be my cry to the journey's end."

When Joseph Ling received the gospel, he received it as a charge to "feed" Christ's "lambs," and to do the works of charity wherever they were to be done. One might have thought that a coachman, with regular duties to perform within doors and without, with little time and less pecuniary means at his disposal, might have stood well excused from the undertaking of any very active work, and been content to exemplify his religion in the conduct of his usual avocations. But he thought differently. His change of heart wrought not only a change of character, banishing his former pride and imperiousness, and turning the "lion into a lamb," but it created a new and lasting determination to work in the cause of that Saviour who had given himself for the sinner's ransom. After his conversion, therefore, his chief anxiety was to do good. At that time there was much ignorance and wickedness, and as much unaided poverty and distress, prevailing among the poor of the neighbouring districts of Holloway and Islington. There were no benevolent societies in the parish for the purposes of visiting and relieving the sick and poor, and there were but small means of instruction available to the children of the humbler orders. In the year 1801 the first benevolent society was formed, and it began with the coachman and two gardeners, who thought of raising two shillings a week and visiting a few sick people.

In the same year, Joseph Ling commenced a Sunday-school in Holloway, at the corner of Hornsey road, giving a shilling a week for a room, borrowing forms of a schoolmaster, and obtaining some Testaments and school-books from friends. To this work he devoted himself with unremitting, self-denying diligence. For years he never went into the house on Sunday to have a dinner, but used to put up the horses on returning from morning worship as quickly as possible, and hurry down to Holloway to be in time for school, which began at two o'clock. About a year after, he commenced a prayer-meeting, in the conduct of which he displayed the same zeal. The evening service being that on which there was preaching at the chapel where his mistress attended, he was accustomed first to drive her there, then to take the horses home, go to the prayer-meeting at Holloway, and hasten back to fetch his mistress. When a small chapel had been purchased by the late Thomas Wilson, Esq., for the use of the first congregation of Independents in Holloway, the school and the prayer-meeting were transferred to it, and of both Joseph Ling was for some time the life and strength. As a teacher—and he continued a teacher of children to the end of his life—it is said of him, that he was simple, cheerful, affectionate, and zealous. He was always at his post, and always at it in time. While able, he was first in attendance at the school, and opened the door for the other teachers, whom he invariably received with a smile of affectionate welcome. His kindness to the children was tender and uniform, and it won hearts too young to be influenced by anything else. In his days of strength, he might be seen going to and returning from school, with a number of little ones around him, each ambitious of the honour of taking his hand. To gratify as many as possible, he would frequently hold two in each of his hands, while he arranged the rest in due order beside and behind him. "I remember," says one of his oldest friends, "about twenty years ago, or more, we had the poor little children from Brand-street at the chapel one anniversary Sunday, when Mr. Ling, with great delight, washed their shoeless and stockingless feet and legs in the garden behind the chapel."

He was willing to make any effort and sacri-

fice to secure the attention of the young, and to impress their minds. As an instance of this, it is recorded that, on the formation of a class for young men, he took his place with the other members as a scholar, "to take away the reproach," and this was deemed one means of its prosperity and continuance.

The church, the school, and the benevolent society, thus small in their beginnings, grew and prospered as the years rolled on, and all exist and flourish at the present moment, on a scale, in some degree, proportionate to the wants of the neighbourhood. Mr. Ling lived to rejoice over the fruits of his labours, but ever laboured while he lived to promote their increase, to the glory of God, and the salvation of his creatures. His zeal and activity were only equalled by his modesty and self-sacrifice. His diligence in the work which was his delight was comparable only to his prayerfulness. The habit of his life was devotional, and his faith in the efficacy of prayer more than usually strong. He would pray specially for his friends on occasions of peculiar importance to them, and "would not believe that the Lord would permit so many prayers to go unanswered."

In the year 1816, his mistress, Mrs. Wilson, died, and left him, as a mark of respect, an annuity which placed him above the necessity of future servitude. He could now devote himself entirely to the prosecution of his labours of love, and he became, at that time, what the most zealous of city missionaries is at the present moment, the active administrator of deeds of charity, and the messenger of glad tidings to the dwellings of the needy and afflicted. The good that he did in this way, at his own charges and in his own person, no man knows; it extended over a period of more than thirty years, all marked by the same unvarying and unpretending diligence in the active service of his master. To receive and to dispense spiritual blessings was his constant and supreme desire. He devoted a large portion of his income regularly to benevolent and religious objects, and it is known that upon one occasion, when a professor of religion was in danger of bringing a reproach upon the gospel, Mr. Ling, to avert the reproach, paid a considerable sum of money which was never returned to him.

His place was never vacant, but from necessity, at the Sunday or week-day services of the church. Until age had weakened him, he was always at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting at seven o'clock. It was his practice, in the winter season, to light the fire, and sweep away the snow for the comfort of his friends. He was often the only person present, and spoke of the seasons of delight he enjoyed alone with God. Wherever he was, or whoever was with him, as the hour of public worship approached, he would depart, saying, "It is time, we must be there." And he was not content to be in time, or rather thought it was impossible to be in time without being *before* time. His language was, "I pity those who have nothing to do before public worship commences."

Endowed with a constitution of unusual strength, he knew but little interruption to his loved employments, and the seasons were few and brief in which he was deprived of the luxury of doing good. At a very advanced age his sense of hearing became dull, and he mourned his inability to hear, but declared his purpose, as long as strength permitted, to visit the sanctuary. His heart was there, and he knew full well that the ear is not the only avenue to good; and he wished to bear to the end his practical testimony to what had proved a source of greatest profit to his soul.

Mr. Ling lived to the great age of eighty five, and died at last, not from any disease, but from the gradual decay of nature. Nothing was more beautiful about his dying days than the spirit of meek and holy love that seemed to possess him. When told that the Sunday-school teachers were going to have a special prayer-meeting for him, he was overpowered with his emotions, and tears of gratitude roled down his cheeks. His message to them was, "that they should not pray for his life, but that he might be resigned to the will of God, that he might have more love to God and man, that he might be filled with all the fulness of God." The last articulate utterance he made was two days before his death. He seemed to make a final effort to embody in one short address to God his dying testimony to the truth, and the supreme solicitudes and hopes of his soul. His manner was most impressive. He paused between his words, and paused a very great while between his sentences as he poured out his heart in the comprehensive prayer: "O, thou Eternal God, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the Ending, have mercy on me, thine unworthy creature. I am about to leave this world and go to thy right hand, where there is fulness of joy, of light, and of love, for ever and ever."

Such was Joseph Ling. May the reader learn and reduce to practice the teaching of such an example!

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XVII.

It is harvest time. In a certain valley the reapers are engaged in their pleasant toil, gathering in the rich abundance around them. Yet their countenances are less joyous than might be expected. Some personal or national calamity seems to weigh upon their hearts. Towards evening, pausing in their labour, they look up the road which leads southwards, and as they rise its windings, a chariot seeking a passage appears in the distance. Silence and intense suspense may be received for a short time, when joyous shouts and almost delirious exultation follow.

Pages for the Young.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. IV.

How very brief is the pleasure to be derived from the gratification of any sinful desire; and how bitter and lasting the pain by which it is invariably followed. Clara had yielded to temptation for the sake of a momentary pleasure, which was now entirely over, and the remembrance of which only made her miserable. Already had she begun to taste the punishment of her misconduct, in the reproaches of conscience and her own unhappy feelings. She wandered about listless and wretched, unable to fix her mind to any occupation; at one moment longing for, the next dreading, her aunt's return; and when the sound of carriage-wheels at length fell on her ear, she flew to her own room, only anxious to escape as long as possible the troublesome inquiries with which Rose would certainly meet her. But they must be encountered at last; and when the dinner-bell rang, Clara, with a beating heart, went down-stairs, vainly trying to look gay and careless as usual.

"Have you had a pleasant walk, my love?" asked Mrs. Clifford, kindly, as Clara took her place at the table.

"Yes, aunt, very," replied Clara, not daring to raise her eyes.

"Did you see Marian?" inquired Rose.

"No," returned Clara, shortly; "I did not go in."

"Oh, then you gave the mulberries to Jessie Armstrong, I suppose, for Ruth is not at home to-day; you have brought back the basket, I see, for I found it on the floor in the hall when I came in. What account did you hear of Marian?"

This simple question threw Clara into the greatest perplexity. Whatever answer she gave might be contradicted, and proved false when Rose called in the evening; and it was not till the question was repeated that she could command her voice to reply, "Nothing particular; no better."

"Did you leave word that I should call this evening?" asked Rose, unconsciously gazing as she spoke at Clara, for she was struck by her cousin's odd and confused manner, and wondered what made her colour come and go so quickly.

"Why do you stare at me so?" exclaimed Clara, angrily, as she caught Rose's eye fixed upon her with an inquiring look.

"I did not mean to stare at you, Clara, indeed," replied Rose, simply; "but I do wish you would tell me what I want to know about Marian."

"Well, I *have* told you all I know myself," retorted Clara, ill-humouredly; "I wish you would not tease me so, when my head is so bad; it is very unkind."

"Have you the headache, my love?" asked Mrs. Clifford, kindly; "you have walked too far in the sun I am afraid. You must lie down after dinner, and keep very quiet, or we shall have you ill again."

Clara's anxious, guilty conscience had destroyed her appetite, and she gladly seized this excuse to retire as soon as dinner was over, saying she would try to sleep off her headache.

When quietly laid on her own little bed, with the window shaded, and the curtains drawn, to keep out the light, Clara strove to forget her disquietude; but this was impossible, and the dread of discovery made her so wretched that she scarcely knew how to support her own miserable feelings. Could she have foreseen how much sorrow would spring from the indulgence of that one envious feeling, which she that morning suffered to take unresisted possession of her heart, how fervently would she have prayed, how earnestly have striven, to be released from its dominion! The blessed "charity which envieth not" had no place in her heart. She had never been taught to seek this precious gift from heaven, and she little dreamt how much its influence would have preserved her from unhappiness, and how boundless were the sources of true and pure enjoyment which its possession would have opened to her.

Clara had been educated to believe, if not by the words, at least by the deeds, of all around her, that happiness was exclusively to be found in self-gratification; but she was now learning for the first time the bitter lesson, that the indulgence of a wrong desire could bring upon her real sorrow, such as no disappointment or self-denial for the sake of principle could have inflicted. No true penitence, however, mingled with her tormenting and varied feelings as she lay restlessly tossing to and fro; she did not regard her offence as a grievous sin against God; she only regretted her misconduct on account of the painful consequences to which it exposed her—the punishment and disgrace which she knew would follow its detection. The desire of concealment was now her one absorbing thought. Clara was not habitually deceitful; she had seldom in her life uttered a deliberate falsehood; and the idea of doing so on the present occasion made her shrink when the thought first entered her head; still, it seemed the only way of escape, and she resolved at last to say on further questioning, that she had met with an accident in crossing a stile, where she had fallen down and lost the fruit among the long grass. She tried to console herself with the idea that no one could detect this as an untruth; but the thought did not give her peace.

The long hours passed slowly and wearily on, and Rose came gently up-stairs at last to see if her cousin were better. "How is your head now, Clara, dear? If it is not better, mamma wishes you to lie still, and I will bring your tea to you."

The perfectly unsuspicious look and manner of Rose, her sweet face and gentle kindness, smote Clara's heart, and she felt how utterly unworthy she was of such affection; but she stifled the better feeling which for a moment prompted her to confess all: and springing from the bed she exclaimed, with assumed carelessness, while smoothing her disordered curls and stroking into neatness the folds of her tumbled frock—"Oh, I feel quite well now; it was only my walk in the sun: but how dark it has grown; the weather must have changed."

"Yes," said Rose, "it is raining heavily; I was so disappointed when I saw it clouding over after dinner, for

mamma said the sky looked too threatening for my walk to Forest Lodge."

An exclamation of joy had almost escaped Clara's lips, but she checked herself, and Rose, happy in her unsuspecting ignorance, went on:—

"Mamma says I shall go the first thing after breakfast, if the morning be fine, and I do not so much mind not going to-day, now that Marian has my mulberries and flowers, she will know that I have not forgotten her."

Clara's heart beat fast, and her cheeks were dyed with scarlet blushes as she listened to these words. Hastily turning her back upon Rose, that her confusion might not be observed, she quickly finished what she was about and hastened from the room, leaving Rose to puzzle in vain by trying to answer the question which had perplexed her the whole day, and still remained unanswered—"What can be the matter with Clara?"

Relieved from fear of present detection, Clara's spirits rose to more than their usual height, and before the close of the evening she had almost banished uneasiness. The effort to do so was not indeed wholly successful; the feeling of guilt which sin always brings with it lay like a burden upon her heart, and she could not feel happy and peaceful. The sight of Rose's sunny face, and perfect unsuspicion of evil, haunted her; every look and word of kindness seemed like a reproach, and even when she lay down upon her pillow, it was long before she slept quietly.

The morning dawned fair and still; the storm of yesterday had passed away, and the unclouded sky looked bright and pure as ever. With almost the earliest streak of light, Rose was awake, anxiously trying to discover whether the day promised to be fine. Having satisfied herself on this point, she hastily finished dressing, and then sat down to prepare her lessons, that nothing might delay her walk mamma kindly offered her after breakfast. The hour that remained when this duty was performed, was employed in preparing a pleasant little surprise for her friend. Her garden was visited and her plants carefully weeded and tied up; a nosegay of her choicest and most fragrant flowers was gathered; a small bunch of grapes, from the single vine trained on the warm south wall, was plucked; and Rose thought with delight on the refreshment they would bring to the parched and fevered lips of the dying child whose comfort and relief dwelt so unceasingly upon her heart; little thinking, the while, that Marian had already departed for the sinless land—that at break of day the messenger had come, summoning her from dreams of heaven to a bright yet solemn wakening amidst its glories. Even then her pale cold limbs were lying insensible to earthly pain, on the bed where so many suffering hours had been passed, and her rejoicing spirit had entered the sunny portals of her Father's house above. But Rose knew it not; and as she returned to the house, no shade of coming sorrow darkened her light-hearted gladness.

Early as it was, however, the tidings of Marian's death had reached Westmaven. Mrs. Clifford shrank from the painful task of breaking the sad intelligence to Rose; and desiring the servants to say nothing, resolved to wait till after breakfast. The guileless look of happiness, all unselfish as it was, on Rose's beaming face, while she playfully recounted during the meal her morning's labours for the benefit of her friend, went to the mother's heart, and she felt how hard it was to be obliged to turn her joy to sadness.

But the painful moment could not long be deferred, and the mournful truth was gradually broken, and with the utmost caution, for Mrs. Clifford almost dreaded the violence of the shock, for which it was evident Rose was totally unprepared. Most difficult was it to bear the passionate outburst of grief which followed the communication; and yet more distressing to witness the quiet hopelessness of expression which rested on her face, when the first wild passion of sorrow had subsided. Mrs. Clifford gently tried to rouse her mind, by dwelling upon the blessed certainty which they possessed of her darling Marian's happiness, and the joyful exchange she had made from the weary bed of suffering to a blessed home of everlasting rest. Rose listened while her mother spoke or read from her favourite chapters, but the words seemed to have lost their power to soothe; her mind seemed stupified by sorrow, and she felt for the time as if it were impossible she could ever be happy again.

Marian had been her only companion for years; they had studied together, played together, and meeting almost daily, they had become dear to each other as sisters. Marian's lingering illness had in some degree loosened the tie, while its hopeless character, of which Rose had lately become fully aware, had in a measure prepared her mind for the event, and softened the shock, which had been, even now, painfully sudden. For months the one subject which, waking and sleeping, had occupied her mind, was Marian; and almost to the last had she cherished hopes of her recovery. Now that the one great object of interest was gone, Rose felt as if life had suddenly become a blank; every occupation seemed to have lost its charm, and she wandered listlessly about the house and garden, unable to fix her attention on any of her accustomed pursuits. Mrs. Clifford knew that this feeling would pass away when her mind recovered its tone, and did all she could to divert her thoughts from the painful loss which she had sustained, by reminding her that there was another to whom it would be a still greater bereavement.

"I am going to Forest Lodge," she remarked, one morning; "and if you like, my love, you may accompany me."

Rose trembled and wept.

"You may do as you please, my dear," continued her mother; "I do not wish you to go, if it is too painful to you."

"Oh yes, mamma," sobbed Rose, "I could not bear to stay behind; I must go with you to see the last on earth I ever can see of my dear sweet Marian."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

20. Ps. lxviii 18. "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them."

21. Ps. cx. 1. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

22. Joel ii. 28-9. "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

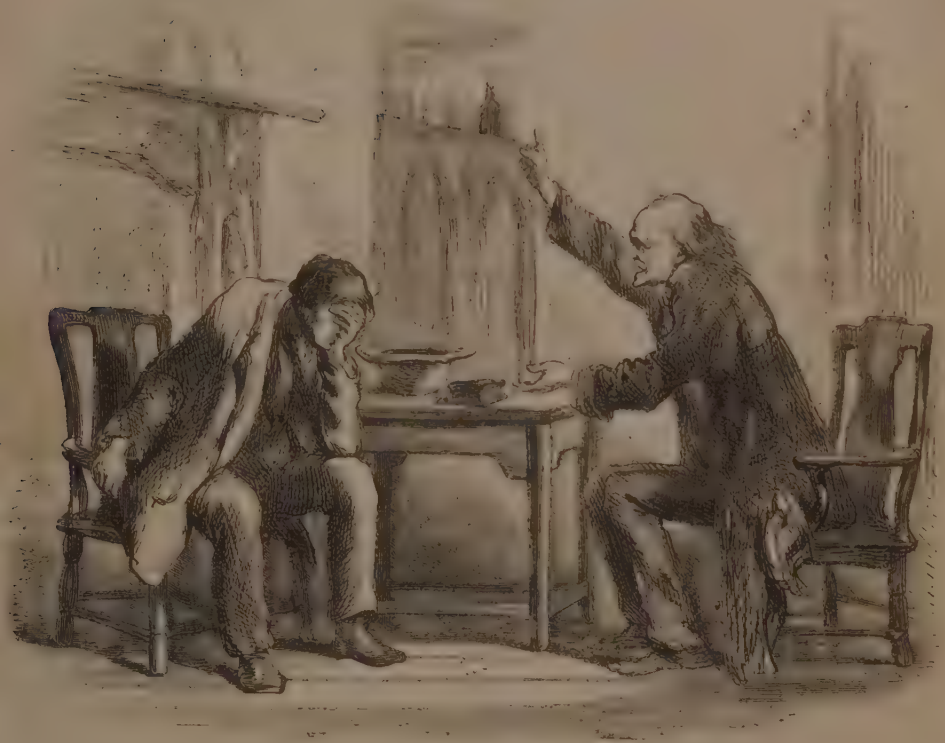
23. John vii. 17. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

24. Gen. xxviii. 18, 19. "Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel." xxxv. 14.—Joshua iv. 9. "And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood; and they are there unto this day." Josh. xxiv. 26. "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord." 1 Samuel vii. 12. "Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



OLD DAVIE PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL TO VICKERS

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XXI.

NEVER had owner of mine been a more diligent student of my pages than was the workman Vickers, when once he had entered on my acquaintance. Not my first lovely and loving possessor; not Leonard Duncan, when he began to feel my worth; not his sister, when, in alarm for her eternal safety, and with death in prospect, she cried with the Philippian jailer, 'What must I do to be saved?" not Edward Greene, when he was roused from his apathetic reliance on a false and soul-destroying creed; not Albert Norton, when he was instant in season and out of season in the work of his Divine Master; not his sister Grace, when I became her choice companion and friend; not one of these more perseveringly sought my communications than the workman Vickers. Let me, before I proceed with his history, disclose one phase of his character and a few of the hidden workings of his mind.

Like hundreds around him of his own condition of life, my owner was a dissatisfied man; the craving cry of his soul was, "Who will show us any good?" The good thing which he

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PRICE ONE PENNY

sought was a change in worldly position, larger rewards for labour, and the removal of burdens which he believed had been laid on the class to which he belonged, by those above them in rank and affluence.

The more he had thought of these things, the more certain did it appear to him that the selfishness of men in high positions in life was the cause of the wretchedness and misery which he daily witnessed around him, and which a slight impediment in his course might bring upon himself.

He believed that changes, great and manifold, were needed; and he was ready to listen to any who would promise to point out a way in which the causes of his discontent could be removed.

But the more earnestly he listened, the greater had been his disappointment. One professed reformer after another had given utterance to sentiments to which the heart of my owner responded; but partly in the plans they proposed, and more especially in their conduct, when watched with a jealous and scrutinizing eye, he thought he perceived that honest sincerity was wanting.

He had studied the histories of others who had for a brief time made themselves known as "friends of the people," had "boasted themselves to be somebodies," and to whom numbers of men had joined themselves, sometimes in the attempt to carry out proposed plans of peaceful melioration and reform, and at other times in violent opposition and feeble rebellion against the strong arm of law. And these studies had landed him in confusion and disappointment. He could but perceive that in many cases haughtiness or selfishness had moved such men to aspire to distinction as leaders of the people; and in the prosecution and ultimate failure of their designs, had their weakness or their selfishness been manifest.

At last he had found one in whom alone was disinterestedness, self-denial, courage, wisdom. In the several histories of him whom I tell, and to whom Moses and all the prophets gave witness, was that for which the aspiring and yet depressed workman had sought—the perfect portraiture of a moral hero, and the fit restorer of the people's rights—the visible embodiment of justice and mercy, and love and sympathy; and the true champion of the vaunted but misused motto, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality." Never had truer words been spoken than those which declared Jesus Christ to be "the grandest reformer the world had ever known."

Night after night, then, did Vickers return to the study of my pages, and the character of my Divine yet human Master. Once and again did he read each history of his life, sufferings, death, and resurrection.

His resurrection! He stumbled there. Not in disbelief, however, but in darkness of mind. And yet, was there not here a solution of the question which had never ceased to haunt his mind since the evening of the new moral world lecture: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And did not the fact of this mysterious resurrection from the dead stamp with infinite value the instructions of this great Teacher, and give additional proof of the verity of his representations of the "life that is to come?"

With excited feelings, amounting to agony, did this earnest though yet but partially enlightened man pace his room in many dark midnight hours, recalling the scenes of which I had informed him, and revolving in his mind the questions to which my narratives had given rise: "Why did they take his life? Why did not the nation to whom he came believe on him? Why was there a needs-be that Christ should thus suffer, and then be received into glory? Where were the benefits of his life and death to be seen? Christians! had they anything in common with Him whom they called their Lord and Master? and if anything, what?"

Like the blind man (no longer blind) who "saw men as trees walking," so did my owner, in the new-found light which was beaming in upon his soul, like the earliest dawn of a wintry morning, struggle to understand that which he but faintly and imperfectly saw, but vainly. There was real distress in the darkness and gloom; and yet there was a glory and a brightness and rest and peace and joy somewhere, if he could but attain it. He had been proud of his intellect; but now his intellect was baffled.

Reader, there was a need for these struggles and this grief of his. "Except ye be converted, and become *as little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

More might I tell of the inward experiences of my owner and the conflicts of his soul; but it needs not, and I hasten on.

Another day of rest, and Vickers was once more alone. Presently the door opened.

"I am come to see ye, as I said, lad:" the voice was that of my former proprietor, the old bookseller, Davie. "I could na listen to ye last evening, ye ken. Let us know now what this new perplexity is;" and saying this, he seated himself opposite my owner.

"This book thou gave me," said Vickers, laying his hand on me, "is at the root of it all."

"So ye tauld me: ye have read it then?"

"Parts of it, again and again. Mostly the gospels, as they are called."

"And ye found—what did ye find?" asked Davie.

"I cannot tell. It is grand, beautiful," said

my owner; "but I dunna know that I comprehend it. One thing is certain—Jesus Christ was a brave man—a grand character was he."

"Ay, ye have found that out? Ye will find out something more soon, or I am mistaken; but never mind that now," continued the strange adviser; "what else have ye found?"

Vickers shook his head mournfully. "I cannot understand; it is na plain to me just why things happed as they did; and why, if so be he was sent from God, and WAS GOD—and eh!" said he, interrupting himself, "this is a great mystery altogether!"

"That's another thing ye have discovered, is it?" interposed Davie, in his quaint way of speaking. "Why, man, ye're getting on. Do ye na ken that ye've taken the words out of the mouth of the apostle Paul; ye've been reading what he wrote to Timothy, maybe?"

"Nay," replied my owner, "I have been mostly taken up with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I set myself to find out the whole of that story—the life and biography, ye know—and to get to the bottom of it, before going much further."

"Ye're right, and ye're wrong both, man," said Davie. "Ye're right to try; but find out the whole of the story! get to the bottom of it! ye'll never do it, lad, if ye live to be as old as Methuselah, and had an archangel's mind to penetrate with. Get to the bottom of it, ye said! Why, man, the whole history, from first to last, will take all eternity, for such poor worms of dust as you and me to understand. It is 'the love of Christ,' lad, 'that passeth knowledge.' But ye were telling me your difficulties: go on, friend; it is na plain to ye, ye say, why things happed as they did. What things?"

My owner told him.

"I see," said the old bookseller; "ye're like the poor blinded disciples that had been so long with their Lord and Master, and seen his miracles and heard his words, and yet could na rid their minds of the expectation that he was to take to himself great power and glory, and be a braw man-king, with a golden crown on his head, and a purple robe maybe around him, going forth to conquer the enemies of the poor down-trodden Jews; and that expected, as the sons of Zebedee did, to sit on his right hand and on his left hand when he came to his kingdom. And what for should it na be said to you, as it was to them—'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?' And ye think—I see what ye half-think, lad—that the grand work has been a failure, because ye canna see all the world brought to call Christ, LORD. But, I tell ye, ye're wrong, clean wrong. The work's going on, lad; and it will go on. The building of mercy and salvation is being raised, stone by stone, and higher and higher; and the time's coming on, friend, when the word of the Lord shall be accomplished—'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts! Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it!' and 'the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of God and his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.'"

"It may be so," said my owner, still heavily; "but I would like to see more clear. So, I came to Davie, for I thought of none else. It was thou who set me up with reading your book."

"Then ye have na gone to the right quarter, lad. I canna help ye with what ye want. Ye maun go to the Lord Jesus Christ, his ain sel."

"How is that to be done?" inquired my owner.

"Ye're in your room, and pray, and pray again. Ye read and study in the word," continued Davie. "Have ye *ever* prayed?"

My owner shook his head with a puzzled expression of countenance, which seemed to ask, "What would that help me?"

"I thought ye had," said my friend; "and ye talk about honouring the Lord Jesus, when ye winna take a step to get near to him—to say nought of obeying his directions."

"His directions!" said my owner, wonderingly.

"Ay, lad: does na he tell ye, knock, and seek, and ask? 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto ye?' 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' Where have your eyes been, lad, that ye did not see that ye could na expect to behold wondrous things out of God's law, if ye did na pray to him to open the eyes of your understanding? 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' And ye have na prayed! Your poor stubborn knees would na bend before the throne of the Eternal! Man, ye *must* pray. Ye *must* humble yourself before the God that made ye, and the Saviour that's ready and willing to save ye. Ye *must* pray, I tell ye."

My owner covered his face with his hands, while the visitor, like an inspired prophet of old, spoke as though a live coal from the altar of God had been laid on his lips.—At length, Vickers feebly muttered, "I dunna know. I kenna what to say."

"Say, man! say just what ye want. Tell the

Lord Jesus—he'll hear ye; he is na so far off—the first thing that comes to your lips out of your heart. Just make few words of it: tell him ye're a puir ignorant fule, that has been stuck up with self-conceit, and ha' thought yourself intellectual; and now ye have found out your mistake, and ye want his blessed teaching. Ye need na make many words of it. Ye'll not be heard for much speaking. Tell him ye want to know his will: and so help you God, ye'll learn of him if he'll condescend to teach ye. D'ye hear that, lad?" and he rose to depart.

"Stop, stop, Davie," said my owner; "thou'lt not go yet? I have got more to say," he cried out earnestly, as his friend's hand was on the door-latch.

"I canna stop longer now, lad," replied the bookseller. I'll leave ye to it. I winna come between you and the Almighty Saviour. I would have asked ye to gang with me to-night, to hear the preaching of man; but I am na free to do it. How can I tell but your intellect might be pleased and your conscience deadened while ye have na prayed for understanding and grace to help in time of need. I'll see ye again, lad: but ere ye do anything else, gang in to your closet—your bed-room, man—anywhere, where there's nobody to come in between God and your soul—and pray."

"But stop, Davie; thou wilt pray for me?" said my owner; "I canna——"

"Ye must," said the strange visitor, his hand still on the door-latch, "or ye'll get no understanding, and no salvation either. Pray for ye! ay, will I; but not instead of ye, lad. Ye must pray for yourself."

In another moment my owner was alone.

THE SALZBURG EMIGRANTS.

For upwards of four centuries, the whole influence of the Austrian government has been constantly exerted for the support of the Roman Catholic faith. In thus striving to attain and promote the establishment of their church, popish governments have too often systematically and constantly violated the eternal and unchangeable principles of justice, and have invariably, in all ages, made use of means which tend to overturn the basis of society. A fundamental principle often adopted by them—as the teachings of history record—has been that those who differ from the church of Rome have no right to live, or to enjoy the common privileges of humanity. Individual members of that church have at all times been found protesting against these principles; by so doing, however, they subjected themselves to be considered as heretics even by their own church. The church of Rome professes never to change, and none of her principles has been more perseveringly, more authoritatively, or more determinedly carried out than this has been.

When Charles VI was emperor of Austria, the Jesuits had all power in their hands, and they made most unsparing use of their influence to crush true piety. In Salzburg, near the borders of Bavaria, the principles of the reformation had, in the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, taken such deep root that the great majority of the wealthy and respectable inhabitants were Protestants. Accordingly, in the year 1731, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Salzburg, Leopold Anton Firmian, a fanatical disciple of Loyola, resolved to compel them to become Roman Catholics. For this purpose, he sent shoals of priests and friars through the country, and placed at their disposal several regiments of infantry and cavalry. If they only gained the desired end, it made no matter what means they used. Some scores of priests and soldiers would take possession of a house, and live there till they had eaten up or destroyed the whole property of the house. Fines were imposed, members of the family were imprisoned, whole villages were driven to church at the point of the bayonet, and when the doors were locked, the consecrated wafer was forced into their mouths, after which they were treated as Papists, and were liable to be punished with death if they again joined the Protestants. All children below a certain age were taken from their parents, and sent to be educated in convents and monasteries.

Such trials were severe, but many Protestants remained faithful. Parents allowed their children to be carried away—children saw their aged parents falsely imprisoned—and still retained their faith. Some were sent to the galleys, and some were thrown into chains, some hanged, some beheaded, some had all their property confiscated; and yet, in spite of such measures, the Jesuits made slow progress in their attempts at conversion. In the middle of winter, therefore, thousands of the poorest were driven out of their homes, and obliged to fly their country. They had eight days given to make up their minds, either to become papists, or leave their fatherland for ever. They adopted the latter course, left all behind them, and fled, with their children in their arms, over the Salzburg Alps, through frost and snow, in search of a home where they might dare to bend the knee to Jesus Christ. The wealthier classes had some months given them to reflect; but were then, for conscience sake, obliged to sell their houses and lands at ridiculously low prices, and bid farewell to the land of their father's graves.

Young mothers carried their children. Gray-haired fathers and mothers were borne by their sons across the mountains of Tyrol. As they crept over the rocks, where the snowstorm threatened to drive them down the precipice, the children clasped their little hands, and cried, "Jesus! thou Son of God, our Saviour, look down and pity us." And their prayer was accepted of the Lord of hosts. In the spring of 1732, three hundred exiles in one band thus crossed the hills in safety.

Near a village called Radstadt, a company of exiles had lost their way, and were feeling carefully in the snow for the path, when a company of soldiers appeared, to seize and carry them back. It was in the night. Suddenly a cloud passed away, and the moon shone out to show them a bridge over the Ems, while their pursuers were involved in an impenetrable mist. The astonished soldiers cried: "Either the powers of heaven or of hell are engaged in defence of this people; we will have nothing to do with them."

A couple of instances may show more clearly the peculiar trials to which these self-denying heroes were subject. A little boy of fourteen years expressed himself determined to continue in the Protestant faith. His Roman Catholic relatives inflicted positive bodily torture upon him, to make him recant. They then put a dagger to his breast, and gave him the time that was necessary to repeat the Lord's prayer to resolve whether he would renounce his faith, or be stabbed to the heart. The boy sprung quickly out of the house, and hid himself among a band of emigrants that were passing, and thus escaped.

The troop of exiles sang the psalms of David as they marched along. One company passing a farmstead, was astonished to see a woman with a bloody hand rush in among them, and claim protection. Her husband, who was a stanch Roman Catholic, had mutilated two of her fingers to prevent her joining them; but, with the blood streaming from the wounds, she rushed into the crowd, exclaiming that she too loved the Saviour, and that she would go with his people.

In Dorrenberg the number of inhabitants was seven hundred and fifty, of whom every man, woman, and child forsook their country, leaving a waste behind them, to wander into other lands, where they dared to serve their God according to the Scriptures.

Wherever they came, in Franconia, Saxony, Prussia, they were received with open arms. Frederick William I, king of Prussia, sent commissioners to meet them, to provide them with whatever they should require, and to bring them to Potsdam. The first company arrived on the 29th April, 1732, and the king, going out to meet them, examined them respecting their faith, and expressed great joy at the noble confession they had made of Christ. He and the queen made them valuable presents, and he took leave of them, saying: "Don't fear, children; all will be well: in my kingdom you will have all you want." Shortly after, another company of more than eight hundred came to Potsdam, and the king, on going out to see them, asked them to sing a well-known German hymn—

"On my dear Lord I trust, in danger and distress."

They happened not to know the tune so well as to be able to begin, when to their great astonishment, the king, immediately acting as precentor, led the music till the whole hymn was sung. Wishing them a pleasant journey, he gave directions to have them taken to Berlin, that they might there be provided for.

Such were the Salzburg emigrants. Ah! how do such confessors as these shame our own coldness of love towards the Saviour, and teach us to estimate, at their proper value, any small services which we may appear to have rendered to his cause.

WALKING WITH GOD.

It is no fiction, no mere poetry, but a blessed reality, a glorious fact, that we may walk with God. Day by day may we walk with him, night by night converse with him. In solitude we may have him all to ourselves. In the places of business, he may attend our steps, guard our thoughts, compose our minds, protect our rectitude, hold our hearts in peace, and preserve us unspotted from the world.

The soul of man is the temple which he has framed for himself. It is not on Mount Gerizim, nor even at Jerusalem, that he is to be found and worshipped particularly; but as he is a spirit, so in spirit and in truth is he to be found and worshipped everywhere, where a true, childlike, obedient, and sanctified soul is found. We carry about God's temple with us. Within ourselves is the altar from which the offering must ascend.

This great truth, that we may walk with God, consecrates the whole of life, and renders it possible to make all times and places, and all honest and useful employments, which go to make up the duties of life, parts of our way to heaven, and parts of our discipline in holiness. We may thus be always fearing God, loving God, serving God, walking with God, working out our salvation, and abounding in hope and joy.

Thus living, how holy and serene our lives might become! We are really always moving

about on the threshold of eternity. We might thus also be breathing the airs of heaven. "Oh for a closer walk with God!" may we well exclaim. Why are we not fired by the thought? Since God invites us to this communion, and has prepared the way for it, why do we not aspire after it and gain it? It surely must be open to us. Do we believe there is a heaven—are we hoping for heaven? Then our immortality will be a divine communion. The soul of man then must be made for this. It ascends to its true sphere, and moves in its proper element when it attains it. Constituted as we are, provided for as we are in the gospel, with such promises sounding in our ears, with such hopes opened before us, the only wonder is that we are not basking in the divine communion, living even now with our Father in heaven, while we are walking upon the earth.

Come, then, fellow Christians, let us behold our privilege! If we know something of the blessedness of this privilege, shall we not cry out, "Oh for a closer walk with God!" Why this faltering on our way? why this groping along, as if we had no light? Let us live as the heirs of heaven. Let us live as God's dear children.

And ye who have never tasted the divine communion, is there not here something worthy of your highest ambition, and your utmost efforts? Earth is passing away from you. To an immortal being its utmost gifts are poor, for they are transitory. But here are honour, dignity, wealth, and blessedness which cannot fail, but which increase as they are prized and used. To be God's child, to walk with God, to have heaven now begun in your soul, to possess heaven at last, to walk with God for ever in those fields of light—think of these things, and then consider how very poor and miserable your present life is, and what you may become.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

INDEPENDENTLY of the claims which attach to the quail, on account of its habits, manners, and extensive distribution throughout the greater portion of Africa, Asia, and Europe, it is invested with no little interest from another cause—namely, its connexion with the history of the Israelites during their migratory movements in the wilderness. On two occasions were supplies of quails sent opportunely by way of affording food to the multitude. Not much more than a month had passed since the departure from Egypt, when the host entered the wilderness, or rocky desert, interspersed with glens, between Elim and Sinai, that is, from below what is now called Wady Gharandel to the neighbourhood of Wady Fahan and Mount Serbal, supposed by some to have been the true Sinai of the Hebrews. The occurrence is related in Exodus xvi, and it is recorded (verse 13) that "at even the quails came up and covered the camp." But this supply of flesh was only temporary, for the manna (from "man-hu," what is it?) was appointed as the staple food. It was ground in mills, made into dough, and baked in the form of cakes of delicious flavour. (Numbers xi. 8.)

The second occasion on which a supply of quails was sent, was during the second month of the second year after the departure from Egypt, when the host, having left the glens and [illegible] of Sinai, after a residence of eleven [illegible] and nineteen days, and entered into the sterile desert, remembering the luxuries of Egypt and discontented with the manna, began again to feel a desire for animal food. Forgetful of that hand which had kindly led them through all the mazes of their journey, and which had promised to supply their wants in the manner that was most suitable for them, they lost confidence in Jehovah, and murmured against Moses. In anger the Lord listened, if we may so speak, to their clamour, and again sent, by [illegible] of a drifting wind, myriads of quails, turned out of [illegible] the Red Sea. So great was the abundance, that for [illegible] a centre to a circumference, the ground was covered by these exhausted birds, trampling and pressing upon each other to the height of two cubits; and "all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, they gathered the quails." After the Egyptian fashion, they dried them, probably with a little salt, in the sun, as a store for future use. (Numbers xi. 31–2.) But a plague now broke out, to which numbers fell a sacrifice, and the place was called *Kibroth hattaavah.*

Various opinions have been entertained as to the identity of the bird thus sent as a miraculous supply to the Israelites with the quail; but the trial, by the consent of ornithologists, lies between the katta, or sand-grouse, and the quail. With respect to the katta, so impressed was Hasselquist (the friend and pupil of Linnæus) with the astounding myriads of these birds in Syria, that he at once called it *Tetrao Israelitarum*, and in a letter to Linnæus, says: "If natural history can afford any information as to the interpretation of the Bible, this bird is certainly the same with the quails of the Israelites; and they (the quails) would alone reward the toil of a journey to the banks of the

Jordan. So great was my own personal delight on this discovery, that forgetting myself, I almost lost my life before I could obtain possession of a specimen." Subsequently he observes, that about Whitsuntide the Arabs carry many thousands of them to Jerusalem for sale, which, as we are informed, is still the case.

After the breeding season, the kattas associate in vast flocks; and in the stony districts of the country beyond Jordan, they swarm in such multitudes that phalanx after phalanx arise, like clouds passing through the sky, and vanish in the distance. Burckhardt, who was astounded by their numbers, says: "The quantity of kattas here is beyond description. The whole plain seemed sometimes to rise; and far off in the air they are seen like large moving clouds." In the country to the east of the Dead Sea, and among the hilly districts of Edom, their numbers are incredibly excessive; and this is the case throughout Syria, especially, according to Russell, during the months of May and June, when thousands upon thousands are killed for food. Burckhardt is strongly of opinion that the katta and the quail, or selav, of the Israelites are identical.

For ourselves, we doubt the correctness of Burckhardt's opinions. We believe that the quail was the bird supplied to the Israelites. In the first place, during its migratory movements, the quail *also* flies in clouds, and the flocks cover whole districts. In the second place, the quail is decidedly migratory, passing from Africa into Asia and Europe, while the katta, or sand-grouse, is only partially so, roaming from district to district of the same country. In the third place, the Arabic name of the sand-grouse is katta, or al chata (allowance being made for our mode of spelling such words), while that of the quail is selwai, or selwee, evidently the same word as selav; thus the name itself seems to be a confirmation. In the fourth place, the selav was not, as it would appear, unknown to the Israelites; it abounds in Egypt, and was at once recognised as among the table delicacies of a people whose *recherché* animal food chiefly consisted of feathered game. But the sand grouse, a tenant of the sterile desert, would not have been so familiar to the wandering host; and, besides, its flesh is dry and dark-coloured, whereas, as we all know, that of the quail is delicious. For these reasons, we incline decidedly to the quail.

We have stated that the quail is essentially a migratory bird. Now the wind is said to have brought the flocks into the valley of Sin; therefore it is not unreasonable to suppose that the birds were driven onwards from upper Egypt and the western borders of the Red Sea generally, by the exertion of crossing which they became so exhausted as to fall in myriads round the encampments of the Israelites. Nor is it improbable that they were baffled by opposing currents, and thereby prevented from [illegible] their northern migratory course. The same observations apply to the second miracle; in the account of which it is expressly stated that the birds were "brought from the sea," having crossed it from the western borders. This [illegible] was no less miraculous. The flock came at the time foretold, and passed directly over the Hebrew camp.

Although the quail is migratory, and traverses vast districts, yet its wings are by no means fitted [illegible] for long-sustained flight. It travels by stages, longer or shorter, according to circumstances, and the direction of the wind, by the supporting power of which it is much assisted. At the same time, it would appear that this species, if not stationary, is only partially migratory in India; but this is not the case in western Asia, or Europe, generally.

Although in different countries stragglers remain behind, both at the epoch of the northward tide and southward reflux, yet the migratory movements of the quail are so decided as to have attracted notice from remote antiquity. Pliny, after stating that immense flocks, baffled by adverse winds, are often swept into the Mediterranean, adds, that they sometimes settle on vessels in such numbers as to cause their sinking from the overloading of the masts and rigging; and this, he says, always happens during the night. The vessels, be it remembered, were light craft, not so seaworthy as one of our fishing-smacks, and merely crept about the coast; hence Pliny's [illegible] is not [illegible]. Even in modern times, when the flocks of quails are probably less multitudinous than formerly, before the destructive gun was known, the authentic accounts are sufficiently startling. During the periodical flights of these birds between Europe and Africa, and *vice versâ*, the shores and islands of the Mediterranean are replete with myriads, and Sicily swarms with them. Their autumnal visit is looked forward to with great anxiety, and they [illegible] the gun, the net, and the simplest missiles, being all in requisition. On the coast of Naples, according to Montagu, and within a comparatively limited space, one hundred thousand have been counted as the produce of a single day's work.

In Cyprus, in the Greek Archipelago, and in the Morea, these birds make their appearance at regular intervals in countless multitudes; but, according to Baron de Tott, no country abounds with quails more than the Crimea. During the summer, they are dispersed over the steppes or plains, but on the approach of autumn they assemble, old and young together, and cross the Black Sea to the shores of Asia Minor, and

A GROUP OF QUAILS.

thence continue a southward course. "The order of this migration is invariable; towards the end of August, on a serene day, when the wind blows from the north at sunset, and promises a fine night, they repair to the strand and take their departure at six or seven in the evening, and have finished a journey of fifty leagues by break of day." They alight exhausted, and thousands are taken alive, in addition to numbers killed on the spot.

In western Europe, the quail arrives in April, the males preceding the females by several days; nets and traps of various kinds are prepared for their reception, in addition to which they are enticed by the quail-pipe to their destruction. The quail-pipe imitates the low note of the female, upon hearing which the male answers, uttering his clear whistling trisyllable *pee-vor-ree*, and is so drawn into the artful trap.

As we have already said, the miraculous hand of God was displayed in directing this particular flock of quails to come at the time appointed, and in the direction of the Hebrew camp. Not only the cattle on a thousand hills are his, but all the creatures of the feathered tribes obey his sovereign will, and their natural habits and instincts are made to serve the good pleasure of his grace.

On this occasion, however, the bounties of his providence were sent in anger. His people had wearied of his providential care, and longed for an indulgence, which, had it been for their good, would not have been withheld from them. A plague accordingly broke out in the camp; the form of the disease is supposed to have been some bodily distemper, the effect of their surfeit.

The true Christian will desire temporal blessings of all kind in moderation, and willingly receive them in such measure and at such times as his heavenly Father sees best to bestow them. What is in itself lawful, let us ever remember, may become a curse, when sought in a wrong spirit and obtained in a wrong way. May the quails of the wilderness impress this lesson upon us all.

THE TEST OF POWERFUL PREACHING.—Many are misled by their admiration of what is called a powerful discourse, forgetting that that is the most powerful which best effects the object proposed. The power of a sample of gunpowder, or of a piece of ordnance, is tested, not by the loudness of the report, but by the depth of the impression made on the target.—*Archbishop Whately.*

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

BY DR. GARDINER SPRING.

TRUE religion exists in various degrees in the present world; nor may we call its reality in question where the higher degrees of it are not perceived. An habitually heavenly mind is a most delightful indication of its reality and power, and the sweetest preparative to die in faith. Yet this is comparatively a rare attainment. Much of the time of true Christians is and must be employed in the business of time. But while this must be so in the present condition of their being, they may, at the same time, employ their hands upon the world and set their hearts on heaven. The best of men find this a difficult service: it costs them great watchfulness and much prayer, amid so many distracting cares and toils of earth, to set their affections on things that are above. Their souls too often "cleave to the dust," and their hearts are sometimes overcharged, and "careful about many things." Yet is such a state of mind the ripe fruit of the Spirit. Every heaven-born mind is substantially a heavenly mind. It is no longer a barren waste, where no heavenly affection blooms. Flowers of Paradise grow upon it; and fruits of righteousness, though stinted in their growth, there exhale their sweetness. Every heaven-born mind is a heaven-directed mind; its spiritual growth and expansion discover an upward aim and tendency. Though dwelling in this dark dungeon of flesh and blood, it pushes its way toward more sunny climes. Not unfrequently it has pleasant anticipations of the employments of the heavenly world, and sweet foretastes of its joys. There are gracious manifestations made to it; it is overshadowed by luminous clouds; and its evening twilight vanishes in brighter day. It is heavenward in its tendencies, and is more and more sustained and comforted by influences that are unearthly.

Minds there are such as these, and Christians such as these. And when they perceive themselves approaching the end of their course, it is no grief of heart to them that they must die. They have thought of it, and it does not come upon them as a thief in the night. They have prepared for it, and it does not fill them with alarm, or even surprise. They have set their house in order; no hasty and perturbed secular arrangements disturb their tranquillity. The shroud that is to cover them, and the quiet sepulchre where they would rest, and whence they would rise to their Father's house, have all been thought of, and they welcome the hour when the "dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." They well know that the cheerless regions of earth are not the regions where the heirs of glory should dwell. Their thoughts are heavenward; their affections and desires are heavenward; their treasure is in heaven; and where their treasure is, there their heart is also. Their Father's house is there; their inheritance is there, and there is their portion and joy. The Saviour they love is there, and they shall see him as he is, and be like him. Loved kindred and friends, not a few, are there; the believing mother meets her believing children there; the husband, the wife of his youth; and the widow there, is a widow no more.

Many a time do those who thus die in faith, "desire to depart and be with Christ," and are "willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord." Nor is there any stronger indication of a heavenly mind than this heavenward tendency. There is nothing that so fits the saints of God for heaven as this, or that so certainly destroys the terrors of the grave and prepares them to die in peace. That upward look, how sweet, how bright is it! Those hallowed influences, how sweet the fragrance they shed upon the pillow of death, how placid the tranquillity with which they clothe the sleeping clay, and how delightful the perfume they scatter upon the cold marble that covers the precious dead! That conscience and heart so tender, those habits of the soul so purified, the whole being so encircled by an unearthly atmosphere, and imbued with the temper and spirit of heaven—what proofs are these that heaven is prepared for such a mind!

The Scriptures speak of *dying* in faith; and they also speak of *living* in faith. What God hath thus joined together, let not man put asunder! They are the actings of faith in the ordinary course of human life, which prepare the soul for the more special and extraordinary actings of it at the approach of death. We may not look for comfortable evidence of a gracious state in the melancholy hour when the "last enemy" invades us, if we have no comfort-

able evidence amid the chequered scenes of labour, mourning, and joy. There must be something to feed vital hopes beside the dying embers that are just ready to expire. If the goal be attained, the race must be run. Joy and peace in believing are the results of the process of redemption in our own hearts. The fear of death will hold us in bondage, if we wait till he approaches, for the delightful or even the tranquil anticipations of the heavenly immortality. It is a vain hope to expect to bask in the brightness of the divine presence when the last dark cloud of time overshadows us, if we have never walked in the light of God's countenance while travelling through the wilderness. Take heed, then, how you allow your minds to be so absorbed in the pursuits of time, that, instead of living as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and seeking a better country, that is an heavenly, your thoughts and habits become so secularized that when you lie on your bed of languishing, the terrible apprehension shall agitate you, that the God of heaven is not your refuge, your portion, your resting-place. A living faith carries its own evidence with it. It shines by its own light, and shines brightest when it gilds the dark mountains that hide it from the view of men.

But are there not some of my readers to whom we must address a different language? Are there not those of whom, had the rapacious grave swallowed them up before the present hour, it could not have been said, that they died in the Lord? Melancholy thought! Temporal death would only have conducted you to the death eternal; the dark grave would have been but the short passage to a darker eternity. What thanks do you not owe to God's forbearance, that it is still the day of your merciful visitation! Even now, after so long a time, you may flee to the Saviour's arms, and in him find the earnest and pledge of that life which is forfeited by sin and restored by grace. If you would die in faith, your hearts must bow to the claims of that Saviour. If those who follow your mortal bodies to the grave are elevated above the sorrows and afflictions which oppress them by your departure, it must be because they cherish heavenly hopes for you after you sleep in the dust. There is no such consolation to the dying, there is no such balm to the wounds of the bereaved as this. Will *you* die without it; or, without it, will you leave *them* to mourn? O this were cruel! — cruelty to them—cruelty to your own souls! It is unutterably painful to think of living thus, and dying thus, in full view of the all-sufficient provisions of the gospel. You may be nearer to death than you are aware, but not nearer than is God's offered salvation. The "kingdom of God is come nigh unto you," in all its fulness and all its adaptation to your wants and woes. Its truth and mercy meet you as a creature born for immortality, and accountable to God, the judge of all. They meet you as a sinner, under his wrath and curse, and tell you of one, and but one way of escape. They solemnly admonish you to "flee from the wrath to come;" and they tenderly expostulate with you in language you cannot misunderstand, when they say, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will *have mercy upon him*, and to our God, for he will ABUNDANTLY PARDON." They proclaim to you, "Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation!" they startle you by their warnings; they allure you by their consolations and hopes. Fearful terrors issue from them, if you disregard their call; if you obey, sweet peace and heavenly radiance. Yes, *peace*—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" a radiance so pure and heavenly, that it cannot be obscured even by the night of the grave. But they most solemnly caution you against *delay*. They hold no man guiltless who hesitates to become the friend of truth and duty. They give you no warrant to presume on the abused patience of God for a future season of repentance; because inexorable death is hastening on the hour when "your souls shall be required of you." The invisible and noiseless foe has not yet come up into your chambers. He waits a little to see whether you will awake from this fatal slumber and make your peace with God and heaven; or whether you will still go on in your trespasses, and bury these immortal hopes without a sigh.

It were wise to be prepared for *sudden* death. Few men know the time when death will come. You cannot appoint your own time. On this solemn subject, God's word and his providence are alike silent; while both unite in urging the admonition, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!" "Human life is a lighted taper in the hands of a watchful providence." How watchfully must it be covered by the hand, or a fold of the garment, of him who carries it! A drop of rain or dew, a breath of air, and it is extinguished. A thousand instruments of destruction are always near it. "It is a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Is it wise, then, to defer accepting the great salvation? Ask this question at the grave of the millions who have been numbered with the dead. Ask it of your own beating pulse, where the question is put sixty times a minute, whether you shall live or die.

A LEAF FROM A PASTOR'S JOURNAL.

The Christian minister is frequently depressed when he reflects upon the few visible signs of success which sometimes attend his ministry of the word. He may labour with unremitting diligence, be instant in season and out of season; yet, to the end that his faith and patience may be tried, he may not be permitted to have any outward proof that God is making him instrumental in turning souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. But if on this account we relax in our efforts to do good, and fail to improve every season of doing good which presents itself, we may let slip the very opportunity by which the Almighty intended to make known to us that we were not labouring in vain nor spending our strength for nought. For ofttimes after a season of long apparent dearth and darkness, and just perhaps as we had begun to give up hope, the wilderness suddenly appears to blossom as the rose, and the desert becomes fruitful as the garden of the Lord. By some remarkable instance, it may be, it is made plain to the patient labourer in his Master's vineyard, that God is with him establishing the work of his hands. And this revelation of the Master's presence with him is, to the Christian labourer, what a friendly light in the distance is to a traveller, journeying amidst the darkness of the night, through a wild and lonesome country: he sees the light and takes courage, and feelings of doubt and despair disperse, even as the gloomy midnight clouds vanish under the beams of the rising sun.

Thus was I encouraged in the young days of my ministerial life. In weak health and in depressed spirits, I had been labouring apparently without any success, for a lengthened period. No words of mine seemed strong enough to turn back the swollen tide of wickedness which, like a torrent, rolled down the streets of our town, and I was beginning to despair of ever doing a work for God in such a place, when I was requested to occupy a pulpit in a neighbouring city for a single sabbath evening. Somewhat unwillingly, I consented to do so, for I was just then meditating a retreat from the ministry altogether, thinking it not impossible that I had mistaken my vocation in life.

When the sabbath evening came round that was to find me preaching at D——, I well remember debating with myself long and anxiously whether I should go or not. It was a dull November evening, I had more than four miles to walk, and a cold drizzling rain was falling. More than once I determined to send some one else to fill my place; but while thus in doubt as to what I should do, the words sounded in my ears, clearly and solemnly as if a spirit had spoken them: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, or whether both shall be alike good!" I hesitated no longer; but breathing a prayer for help and utterance, I set forth for D——.

When I arrived at the scene of my evening's labour, I found but a very small congregation assembled: the place of worship was filled with a cold raw fog, through which a few tallow candles faintly glimmered. The atmosphere was damp and unhealthy as that of a vault, and seemed to strike every one who entered with a perceptible chill. Throwing myself, however, upon the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, I began to speak to the people the word of life. Taking for my text the glorious words, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," I endeavoured to illustrate and to enforce the following truths—that man as a sinner was under condemnation; that this condemnation was of a most fearful character, and involved in it the most terrible results; that man by himself was wholly unable to escape from this condemnation and its consequences, but that God, in the gospel of his Son, had met humanity in its low estate, had provided a means of escape from the terrors of a broken law, and from the [illegible]; that he had established in the world a grand foundation for [illegible] and was well pleased with him who, casting himself upon this foundation, was desirous of being saved according to the divine method.

While I was proceeding with my address, my attention was forcibly arrested by the appearance of a poor ragged boy, who was standing or [illegible] near the door. He was shivering with cold, and occasionally, as the wind howled past the windows in fitful gusts, he would draw his tattered garments closer round him to protect his emaciated, sickly-looking frame from the fierce and searching blast. He seemed afraid to meet the eye of any one, for once when he found my gaze fixed upon him, he immediately cowered, dropped his head upon his bosom, and did not look up again for some moments. How it was that I began to lose all thought of the congregation, and to speak as if that poor boy were my only auditor, I know not, but so it was: like a magnet he drew my thoughts and feelings towards himself, and I found myself speaking more emphatically to him than to any one else. I forgot the cold, dull place of worship in which I was preaching; and even while I was speaking, my heart earnestly prayed to God to bless the words to the salvation of that wretched outcast. New thoughts and illustrations came into my mind, and God seemed speaking through me, more especially to him

who had so forcibly awakened my sympathies. He looked so poor, so miserable, and withal so desirous of having a word of kindness spoken to him, that at the close of the service, I determined to send for him; but on looking to the place he had occupied during worship, I found it vacant; the boy had gone. No one, it appeared, had observed him but myself, and all the way home, my fancy followed the unknown, apparently friendless lad, wandering in his tattered garments, through the wind and rain of a November night, without a home to which to direct his wearied steps.

I cannot explain the cause, but I inwardly felt that night, that I had been made instrumental in doing good. I was as certain of it as if the fact had been announced to me by a messenger from the skies; and I returned to my own field of labour rebuked for my want of faith, and resolved to work more zealously, and to exercise more implicit trust in God. So vivid was the impression which the service at D—— made upon my mind, that I even used to dream about it; and always, as the central figure in the dream, was the poor boy who had so deeply interested and affected me. Again I could see him, standing cold and solitary in the aisle, the very image of want and sorrow; and I would sometimes awake with words of sympathy intended for him upon my lips. On several occasions, I made enquiries with regard to him, of persons who were likely to meet such as he, but always without success; and yet the thought would often occur to me that he and I were destined to meet. We *did* meet, and under circumstances, never, never to be forgotten by myself!

It was the middle of winter, and the snow was lying deep on the earth, when one evening as I was reading in my study, I was told that a very poor woman wished to speak to me. "She would not come in," the servant said, but would be very thankful if I could allow her to ask me a question at the door. Upon going to the door, a most pitiable object met my view. Prostrate upon the steps, her forehead touching the cold stones, lay the poor woman; she was very thinly clad, and seemed almost frozen by the severity of the winter air. At the sound of my voice, she started and made a languid attempt to rise, but her strength failed her, and shivering with cold she sunk down again into a kneeling posture, looking at me with a mute prayer for compassion and succour. With the assistance of my servant, I carried her in almost a fainting state into the kitchen, and for a time she remained without power to utter a single word; but gradually she recovered through the restoratives we employed, and accepted very gratefully some food that was set before her. She had not, however, eaten above a mouthful or two, before she suddenly recollected the object of her errand: she burst into tears, and exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion, "I didn't come here to beg, sir, indeed I didn't!" There was that in her very wretchedness, and in the large tears which coursed down her cheeks, which forbade even the thought of her being an impostor, and in as kind words as I could use I expressed my willingness to serve her. She paused for a moment, struggled with herself to obtain the mastery over the feelings which were agitating her, and then, in more quiet tones, gave me the following account of herself.

She was a widow, having lost her husband above five years ago: she had seen better days, for, while her husband was alive, she, together with her son, her only child, was enabled to subsist very comfortably; but upon his death, ruin and want stared them in the face, and they were reduced almost to beggary. By dint, however, of great exertions, she had contrived to keep herself and her child out of the workhouse, and she was beginning to regard the future even hopefully, when her son, just when he was approaching the age when by his efforts he might have assisted his widowed parent most materially, ran off to sea! Thus was she deprived of both husband and child, and left with only penury and grief as her bitter portion. She followed the prodigal with her tears and prayers, but more than two years elapsed without any tidings of him reaching her. At length, one Sunday evening, while she in sad loneliness of heart was brooding over his fate and trying to reconcile herself to the thought of his death, her boy, whom she still loved with all the depth of maternal affection, notwithstanding all his waywardness and disobedience, had suddenly presented himself before her, and with many tears besought her forgiveness. "God knows, sir, how readily I forgave him! I thought no more of his past misconduct in the delight I experienced in his return. He had been shipwrecked, and escaped by almost a miracle; he came home to me in rags, and looking very weak and ill, quite the ghost of his former self. But since then, sir, he has been more than any mother can wish, working night and day, poor fellow, to make up for his running away from me."

At this point in her narrative, she broke out into a stream of tears; I tried to comfort her, and told her how glad and thankful I was that her son had returned to her.

"O sir!" she said, between the sobs which were rending her poor bosom, "how shall I tell it you? My boy, my darling Richard, is dying! He has been dangerously ill for more than a month, and I am afraid there is no hope of his recovery. I have parted with almost every-

thing we possessed to provide him with necessaries."

I took out my purse, with the intention of giving her a trifle of money, but she hastily said, "It is not money I am seeking of you, sir;" and then, after a short pause, in which her tears flowed freely, she continued: "During his illness, he has frequently told me that had it not been for a sermon he heard when he came home to his native land, he might still have continued disobedient and wild. It seems, on his way home, that he heard some singing, and was so attracted by it that he entered the place where it was, and it was a place of worship. There he heard the sermon which determined him to change his course, and he began his new life by coming home that very evening to ask his mother's forgiveness. And oh, sir, it is after the minister that preached that sermon that I have walked miles and miles. My poor Richard says that he should be so glad to shake hands with that minister before he goes hence; but though several have come to see him, he says to me when they have gone, 'Mother, HE has not come yet!' At last some one advised me to come to you, to tell the story I have told to so many. If you could come and see my dying boy, a mother's best prayers should ever ascend to heaven for you. We live a little way out of D——."

"What!" I said, starting with a suspicion that now for the first time crossed my mind; "and was it in D—— that he heard the sermon about which he speaks?"

"It was indeed, sir. Oh, were you ever there?"

"Was it about Christmas time that your poor boy came back?"

"It was in the month of November, sir: how well I recollect——"

"Say no more," I replied; "I believe God has sent you to the one you want at last; I was preaching at D—— about that time, and I verily believe I saw your son there!"

To describe the mother's gratitude upon my signifying it as my intention at once to accompany her home, is next to impossible. I quickly obtained a conveyance, and taking with me a few necessaries for the sick boy's comfort, we set off together. On the way I communed with my own thoughts, and was still, being lost in wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence. I was yet in a reverie when we arrived at our destination; and leaving the conveyance in the town, I followed my sorrowing guide to her dwelling. She had prepared me to expect a very miserable place, for she had been obliged to part with almost every article of furniture to buy food for her son; but I think I never entered a room so chill and comfortless. Not a spark of fire enlivened the rusty grate; a feeble rushlight was flickering in the window, and was in danger every moment of being extinguished by the wind, which penetrated through the broken casement, which the widow had vainly striven to mend with pieces of old newspaper; and in the corner of this abode of wretchedness was a heap of straw, upon which the dying boy was fast breathing out his life. The parish surgeon was leaving just as I entered, and to him I said with some warmth, "Is it in a hole like this, sir, that people, however poor, ought to breathe their last?"

"You must complain to the authorities," he said, not unkindly; "I can only tell you that I have to see poor people die in *worse* places than this, almost every day of my life!"

It was quite true; and in my own immediate neighbourhood, I had seen people worse housed than even this poor boy was. My voice seemed to touch a chord in the sufferer's heart; for as soon as the door was closed, and a rustling in the straw attracted my attention to the spot where he was lying, I heard him utter, in tones that went to my very soul, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus!"

I approached the prostrate figure of the poor boy, and for some moments my heart was too full to speak, as I recognised in those wan and wasted features the countenance of the youth who had so attracted my attention when preaching at D——. His head was resting upon the arm of a neighbour, who had come in to keep him company during the absence of his mother; but upon the approach of the latter, she resigned her post of affection into her hands, and parent and child tenderly embraced. I soon saw that death had marked him for his own, and that even a few hours would terminate his earthly existence. It was with great difficulty that he could bring his tongue to utter the words his heart wished to speak; a hectic flush overspread his countenance, and his breathing was short and irregular. I sent the kind neighbour whom we had found with him on our entering, to buy a little wood and coals, and with as little noise as possible a fire was quickly lighted, and began to send forth a cheerful blaze. After having given him a little wine, I said: "Richard, my poor boy, I am sorry to see you so ill; I have thought very much about you ever since I saw you at D——, now more than twelve months ago, and I have often prayed God to bless you!"

A smile of blessed calmness, as of the heaven unto which he was going, lit up the features of the dying one, as he replied in a whisper: "It is so kind of you to come; I knew you would, if you could but be found out; and mother, *dear* mother has been so kind to take so much trouble I behaved very ill to her."

His mother knelt down and kissed his parched lips.

"But your mother, Richard, has forgiven you," I replied; "and there is a Saviour more loving and gentle, and more ready to forgive than the tenderest mother who ever watched by a sick-bed."

"Yes, sir, I know there is; I *know* there is," he repeated with great emphasis. "Thank you a thousand times for telling me about him in a way that I could understand:" and then, to my grateful surprise, he repeated the pith of the discourse I had delivered at D——.

"Oh, how I prayed that night, sir, as I was going home to ask mother's pardon! Once I felt almost inclined to turn back and not go home; but then there sounded in my ears the words, 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;' and so I knelt down in a field near to where mother was living then, and prayed God to have mercy upon me, and give me a new heart; and I have often thought since, sir, that God's reception of the sinful wasn't unlike mother's receiving of me, for she didn't mention anything about the past, except to forgive me for it, and to encourage me for the future."

"Yes, Richard, God meets his penitent and prodigal ones when they are a great way off, and clothes them in royal robes; and his angels in heaven rejoice over the repentance of a sinner."

A violent fit of coughing prevented for awhile any further conversation; but upon its subsiding, he said, in a painful whisper: "You have come, sir, to see me die. Do not weep, mother; it's all for the best, and we shall meet again where men hunger no more, nor thirst any more, and where God wipes away all tears from our eyes. It seems hard to part now; but we shall hereafter see that it was for the best—for the best," he repeated.

The night winds howled dismally past the lattice, and shook the frail walls of the room in which a soul, redeemed not with things corruptible, but with the precious blood of Christ, was awaiting its dismissal to the enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance; and in the pauses of the storm the dying boy went on: "I used to think, sir, when I was at sea, that the wind howling like that was the angry voice of God rebuking me for my ingratitude and sinfulness: when I was shipwrecked, and was clinging to a mast for my life, the wind howled like that, and I expected to be lost here and in the world to come; but, praise be to God! he *has* made me feel it to be a faithful saying, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that in him there is no condemnation."

"And do you feel, Richard, that Christ is with you now?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I feel him underneath my soul, holding it up like mother's arm is holding my head now."

"His arm, my dear boy, is an everlasting one," I said; "you cannot slip through that, and—

> "He will present your soul,
> Unblemished and complete,
> Before the glory of his face,
> With joy exceeding great."

I read and prayed with him, and committed his soul to the keeping of a faithful and merciful Creator. His faith was fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and a sweet assurance of faith had been given him; he had the witness of the Spirit [illegible] that he was born again, and reconciled to the Father of spirits. I could but gratefully thank the Giver of all good for permitting me to witness a scene like this, and for making my feeble labours a blessing to this poor boy's soul.

Being determined to spend the night with him, I went out, and sent the conveyance back with a message that I should not return home that night: and upon my re-entering the widow's [illegible] he appeared to have dropped into a deep and quiet slumber. We stood silently watching him, believing that he was sinking into his last sleep. Anything more solemn than the chamber of the dying there cannot be on this earth of ours; the death-bed, be it where it may, in the cottage or in the palace, is a spot round which our tenderest and most solemn thoughts and feelings gather. To this hour, some of my deepest feelings stand associated with that night of watching by poor Richard's dying bed. Towards morning he awoke, and said in an altered voice, "Mother, where are you? I cannot see you."

His mother knelt down and supported his fevered head upon her arm.

"Is the minister gone, mother?"

"No, Richard, I am here," I said, gently drawing my hand across his forehead, upon which the dews of death were thickly rising.

"How the wind roars, mother; it has put out all the light!" Alas! it was death's blindness that was taking hold upon him.

"Richard, my dear boy, there is a world where they need no candle, neither light of the sun: there is no night there, Richard."

"No," he replied, with startling energy, "the Lamb is the light thereof."

He now laboured fearfully for breath, and more than once I thought the vital spark had fled. Suddenly he became quite calm, drew his hand from mine, and lifted his arms in an attitude of prayer: then in words, that for their strength of tone, seemed rather to belong to the living than the dying, he cried out, "There is no condemnation!" and fell back on his mother's bosom and died there.

Pages for the Young.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. IV.

Rose and her mother were received by the afflicted parent with mournful calmness; the quivering lip and tear-stained eyelids told how great had been the anguish of the bruised spirit, but there was no violent outburst of sorrow, no piercing lamentation, such as Rose had dreaded. She could not trust her own voice to speak, and with difficulty restrained her sobs, when poor Mrs. Leslie strained her convulsively to her bosom, and imprinted a long earnest kiss upon her brow.

"I have much, very much to be thankful for," she said, in tremulous accents, turning to Mrs. Clifford. "My precious child was dealt with most gently; her's was a literal falling asleep to waken in the bosom of her God. She passed away in sleep, without the quivering of a limb or the faintest sigh to mark the instant when her ransomed spirit entered into the joy of her Lord. She lies now looking so calm and peaceful, that I can scarcely persuade myself that she is indeed 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' Would you like to look upon her once again?"

Mrs. Clifford rose immediately, while her child convulsively clasped her hand and clung to her side as they followed Mrs. Leslie to the chamber of death. Rose advanced to the bedside with faltering steps and beating heart. She felt almost afraid to look, but the first glance riveted her gaze. There was indeed nothing to excite alarm in the fair motionless image that lay before her, calm and beautiful as if in a placid sleep. Rose could at first scarcely believe that it was in reality *death* upon which she looked. Every trace of colour had indeed fled from lip and cheek, but there was no ghastly impress on the wasted pain-worn features, only a look of heavenly peace, of perfect rest from suffering, such as they had never borne when Marian was living. The long silken curls were softly parted from the fair open brow; one wax-like hand was lightly thrown across the breast, and the other lay beside her in the very attitude in which it had been placed in her last earthly slumber. Rose gazed silent and awe-struck, unable to believe that the cold lifeless form before her was indeed all that remained of her darling Marian, and still more impossible was it to realize that she must herself one day be like it.

Rose had never seen death before, and the solemn sight was never, never forgotten. No words can describe the thoughts and feelings which crowded upon her heart in those few brief moments. Her mother at length gently led her away; but even the blinding tears for a moment ceased to flow as she took the last long lingering look at the lovely and beloved companion of her childhood, so soon to be hidden for ever from her sight.

Mrs. Leslie, after conversing for some time with Mrs. Clifford, turned to Rose, and taking both hands of the sorrowing child in her own, kindly said: "My precious Marian talked incessantly of you, and during the last few suffering hours, even in moments of delirium, your name was mingled with her prayers. She was expecting you all day, and at night I could scarcely calm her when she found that you had neither called nor sent."

Rose looked up in speechless astonishment, and then turned anxiously to her mother, who said: "I think there must be some mistake. Rose was most anxious to walk over on Tuesday, but unfortunately we were obliged to go to Brooklyn on that day, and did not return home till late. She, however, commissioned Clara to carry the mulberries and flowers, which she hoped would have in some degree consoled Marian for her absence."

Mrs. Leslie replied: "This is very extraordinary, and the first I have heard on the subject. My own servant was absent for a few days, and I supplied her place by a little girl from the village, Jessie Armstrong; but I should be very sorry to suspect her of deceiving me; she was the best girl in my poor Marian's class at the Sunday school, and very much attached to her. However, I will send for her and make inquiries."

Poor Rose felt grievously disappointed. Marian had then, after all, probably thought her unkind and neglectful. The bitterness of this thought was too much for her excited spirits, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. Mrs. Leslie kindly tried to soothe her, and kissed her most affectionately at parting; but poor Rose walked home with a very heavy heart, feeling even more depressed than before her visit to Forest Lodge. Had Rose been less absorbed with her own grief she would have felt surprised to see how carefully Clara avoided her, taking care not to be left alone with her a single moment. She knew, however, that little sympathy was to be expected from Clara, and felt her absence rather a relief than otherwise. Mrs. Clifford was much distressed at the painful disclosure she had just heard, and determined, if possible, to discover the truth, for she feared that Clara was in some way concerned. After much painful consideration, she resolved to send for her and question her closely. Clara's heart beat painfully as she entered the room, and she vainly tried to look unconcerned when thus addressed by her aunt:—

"Mrs. Leslie tells me that she never received the fruit and flowers which Rose sent to Forest Lodge; did you give them to Ruth?"

Had Mrs. Clifford known that Clara was aware of Ruth's absence she would have acted differently, for Clara suddenly remembering Rose's observation, "I suppose you gave them to Jessie," instantly replied; "No, I did not, for Ruth was not at home."

"You gave them to Jessie, then?" continued Mrs. Clifford, fixing a searching glance upon her.

"Yes, aunt," replied Clara, growing bolder; "I asked her to take them in, and give me the basket again."

"And she did so?"

"Yes, aunt."

Mrs. Clifford was quite at a loss; she had no particular reason for supposing that Clara was deceiving her, and without positive evidence it was impossible to bring the charge home to her; she therefore allowed her to go without further questioning.

In a few days Mrs. Leslie called at Westmaven Cottage. Rose and Clara were both present, when, after a little

conversation, she remarked, "I have seen Jessie Armstrong, and she firmly denies that any young lady called with fruit and flowers on Tuesday week. I really do not know what to think. It would grieve me extremely to think the girl capable of so deceiving me, and yet it can scarcely be otherwise. Her mother is miserably poor, and perhaps, in a moment of temptation—— I am really at a loss what to do. I hope something may occur to bring the truth to light. Perhaps it will be best to take no further notice. If I should discover anything I will let you know."

Clara's visit was now drawing to a close; early in the following week she was to return home. She had hitherto escaped detection, but at what a price! She had told repeated falsehoods, and had borne false witness against her neighbour. Could she be happy with such a load of unconfessed, unpardoned sin upon her conscience? No, it was impossible. "There is no peace to the wicked." The very slight compunction which she had felt at first had almost faded from her mind, as hardening is the influence of sin upon the heart. She forgot that though she had so artfully concealed her sins from the eye of her fellow-creatures, they were known to God, and that he could bring them all to light. She did not remember that the same God who gave her life was able in one moment to take away her breath, and then [illegible] stand, all unwashed and unforgiven as she was, before his judgment throne, to hear the dreadful doom of all those who die without having made the Lord Jesus Christ their friend. She little thought that even then, death, in one of its most terrible forms, was very near her.

One evening, a day or two after Mrs. Leslie's visit, the cousins were sitting alone in the drawing-room, when Clara, contrary to her aunt's repeated warnings and injunctions, carried a lighted candle into the adjoining room to look for a book. With her usual carelessness, she placed it on the table close to the chair upon which she mounted to search for the volume, which, being on one of the higher shelves, was rather beyond her reach. She had left the door unclosed, not observing that the window was open. The strong current of air brought her muslin frock in contact with the candle; the delicate material was in a blaze instantly; and before she was in the least aware of her danger, she was wrapped in a sheet of flame. Her screams of horror and agony, as she vainly tried to extinguish her burning clothes, alarmed Rose, who hastened to her assistance, unable to imagine what had occurred. Horror-struck as she was at the dreadful sight which met her eye, she did not lose her presence of mind. She flew to the bell and rang it violently, then snatching up the hearth-rug, she wrapped it round her cousin from head to foot, and by the time further assistance arrived, the flames were extinguished, though not until poor Clara had grievously suffered.

Mrs. Clifford sent instantly for Mr. Arnott, and in the meanwhile the poor shrieking girl was carried up-stairs, the fragments of her burnt clothes taken off with the utmost tenderness, and she was laid gently in bed. Mr. Arnott soon arrived. His grave looks, as he examined his patient, confirmed Mrs. Clifford's worst fears. He silently applied such remedies as seemed most desirable at the moment, but said nothing about hope. To her anxious inquiries, made in private, he only replied that "it was impossible at present to give any decided opinion. The poor child had indeed sustained severe and extensive injury. He would not say there was no hope, as she was so young; strength of constitution might enable her to rally from the terrible shock she had received, but her friends must be prepared for the worst."

Mrs. Clifford's heart sunk within her; she saw that he wished to spare her feelings, though he himself had not the smallest hope. She returned to the darkened chamber, and as she looked on the convulsed features and writhing limbs, as she listened to the heart-rending moans which told how intense was the agony that she was powerless to relieve, her firmness nearly gave way. Poor Rose sat by the bedside weeping bitterly, exhausting every fond endearment in the effort to soothe her cousin; but in vain. Clara tossed to and fro, staring around her with a vacant gaze, evidently unconscious of everything but intolerable suffering. Mrs. Clifford saw that the scene was too much for Rose, and gently led her away.

"Oh mamma," exclaimed Rose, "how dreadful it is! Poor, poor Clara! she does not know me. I am afraid she will die, and she is not like Marian; can we indeed do nothing for her, dear mamma?"

"Yes, my love," replied Mrs. Clifford, stifling her own anguish to tranquillize her child, "we can do for her as people did for their sick friends when Jesus was upon earth. We will take our dear Clara and lay her at his feet, begging him to restore her to us; or, if such be not his will, to heal her soul, making it white and clean in his own precious blood, and fit to dwell with him for ever."

Mrs. Clifford passed the night by Clara's couch of suffering, doing the very little that could be done to afford even temporary ease. The long hours sped drearily on, and the weary watchers longed for daylight. Morning came at last, but brought with it little comfort and still less of hope.

WILL YOU GO?

We're travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blessed shore,
Their trials and labours all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more;
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from death, and curse, and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share;
Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb;
Will you go?
With joyful [illegible] to praise his name;
Will you go?
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
Will you go?

O could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
O could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go."
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell:
Let me go."

American Child's Paper.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE PLEASURE-LOVING WIFE LEAVING HER PIOUS HUSBAND

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XXII.

My divine Master has said that "the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." And thus was it with the man Vickers; the leaven had been introduced into his soul; and its first effects were seen in the anxiety he evinced for instruction, and in the discovery of his own ignorance.

"He says I must pray," he said to himself, when the door closed after his friend, the old bookseller, "but I cannot: Lord Jesus, help me, a poor ignorant creature: I dunno how to pray —I cannot." And drops of perspiration, which told of soul struggles, stood on his brow, while he walked to and fro in his solitary apartment, with hasty steps.

Then did he bethink him of those who in the days of my Master's sojourn on earth came to him burdened with grief, and, one by one, the petitions they had offered, in the language I had conveyed to him, rose in his heart, and fell tremblingly from his lips—"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"—"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!"—"Lord, save,

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or I perish!"—"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" Yet did they fall faintly, for he knew not what he asked.

Again did he open my pages, and turn his bewildered thoughts to my histories and teachings: and yet did he stumble as one in darkness and sore distress, even as one that gropeth at noon-day. Then when, unable to fix his mind on his previous studies, he turned me impatiently over in his hand, his bodily eyes fell on these words of mine, which helped him mightily in the struggle to find words wherewith to approach unto God.

"Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord: give me understanding, according to thy word.

"Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me, according to thy word.

"My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes.

"My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

"Let thine hand help me: for I have chosen thy precepts.

"I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord; and thy law is my delight.

"Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and let thy judgment help me.

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant; for I do not forget thy commandments."

Then did tears trickle down his cheeks, not all gushes of mental pain: for then also did a gleam of light, even from the secret place of the Most High, enter into his soul, revealing his need, and showing how by words that need might be expressed, telling likewise that by prayer and supplication might instruction be found.

Thus passed away this day of rest; and with much brevity shall I speak of many subsequent trials and conflicts of soul through which my owner was conducted, and new discoveries which he made. Yet must I say that a deeper distress than I have yet described eclipsed the conviction of his ignorance, even a rising and increasing sense of guiltiness before God. Then did he in earnest cry out, as one under sentence of eternal condemnation, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And then, while he yet struggled and strove for Divine teaching and illumination, did he wrestle in spirit for pardon and cleansing.

It needs not, however, that I should rehearse, stage by stage, the new experience of the awakened sinner, nor how many days or weeks or months he laboured in sore travail of soul, until the work of righteousness became peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance.

Then, too, did my owner, learning more and more of the true character and mission of Him whom he had first admired and revered as a great reformer—see also in him an Almighty Redeemer, and how "it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering;" and how, "being delivered for man's offences, and raised again for man's justification, Jesus Christ is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to all who believe in his most precious name.

And then the questions, "What shall be after death? If a man die, shall he live again?" no longer disturbed his peace; but rather did they bring pleasure in the research they provoked, and in the replies, full of immortality and joyful hope, yea, even of glorious certainty, they elicited from me. With streaming eyes and a full heart did Vickers cry out, "I have found it: I have found it!" when he met with the glorious statements of the gospel that speak of the Saviour as having brought light and immortality to all who placed their trust in him.

Yet time passed away ere my owner had attained a full confidence that he had an interest in these grand assurances, and he meanwhile was strengthened to bear much outward trial by the friendly counsels of my old possessor, Dame, and by the ordinances of God's house, as well as by much earnest prayer and supplication.

"Where art thou going, Mary, dear lass?" asked my owner.

It was the afternoon of the first day of the week; and Vickers had just entered his door, on his return from a Christian assembly, to find his young wife gaily dressed, with the child in her arms, ready to leave the dwelling.

"I do not know that I shall tell thee," replied Mary, in a tone of defiance; "I suppose I may go upon the run as well as thou?"

"Yet may be, Mary, I never refused to tell thee where I was going, or where I had been. Think if I ever did, dear lass," rejoined the husband, kindly; for ere now he had found the truth of my words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"I care not whether thou hast or not," said the wife; "and if thou must know, I am going to public meeting as well as thou. Why should na I?"

My owner shook his head sorrowfully. He too well guessed at her meaning.

"Thou art going then to 'the people's hall,' as they call it, lass?"

"And if I am," said the wife, "who taught me the way there but thou? What for should

not I hear about new moral worlds and the like, as well as thou, lad?"

"Mary dear," said my owner, with a gentle voice, "thou knows that it is long since I put my foot o'er the threshold of yon hall; and I canna tell what thou hears there, only as it is told by others, not by thee, lass, for thou never tells me; but I hear enough to make my heart sink in me, to think that thou dost list to such words; and now, Mary, lass, dear to me as life, dearer to me than mortal life, I beg and pray thee not to go to the 'people's hall' this night."

"And what for should I not?" demanded the wife, scornfully. "Dost think, lad, that thou wilt have all the preaching to thyself, and of thy sort? I begged and prayed thee, lad, to have done with reading yon book, till I was tired; and thou would not listen."

"I could na, Mary: it was for my life, my soul's life, dear lass," pleaded the agitated husband.

"And what for," continued the young wife, "should I listen when ye beg and pray me to keep away from my sort of preaching? Answer me that, lad."

"Mary, lass," replied the husband, "the preaching I go to, and ye will na, and the teaching of this blessed book," and he drew me from his pocket; "just tells me this—being a husband, to love my wife and yield her all honour. Can thou, being a wife, say as much of the teaching and preaching thou hears? I'll say never a word more this night, Mary, about thy going, if thou tell me that."

The young wife's countenance was covered with a burning blush as my owner said this.

"Thou cannot say it, Mary dear," continued he; "and thou will not go where they tell thee that!"

"Will not I though?" said the young wife, interrupting her husband: "yet, will I not, if thou will promise one thing, lad. Say thou will ha' done with thy religion; and I will not hear a word more they have to say at 'people's hall.'"

"Nay, Mary, I canna promise that," Vickers replied, dejectedly. "Thou does not know what thou asks, or thou would not put it to me so;" and he turned aside to hide the tears which rose to his eyes.

"Then I shall keep my promise, lad; and that is, to go to the place. Thou will na keep me back by strife, I reckon."

"I will na try, Mary, lass. Thou shall not say that, going or coming, here or there, I have, since I knew this book, used thee ill, or laid even so much as a finger on thee in anger. If thou will go, go. Thou cannot hinder me to pray for thee, lass, while thou art there. But thou will not take the child to-night?" he added.

"Thou thinks he will catch religion at 'people's hall,'" said Mary, laughing. "Thou need na be feared; I am only going to leave him at the neebour's."

"Leave him with me, Mary: I will na misuse or neglect him; and it may be late ere thou comes home."

"Thou may take charge of him if thou will," replied the young wife, after a momentary hesitation, giving the child up to her husband; and then, drawing around her her mantle, she departed, closing the door behind her.

Sad and disconsolate did my poor owner stand with the sleeping child in his arms, many minutes before he moved. "May be she'll come back," said he: and he listened for her returning footsteps; but he listened vainly. Many footsteps passed to and fro; but none halted at the threshold; and at length, heaving a heavy sigh, he laid the child gently on its little bed, and sat himself down, crossing his arms on the table before him and concealing his face therein, as though to hide even from the walls of his room the big and sorrowful tears which welled upwards from the fountain of his grief.

Much cause had my owner for anxious care, and much need for patience and fortitude. The wife of his affections had ere this become his persecutor for my sake. It needs not that I should reveal the daily irritation he experienced at her hands, nor repeat the taunting words with which she often greeted him, nor tell of the sneers with which she spoke of his "Bible-madness," nor of the more angry passions which rose in her heart against me when my owner set himself to listen to my words. Often, indeed, since the day when the young wife had attempted to hide me from her husband's sight, had her hands been laid on me to do me harm; but either her heart had failed, or her rage had been restrained; and thus hitherto I had escaped her malice. But, verily, my owner had to pass through deep waters of trial, and to know what it was to take up his cross daily, in following his Master and mine, and to know likewise what these words of mine mean—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

There were times, truly, when the gentleness and meekness of the husband seemed for a little while to subdue the pride and anger of the wife, and seldom, surely, have the fruits of the Spirit, which are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," been more fully seen than in the workman Vickers, after he first knew the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. I say there were times when the obdurate feelings of the unbelieving and ungodly wife seemed melted by the forbearance of the husband, and smiles succeeded to reproaches. But ever did she shut her ears

against the entreaties which would have brought her to my side, to listen to my words.

And then had the young wife turned aside to the instruction from which her husband had turned away, and given a listening ear to those professed guides and teachers of the people whose efforts were first directed to the overthrow of faith in the word of the Most High, and next to the destruction of the happiness of families by the introduction of the delusive and vile ravings of such "filthy dreamers" as the lecturer of "the new moral world."

THE PASTOR'S DREAM.

For nearly fifty years had a worthy German pastor lived amongst his people and preached in the old village church. As a young man, almost as a youth, he had entered upon his sacred office under peculiarly favourable circumstances. He had married early in life, and the merry voices of children had cheered his happy home: but the partner of his joys had lain for many years in the peaceful grave, and his house was hushed and still. His sons were dispersed, his daughters married; only the youngest, the child of his old age, the flower of his heart, could and would not part from him; she was his nurse, his joy, his earthly all.

Yet not quite so. His people, too, were very near his heart. How often had he had an opportunity of entering on another charge, and of bettering his outward circumstances, but the longer he lived in his dear little village, the more decidedly he rejected everything that could separate him from it. Joy and sorrow had he shared with his people for nearly half a century, a new generation had grown up around him, and with fervent love the little flock clung to their shepherd. And yet this did not satisfy him. He was often pained with the thought that he might and could have done much more. He was often disquieted lest his well-meant words might have returned an empty echo without bringing the desired fruit.

Such thoughts particularly troubled him during the week preceding the sabbath on which his jubilee amongst them was to be celebrated. What he would then say to the people of his charge was written on his heart; but he thought he must also let the tone of regret be heard that he had not done enough amongst them. Full of this thought, he went out one evening, two days before the festal day. He entered the church, which was shining in the soft rays of the declining sun, seated himself in his pulpit, and in the course of his reverie fell asleep.

Then it seemed to him as if the church doors suddenly sprang open with a crashing noise. Wonderful dazzling splendour poured into the dark aisles of the church, and through the open door streamed a crowd of shining spirit-forms, who seemed not to belong to this earth. They must be heavenly beings, these children, men, women, and aged people, who in impatient haste swept in from the churchyard and crowded round the pastor. The faces seemed familiar and yet strange. It must be very long since he had seen them. Then suddenly it occurred to him that the well-known persons before him had long been dead. The graves seemed to open; in his dream he saw more and more of the departed come out of their tenements of clay, clothed in glorified bodies, and wander into the church.

Soon the church was quite full; and now, behold! they, young and old, crowd to the aged pastor, clasp his knees, press his hands, and a hundred voices cry, "Father, father, teacher, counsellor, deliverer, comforter, we thank thee."

"Thou hast taught us to enter the road to eternal life," sounded again and again in chorus.

"Thy word was an angel of deliverance to me," said a maiden, throwing herself at his feet. "Were it not for thee I should have fallen."

"Thou hast roused my conscience," said an earnest manly form, who had seized the pastor's hand. "I turned from the path of deceit, and without thee perhaps I had been a robber and a murderer."

"Me hast thou led to Christ," cried another.

"In a dying hour thou comfortedst me," cried a trembling voice.

"Thy word at the marriage altar counselled me through life," said another. And out of the crowd sounded continually fresh tones of gratitude in the ear of the aged pastor, which at length all united in the cry: "Oh, faithful shepherd of souls, we thank thee!"

Then it seemed to the pastor as if a voice said, "Be comforted! Only cast out the seed without weariness; many a grain falls unknown to thee on good ground, and takes root and ripens in the human heart. Deeply concealed in the soul, mature the invisible fruits of faith, called into existence by the word of the preacher. Thou hast sown, planted, and watered the flowers of Christian life, God gives the increase; and in heaven will be seen the full harvest."

"Heavenly Father!" cried the pastor, with deep emotion, "does such a rich blessing rest on thy word spoken by the feeble mouth of man! Ah me! of little faith! would that I had laboured more zealously for thee." And then it seemed as if the chorus of spirits sang—"They that be wise shall shine as the light; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Blissful feelings overcame the old pastor, and

tears of joy started from his sleeping eyes. "Father!" exclaimed the throng of heavenly visitants once more, and suddenly the strange figures and the dazzling lights had vanished, and the pastor sat again alone in the pulpit, rubbing his eyes, and did not know whether he was waking or dreaming.

Then some one exclaimed again, "Father!" quite close to him, and he awoke fully. The dream vanished with its wonderful visions, and before him stood his daughter, who had sought him long in vain. She had entered the dark church with a lantern, and had called her father several times; and this accidental occurrence had woven itself into the thought which had occupied the pastor's mind as he fell asleep, and formed a lovely picture in his dream.

The father kissed his affectionate little daughter on her blooming cheeks, and followed her in a blissful state of mind. But the comforting dream remained fastened on his memory, and he did not complain any more of the seeming uselessness of his spiritual activity; for, said he to himself, "The fruits ripen in secret, and in heaven is the full harvest."

A SUNDAY IN WALES.

It is now nearly ten years since I set out on a summer excursion for the sake of health and recreation—an excursion which I intended should take me into the heart of Wales, and afford me as much new experience of natural beauties and human character as it was possible to derive from a holiday ramble of three short weeks. I need say nothing here of the direction I took, or the way in which I passed my time; all I had to do was to conform to the doctor's advice in making it as agreeable as I could, in order to relieve my mind, and body too, from the distractions and burden of business.

It happened that on the second Sunday of my trip I found myself comfortably housed in the smallest of village inns not far from the centre of the principality, and in a district where the English language was but little understood and less spoken. The few Welsh phrases of which I was master had enabled me to make myself sufficiently understood to provide for my daily wants, especially as both landlord and landlady could meet me half-way with a stock of English on their part at least equal to my own vocabulary of Welsh. But when the Sunday morning came, in all its quiet summer beauty, and that exquisite stillness that marks the sabbath morning in a God-fearing rural district—a stillness unbroken by a single sound, save the whisperings of the bearded barley now ripening for the scythe, the rustle of the dark green foliage, and the songs of birds—then indeed a new difficulty, upon which I had not calculated, had to be dealt with. Where was I to worship? A service in Welsh would be about as useless as one in Greek to me, and I could not expect, in a place where English was not spoken, to hear an English sermon.

But there was a service at a small brick chapel in the village, where a zealous good man preached in the native dialect; and accordingly as the hour approached when the service of the morning should commence, I could see the simple people gathering from all parts towards the humble house of prayer. Women in red cloaks and black men's hats, from the rims of which appeared the snow-white cap-borders, leading children by the hand, and husbands and fathers carrying little ones in their arms, or perched "pick-a-back" on their shoulders, came slowly down the white winding pathways that led up the green hills. Others came trudging along the dusty road, clad in their best attire, but carrying their clean stockings and polished shoes in their hands to save them from the road soil, and only putting them on when they had entered the village, and duly washed their dusty feet in the brook. Others came trotting in from greater distances on the backs of wild, shaggy, dwarf ponies, which they hobbled and turned into the road, or tethered to a gate or hedge-stake, until, the service over, they should mount them again to return home.

As I could do no better, I followed the example of the rest, and made towards the house of prayer, where, although the minister had not arrived, the congregation struck up a resounding psalm, and sung it once or twice through. When the good man came, he commenced reading a chapter in the Old Testament, of which hardly a single word was intelligible to me. Notwithstanding that, I would have stayed till all was over—for I believe that the heart may be edified in such a presence, independent of the ear—had I not observed that I excited too much attention, and was plainly a source of curiosity and distraction to the simple congregation. I therefore thought it better to depart, and on the arrival of a fresh band of worshippers, whose entrance occasioned some stir, I silently withdrew.

I walked through the village, which lay buried in sunlight and silence, and turning from the heat of the sun into a shady lane, traversed it for more than a mile, and came out upon an undulating piece of waste land, where the gorse lay in patches. There I walked through a colony of wild rabbits, whose white ears and feet twinkled ever and anon among the fern leaves, and who seemed to be holding a *levée*, unconscious of dog or gun, and scarcely troubled

themselves to move out of my way as I passed. Leaving the gorse and the coneys behind me, I found myself suddenly standing upon the edge of a deep cutting in the soil, which I saw at once was intended for the passage of a new railway, then in course of formation. I followed the track of the railway for some distance farther, and went on until the cutting had reached to the level land, and the level had to be maintained by an embankment—on the summit of which I was slowly plodding my way—now lost in such thoughts as the sacredness of the hour and the soothing tranquillity of the scene were calculated to excite—now listening with admiration to the rapturous song of a lark high up in the sky, the sole audible worshipper in that vast concave.

All at once I was startled and brought to a stand by what seemed the deep and earnest tones of a man's voice rising out of the ground beneath my feet. I looked round on all sides, but nothing in human shape—nothing, in fact, that bore the shape of life at all—was visible to the eye; yet as I listened the voice grew more distinct, and I recognised the accents as the accents of prayer, and prayer, too, in the English tongue. Ought I to be ashamed to confess that a strange feeling, a sort of awful perplexity, stole over me for a few moments? Let me be excused for the weakness, if weakness it was. For an instant I listened breathlessly, endeavouring to catch the words as well as the tones of the invisible appealer to the throne of God. I now became aware that the voice rose from the other side of the embankment, which was concealed from my view by a row of earth trucks. When I had walked round them, and could look into the hollow on the other side, the mystery was explained. It appeared that the railway, in its passage, had pushed a small farm holding, consisting of a cottage and a few detached sheds and offices, out of existence, and had, further, temporarily dammed up a small rivulet, the waters of which, collected over a considerable space, showed like a canal. The cottage, which had been partly dismantled and despoiled of its woodwork, stood now in the water, which flowed several inches over the doorway, to which, however, there was an approach formed by stepping-stones; and as the door and window-sashes were gone, I could see that the stepping-stones were connected within the dwelling, by means of a couple of planks, to the staircase which led to its upper floor. It was from this upper floor that the sounds proceeded which had attracted my attention, and I could now plainly distinguish every word. Moreover, I could see through the sashless windows a part of the little congregation here assembled for worship. They were all males, and consisted, without exception, of navigators employed on the railway, and were mostly in their working dress. A few men of the same class were seated on the opposite side of the stream on the grass; but they evidently considered themselves a part of the congregation, and behaved with becoming propriety and decorum. By shifting my position, I was enabled to look down through the broken roof, from which a tarpauling had been thrown aside to admit the cooling breeze, and to get a sight of the man who was praying, and a part of his little flock. He was himself a bronzed, hard-handed son of labour, and appeared to be a brother of the same craft, though, unlike the rest, he wore a decent black coat, whose faded hue told a tale of careful preservation. He closed his prayer by an energetic appeal for the Divine presence in fulfilment of the promise, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung to a plain tune by plain, rough voices, but with a dignity and solemnity not always too perceptible in the choral services of some of our city shrines.

I should not like to attempt at this distance of time a report of the exhortation which then ensued; and I am not certain whether, if it were reported verbatim, wanting the tone, the aspect, and the action of the speaker, and wanting, too, the singular congregation to which it was addressed, it would not excite a smile where it ought to suggest thoughts and emotions at which no man ever does smile. The subject of the good man's discourse was God's gift of his Holy Spirit to them that ask it; and his argument consisted of a simple course of reasoning from the most familiar facts of the New Testament, tending to show the supreme necessity of the gift, without which all other gifts were of none avail. It was plain that his whole heart and soul were filled with the most exalted ideas of the infinite mercy of God in bestowing his only-begotten Son as a ransom for sinners, and in sending his Spirit to strive with rebellious men and urge them to the acceptance of the proffered peace. He drew a fearful picture of the hardened and impenitent man who passed his life in resisting the secret voice that ever called on him to turn from his evil way; and described him at length, when that voice had departed from him, as given over to his own lusts, and led captive by the devil at his will. In concluding, he led his hearers to the foot of the cross, charging them, in an authoritative manner, there to remain till he saw them again. When he ceased speaking, he signed with his finger to somebody, whom I could not see, but who offered a short prayer, and then the meeting broke up.

The preacher was the first to come forth and pick his way over the stepping-stones to the

opposite bank, from whence he struck across the slope into a pathway which wound round the base of the opposing hill. I watched him for a few minutes as he strode over the ground with sturdy and rapid step, until he disappeared from view in a grove of underwood. By this time the little congregation had turned out of the dilapidated cottage which they had made their sanctuary, and were walking in groups of two or three persons upon the knoll in front of it. I counted twenty-seven of the big brawny fellows who make our railways; most of them had their dinners in their pockets; and as they sat side by side on the margin of the water, they unfolded their cotton handkerchiefs, produced bunches of bread and cold meat, drew their pocket-knives, and addressed themselves to their repast, for which the waters of the rivulet, drank from the hollow of the hand, or passed from man to man in a battered tin can, furnished the beverage.

I was not a little pleased with my morning's discovery, and walked back to my village inn with a feeling of reverence towards the doers of good in secret, and of gratitude, I trust, towards Him who had sent the sound of his gospel to these wayfarers in the wilderness, and inclined their hearts to the reception of the glad tidings. I made an ineffectual attempt to get some information on the subject from my landlady; but either she knew nothing about it, or had not English enough at command to tell what she knew; and I was none the wiser from her civil attempts to understand and be understood. But in the evening twilight, as I was sitting at the casement fronting the road, I saw one of the navvies pass by, whom I immediately recognised as one of the morning congregation. I seized my hat, and in another minute was at his side. From him I learned, during a walk towards his quarters, the following particulars, which may be worth recording.

The new railway had been gradually advancing through that district during the last nine months. There were over a hundred men in all working upon it, and a sadly reckless and degraded gang they were when they first came, the terror and the scourge of the neighbourhood, and especially of the poorer class of people. They passed their Sundays in the wildest licence and most wanton mischief, and often in witnessing pugilistic encounters got up among themselves. They defied the police of the district, who hardly dared to interfere with them, and acknowledged no law but their own savage will. Last spring they had been joined by a man who had heard what a violent and desperate lot they were, and who had hired himself to work with them in the hope of doing some of them, at least, a little good. He didn't tell them that at first, but ere Sunday came he invited a few of them to [illegible] in a barn, and to bring as many of their companions as chose to come. Nearly all of them came to hear what he had to say; they expected [illegible] came prepared to make sport of the [illegible] their curses with [illegible] were only [illegible] by [illegible] perseverance. A few of the [illegible] at length took his part, and insisted that he should have a hearing. He spoke to them [illegible] and kindly, and told them what the religion of the Bible had done for his own soul—how it had increased his happiness in life, and banished the fear of death; and proposed that they should all give it a trial, and see if it would not do as much for them. Some of them thought this was a fair offer when the majority scouted at the proposition, and would have nothing to do with it. After considerable uproar, the dissentients, not finding the fun they had looked for, drew off, and left the few who were willing to hear about religion to do as they chose. At first they were under ten in number, and with them the good man read the Scriptures and prayed, and explained in a simple manner the way of salvation through Christ Jesus. This was the beginning of the little church and congregation [illegible] which I had [illegible]. By degrees their number increased—first one, and then another, of the gang found his way to the barn on a Sunday morning; and those who came once generally came again. They had grown to twenty, when they were obliged to leave the barn and move further on, on account of the advance of their line of railway. They had obtained the use of the cottage in which I had seen them from the contractor, who, but for their request to the contrary, would have pulled it down before now. Their numbers had gone on increasing, and my informant supposed that now nearly half the navigators were occasional attendants at the Sunday services, and more than a quarter of them attended regularly and constantly.

On my inquiring what the effect had been of these religious services on the conduct of the whole band, he assured me that he could give me no conception of it, and that I could not imagine it, as I did not know them as he did before Jones came amongst them. They were not the same men.

"And do any of them still make a scoff of Jones?"

"Not a man of them, sir; it would be bad times for the man that did; and, besides, they wouldn't do it. You see, sir, they know now that Jones gave up better work, where he was earning more money, for the sake of joinin'

them, just to try and do 'em a little good. A man can't do otherways than respect that sort of thing."

"I am glad to hear it. And was it Jones that I heard this morning?"

"It was, sir. When he left us, he walked three miles on to the next contract to meet another party there in the afternoon in a tent, and was back to us again before six o'clock."

After some further talk with the navigator, from which I was led to infer that he was himself among the number of those who owed to Jones a knowledge of the glad tidings of the gospel, and that he had embraced them with the fervid gratitude of a rough but guileless character, I shook hands with him and returned to my temporary home. Next morning the ruined cottage standing in the water was the first thing in my thoughts, and thinking that I should like to preserve a memorial of a scene which had surprised and interested me so unexpectedly, I resolved to revisit the place, and to transfer the dilapidated building to my sketch-book. Breakfast over, I accordingly made my way to the spot once more. I found the house deserted, and resting upon its own shadow in the clear water. The men were all at work a quarter of a mile further on, and I could hear their voices and the noise of their tools as I sat for half-an-hour engaged in my silent task amid a company of twittering sparrows, who were feasting on the crumbs of yesterday's repast.

I yet retain that rude sketch, and it is all that remains in being of the temporary church in the wilderness. The remnants of the cottage and all its surroundings have long been swept away; the rivulet is drained off into a new channel; and of those who knew the little farm-holding best in its palmy days, it is probable there are few who could determine with exactness the spot where it once stood. Yet I sometimes doubt whether that roofless sanctuary is doomed to entire forgetfulness; whether words that were spoken, and thoughts which had their birth within its crumbling walls, shall not live and last beyond the things of time, to the praise and glory of Him whose dwelling is eternity. Emergencies demand to be dealt with by extraordinary remedies, and the warmest admirers of ecclesiastical order could scarcely fail to regard with complacency the labours of this self-denying man amidst a class that were left the prey of degrading vices and habits, no man caring for their souls.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE TO A REVOLTED WORLD.*

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."—*Isaiah* lii. 7.

THE Lord Jesus Christ is undoubtedly the messenger here intended, by whose voice the gospel was originally communicated to the world. The prophet, who beyond any other writer embodies all his thoughts, and holds them out to the view of the eye, exhibits this Divine herald as advancing over the mountains surrounding the city of Jerusalem, and as proclaiming joyful news to its inhabitants. The reader is transported to the spot; sees this illustrious person approach, hears him proclaim the tidings which he comes to announce, and unites with the prophet and his countrymen in their joyful exclamations.

At a time when the proclamation of peace falls upon the nation's ear, it is profitable to revert to that greater proclamation which is sounding from the Most High to the children of men. Peace is the cessation of war or contention; and in the sense we are about to use it—the cessation of our hostility with God, ourselves, and our fellow men. The soul of man is at war with his Maker. The great controversy here is our obedience to his will. This he requires, and we refuse. Nothing can terminate the contest but our submission; for it cannot be supposed that the Creator will bend his own pleasure to the rebellious spirit of his creatures.

In announcing glad tidings to mankind, Christ the Saviour first proclaims to them that God is willing to be reconciled. This is intelligence which, before the mediation of Christ commenced, could never have gained credit, even in the world of benevolence itself. Angels knew no reward for revolt from their Creator, but final rejection: the reward to which their own companions had been irrevocably condemned. With wonder and amazement they saw a new system of dispensations commencing in this apostate world, and heard forgiveness and reconciliation proclaimed to man. Humble as was our origin, guilty and little as was our character, we were commanded, invited, and entreated to lay down the weapons of our warfare; to return to God, our duty, and our happiness; and to receive from his hands peace, commencing in this world, and extending its benign and delightful influence throughout eternity.

The soul reconciled to its God, becomes at once reconciled to itself. With himself man is as truly at war as with his Maker. A contention, real, unceasing, and violent, is carried on between the conscience and the passions. Conscience claims to control the man, as her original and rightful province. Against this claim a mob of furious passions revolt, and demand and wrest out of her hands the controverted dominion. As in all cases where the order established by God becomes inverted, so here every real interest is sacrificed. The soul is debased with guilt, harassed by fear, tossed by a tempest of conflicting desires, wounded with remorse, and hastened onward to final destruction. Conscience, in the mean time, infixes all her stings into the heart of this miserable subject of domestic discord, and holds up her awful mirror before his eyes, presenting him with an exact and terrible portrait of himself; pale, languid, sickly with mental diseases, his spiritual life already gone, and himself, both soul and body, destined speedily to an eternal grave. But when the soul submits to its Maker, and bows its own will to his, the man becomes reconciled to himself. The control of conscience is not only permitted, but chosen. The froward passions, like stubborn children who have renounced their filial impiety, bend with a gentleness and serenity before unknown, to a dominion now first discovered not only to be safe, but easy, reasonable, and delightful. No longer a seat of confusion and discord, the soul becomes henceforth a mansion of peace and harmony, where sweet affections rise and operate, under the control and the approbation of conscience. The man is reconciled to himself; and, turning his eyes inward, beholds henceforth a prospect beautiful and lovely, an image of heaven, a resemblance, faint and distant indeed, but still a real resemblance, to the character of his Maker.

Peace with our fellow-men is the natural consequence of peace with ourselves; not indeed necessarily, nor uniformly; but always, so far as they are possessed of the same blessing, and under the influence of the same disposition. While the same internal hostility predominates in them, they are unfitted to be at peace with God or man. But the period is hastening when this happy state of mind shall be the state of all men, and peace shall prevail on earth, according to the full import of the hymn sung by angels at the birth of the Saviour. The tidings of the text will then be illustriously realized; and man, at peace with his Maker and himself, will be at peace also with all his fellow-men. The "confused noise of the battle of the warrior" will then be heard no more; and "garments" be seen no more "rolled in blood." "Violence shall" then "be no more

* Abridged from Dr. Dwight.

heard in the" world; "wasting nor destruction within its borders." The earth, no longer convulsed by human passions, no longer gloomy and desolate with the miseries of human conflicts, will assume the aspect of a delightful morning in the spring, where all is verdant and blooming beneath, and all is bright and glorious above.

Such is the message of peace brought by the gospel. Let us now consider the character of the messenger. He was a person of supreme glory and dignity. This divine person was from everlasting, underived, independent, all-sufficient, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, goodness, and power. All things were the work of his hand, and lay beneath his feet. At the head of a kingdom filling immensity and eternity, "he was;" and in comparison with him, "there was none else." "All nations before him were as nothing, and were counted unto him as less than nothing and vanity." Angels in his presence veiled their faces, and archangels durst not attempt to penetrate the unapproachable light with which he clothed himself as with a garment. To obey him was their highest honour; to please him was their greatest happiness. In his service they employed all their powers, and found all their transports. Suns lighted up their fires at his bidding; systems rolled, to fulfil his pleasure; and to accomplish his designs, immensity was stored with worlds and their inhabitants.

He was rich in all good. "All things were" not only "made by him," but "for him." They were his property; they were destined to fulfil his pleasure. When he looked on all the beauty, greatness, and glory, conspicuous in the beings which compose and which inhabit the universe, he beheld nothing but the works of his own hands, reflecting the boundless beauty, greatness, and glory which, in forms and varieties infinite, were treasured up from everlasting in his own incomprehensible mind. If he chose to bring into existence any additional number of creatures, to display new forms and varieties of power, wisdom, and goodness, pre-existent in his own perfect intellect, his choice would instantaneously give them being. To the universe which he had made, he could with infinite ease add another, and another; and fill with worlds, and suns, and systems, those desolate wilds of immensity, where the wing of angels never ventured to rove, and whither no created mind ever sent out a solitary thought. Thus the universe of possible things was his own.

This glorious person, to accomplish the good announced in these tidings, became man. Although "he was" originally "in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God, yet he made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

To accomplish this divine purpose, he underwent every humiliation and every suffering. He was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger. The greatest part of his life he spent in the humble and laborious business of a mechanic, and literally earned his bread "with the sweat of his brow." Poor beyond the common lot of poverty, "he had not," while ministering immortal blessings to a world, a place "where to lay his head." For all the suffering he wrought miraculous works of beneficence; but the power with which they were wrought, ready at the call of others, was rarely exerted for himself. At the same time he was hated and persecuted day by day. Wicked men employed all its hostility against him, its pride and cunning, its malice and wrath; calumniated his name, invaded his peace, and hunted his life. By his friends he was betrayed and forsaken. By his enemies he was accused of drunkenness and gluttony, of impiety and blasphemy, of being the friend of sinners and the coadjutor of Satan. From the agonies of Gethsemane he was conveyed successively to the iniquitous tribunal of the sanhedrim, to the bloody hall of Pilate, to the cross, and to the tomb. At the close of a life spent in bitterness and sorrow, he consummated all his sufferings by undergoing that last and greatest of all evils, the wrath of God, poured out upon him, as the substitute for sinners.

All these things he foresaw, when he brought these tidings to mankind. They were always before him; and were indispensable parts of that mediation which he voluntarily assumed. They were undergone, therefore, in a continual anticipation. Every day he was literally "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." In the full view of them all, he came to this world, to proclaim "peace and salvation" to those who despised, rejected, and persecuted him; who nailed him to the cross, and compelled him to the grave. To these very men he announced all good; himself, his favour, his kingdom, his house, his presence, his everlasting joy. Think what tidings these are! Think to whom they are published!

Thus, from a summary view of this subject, Christ, in publishing these tidings to mankind, appears invested with supreme amiableness and beauty. No attribute which forms, no action which becomes, the perfect character, is wanting in him. With all things in his hands, with all excellence and enjoyment in his mind, he pitied us, miserable worms of the dust; descended from heaven, became man, lived, and died, and rose again, that we might live for ever. With his own voice he proclaimed, in the tidings of

the text, the very things which he has done and suffered, and the infinite blessings which in this manner he has purchased for mankind. "There is now (he cries) glory to God in the highest," while there is "peace on earth and good-will towards men." In this ruined world, so long enveloped in darkness, so long deformed by sin, so long wasted by misery, where guilt, and sorrow, and suffering have spread distress without control, and mourning without hope; where war and oppression have ravaged without, and remorse and despair consumed within; where Satan has "exalted his throne above the stars of God," while its sottish millions have bent before him in religious worship; in this ruined world, where, since the apostacy, real good was never found, and where tidings of such good were never proclaimed; even here, I announce the tidings of expiated sin, a pardoning God, a renewing Spirit, an opening heaven, and a dawning immortality. Here peace anew shall lift her olive branch over mankind. Here salvation from sin and woe shall anew be found; and here God shall dwell and reign, the God of Zion. "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." "Incline your ear, and hear, and your souls shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." "The spirit of Jehovah is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness; as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments; as a bride adorneth herself with jewels."

Every messenger of good news is, of course, desirable and lovely in the eyes of those who are deeply interested; and a part of that lustre, belonging to the tidings themselves, is by a natural association diffused around him by whom they are borne; especially because he is regarded as voluntarily announcing good to us, and as rejoicing in our joy. How glorious, how lovely then, does Christ appear, when coming with all the inherent splendour and beauty of his character, and the transcendent dignity of his station, to proclaim to us tidings infinitely desirable, of good infinitely necessary and infinitely great! Men to him were wholly unnecessary. Had all their millions been blotted out of the kingdom of God, they would not even have left a blank in the creation. With a word he could have formed, of the stones of the street, other millions, wiser, better, and happier, more dutiful and more desirable. How divinely amiable does he appear, when the tidings which he brings are tidings of his own arduous labours on our behalf, and of his own unexampled sufferings; labours and sufferings, without which good tidings could never have reached us, and real good never been found in this miserable world! How divinely amiable does he appear, when, notwithstanding the apostacy and guilt of the race of Adam, he came, of his own accord, to publish these tidings of immortal good to rebels and enemies; and, while proclaiming them, "rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth," and found "his delights with the sons of men."

What, then, must be the guilt, what the debasement, of those who are regardless of the glorious declarations, hostile to the benevolent designs, and insensible to the perfect character of this Divine herald! How blind, and deaf, and stupid must they be to all that is beautiful, engaging, and lovely! How grovelling must be their moral taste! How wonderful their neglect of their own well-being! How evidently is their ingratitude "as the sin of witchcraft, and their stubbornness as iniquity and idolatry!" Were these tidings to be proclaimed in hell itself, one can scarcely fail to imagine that all the malice, impiety, and blasphemy in that dreary world would be suspended, that fiends would cease to conflict with fiends, that sorrow would dry the stream of never-ending tears, that remorse would reverse and blunt his stings, that despair would lift up his pale front with a commencing smile, that the prisoners of wrath (then "prisoners of hope") would shake their chains with transport, and that all the gloomy caverns would echo to the sounds of gratitude and joy. In our own world, once equally hopeless, these tidings are actually proclaimed. What must be the spirit of those who refuse to hear!

But, O ye followers of the divine and compassionate Saviour, infinitely different is the wisdom displayed by you! When this Divine messenger proclaims to you peace and salvation; when he informs you that he has died that you may live; when he demands of you cordially to embrace his atonement, and accept his intercession; you cheerfully hear, believe, and obey. Conscious of your own guilty character and ruined condition, you have yielded yourselves to him with all the heart, in the humble, amiable, penitent exercise of faith and love, and finally chosen him as your own Saviour. On your minds his image is instamped; in your life his beauty shines with ready though feeble radiance; in your character his loveliness is begun; in your souls his immortality is formed. On you his Father smiles, a forgiving God.

On you his Spirit descends, with his sanctifying and dove-like influence. To you his word unfolds all his promises, his daily favour, his everlasting love.

CONVERSION OF ANDREW FULLER.

In his youth, this excellent man had frequent convictions of sin, and frequent struggles between his inclinations and his conscience, between the strivings of the Holy Spirit and the suggestions of his evil heart. He often spent his evenings in vain and sinful company, to which he was strongly attached, and on leaving which he was uniformly in great distress.

"One morning," says he, "I think in November, 1769, I walked out by myself with an unusual load of guilt upon my conscience. The remembrance of my sin, not only on the past evening, but for a long time back, the breach of my vows, and the shocking termination of my former hopes and affections, all uniting together, formed a burden which I knew not how to bear. The reproaches of a guilty conscience seemed like the gnawing worm of hell. I do not write in the language of exaggeration. I now know that the sense which I then had of the evil of sin and the wrath of God was very far short of the truth; but yet it seemed more than I was able to sustain. In reflecting upon my broken vows, I saw that there was no truth in me. I saw that God would be perfectly just in sending me to hell, and that to hell I must go unless I were saved of mere grace, and as it were in spite of myself. I felt that if God were to forgive me all my past sins, I should again destroy my soul, and that in less than a day's time. I never before knew what it was to feel myself an odious lost sinner, standing in need of both pardon and purification. I knew not what to do. I durst not promise amendment, for I saw such promises were self-deception. To hope for forgiveness in the course that I was in was the height of presumption; and to think of Christ, after having so basely abused his grace, seemed too much; so I had no refuge. As near as I can remember, I was like a man drowning, looking every way for help, or rather catching for something by which he might save his life. I tried to find whether there were any hope in the Divine mercy, any in the Saviour of sinners; but felt repulsed by the thought of mercy having been so basely abused already. In this state of mind, as I was moving slowly on, I thought of the resolution of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I paused, and repeated the words over and over. Each repetition seemed to kindle a ray of hope, mixed with a determination, if I might, to cast my perishing soul upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, to be pardoned and purified; for I felt that I needed the one as much as the other. In this way I continued above an hour, weeping and supplicating mercy for the Saviour's sake: (my soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled in me!) and as the eye of the mind was more and more fixed upon him, my guilt and my fears were gradually and insensibly removed. I now found rest for my troubled soul.

"When I thought of my past life, I abhorred myself, and repented as in dust and ashes; and when I thought of the gospel way of salvation, I drank it in as cold water is imbibed by a thirsty soul. My heart felt one with Christ, and dead to every other object around me.

"From this time my former wicked courses were forsaken. I had no manner of desire after them. They lost their influence upon me. To those evils, a glance at which before would have set my passions in a flame, I now felt no inclination. 'My soul' (said I with joy and triumph) 'is as a weaned child!' I now knew, experimentally, what it was to be dead to the world by the cross of Christ, and to feel an habitual determination to devote my future life to God my Saviour."

WORKING MEN! KEEP YOUR SABBATH.

As the night is to the working day as it affects the body, so is the sabbath to the working week as it affects the soul, refreshing and recovering it from the toil and taint of the busy working days. Man is born for the possession and use of two great rights; and these are intimately related to each other—The Bible, the Lord's word to man, his great directory of life; the sabbath, the Lord's day to man, specially designed for the study and application of that directory—that he may live. Woe to the master that robs his servant of that day! Woe to the man that robs himself! Woe to the man—be he master or servant—who robs his God! But then you say, and most truly, religion is not confined to the sabbath-day. No; religion is not like a man's coat. I have seen a working man, and so have you, put on his best blue coat, go to church in it, and then take it off, fold it up, and sit in his shirt sleeves the rest of the day, and work in his shirt sleeves the rest of the week. Religion is not a coat; it is our body-linen—would that it were fairer and purer!—worn next the heart, sabbath and Saturday, high-day and holyday, day and night—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." But *time* must be given for reading and meditation on God's word, for this daily attention to the soul, this every-day religion.

There is a day of reckoning at hand. There is the "Lord's-day" now for preparation. There is "the day of the Lord" coming—the day of reckoning. We shall be there master and man alike. "Working-man, what of thy body?" No; "What of thy soul?" He has not thought of that. Stricken with terror and amazement, he looks round; for he cannot look up. His eye glances upon his master, and his finger points him out accusingly. "*He* so hurried and bustled me, that I had no time to think of my poor soul." Yet the voice still demands, "What of thy soul?" Ah! two must answer that question upon that day. Were it not well that these two settled it between them now? Yes; time must be given for reading and meditating on God's word, for personal and family devotion. The family altar where is it so much needed as in the cabin of the working man? It is a laboratory more wondrous than that of the alchemist. God blessing the means, it converts the dust of humanity into bright and burnished gold. It raises the poor peasant to the level of the peerless prince. Excelsior! Christian young men, that is your badge; no "strange device" to you. "Christ crucified; to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block;" but no "strange device" to you. No; clasp it in the morning of your days, clasp it in the noontide, clasp it in the evening; and when your body in the night lies down amid the snows and ice of death, the banner will be found still with you, marking the way your soul has gone. Excelsior!

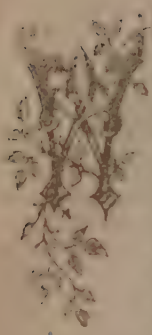
And what means so likely, with God's blessing, to realize these blessed hopes as the family altar?

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
Hope springs, exulting, on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays;
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Early closing is the key to the family altar, and the Saturday half-holiday is the key to the sabbath. The Saturday afternoon is the time for recreation; that is the time for steam-boat trips and cheap railway-trains, and for opening Crystal Palaces and British Museums. That is the time for throwing open, too, the public gardens, with their military bands. Then and there let bishops and baronets be seen walking arm-in-arm, enjoying the sight of the people innocently enjoying themselves. Ye who wish the working man well, let his sabbath alone. Let there be a "Sunday League." I quarrel not with the phrase. But let it be to preserve, not to destroy, that day of rest. The working-man has that already. Let it alone. Put yourselves at the head of the half-holiday movement; and then every honest citizen will be able to say, "God bless and speed you!"

Yes, the Saturday is the day for preparation. There is something good in every religion, in one sense. Adopt it! There is the poor idolater in heathen lands; let us imitate his zeal and devotion: he to his unknown gods, we to Jehovah. There is the Mahommedan: let us emulate his temperance. There is the Jew: I want to be a Jew upon half the Saturday. I do not want to work, and I do not want my fellow-man to work, upon half of that day. It is a visiting-day on the morrow; not gadding from door to door, from house to house, in idle gossip. No. If I am to visit a mighty potentate on earth to-morrow, I will prepare myself to-day. If there is any chance of that great personage returning my visit, and coming into my poor home, I will prepare that home for him. Well, Saturday evening has come. There is visiting on the morrow. The poor working-man visits then a mightier Being than any earthly potentate; he visits God in his own house, his sanctuary; and if he do this as he ought, he will meet his God there, he will hold communion with him; he will not come empty away. And the visiting is not over then; it is reciprocated: "I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Working-man, will you lightly peril that precious privilege? No; the sabbath is man's day; "the sabbath was made for man." But it is "man's day" only when observed as "the Lord's day." The religious barrier is the only barrier that is damming up, and that can successfully stem, this great rising tide of work and labour which is threatening to overwhelm the people. Break down that barrier, and labour will come in like a flood, and engulf us all. Let the sabbath cease to be observed as "the Lord's day," and it will become, not man's day, but the master's as regards the poor body; and as regards the interest of the soul, it will be the day of that dread being who is the implacable and bitter foe of God and man alike. The working-man at the present day is told to *take* his sabbath. No; he needs not take what he has already got. *Ask* for your sabbath? No; you have it. *Keep* your sabbath! It is yours now; keep it in the double sense. If the working-man takes then his indulgence, his *play*, his recreation, as it is gently called, depend upon it, as we have said, it will be all *work* with him soon. But perhaps with a better wage? No, with the same wage, and rightly so; for he will do both less work and worse work in the seven days than in the six, or five and a-half. —*Professor Miller's Lecture*, "*Labour Lightened, not Lost.*"

Pages for the Young.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAW OF LOVE.

NO. VI.

[T]ILL almost the earliest dawn of light Mr. Arnott was at Clara's bedside; he said that no change for the worse had taken place, and ordered the most unbroken quiet, and a careful avoidance of all excitement, but could not yet promise recovery. Even this very cautious and guarded expression of his opinion did something to cheer Mrs. Clifford, for she fancied that he looked more cheerful as he pronounced it, and she herself thought some trifling amendment of symptoms might be detected. An hour or two later, Rose, at her own earnest entreaty, was admitted to keep watch, while Mrs. Clifford lay down for a short time, for her strength was completely exhausted by the fatigue of the past night. Every prescription had been carefully observed, and no remedy left untried. Clara had become more tranquil, a heavy stupor had succeeded to the agonizing pain she had lately endured, and she now lay in a lethargic sleep, quite unconscious of those around her. It was a difficult task to sit patiently in that darkened room, and feel that nothing remained to be done. Rose gazed on the altered features, and watched the signs of suffering, till her heart seemed bursting, and she once more knelt down and earnestly prayed for her cousin's life. The very attitude seemed to bring relief to her burdened spirit, and she again felt strong to wait and be trustful.

Days and nights of agony followed, such as Rose had never witnessed, and which made her heart ache. Returning consciousness brought with it to Clara a full conviction of her danger, and the near approach of death [illegible] sins she had so lately committed without remorse [illegible] forgotten in the terrors of her soul. Mrs. Clifford never left her for a moment, and tried to calm her by explaining in the simplest language the blessed message of peace which God sends to all, even the vilest, by his dear Son Jesus Christ, that our worst and most [illegible] greatest sins may be washed away in the blood of Jesus; that God has promised to pardon, for his sake, every one who repents and truly trusts in him however wicked they may have been; but the words seemed spoken in vain. Terror and confusion completely taken possession of Clara that she had lost all power of understanding anything that was said to her. She could only cling to her mother, exclaiming wildly, "O do not let me die; pray to God that I may not die." And her only composed moments were those in which Mrs. Clifford was so employed. And the prayer was powerfully heard. After a long struggle through the goodness of God, her natural [illegible] of constitution triumphed, and she began to recover, and Mr. Arnott had expressed hopes that she might [illegible] Mrs. Clifford hastened to tell Clara the [illegible] joyful news. Clara only looked at her mother with a [illegible] smile, and gently said, "My dearest mother, God has been very good to you; Mr. Arnott thinks you will get better; let us be very grateful."

Clara burst into tears.

"Oh, aunt, I do not deserve this; I have been a most wicked girl; you do not know how wicked, but I must tell you everything, though it will make you hate me. It was I who stole those mulberries; and I threw the flowers over the hedge." And Clara wept violently, covering her face with her hands, afraid to see the effect of her confession.

Mrs. Clifford looked much shocked, and for a moment [illegible] silent; but becoming aware of the injurious effect of such excessive agitation in Clara's still weak state, she sought to compose her, and replied: "My dear child, I am very glad you have at last spoken the truth. I see plainly that you are truly sorry for your great sin. I trust you have already confessed it to your heavenly Father, and asked his pardon."

"Oh, yes, dear Aunt Clifford," replied the weeping girl, "but I could not get peace; something seemed to say I could not be forgiven while I concealed it from you. You cannot think how miserable I have been."

"Indeed, my love, I quite believe you," said Mrs. Clifford, kindly; "but we will not dwell on the miserable past. I forgive you freely, and so I am sure dear Rose. God has mercifully prolonged your space for repentance, has brought you to a sense of your sin, and now graciously offers to wash away all your guilt, and to make you his own dear child. Come to him [illegible] and ask him to put his Holy Spirit within you, and to subdue your evil nature by the power of his heavenly grace."

Clara threw her arms round her kind aunt's neck, and sobbed bitterly. Mrs. Clifford, fearful of the effect of all this excitement upon her, gently soothed her, repeating verses setting forth the full free love of Christ to the chief of sinners. Clara gradually became calmer, and at length fell asleep.

When she awoke Rose was sitting beside her. Clara looked at her earnestly, and saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"Come quite close to me, dear Rose," she said, in a trembling voice; "I wish to say something to you."

Rose looked up, and saw that Clara was most painfully agitated. "I have told aunt Clifford, but I cannot be happy until you too know all."

"I do know all, dearest Clara," said Rose very kindly, wishing to spare her cousin a second painful confession. "Mamma has told me everything."

"Can you ever forgive me?" asked Clara, while the large tears rolled slowly down her pale cheeks.

"Indeed I can; I do with all my heart," replied Rose, with the most convincing earnestness. "I am so glad you have told us all, for now you will feel happy again."

Clara shook her head despondingly. Mrs. Clifford entered the room at this moment, and Rose gladly availed herself of the opportunity to escape.

Clara's sleep that night was calm and sweet; the load of unconfessed, unpardoned sin was taken from her heart, and, as she hoped, washed away in her Saviour's blood. From that day her recovery was rapid, and she rose from her sick bed a changed child. Mrs. Clifford conversed often and seriously with her, and was rejoiced to perceive that she appeared really humbled and penitent.

Mrs. Leslie, who had heard of Clara's illness, sent, called daily to inquire for her, leaving kind messages and desiring much to be permitted to see her. Clara at first shrunk from an interview which would be otherwise than most painful, and Mrs. Clifford did not press the point; she only tried to make Clara feel that, as she

had injured her fellow-creatures, as well as sinned against God, it was her duty to prove the sincerity of her repentance by acknowledging her fault—the only reparation now in her power. Clara's penitence was too sincere and deep to allow her to rest satisfied without doing everything in her power to prove its reality, and she one morning tearfully begged that if Mrs. Leslie called that day she might see her, and at her earnest request they were left alone together. No one, therefore, knew what passed, but Mrs. Leslie afterwards spoke of the interview with tears.

Rose now found in Clara a companion who would soon have become as dear to her as Marian had once been. She was no longer selfish, overbearing, and capricious; she struggled earnestly against the evil habits which had for so many years held the mastery over her. She had learnt to seek for strength where alone it is to be found; and though sometimes overcome, was not unfrequently victorious. Mrs. Clifford watched with a joy too deep for words the change which was passing, or rather, we should say, had already passed over her; she had indeed become a new creature; "old things had passed away and all things had become new." A new and holy motive had replaced the old unholy principle of self, which had formerly reigned within her. The love of Christ now constrained her, and the striking alteration of her whole conduct and bearing in the merest trifles, plainly showed how truly it is written, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

"I shall have no one to teach me what is right when I leave you, aunt Clifford; and I am so very, very ignorant," said Clara, mournfully, as, on the evening before her departure, she stood leaning against the pile of corded trunks which stood in her room.

"You have this blessed book for your guide, and the Holy Spirit for a teacher," said Mrs. Clifford, putting a small neatly-bound Bible into her hand. "Keep this, my love, as a token of my affectionate remembrance and interest in you. I have marked many passages which may perhaps remind you of our conversations together. Study it daily, pray earnestly to be led by the Holy Spirit into all truth, and, believe me, you will never need to complain of want of guidance."

Rose and Clara parted with many tears; they had become dear to each other as sisters, while to Mrs. Clifford Clara had become as a second daughter; and it was with almost more than a mother's interest that she commended her to the care of Him who has pledged his faithful word that not the feeblest lamb in his flock shall be plucked from his tender and almighty care.

Clara returned to her worldly relations and to her former pursuits, but not to old habits, either of thought or action. She had little opposition to encounter from her uncle and aunt, who, astonished and delighted at the change which had passed upon their darling, were unwilling to thwart her in any of her newly-awakened desires; and it was a subject of deep and constant thankfulness that this obstacle had been taken out of her way. Her aunt Clifford's parting advice was diligently followed; the treasured Bible became her inseparable companion; it was indeed "a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path." Reposing upon the faithfulness of her Almighty Saviour, she walked steadily forward in the narrow way which leadeth unto life, and she daily found the joy of the Lord her strength. As she grew older the intercourse between herself and Westmaven Cottage became increasingly delightful to her. The visit of her childhood was indeed connected with much that was painful and humiliating; still she loved to dwell upon the mercy which had there led her to a knowledge of the way of truth, and made her acquainted with that blessed charity which is the bond of peace and of all virtues.

Religious Intelligence.

London, April 30th, 1856.

We have at length the great satisfaction of congratulating our friends on the return of peace, and uniting with them in offering our devout thanksgiving to Him "who maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth." There are those among us who regret that, in the pride of our power, we did not advance to greater victories, and employ the *matériel* of war in the destructive work for which it was prepared, and thus gain guarantees for a more permanent peace. Some are proud, some are vindictive, and others selfish in the dissatisfaction with which they receive the blessing which the God of peace has conferred upon us. In these classes we do not expect to find "the children of God," who receive this high designation from the Prince of peace, and who can retain it only as they are "peace-makers," seeking "to live peaceably with all men." While good people in this country are offering their thanks for the restored peace of Europe, they are earnestly praying that the flames which have just been extinguished in the East, may not break out in the West, and are resolved that "the only contest which they will tolerate between Great Britain and America, is to strive which can do most for the civilization and evangelization of the world."

We have deeply to deplore the calamities resulting from the gigantic struggle now brought to a close—the myriads hurried into that awful Presence before which they were unprepared to stand—the wives reduced to widowhood, and the children to orphanage—the horrible manifestations of savage and fiendish passions—the privations and sufferings caused by the dearth of employment, the dearness of food, and the heavy expenditure which the war has entailed. On the other hand, we have most gratifying proofs that He who "causeth the wrath of man to praise him" has been overruling the late conflict for the extension of the kingdom of his dear Son. The sympathies of the Christian world have been newly awakened in behalf of the East; there has been a wide circulation of the word of God among people who had never before possessed the sacred treasures; the Sultan has ceded to his Mahometan subjects the right of professing the faith of Jesus, the true Prophet; the Turkish missions have received more efficient aid; countries hitherto neglected will be brought within the scope of missionary effort; while female pity and kindness, after fulfilling a gracious mission to the sick and wounded in the East, will now enter on their extensive and well-directed labours at home.

The eagerness with which Turkish officers and soldiers continue to receive the Testament, in their own language, is most encouraging. A clergyman, on board the "Dauntless," off Kertch, mentions several such cases, and one instance in which the Scriptures were thankfully accepted by a Turkish gentleman who officiated as priest to his regiment. We find that a large and influential committee, composed of naval and military officers, clergymen, and civilians, has been just formed to raise funds for the erection of a church at Constantinople, as the most appropriate monument to the memory of those who fell in the late war, and of gratitude to God for the restoration of peace. A public meeting is to be held for the promotion of this object, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge. The Turkish Missions Aid Society reported at its recent meeting, that, in one village near Constantinople, the whole population of from six to eight thousand persons had entered the Protestant fold; that in the Armenian branch of this mission there are now seventy-eight native preachers; while in the native language there have been printed upwards of six million pages in books and tracts, the number of volumes being 24,698. The society which is formed to obtain our aid

for this excellent work is asking us to remember its claims on the day of National Thanksgiving, and that we should seek that Turkey may become Christ's—not Roman, not Greek, not even Protestant, in the mere negative sense of the term, but Christian; that her ancient churches should become living bodies; that the followers of Mahomet should not only hear the gospel, but see it exemplified.

If our missionary labours are now summoned, by Divine Providence, to those scenes which have been thus wonderfully opened to us, we must not be the less mindful of all those fields of exertion assigned to us in former years. As we look on the list of our religious anniversaries, to which fresh additions are making from year to year, we still find the venerable societies, which began their work forty or fifty years since, keeping their places in the goodly catalogue, and claiming the attention and the liberal aid of old and new friends.

While the followers of Christ are thus endeavouring to send the blessings of his gospel abroad, it is very painful to witness the sanction given by those in high places to the desecration of the Christian sabbath at home. Orders having been given for the band to perform on the Lord's day afternoons in Kensington Gardens, it appears from the statement of Sir Benjamin Hall that the numbers present on the 20th of April were 79,267. These numbers being so great, the evil has been extended to the Regent's Park. Very strong remonstrances have been made against this new form of sabbath desecration, by the sanction and with the assistance of a gentleman who has lately been elevated to a position which none of his predecessors ever thus abused. We believe that the band so employed complains of this additional labour on the day of rest, and that Sir Benjamin Hall has been informed that as soon as the music ceases, the public-houses about Edgware-road and Oxford-street are filled with persons who were listening to the concert. We hope that the Christian influence of this country will be brought to bear against this act of national ungodliness, and that it will be exercised until the evil is put down. The example of continental nations is allowed to exert too much influence on the minds of our legislators; but when this example is pleaded, it should be remembered that those nations are under the influence of Romish teaching, as our country is not. It should be observed that the Romish and the Protestant sabbaths are essentially different, although it is much to be lamented that in some Protestant countries the latter part of the Lord's day is devoted to pleasure-taking. The tendency of Romish teaching to sanction the neglect of sabbatic observance has been recently shown by Cardinal Wiseman in one of his lectures, in which he said that while protesting against anything like licence, as a gross abuse of a Divine institution, "the Catholic church has ever held that, *religious duties duly performed*, the Christian Sunday is to be used by all, and especially by the great bulk of the people, as a day of innocent amusement and recreation, and that such should be afforded to them by the state, by every means in its power. This (he said) he thought it right at this time to declare publicly was, and is, the mind of the church of Christ on this subject." We pray that the Protestant queen of England may reject from among her servants those evil councillors who, under the influence of Romish or infidel notions, are seeking to assimilate her royal domains to the haunts of continental folly and impiety.

It is painful to witness this movement; but it is some consolation to notice another in the opposite direction. We refer to the crowded meeting at Exeter Hall, in favour of the adoption of the Saturday half-holiday, and the earlier payment of wages on Friday evening or early on Saturday morning. If this excellent object can be realized, much of the temptation to sabbath-breaking will be removed, and one of the strongest arguments in its favour will be taken away. The wise and powerful advocacy of this question by Lord Shaftesbury, by the Bishop of Oxford, by such practical men as Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Mr. Cowan, and Mr. Spottiswood; the success which has crowned the half-holiday movement in Edinburgh and Manchester; and the earnestness displayed at the public-meeting, lead us to anticipate that this measure of kindness and justice will at no distant day be accorded to the working-classes of London.

An excellent method of doing good to wayfaring people, has been for some time in operation in Newcastle-on-Tyne, by the care of the Bible Society of that town. In the course of last year, copies of the Scriptures were left at the various registered lodging-houses, ninety-seven in number, and which were resorted to in 179,418 cases. Priestly opposition has been made to this good work, but the committee will persevere, and we hope their example will be very generally imitated.

THE FATAL WRECK.

'Tis grievous when the merchant's ship,
With all its costly store,
And precious freight of golden weight,
Goes down in sight of shore!

Yet, is there loss more grievous still
Than that of worldly wealth;—
What patience rare we need to bear
The painful wreck of health.

And even with severer strokes,
Affliction's hand descends,
When many a scheme, a dear heart-dream,
Is wrecked by—loss of friends.

Still are there trials sorer far!
How keen is our distress,
When hopes are checked and all is wrecked
Of earthly happiness!

And is there not another woe
Must leave the rest behind?
Angels in bliss might weep at this—
The fearful wreck of—mind.

But stay! the diver bold may yet
The merchant's wealth restore;
And sweetly on the pallid cheek
May roses bloom once more.

The loved and lost shall yet be found
In yonder blissful sphere,
'Mid pure, deep well-springs of delight,
For those who thirsted here.

The maniac's wandering eye again
May beam with Reason's ray,
But nevermore shall love restore
A spirit wrecked for aye.

Black waves of bitter dark despair,
Thro' endless years shall roll,
Nor heavenly gleam, nor hope's sweet beam
Shall bless the ruined soul.

What shall it profit thee, O man,
In this poor scene of strife
A world of gain, yet not attain
The blessed prize of life?

Beware! lest on the rocks of time
Thy precious bark be riven;
Unfurl thè sails to fav'ring gales,
And speed thee on for heaven.

JOSEPHINE.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XXIII.

MANY hours passed away, heavily to my troubled owner, and yet did not the young wife return to her home.

Meanwhile the darkness of eventide had fallen on the earth, and a faint cry from the still sleeping child roused the father from his disconsolate posture, and he rose to hush the infant, and to kindle a lamp at the smouldering hearth. Then his eyes fell upon me, and again seating himself, he drew me towards him, and these words of consolation and encouragement fell gently and soothingly on his weary soul:—

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

And with many such words as these did I cheer the downcast and calm the perturbed spirit of my owner; and then did he bethink him of the command given to pray and not to faint, and of the loving invitation of his Lord and Master to "come boldly unto the throne of grace," to "obtain mercy and find grace to help in

time of need." And thereupon did he pour out his soul before God, "with strong crying and tears," that the heart of her who was to him "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" might be turned to true wisdom, and that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life, not to be repented of."

Then again did he seat himself and turn over my leaves; but weary with watching and much carefulness of soul, his bodily senses became gradually dull, his eyes closed, his hand lay heavily on me at an open page, and he sank into a placid sleep.

Near midnight the door was gently opened, and the young wife entered the room. Her countenance was flushed as with strong emotion, and looking wildly round, she saw her husband sleeping, the lamp still burning on the table, and the open book on which his hand still rested. In one moment she was by his side, and gently leaning over his arm, she cautiously, but curiously and keenly, looked down upon my open page.

As one bitten by a serpent did the young wife start with dread at the first sentence on which her eye was fixed; and then slowly withdrawing herself to a darkened corner of the apartment, she sank on the chair in great distress of mind, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing with strong convulsive gaspings. Yet did not the husband wake, and yet the smile of peace and calm repose rested on his countenance.

Long did the wife continue in her posture of humiliation; at length, softly rising, she glided again to her husband's side, and imprinted a kiss on his open brow. Then, hasting away, she snatched the yet slumbering child to her bosom and retreated into her chamber. The faint cry of the slightly aroused child startled my owner from his sleep, and ere long he too had retired, yet not until he had again prostrated himself before the heavenly Majesty in prayer and supplication.

Through many succeeding days did a strange mystery overhang, as it were, and mark the conduct of the young wife. Unwonted tenderness, springing from some hidden source, was shown by her towards her wondering but gratified husband. With trembling earnestness she entreated him not to delay his return to his home when his daily work was ended; and while he was absent an unwonted dread of solitude weighed down her spirits, while yet she sought not neighbourly intercourse, but drew bar and bolt as though to shut out from the habitation all besides its rightful lord.

Nay, more than this; daily, and when there was no eye to see her but the eye of Omniscience, did the young wife, retiring to her chamber, pass hour after hour in sobbing and sorrowful exclamations, which told of a soul ill at ease with itself. Verily "the spirit of a man will sustain his *infirmity*, but a *wounded* spirit who can bear?"

Thus passed away many sorrowful weeks, and [illegible] did my owner know of the soul-struggles which, unknown to him, had been witnessed by the Invisible in that dwelling; for daily, on his return to his home, was the countenance of the wife composed, though few were the words she uttered. And still did he entreat her in vain to listen to my words from his lips. In one matter only did a gleam of hope dawn upon his soul; the young wife had never again given attendance at the Sunday evening assemblies at "The People's Hall." And much cause had the husband to [illegible] thereat, for the corrupt teachings there set forth were manifestly working on the depravity and desperate wickedness of unrenewed hearts, insomuch that, casting off all fear, and "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that was in them, because of the blindness of their heart, and being past feeling," many "gave themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." Truly the seed of evil instruction had fallen on fruitful soil, and was already springing up in a plentiful crop of evil works. And the workman, Vickers, thanked God and took courage that the wife of his bosom had, as it seemed, abandoned these corrupt and mischievous gatherings.

I have said that after the first futile attempt to snatch me from my owner's sight, the young wife had never ventured to interpose between me and her husband, save by words of complaint at our [illegible], or contemptuous derision. Many indeed had been the malignant glances and abusive words I had had to bear from her in my owner's absence: but now were these words never heard from her lips, and those glances were exchanged for looks of strange curiosity, yea, even of eager longing. Never had the poor woman forgotten the few words I had addressed to her soul when she unwarily looked over her slumbering husband's hand; and the arrow of those words was sharp in her heart. Thus was terror mingled with other feelings with which I was regarded, so that with averted glances she had hitherto passed by my daily resting-place.

"I cannot bear it longer," said the young wife one day, when alone; "and why should not I know what the book says?" And, thereupon, did she take me in her hand as one affrighted, yet determined to face that which had produced alarm.

Truth to tell, there was one stern and fearful

threatening of mine which had fallen on the soul of the young wife, which, by the mercy of my Master, had cut the knot of a web of temptation in which, by attending the meetings before described, she had been in danger of being entangled.

Day after day did Mary Vickers search through my pages for the startling passage which had first met her eye, but she found it not. Nevertheless, other declarations of mine on which she chanced, as it were, to fall, renewed her fears, and awakened her anxiety.

Meanwhile, my owner, while marvelling at the pleasant change which had befallen him in his converse with his wife—though little aware of the cause—had much trial to endure from former companions, who resented his abandonment of them, and were not slow at discovering the cause of his alienation. Doubtless, in his necessary daily intercourse with such in his lawful avocations, much scorn and contempt fell to his share, but this he bore bravely and well.

One evening, while my owner was resting after the labour of the day, his door was opened, and three men, in workmen's garb, presented themselves, who, after slight courtesies, laid before him a paper which they requested him to sign.

"Thou wert used to be foremost in these matters," said one, whom I recognised as the once companion of my owner in the visit to the shop of old Davie, in which Vickers had made my acquaintance; "and we mean that thou shalt not give us the slip, though thou hast kept thyself to thyself so much of late."

My owner looked at the paper, and then calmly put it aside: "I canna sign it, friends," he said.

"Thou wilt not be turncoat?" demanded another, angrily. "Dost not remember when thou did speak up more boldly than us all for workmen's rights, and against tyrants and bad laws?"

"And didst counsel us all to strike for better wages, when things were not ripe for it, as they are now?" said the third man.

"Friends," said my owner, "ye rightly remind me of what I have done and said at other times; and I would not be called a turncoat; for all that, I say I canna find in my own conscience to sign this paper. Maybe I have altered some of my opinions, but methinks I am firm against oppression as much as ever. I wadna that ye should think other of me than that."

"Then why not sign?" demanded they.

"Because I canna but see, as ye may see if ye will but look at it," replied he, "that ye will make the evil worse instead of curing it. If ye try to carry out your plans, think, friends, of the sorrow and suffering ye will bring upon hundreds and thousands whom ye will deprive of daily bread for a time, all but the bitter bread of charity."

"Thou art mistaken," said one of the visitors. "We will put meat into their mouths, lad, along with the bread. We'll make the masters come to terms whether they like it or no. They shall na have it their way longer."

Vickers shook his head. "And if ye had power to make them," he replied—"to make them, in the way ye have put down in that paper, wadna that be masterful oppression like unto that of which ye complain? Friends, in this book I find it written, 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.'"

"I told ye so," said one of the men to his companions; "I told ye that Vickers wad turn traitor to the people's cause, and wadna take part with us;" and thereupon the three spoke loudly and angrily, calling him coward and many other ill names, accompanied with threats of violence and compulsion, which but slightly moved him.

My owner essayed to speak, but he was put down with much clamour. "We did na come to argue with thee," said he who seemed the leader among them, "but to ask thee, in good fellowship, as in olden times, to join us; and now, for the last time, wilt thou sign the paper?" And seeing that he still steadily refused, they presently withdrew.

"What was in yon paper that thou wad na put thy hand to?" asked the young wife, pale with terror at the threats she had heard, when the men had departed.

"Just an agreement, lass, to stop working after a certain day if the masters will na do as their men bid them," said my owner.

"And what will they do to thee, now thou hast not given in to them?"

"As they are permitted, Mary dear. Maybe they'll put me out from among them. I shall be as a black sheep. They winna speak to me, and I canna tell that I may na be misused, even to the peril of limb and life. But I winna think so either," he added, seeing his young wife almost overcome with sorrowful fear; "for I dare to trust that God will na suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear. O Mary, lass! what would na I give if I had it to give, if thou would but rest on the promises of this dear book."

"But why would thou not sign the paper, lad?" asked the wife.

"Because, dear lass, I dare na do evil that good may come. If there be wrong-doing on one side, I winna meet it by wrong-doing on the other. The Bible has taught me that much, and maybe something more. I hope and think it has, Mary."

"Zechariah, lad," said the wife, somewhat abruptly, "that is a strange book, yon Bible; thou has na been like thy own old self since thou took to it."

"I bless God that, in some ways, as thou sayest, I am not as I was, Mary," said he: "and if thou would but bring thyself to look into it—"

"O lad, lad," exclaimed the wife, starting forward as though to embrace her husband, and then casting herself on him, weeping and sobbing in passionate distress, "what would thou say if I have looked into it again and again, when thou hast been at thy work?"

"I would say," said my owner, tenderly raising his wife, who thereupon sunk into his arms, and hid her face from him in the folds of his garment, "I would say it is the blithest news I have heard these many days, dear wife, and—"

"I canna keep it longer from thee," continued the poor wife, "now thou art like to be in trouble with these men. But oh, lad, I canna look thee in the face till thou say thou hast forgiven me." And sobbing much, she clung yet the closer to him.

"Mary, dear lass!"

"It was the night, the last night, I went to the 'People's Hall,'" continued the young wife, in broken language, "that a sore temptation came upon me. I dare na tell thee all I had heard there in times gone by, but I left thee that night, lad, thinking I should never see thee and our bairn again. I had resolved to leave thee altogether, Zech, and seek another husband among those that preach these fine sounding doctrines about the new moral world. I came home that night, lad, and found thee sleeping; and I could na but look over thee to see what thou had been reading. O lad! thy finger was on the words, 'Be sure thy sin will find thee out,' and these burnt in upon my soul. Thou had been thinking of me. Had thou not been thinking of me when thou put thy finger there?"

"Nay, dear lass, I canna think of the words I had then been reading. Maybe I had thought of thee as I read, and wished and prayed thou mightest have a share in such blessed promises."

"Promises! Eh, but it was no promise that I read."

"I had been reading no such words and thinking no such thoughts, Mary. But, dear wife, say no more. I forgive thee heartily, and bless God that put the warning before thee."

"I have na been to 'People's Hall' since then," continued the young wife, speaking rapidly and earnestly, "and I have shutten the door against friend and neebour, but I could na rest. I have looked into the book, and if I have na found the same words again, I have lighted on others; and I canna, canna rest. O lad! I am very wretched." And giving way to the violence of grief, she wept bitterly, as she told how every word of mine had pierced into her soul, and how she dared not believe that for such as her could mercy before God be found.

Then did the husband, in loving words, rebuke her despair, and opening me, he bade me tell of the blood of Jesus Christ, "which cleanseth from *all* sin;" and how that "he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him." And with many such words did he seek to calm her troubled spirit, while his heart was lifted up in supplication that my words might also heal her wound and lead her to faith in the Almighty Redeemer.

DEW.

THERE are in nature many facts, of constant occurrence and observation, which, from their very familiarity and apparent simplicity, we are prone to forget or neglect. Yet if we were called upon to explain some of them, we should find it more difficult than we had previously imagined; and if we give our attention to the task, we shall be forced to the conclusion, that in producing one simple effect, common and insignificant as it may seem, a variety of important causes may be concerned. Now to those who would study the Scriptures for themselves, or would induce others to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them," it is essential to understand and to be able to unfold "common things;" for these are pre-eminently the things from which the sacred writers derive their images and illustrations, when they would exemplify spiritual truth or enforce moral duty. Among natural facts there are few, perhaps, to which more beautiful reference is made in the Bible than to the phenomena of dew; and it will not be unprofitable to consider what dew is, and to learn what lessons Divine wisdom has drawn from it.

It is only within a comparatively recent period that the exact nature of dew has been properly investigated and understood. It was formerly confounded with rain or fog, or supposed to be emitted from the earth by night, and thus was said to rise. The dew on growing vegetables was set down as the condensed vapour exhaled by the plant. Opinions still more fanciful have at times obtained, as, for instance, that dew was connected in some way with the influence of the stars. Those "wise fools," the alchemists, who spent their labour for that which satisfied not, are said to have sought to distil from dew the precious elixir which would afford the means of preserving perpetual youth and beauty.

In 1814, an ingenious physician, Dr. Wells, gave to the world, as the result of well-sustained experiment and cautious reasoning, what has ever since been regarded as the true theory of dew. It is simply this. During the nights, the earth's surface, giving off by radiation the heat it had acquired during the day, becomes colder than the air above it, and consequently the air deposits upon it the watery vapour it contains. In shaded places dew begins to form before sunset, but it is not copiously deposited till some while afterwards. The formation of dew is most abundant just before sunrise, because at that time the earth is coldest, not having yet been repaid by the warmth of returning day the loss it had sustained by nocturnal radiation. Dew is most abundant on calm, clear nights; none is seen on nights both cloudy and windy. If in the course of the night, the weather from being calm and serene become boisterous, and vapoury masses gather in the sky, dew will cease to form, and that previously formed will disappear or diminish. If the weather remain still and clear, the deposition of dew continues all night.

The theory being established, the explanation of these diversities of result is obvious. Clouds act by replacing or by preventing the escape of heat from the earth's surface, and winds, by disturbing the air, destroy that difference of temperature between it and the earth which is the essential cause of dew. Any artificial screen or covering will act in the same way as clouds. Thus tender plants are protected from cold at night by matting, which interferes with the radiation from beneath it. The condition of the atmosphere as to moisture will affect the quantity of dew deposited. It is more abundant immediately after rain than during a long course of dry weather, and during southerly and westerly than when northerly and easterly winds prevail. Rain is foretold when dew is uncommonly copious in relation to the climate and season. Dew is more plentiful in spring and autumn than in summer, since at those periods there is a greater difference between the temperature of the earth by day and night. Dew is unusually plentiful on clear mornings succeeding cloudy nights, and also on clear calm nights followed by misty mornings. Heat of the atmosphere, other things being favourable, will occasion a great formation of dew, and it is consequently very copious in hot countries.

In Judea, where for several months together scarcely a drop of rain falls, the abundant dews are no inadequate substitute. In such countries, indeed, it is that the inestimable benefits of this provision are most strikingly apparent and most gratefully acknowledged. In our own land, we can scarcely appreciate the force of the phraseology of Scripture: "The fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heavens shall drop down dew." "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." "Of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath."

The difference in the quantity of dew deposited on different substances depends on their varieties of temperature, that is, on their powers of radiating or conducting heat. If on a spring or autumn morning we walk through field or garden, we shall find more dew on grass-plats than on gravel walks, as the former are better radiators; but if a cloth or woollen fabric were exposed all night, we should meet on it with the most copious deposit, since that would both radiate more freely, and also conduct more slowly any heat that might have accumulated beneath the surface of the earth. The first condition recorded of Gideon's fleece was an exaggerated action of nature's laws; the second was, for a special object, a miraculous interference with their development. As to the uses of dew, it is sufficient to say, that it fertilizes the soil and freshens vegetation, supplies moisture, often attainable in no other way, and equalizes temperature; and that in those climates where they are most needed are these results and advantages most conspicuous and important.

But let us turn from science to Scripture, and see how the teachings of the one may be brought in aid of the higher revelations of the other. Dew may be regarded as an emblem of the operation of God's word, and of the influence of his grace. "My speech shall distil as the dew." "I will be as the dew unto Israel." The truths of the Bible, if rightly received into the mind, if accompanied by the grace of the Holy Spirit, break up the hardened clods of ignorance, indifference, worldly-mindedness, and sinful indulgence, and prepare a soil which, with diligent culture and earnest supplication to Him who gives the increase, shall yield plants of righteousness and fruits of holiness. We may also learn that God employs a variety of methods in calling to himself. To some he comes in the tempest or the earthquake, to others by milder means of showing mercy, dropping as the gentle dew upon the soul, and drawing by cords of love.

Dew is an emblem of youthful piety; but alas! it is as true a type of the evanescence and decay of what for a time was fair and promising. No sooner has the sun arisen with burning heat—the sun of temporal prosperity, temptation, or trial—than the glittering drops evaporate, and there is moral drought and barrenness. How affecting is the expostulation of Jehovah, "O

Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." Then if this departure from the ways of God be persisted in, if repentance be delayed, and offered grace rejected, the voice of tenderness will be exchanged for that of threatening, and mercy yield to judgment. "Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

Dew is also beautifully expressive of heavenly blessings and of Christian graces. "The remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord." In our public acts of devotion we pray for the ministers of the gospel, that God would pour upon them "the continual dew of his blessing." To encourage us also in the exercise of that spirit of love which, as professors of the religion of the gospel, should attend our every act of intercourse with each other, and our every effort to enlighten and evangelize the world, we are taught by the pen of inspiration: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord [illegible] ing, even life for evermore."

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF THE REV. R. CECIL DURING HIS CHILDHOOD.

Mr. Cecil's father possessed a large tract of ground, on which were his dwelling-house, dye-house, and garden. During the early part of Mr. Cecil's life, this plot served in the interval of his school hours as a play-ground, and here his life was more than once endangered by perilous adventures. The following is remarkable. His father had in this spot several tanks of water, one of which was sunk in the earth, and in winter frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. [illegible] Mr. Cecil was, [illegible] with a stick, till, losing his balance, he suddenly fell over, and plunged under the ice. The men had received orders over-night to go to work in a part of the dye-house from which the piece of water was not visible, but, strange to say, for no assignable reasons, they went to an opposite spot, where it was directly before their eyes. One of the men, thinking he saw the scarlet cloak of his young master, drew nearer, and found his suspicion confirmed. He drew him out apparently dead, but after remaining for a long time in a state of unconsciousness, and using proper means to restore animation, he recovered.

About the same time, young Cecil was caught by his coat in a mill wheel, and must have been crushed instantly, had he not, with wonderful presence of mind, thrust his foot against the face of the horse that was moving the wheel, by which means it was stopped, and he became disentangled.

Several other extraordinary deliverances occurred about this time, but all, as he was often heard to lament afterwards, were passed over in those thoughtless days, without due improvement.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

Jesse the Bethlehemite was one day astonished, and perhaps alarmed, to receive a somewhat peremptory command from the king—"Send me David, thy son, who is with the sheep." What could the king know of his son? What did he want with him? If Jesse knew—and if any one knew, he was the most likely to know it—the true purport of the anointing which that son had received [illegible] thought must have been, that [illegible] and that this summons to his presence boded no good to David. However, as they say in the east, to hear was to obey. It behoved that the young man should not appear before the king empty-handed; and his father therefore provided a suitable present in testimony of homage and respect. It consisted of a live kid, a quantity of bread, and a skin of wine. This was carried by an ass: and it is a pleasant picture to conceive the future king of Israel stepping lightly along beside the animal, with his shepherd's staff and scrip, and entertained as he went by the gambols of the kid. His light harp was no doubt slung to his back; and it is likely that he now and then rested under a tree, and solaced his soul with its music. His fearless temper would not allow him to look forward to the result of his journey with misgivings; or, if a doubt crossed his mind, he found sufficient rest in his confidence in God.

There was nothing really alarming when the facts became known.

When the king had leisure to reflect, the denunciation of Samuel sank deep into his soul. The mind of Saul, not in his best fortunes strong, gradually gave way beneath the terror of his thoughts, the certainty of his doom, and the uncertain shapes in which it appeared. He sank into a deep melancholy.

After many other remedies had no doubt been

tried, it was suggested that something might yet be heard from music, the power of which over the disorders of the mind was well understood in times of old. The king caught eagerly at the idea, and directed that the services of some accomplished minstrel should be secured. It would seem, that although music was much cultivated, the profession of the musician did not exist; for if it did, some one of professional fame would no doubt have been named. This was not done; but some one present remembered that he had not long since seen "a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite," who was often mentioned by that designation, not only as one "skilful in playing," but also as a youth of great courage and acknowledged valour; nor was his handsome person forgotten, nor the still more important fact that "the Lord was with him"—a phrase denoting a religious man, whom the Lord seemed to have favourably distinguished in his providence and grace.

This was the cause which led Saul to summon David to his presence. The distance was not great, about ten miles; and the youth reached Gibeah the same day that he left his home. He delayed not to present himself before the king, who little thought as he looked upon the comely youth who stood before him, that he beheld in him the unknown rival who had marred his repose, and the destined heir of his sceptre. It was, as we have stated, the faculty of David to win, with unconscious ease, the hearts of all who were brought within the sphere of his influence. Even the austere and troubled Saul was no exception. "He loved him greatly," and speedily sent back to Jesse the message, "Let David, I pray thee, stand before me, for he hath found favour in my sight." So David remained at court; and when one of Saul's fits came upon him, he took his harp and played before him, and gradually the king's spirit yielded to the sweet sounds which the master hand drew from the wires, and "he was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

This remarkable instance of the power of music over the mind, especially in soothing its perturbations and allaying its disorders, is in conformity with the experience of physicians, and with various intimations which may be found in ancient authors. More or less so are those other scriptural instances, which evince the power of music over the moods of even the sanest minds, as in the case of Elisha, who called for the aid of a minstrel to bring his mind into the frame best suited to receive the impulses of the prophetic spirit. One would almost think that there was some power in ancient music, which has since been lost, or that there existed, amid the simple manners of ancient

[illegible] the [illegible] of sweet and [illegible] sounds, which has been lost in the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] practice of modern [illegible]. But, in truth, we should [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.

asked him how he could reward such talents, assuring him that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, previously tutored, answered that he desired nothing but that his majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavour to make his appearance in the council as usual. The king yielded, and from this time his disease gave way, and the musician had all the honour of the cure. By singing to his majesty every evening, his favour increased to such a degree, that he came to be regarded as first minister, in which capacity he conducted himself with such propriety and discretion that the proud Spanish nobles about the court, instead of envying his prosperity, honoured him with their esteem and confidence. This favour he did not forfeit under Philip's successor (Ferdinand VI), who made him a knight of Calatrava, and employed him in political affairs.

The above passages, which we have selected from Dr. Kitto's "Bible Illustrations," while they show the power of music to soothe the soul, must suggest also regret that a talent from God so capable of the highest use, is too frequently turned against his service, and made the means of gratifying the vain and foolish inclinations of the unrenewed heart.

While recognising, with thankfulness also, the mitigating and alleviating effects of music on the distempered mind and fancy, let us not forget that such alleviations are, at their best, but temporary. The true secret of permanent peace and cheerfulness is to be found in reconciliation with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and an inward consciousness that we are living in conformity with the Divine will. All peace short of this must be regarded as treacherous and delusive.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

"Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."—*Gen.* xlvii. 9.

ADOPT what creed we may concerning futurity, there can be no dispute about our stay in this world. Every man knows that he is the certain heir of mortality; that if neither disease nor accident cut him off, the silent stream of time will soon bear him away. The fate of all preceding generations for ever settles the question that after the succession of a few short years at most, he must close his eyes upon these heavens and this earth, to lie down in the dust. What then is he now but a stranger and sojourner upon the earth, as all his fathers were? But there are various facts and circumstances calculated to remind us of this passing state of things. Whatever indicates to us the progress of time, is a solemn memento that we are hastening to our end. Our bounds are set that we cannot pass. The whole of our mortal existence is embraced in the compass of a few short years, diminishing constantly, as the wheels of time go round. Every rising and setting sun proclaims with mighty voice that our days are numbering, and will soon be gone. Each returning season, and especially the close of the revolving year, holds a language on this subject of deep and awfully monitory import. If the clock strike, it is to tell us mortals that another hour has passed never to return; and even the pendulum vibrating seconds gives us warning that time is ever flowing on, and as it flows bears us onward to the ocean of eternity.

What is the growth of plants, of trees, of animals, together with their decay, but a silent monitor of the progress we are making in life's journey, and of the certainty of its termination? Look which way we will, and some object meets us which tells us of our departure from this world. The fleeting clouds, the changing face of the sky, the falling meteor, the ever variable winds, the storm that rushes and the bright sunshine that follows, day and night, cold and heat, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, may the whole aspect of nature, read a solemn lesson to us upon our mutable condition, and remind us that the time of our departure is at hand.

Nor do the changes in ourselves, whether in body or mind, address us in terms less striking and prophetic. Are we ripening into vigour, or sinking into decline? The warning is substantially the same: it tells us that everything is moving forward with the strong and irresistible march of time. True it is that marks of decay speak with a louder voice, and the greater will be our madness not to take the warning, when given by the grey hairs which are here and there upon us: by the furrowed visage, the faltering accent, the tardy, feeble, uncertain step, with their usual concomitants, dimness of sight, feebleness of spirits, and other bodily and mental infirmities. For what are all these things but precursors of our end; changes of the most ominous character, giving assurance that the earthly house of this our tabernacle will shortly be dissolved.

But, after all, nothing perhaps strikes us so much as the changes which take place in society. How affecting are the changes that occur within a single year; but add a few years together, and what a mighty revolution is seen, strongly indicative of the progress of time, and the certain and amazing results which it is destined to produce.

Where are the children which a few years since were seen sporting in these streets? They are grown to manhood, and their sports have given place to the never-ceasing cares and toils of life. They have become heads of families, parents of other children, fast ripening into maturity. Where are the men of business, who, but a little while ago, took the lead in the various branches of human occupation? Some have been removed by death; and others, worn out with labours or withering under the blight of time, have retired from the bustle of the world, as unequal to their former tasks, and are gradually sinking into that oblivion which the grave, the land of forgetfulness, will soon complete. Where are the old men, whose heads, blossoming like the almond tree, used to whiten our assemblies, and give a venerable aspect to our devotions? The dark and silent tomb hides them almost all. What is the language of these affecting changes? Is it not, O man, that thou art a pilgrim, hastening away from this earthly scene? A few years more, and another will take thy place in the house of God, in the workshop, in the field, or wheresoever thou hast laboured or enjoyed, and thou thyself wilt have gone to thine everlasting home.

But there are other changes which make a stronger appeal to our hearts. Was there a

time when I could say "my father," or "my mother"—and has that time ceased? when I could say "my brother," or "my sister," or "my child"—and are these relations dissolved? Have I lost my companion by the way, as Jacob did Rachel, a little before he came to Ephrath—a circumstance which he mentions with the utmost tenderness just before his death? How hard must be my heart, and how blunted all my powers of perception, if I am not awake to the consideration of my frailty, and do not bear about with me a lively consciousness that life is only a pilgrimage!

But is it enough that I keep this momentous fact constantly in view? What is the end to be attained by a deep and thorough conviction that I am but a stranger and sojourner upon earth? Is it not that my affections may be taken off from this world, and set upon that better country, which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob sought, and towards which they journeyed in the days of their pilgrimage? Is it not that in a cordial belief of the promises, I may become a pilgrim too, and bend my [illegible] towards that heavenly land which the promises disclose? Surely nothing short of this will bring me to the end of my journey in peace, or give me an entrance into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

But what are we to understand by a cordial belief of the promises, and how do they who believe them become pilgrims, in relation to the heavenly country? The promises to which I refer, are the promises of God's mercy made in Christ Jesus, and in him, yea and amen, to the glory of God the Father; the promises of God's rich and everlasting covenant, established with all true believers, and which contain in them all the good that the believer can desire, for time or eternity. They secure to him as firmly as the word and oath of God can do, pardon of sin, sanctification of heart, as much of this world's good as is best for him, and everlasting life and felicity in the world which is to come. He that said to Abraham, "I am thy God, I am thy shield, and thine exceeding great reward," makes the same promise virtually to every true believer; and if God was not ashamed to be called the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, because, though pilgrims, he had prepared for them a city, neither is he ashamed to be called the God of those who have like precious faith, at the present time, seeing he has prepared for them a city also—a glorious city, whose light is seen from afar, and whose splendours will continue to brighten when stars and sun shall be swept away.

But what is it to have like precious faith with the patriarchs, or a cordial belief of the promises?

It certainly supposes that we fully accredit the truth of the promises, in all their fulness and variety; that we hear Jehovah himself speak in them, and entertain no doubt that all the blessings they comprise will be bestowed upon those who believe. This is what the apostle means by being "persuaded of them;" and it is a persuasion so full and perfect as to make the objects of the promises appear real, and to impress the mind, in some good measure, as if they were seen by the eye of sense. And hence it is that he [illegible] faith as the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen; that is, as giving substance to the objects which it contemplates, and an undoubting assurance or confidence of their reality.

But though this persuasion of the truth of the promises is one thing implied in a cordial belief of them, it is not the whole that is implied. To this must be added an actual embracing of them, [illegible] the blessings which they offer, and [illegible] the divine fulfilments for their accomplishment.

Many read or hear the promises, and have some understanding of the blessings they contain, but have no direct or prevalent desire to inherit them. Many are brought to consider them as the promises of God, and of course entertain no speculative doubts as to the certainty of their fulfilment; still they do not regard them as proffering blessings to themselves, nor do they actually avail themselves of them. The veil of unbelief is still upon their hearts, so that they neither discern the glory of him who promises, nor those rich and everlasting blessings which he freely proposes, and offers to secure. It is otherwise with him who cordially believes. He discerns the transcendent excellence and glory of God, who is, in a great degree, the object as well as the author of the promises. He sees that the promises contain the very blessings which he needs, and which, from his inmost soul, he desires to possess. He sees that these blessings are freely offered to all who will accept them, and upon the condition of a bare acceptance. With humble confidence, therefore, he embraces the offer, and takes the word of Jehovah for security that the promised mercy shall surely be performed. In this way he begins, when he is first persuaded of the promises, and embraces them; and in this way he continues afterwards, while, as a pilgrim, he is prosecuting his journey towards heaven. He lives upon the word of God, and is kept steadfast in his course by the very same faith which at first brought him into it.

Now if you inquire *how* they who believe the promises become pilgrims in relation to the heavenly country, it will not be difficult to

answer. It is by faith that they are brought into the way which leads to that better country, and that they commence their journey thither. It is by faith that they become citizens or heirs of that country: their belief in the promises secures them an eternal residence in it, and constitutes it their true and proper home. It is by faith that they are led to seek it, and to seek it with such earnestness as to make all other pursuits subordinate to this. Faith gives them the feelings of strangers and pilgrims in this world. It makes life appear short, and its enjoyments worthless, compared with those pure and eternal joys which are in reserve for them in the skies. In short, the life of the heavenly pilgrim is begun and carried on in faith, and is perfected in the same manner. It is, from first to last, the grand spring of action with him. Is he beset by cares, or encompassed by afflictions? Faith dissolves the perplexity which arises from the one, and gives strength to his fainting heart under the other. Do enemies assail, or pleasures allure? Faith in God, and in another and eternal world, enables him to rise superior to both. Is he weak? Faith invigorates him. Is he negligent, or tardy in his course? Faith carries him forward. Is he tempted sometimes to sit down discouraged, because of the length of the way? as were the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness to Canaan? Faith draws the veil, and lets him see, as from Pisgah, the "good land beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon," and convinces him that it is but a step or two thither.

But what sort of faith is this, my brethren? Not that cold and dead faith which satisfies too many a professor; not that half-formed persuasion of divine truth which leaves a slumbering world still to slumber in their sins. No, it is a deep and powerful principle in the soul, a principle which actuates the judgment, at the same time that it sends a sweet and efficacious influence through the heart. It is a faith, the gift of the Spirit, that works by love, and love of so pure and decisive a character as to issue in a sincere obedience to the Divine will. Have we, then, my dear brethren, really commenced this pilgrimage to the heavenly country? When did we commence it? And what proofs have we given to ourselves or to others that we are pilgrims indeed—pilgrims, I mean, whose faces are set towards Zion's everlasting hills? Do we feel and act like pilgrims? Does life appear short and uncertain; and all its enjoyments too poor and transient to engage our affections? Have we bidden the world adieu, as our portion? Are we continually inclined to say of it, "this is not my rest?" Do we buy as though we possessed not, and rejoice as though we rejoiced not, and mourn as though we wept not? and all this because the fashion of this world passeth away? Has faith, through the medium of the word, discovered to us the unseen things of eternity? Has it brought those things near, and given them such a reality and importance to our minds as to make everything on earth dwindle into insignificance? Have we, in short, embraced the promises? Do we live as the humble and joyful expectants of that glorious inheritance which they reveal? Then our eyes will be turned upwards. Then our conversation will be in heaven, and our affections also will be there. Then we shall shape our course through the world with a constant and ultimate reference to our eternal abode. Night and day shall we pursue our spiritual journey, and count those events happiest which speed us on the way and ripen us for admission into our Father's house above.

But what, my dear friends, if this is not our case? What if it be true that we have never yet commenced a pilgrimage towards heaven? Then, alas! we are on a pilgrimage to hell. There is no other alternative, taking the word of God as the rule of our judgment. Our journey through life is short, but conducts to one of those two worlds eternal, where all men shall soon take up their final abode. They who are not travelling towards heaven must of necessity be travelling, and with all the speed which the wings of time can give, towards a very different world. And how affecting is it to think of the numbers who are manifestly sauntering along this dangerous way! More affecting still to see them hold on their course with an obstinacy which no expostulation from God or man seem sufficient to restrain. But what shall be done? Shall we permit them to pursue this fearful journey without lifting up the voice of remonstrance, and warning them of the danger which awaits them? O ye strangers and sojourners upon earth, ye travellers to eternity, will ye not for once, listen to the plaintive call of wisdom? Do ye not perceive that ye are in the broad way to death—that the course you are pursuing will soon land you in the place of everlasting sorrows? You are as yet impenitent and Christless; you have no meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and cannot be admitted to that blessed world without a deep and radical change of character. If death overtake you as you are, (and it may overtake you at any moment,) you will sink to the world of unutterable anguish. Why then not awake? The voice of Divine mercy calls you; your own eternal interests demand your attention.

Shall I drop a word to those who trust that they are on a pilgrimage to heaven? Who knows but that you may be called to pass the

cold stream of death before this year is ended: yes, before the sun has measured his annual course, you may be called to place your feet on the shores of the heavenly rest; to become denizens of that city whither Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are gone; whither the prophets and apostles, and Jesus Christ their Lord and yours, have ascended; and where all the spirits of the just made perfect are assembled in one glorified community. What manner of persons, then, ought you to be in all holy conversation and godliness?

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

I.—THE LIFE OF ST. MATTHEW, THE EVANGELIST AND APOSTLE.

Of all districts in Palestine, the neighbourhood of the lake of Gennesareth presented probably most attractions. Its fertile shores were studded with flourishing towns and peaceful hamlets. There every variety of climate might be enjoyed, and every variety of production met with. In the cooler districts, the shady walnut tree; in the hotter, the stately palm; in the temperate, the graceful olive, the fig, and the pomegranate, respectively bore their fruits. Hidden treasures and benefits were also stored up by the bountiful hand of Providence for the industry or the necessities of the population. If the fertility and salubrity of the district made it a most desirable place of residence, the mines in its neighbourhood afforded a source of employment and wealth, or the more quiet avocation of fishing procured the means of livelihood to multitudes. No wonder, then, that the neighbourhood of the lake of Gennesareth was so densely peopled.

But, in addition to these causes, the hot mineral baths at Tiberias, whose curative effects in all rheumatic and cutaneous diseases were so celebrated, attracted the valetudinarians from every part of the country. On the shores of the lake of Tiberias, the busy merchant, the wealthy proprietor, the overwrought student, the weary courtier, might seek and find a brief period of rest and an agreeable reviving change of air. Accordingly, all around its margin, villas had sprung up, placed in the midst of delightful orchards and extensive gardens—a circumstance from which some have derived the name of Gennesareth.*

Nor was there any difficulty as to the means of access to that district. It will readily be conceived that, except along the frequented highways, those great arteries of communication and commerce, travelling was both difficult and dangerous in those days. No adequate protection was afforded to the traveller, no comfortable inn received and refreshed the weary, or him who could not claim the hospitality of the residents of the district. Such travellers, if they escaped the dangers of the way, had either to carry with them all that was needful, to trust to happy accidents, or to commit themselves to the dangerous shelter of roadside inns, which were often the lurking-places of thieves and murderers. It was, of course, different about the great and frequented highways, and the district of Gennesareth lay in the very centre of commercial communication, and in its neighbourhood the various main roads of the land met or intersected each other. Crossing the lake of Gennesareth to its southern shore, the highway which led to Jerusalem, both through Samaria and by Jericho, was reached. Again, the great thoroughfare from the seaport of Ptolemais to Damascus passed through Nazareth, by Tiberias and Capernaum, and along the shore of the sea of Galilee. Indeed, so important was this line of communication in a commercial point of view, that a custom-house officer, or publican, was especially stationed there—a post filled at the period to which we refer by one called Matthew, or Levi.

It was this interesting locality which principally formed the scene of Jesus' early labours. It was there his childhood's home had been—if home he might be said to possess, who first and last went about his Father's business. The sacred historians, indeed, referring to a later period, call it sometimes his city or home; as if he had had city or home on earth! Yet home it was in a certain sense. Not merely that there he had grown in stature, in wisdom, and in favour with God and men, but there he had most frequently sowed the word and watered it with his tears and prayers. Often had he walked by the deep blue lake of Galilee, looking into its waters and across to the other side. There had he wrought many a miracle, and poured forth many a word of truth and love. By his word had he calmed the storm on the bosom of the troubled lake; he had walked over its waters as on dry land; he had made it willingly yield up its hidden treasures. Most of his early followers had he called from its neighbourhood, and even after his resurrection it was in this calm sweet retreat that he chose to commune with them. It was here also that he called Matthew.

In a religious and political point of view, it was a deeply stirring time when Matthew sat at the receipt of custom. Verily it was not a time "to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and

* The Rabbins explain the word Gennesareth, as "*Gene Sarim*," the gardens of the princes.

oxen." Men's minds were intensely engaged with one grand object. A great and scarcely understood expectation pervaded even the heathen world. But to Israel especially was it a time of decision. Now or never the promised Messiah must appear. Herod the Great had died, and with him the last shadow of Jewish independence had vanished. Even the most unthinking inhabitant of Palestine had practical proof afforded to him that his land had become a Roman province. Up to the period of Herod's death, it does not seem as if the Romans had *directly* taxed Palestine as they did their other provinces. True, they had in various ways oppressed the land, and obliged the people occasionally to furnish military contributions. Perhaps the rulers of Israel had to pay regular tribute to Rome. But however dependent Herod had been on Rome, and however *he* might be under a kind of regular tribute to that power; however Augustus had by his memorable census (Luke ii. 1) prepared the way for a regular taxation of Palestine; yet during Herod's lifetime the *inhabitants* of Palestine were apparently not reminded, by the exactions of the foreign tax-gatherer, that their freedom was gone and their nationality merged in that of the western empire. If Herod levied duty on all that grew, on all that was exported, on all that was sold in the cities, and even on every house, the people had at least the comfort that they were not wholly subject to foreign domination. But with the death of Herod this aspect of affairs changed. The sceptre now departed from Israel, and Palestine became a province of the empire in every sense of the word, while the Jews were at each step reminded of the hated foreign domination. As they passed to town or market, a publican sat by the roadside to examine each conveyance, and to demand or to furnish a receipt for payment of duties. Every ass or beast of burden that carried the rich produce of the land towards Ptolemais, or Cæsarea, was stopped. Exactions, new and vexatious, now hampered industry and trade. The "freeborn" Jew had to pay to the foreign heathen tyrant the annual tribute, the labourer his ground rent, and the agriculturist and merchant duty on their produce. If the Messiah ever was to come, this was surely the expected period, when the land groaned under foreign oppression, and the sceptre had departed from Judah.

Not less disagreeable than these imposts was the mode of raising them. A company of Roman knights had farmed the revenue of Palestine, and were in turn employing the most unscrupulous persons to raise as much as possible from the oppressed people. No doubt the law gave a right of appeal against improper exactions, and forced the unjust man to restore "fourfold." But it scarcely requires to be added that such appeals were always difficult and expensive, and would rarely lead to satisfactory results. Under these circumstances, the publicans became more and more a class of hated, despised, and wicked persons. They were treated like harlots, sinners, and heathens. They were neither admitted to judicial dignities (open to every other Jew), nor even to witness-bearing; they were expelled from all religious intercourse, and deemed on a level with robbers and murderers. Such a publican was Matthew, when he sat at the receipt of custom on the highway between Damascus and Ptolemais, where the Lord met and called him.

It is probable that Matthew had heard of the Lord, or had listened to his message before the memorable day on which he was for ever set free from the service of sin and Satan, and won for that of God. But, however this may be, no sooner had he listened to the gracious word of Jesus, than he immediately rose, left all, and followed him. The evangelical narratives agree on this point. It is wonderful how simple and yet how decided his faith was. He did not stop to inquire into the meaning or conditions of the call addressed to him. He obeyed, and obeyed readily, immediately, unhesitatingly, joyfully, and completely. From that time forward he *followed* Jesus. And indeed it was for that end, and not to be an apostle, that he had originally been called; his apostolate was only one of the manifestations and consequences of following Jesus.

All the evangelical narratives also agree in recording that, after he had left the receipt of custom, he prepared a feast, at which the gracious Saviour condescended to be present, and to which Matthew invited his former friends and associates. There was no pride about the future apostle; he did not disown or contemn his former companions. Fain would he have brought them under that healing influence of which he himself had experienced so richly the precious benefits. Fain would he have led them to "the balm of Gilead and to the physician there." How different this true love from the cold-hearted indifference of the proud Pharisees, who reproached and reviled the Saviour's grace, and not only did not enter themselves into the kingdom, but would fain have kept others out of it. From the day of his call, to that on which he joined the company of saints above, no doubt the trials, the labours, and the works of Matthew were manifold. One of the latter—in the shape of his gospel—has remained for the continual instruction and edification of the church. That his activity was considerable is evident from the fact that the Rabbins name him expressly as amongst the

disciples of Jesus.* Still, for reasons known to the Lord, no authentic record of him has been left on earth. The name of Matthew occurs only once after his call in sacred history, namely, in the catalogue of the apostles. But even there, as if looking back to "the rock whence he was hewn," and delighting to dwell on the story of grace, we find this apostle designating himself, even in his own gospel narrative, as Matthew the publican.

And this gospel, then, which contains so detailed an account of Christ's sayings and doings—written by one always near to him, who was an apostle and eyewitness of these things, and a partaker of the glory which is to be revealed—was composed, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by none other than Matthew the publican! Verily, how worthy is grace. Tradition, indeed, adds that afterwards he carried the glad tidings out of Palestine even as far as Ethiopia, where he fell a martyr to his faith. But whether this be true or not, sufficient is recorded in Scripture of his life and activity to engage our liveliest interest. In fine, the following lessons may be learnt from his conversion and its mode.

1. The gospel condescends to *all* classes of men, however sunk or lost in the opinion of their fellow-creatures.

2. It behoves us to give the gospel an immediate, ready, and unconditional reception.

3. The reception of the gospel will change both our hearts and our lives: we shall leave [illegible] him."

HONE'S CONVERSION FROM INFIDELITY.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE WM. HONE,† TO HIS FRIEND MR. CHAPMAN, DATED JULY 10, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—Your [illegible] and the desire you express [illegible] me, require that I should [illegible] the circumstances under which I met a little while ago, and have since continued, as I think my statement should be in writing, and hence this letter.

It has pleased the Most High to have dealings with me for several years, until by his Holy Spirit I have been [illegible] from darkness to light—to know him, through faith in Christ, by the atoning power of his death to rest in his love, as in the cleft of a rock, safe from the storms and afflictions of the world. To acquaint all who have ever heard my name with this mighty change of heart, has long been my desire; and it seems to me that I ought not to exercise my restored faculties, without rendering their first-fruits as an humble offering to the promotion of his cause, by testifying of his great mercy. It has been my frequent and earnest prayer to God to [illegible] me to do [illegible] his doing; to seek nothing but honour to his holy name, and in the fear of him, and him only, without regard to the praise or censure of men, come from what quarter it may; to have my soul possessed in patience; to wait and be still, as a mere instrument in the hands [illegible] his power, to do his work; if it be his work he will bless it: I pray that it may be. Now, in this matter, and in the view of it, self-seeking and personal gratification are out of the question. The desire to engage in it is the most earnest wish of my heart; but my heart has submitted to God, and in submission to him it seeks to do his will—to do the will of my Saviour, as my Lord and my God, who has done all things for me, and will do all things well. I believe he has put [illegible] desire in my heart to do this public homage to his sovereignty, as a subject of his kingdom. To do it has been the ruling purpose of my mind: as an instance of it, let me mention, that I have been frequently asked by autograph collectors, to write something in their albums; for the last two years I have done nothing in this way, till the third of last month, a lady having brought me her album the night before; I remembered it was my birth-day, and wrote the following lines:—

> The proudest heart that ever beat
> Has been subdued in me;
> To scorn thy cause, and aid thy foes,
> Is quell'd, my God, by Thee.
>
> Thy will, and not my will be done,
> My heart be ever thine;
> Confessing Thee—the mighty Word,
> My Saviour Christ, my God, my Lord—
> Thy cross shall be my sign!

These lines, I thought, would be ill-placed among contributions of very different import; I therefore wrote them at the end of my Bible, and put some others, of a religious and kindly admonitory tendency, in the lady's album. Not even in albums can I write, without manifesting that to please is less my object than to acknowledge the goodness of God. Well, then, my dear sir, in this respect you may gather, in some degree, how it is with me, and how God has wrought on my mind, and operates upon it to the end I speak of. When his hand struck me as for

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* [illegible] Scripture, xliii. 1.

† The late William Hone, formerly a bookseller in London, and a man of very superior abilities, was the author of the "Everyday Book," "Year Book," "Table Book," and a number of satirical political pamphlets, which had an extraordinary sale. In early life he professed infidel opinions, and made himself conspicuous by the boldness with which he publicly defended them. Some interesting recollections of him appeared in the first volume of the "Sunday at Home."

death, it was in a house of prayer, and whilst being carried from the place, in men's arms as for dead, he lifted my heart to his throne of grace. During the loneliness of what seemed to be my dying bed, and the discomfort of my awful infirmity, and the ruin of my house and family and property, he was with me and comforted me; and hitherto he has helped me, and I bless his holy name; my faith in him is unshaken, and he keeps me constantly to himself; and, despite of worldly affections and nature's fear, I depend on him and the workings of his providence, that he will never leave me nor forsake me. It has never entered my mind, even as a shadow, that I can do anything for him; but what he enables me to do, I will do to his glory. In the dark seasons of the hiding of his face, I would wait on him who waited for me while I resisted the drawings of his love; and when I sit in the light of his countenance, I would stand up and magnify his name before the people. And now that he has wonderfully raised me up, after a long season of calamity, to the power of using my pen, I pray that he may direct it to tell of his mercy to me, and by what way he has brought me to acknowledge him—"The Lord our righteousness"—"God blessed for ever"—at all times and in all places, where there may be need of it. I trust I may never be ashamed to declare his name; but readily exemplify, by his help, the courage and obedience of a Christian man, and, as a good soldier of Christ, fight the good fight with the sword of the Spirit.

May God grant me grace to do his will, is my humble supplication.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

WM. HONE.

A STAGE-COACH CONVERSATION.

THE following dialogue, which took place between Mr. Campbell, the African missionary, and James Montgomery, the Sheffield poet, when on a stage-coach journey, will be found interestingly to illustrate the indirect advantages of missionary and religious societies, besides suggesting other useful thoughts:—

Montgomery: "We have obtained more clear and important information relative to the state of society in several foreign countries, especially of savage life, and, in some instances, of natural history, too, by means of religious missionaries, than from the works of many persons calling themselves historians, travellers, and philosophers: and the literary man, who is not in the habit of reading 'Missionary Notices,' will be very likely to be behind many of the 'unlearned' in curious as well as in useful knowledge." *Campbell*: "Our public religious meetings, besides the opportunities they afford for communicating interesting information, have also a tendency to unite mankind in the best of bonds. I told Robert Owen that I considered the Bible Society the best *Peace Society* in the world: this *he* acknowledged." *Montgomery*: "I have myself known several individuals 'bound over to keep the peace,' by uniting to aid its operations—a bond which they could only forfeit by abandoning the principles of the institution."

On the coach stopping at a public-house, in front of which a pump was yielding its wonted supply of drink for the horses, "That," said Montgomery "would be a joyful sight in some parts of Africa." *Campbell*: "Indeed it would and perhaps only those persons who may have actually experienced the want of water in a desert are entirely free from wonder that tribes or nations should ever go to war with each other on account of a well." Cattle were passing to or from Chesterfield fair; on seeing them Campbell said: "Mr. Montgomery, I dare say you never had occasion to be thankful for the advantage of having your food travelling by your side." After a pause, *Montgomery*: "I have often felt thankful for having it placed before me." *Campbell*: "I refer to the living supplies of provisions which travellers are obliged to take with them when they proceed on a long journey into the interior of Africa. Thankful have I been many a time when, after trying in vain to shoot any kind of game, to see about my waggons a flock of sheep, and even the yoke-oxen themselves suggested the idea of special gratitude in a possible emergency." *Montgomery*: "Both a wise and a kind Providence seem to be strikingly displayed in furnishing so large a proportion of that which is used for the sustenance of man with the life by which a supply is not only perpetuated, but economised."

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another, and they will burn; and half-a-dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze, which will enwrap them all in its burning heat. To quench strife, the following, by God's blessing, is an excellent recipe: "When one brings fire, let the other bring water."

Page for the Young.

THE ESCAPE.

In a lovely spot near the beautiful city of B——, there is an entrance to a cavern, which, by winding passages of more than half a mile in length, communicates with a neighbouring village. So at least say some of the quarry-men, who have spent their lives in the vicinity; but as the place is dark and dismal, the passage almost choked up, and nothing interesting in the way of stalactites, or organic remains, to be seen in it, even with the aid of lights, it is not often visited.

Several years since, however, two boys who were rambling over the hill, and looking at the fine view from its summit, proposed to each other that they should explore the cave. No sooner said than done! They searched for a piece of dry wood to serve for a torch, and having lighted it by means of a lucifer match, they entered the dark passage in high spirits, pleased at the prospect of meeting with some new adventures.

For some time they went on, laughing gaily at the difficulty they experienced in making their way over the large fragments of rock; and sometimes creeping on all fours, sometimes walking erect, they got to a considerable distance. But suddenly their mirth gave place to alarm; the one who was carrying the torch struck against a projecting ledge, the light was extinguished and fell from his hand, and they were left in total darkness! They searched their pockets for more matches, but none were to be found. They then attempted to retrace their steps; but, bewildered by the darkness, they only injured themselves against the rocks, and at length, after vain efforts, they gave themselves up for lost; and all the horrors of their condition presented themselves to their minds. They had left their homes a few hours before, full of health and happiness. The sun was shining, the birds singing, and all nature rejoicing (for it was the summer season); and now—what a sad contrast! They were in a dark, dismal prison, where none could hear their loudest cry. They thought of the agony of their fond parents; how each would send to the other's house to gain tidings; how search would be made everywhere, probably, but in the right direction, where (nothing being known of their intention of going thither) none would think of seeking them; and how, while the fruitless search was yet proceeding amidst sorrow and tears, they would be perishing of cold and hunger.

Happily these boys were the children of Christian parents, who had brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They, therefore, knew where to look for aid, when all earthly help seemed hopeless. So, after lamenting their error in entering so dangerous a place alone, and without their friends' knowledge, they agreed to unite in prayer for deliverance to that gracious God who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me." They took off their caps, and one of them prayed aloud very earnestly that God would be pleased to look upon them in their deep distress, and to bring them out in safety.

The simple prayer was no sooner ended than, again searching their pockets, a solitary match was discovered. They had now no torch, but they rolled up their pocket-handkerchiefs, and burned them instead, and afterwards the linings of their caps, going on as rapidly as possible lest they should again be left in darkness. At length, when the last fragment was nearly consumed, they perceived a gleam of daylight from the entrance to the cave, and with unutterable joy they soon found themselves once more standing on the green pathway in the glorious sunshine. Their hearts were filled with gratitude, and they embraced each other with tears of joy.

When they had in some measure recovered from their emotion, one said to the other: "People are very ready to call upon God when they are in any difficulty or danger, but when he hears their prayer and delivers them, they too often forget to praise Him for his mercy. Let us not follow so evil an example."

They then reverently knelt down, and returned thanks to their heavenly Father, who had so graciously preserved them; and each taking a scrap of the burnt cap-lining as a memento of their danger and deliverance, they returned to their respective homes, wiser and better, we hope—with more love to God, and more faith in him, than when they quitted them.

About two years after this occurrence, one of the lads entered into his rest, after a long and severe illness, in which he gave evidence that he was indeed born again of the Holy Ghost, old things having passed away, and all things having become new. The other, a near and beloved relation of the writer, is now in a far distant land, and has, since the period referred to, received many additional proofs of his heavenly Father's watchful care, in preservation from shipwreck and other perils; and having early learned to cry unto God, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth," we, and those who love him, have the happy assurance that all will be well with him for time and throughout eternity.

Dear young friends, learn from this incident the power and the value of prayer!

ANSWERS TO MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

15. Adoration of Jesus by the Wise Men. Matt. ii. 11.

16. The mother of Sisera. Judges v. 28—30.

17. The return of the ark from the land of the Philistines. 1 Sam. vi. 12—16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. Mention some passage in which the Jewish nation is compared to a vine.

26. Name some in which the Jewish nation is spoken of under the simile of a vineyard.

27. Is there any saying of the wise man which should warn us against too much talking?

28. What is a greater conquest than the taking of a city?

29. What is it which makes its possessor truly rich?

30. Give a scriptural illustration of Prov. xi. 10.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE DEATH-BED OF OLD DAVIE.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP XXIV.

ONE evening, after returning from work, my owner reached me from my shelf and placed me in his pocket, buttoning his garment around him and covering his head.

"I will not keep from thee longer than need be, dear wife," he said; "but old Davie is near dying, I am told; and I canna rest till I have seen him."

"Thou will not venture out at this hour, when men are threatening to do thee harm?" exclaimed the young wife, in sorrowful apprehension and anxiety.

"I would na, Mary, for any common reason," said Vickers; "but I shall na rest satisfied till I have seen old Davie once more, to thank him for all that he did for us—for us both, dear lass—when he made me take away the Bible that has made us wise unto salvation; and I have a promise to redeem to him, and a favour to ask; and he, they say, canna live many days, maybe hours."

"But if they should meet with thee, dear lad!" remonstrated the wife.

"Do not be feared for me, Mary; I will na

be provoked to do aught; and I will pass along where I am na much known. Thou will keep the door closed and locked, dear wife, till I come home:" and thus saying, my owner departed on his errand.

Truly, there were was much cause for the wife's anxious alarm. Since the visit my owner had, some weeks before, received from his fellow-workmen, great tumults had arisen in the large and busy town; masters and men were at strange and unnatural variance; many of the former had closed their places of business rather than submit to demands which they deemed unjust and tyrannical; and, of the latter, many hundreds had willingly become unemployed in the hope of enforcing those demands, and were full of rancour against such of their former companions as were willing "quietly to work and eat their own bread."

All this might have been known from the daily conversations of the workman Vickers and his wife; as also that he had been marked out as one to be especially persecuted, because he had refused to be a leader of the disaffected, or even to join their ranks. Happy will be the time when the love of my Divine Master shall so fill every human soul, and his holy and perfect law be so written on every heart, that masters shall give unto their servants that which is just and equal, knowing that they also have a MASTER in heaven; while servants shall do heartily for their masters, whatsoever they do, as to the Lord and not unto men; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God!

As my owner passed along, many signs and tokens of discontent and disturbance were visible. Crowds were collected at corners of streets, from whom loud murmurings were heard; and many were the hard and taunting words, accompanied by threats, the workman Vickers had to bear from many to whom he was known. Nevertheless, he answered not a word, and went on his way, until he reached the dwelling of my former possessor.

The old book-shop looked as of old, only that a stranger youth was now standing in the place of old Davie; and by him my owner was soon conducted to an upper chamber, where, stretched on a couch, and in much weakness, lay the sick man, waiting as it were the summons to depart and be no more seen. And, indeed, it could not be hidden from himself, any more than from those who visited him, that the time of his departure was at hand.

Not much appearance of earthly riches was there in that chamber; for old Davie had not greatly prospered in the world; but on his pale and shrunken face was an expression of joy unspeakable and full of glory, as he said, in feeble tones: "So ye are come to see the puir auld broken-down man at his last gasp, friend Vickers; and I take it kind of ye, I do. Sit ye down, and tell me how is all with ye."

My owner obeyed, clasping in his own the shrunken hand of his old friend. But for awhile he was silent.

"And so ye have found, lad, that ye canna get along without wrestling," said the sick and fast-failing man, at length; "flesh and blood—principalities, powers—the rulers of the darkness of this world—spiritual wickedness in high places—as the apostle Paul says? It is na all plain sailing and easy going, this Christian course of yours, brother. Ye telled me as much when I saw ye last; and I suppose it is na altogether come smooth yet?"

"Deed no, Davie; not smooth; but I will na complain, either, of the little I have to bear. Maybe, I sometimes think I am too light and gladsome at having found 'the pearl o' great price,' thou told me of; and that the wife has found it too, Davie; so that we can rejoice together in the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, the chief of sinners, Davie."

"Too light and gladsome! nay, I say na that," rejoined the sick man, with energy; "ye canna be too joyful at the thought that ye are redeemed, not with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot, ye ken. Too light and gladsome, lad! Nay, that canna be. 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' But, eh, ye'll have need to ha' that strength every day ye live in the fear and love of God. I tauld ye once, ye must pray, pray, pray: and I tell ye now ye must watch as well as pray, lad; or ye'll enter into temptation, and fall thereby. Ye must buckle on all God's armour, as Paul says, 'that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.' Ay, lad," continued the old believer, "ye must have the girdle of truth, and the breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, whilk is the word of God, and the preparation of the gospel of peace for shoon to your feet; and 'all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.' Ye will na stand, if ye have na the armour, lad: and ye know where to get it: that's a mercy for ye."

"I bless God that I know something of it," said my owner.

"Ye'll ken mair and mair of it, ere ye come to be as I am, if God spares ye long in the wilderness," continued the old man: "ye'll not think that ye're ganging to the skies, on flowery bed of ease, as the auld poet says, nor yet in the auld prophet's chariot of fire. Ye'll have to

gang through with it all, hot and cauld, wet and dry, sunshine and storm: ye'll have persecutions to endure, lad, and sorrows, and the Lord will show ye your weak points, ye ken; but he'll never leave ye nor forsake ye, only ye maun cling to him; and then ye'll have to say, 'This poor man cried, and the Lord saved him from all his troubles;' and ye'll know what Paul means when he says, 'When I am weak, then I am strong.' Eh, friend! but the Christian life is a riddle, after all; but it is a blessed one."

"I came partly to thank thee for the good thou hast done me," said my owner, after a short interval, in which the afflicted saint lay gasping for breath. And, indeed, the words he spoke, though not very much above a whisper, were often interrupted by much painful weakness.

"Ye'll do me good, if ye'll read the twenty-third psalm to me, friend Vickers," interposed old Davie. "Done ye good, ye say! Nay, lad; I'll not have it so. The Lord hath done great and good things for ye, whereof ye may weel be glad. Come, lad, read the psalm I tauld ye of."

My owner had been some time holding me in his hand; he now opened me tremblingly, and, after a short search, found and read with a husky voice, the pastoral song.

"'Tis all true," whispered the old saint; "every word of it. Eh, lad! I am minded just now of auld days; and the sangs at hame when I was a bairn;" and, closing his eyes, Davie repeated, in a gentle voice, as though visions of former scenes were passing over his memory:—

"'The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

"'My soul he doth restore again:
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

"'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff, me comfort still.

"'My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

"'Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be!'

"I did na ken that I could have remembered it all," he continued; "but it comes fresh like the voices of hame. But I'm ganging to a better hame," he added, "even a heavenly; and

"'There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'

"I am na wandering in my mind, lad," continued the dying man, "though ye may think it, with my scraps of auld psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; and now, lad, ye must let me rest a wee bit; for I am gey weak, ye see; but ye'll na gang awa'. I'll not keep ye lang;" and thereupon, he turned on his pillow and rested for a short space, his lips meanwhile moving silently as in secret communion with his God. Presently, he spoke again:—

"I tauld ye just now, lad, that ye'll have to take up your cross and follow your Lord; and it's true. The auld divines used to say, 'Na cross, na crown;' and that's true, too. And your Bible, that'll tell ye that if ye're ashamed of Christ and his doctrine, he'll be ashamed of you, when he comes in his power and glory. But ye need na be feared. If the cross be heavy, ye'll have a Helper, ye ken, even he who bore it alone; and it is na all cross, neither; I wad na say so of my Master's service, and I will na. There's a hymn—I canna help but put ye in mind of it. Take my word for it, it's true, every line and letter of it:—

"'The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
And tread the golden streets.'

"I tell ye, lad, ye dinna ken—ye never will, lang as ye live—all the joy and happiness and wealth of being a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. There was a puir callant one day trying to make out to me that there could na be, and was na so much happiness in the warld for a pardoned sinner as for an unpardoned ane. Puir callant! He was aye for looking at the dark side, ye ken, as if there was na bright side; na gudeness and mercy following us all our days; na cup running over with blessings; na table spread for us in the wilderness in the presence of our foes; na rod and staff to comfort us; na Shepherd; na green pastures; na still waters; na fatherly God; na blessed brotherly Saviour; na tender, loving, helping Spirit! Eh, but he was clean wrang, clean wrang."

"Davie, there's peace in believing," said my owner; "I know there is, for I feel it. Before I knew aught of the blessed Bible, I was like the waves of the sea, as it tells of, always 'casting up mire and dirt.' I knew not where rest was to be found; and I had na found it. I tried one thing and another thing; but it was na till I heard the Lord Jesus say in his word, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' that I found out my mistake, and that I had been going to fountains, broken fountains, that can hold no water, instead of to the river of life. There's *peace*, Davie, in believing.

"And this puts me in mind," continued my

owner, "of a favour I have to beg of thee. Thou gave me this Bible to keep till I had found the pearl of great price, thou saidst; and then I was to give it to some other puir ignorant creature like unto myself. But, Davie, I would keep this book" laying his hand on me affectionately—"for it is very dear to me for dear Mary's sake as well as my ain. I would like to keep it, also, in remembrance of thee: other Bibles I will gladly buy and give to—"

"Ye shall do just as ye like, lad," said the old man. "If I gave ye the buik on conditions, I'll take off the conditions; only, lad, ye must mind that ye do not think muir of the dead leaves of the buik than of the living everlasting word itself, whilk is spirit and life to ye. And now, friend," he added, "I have na much more to say to ye at this time, only I would have ye kneel down and pray for a puir sinner that has nothing to rest on but the promises. Eh, but, lad!" he continued, with a rekindling of his previous energy, "what wad I have mair than the exceeding great and precious promises of God's word, now that I am near upon seeing him in his grace and glory?

"Lad, lad!" continued he, half raising himself from his pillow, while his countenance glowed with joy, "I canna tell ye how I feel when the promises come into my mind, and they are a'most always there — a'most always. Eh, Vickers, I tauld ye about conflicts and armour and sic like. Don't be daunted, lad, with what I tauld ye. I tell ye now, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;' (and I do love him: if I know nought else, I know that,) 'but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit;' ay, hath he.

"I tauld ye of the promises, lad; and ye'll think that puir auld Davie is made up of bits and scraps o' sangs; but I canna help it. We'll sing a new sang by and by; and the new sang will be like the auld sangs, only millions of times sweeter and nobler—sweeter and nobler, ay, lad.

"'When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a *nobler, sweeter* song,
I'll sing thy power to save.'

"But this is na the sang I was thinking of e'en now, about the promises, ye ken; and I must have it out. 'Tis true as truth itself, lad—

"'Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.'

"Eh, but I wish I could sing, lad; but my singing days are gone by on earth. We'll have new voices in heaven, as well as new sangs, I reckon. And now, friend," whispered he, sinking exhausted on his pillow, "ye maun pray for me, and give thanks for me, too. Kneel ye down, lad."

And my owner knelt down, and, in broken ejaculations, mingled together supplications and thanksgivings.

So revived was the invalid by the mental exercise, that, when my owner rose to depart, he motioned him to stay. "A few more last words, lad," whispered old Davie. "Maybe, I shall na see ye again in the flesh." So Vickers sat down again by the bedside.

"Ye ken," continued he, feebly, "'when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.' Eh, but that's glorious; and I maun give ye another scrap of an auld hymn to cheer ye on; and I hope ye may be as much lifted out of doubt by it when ye need it, as I was once, long ago. Here 'tis." And old Davie clasped his hands and looked upwards, as he repeated these words:—

"'Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have found no other rest.

"'My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

"'Impossible!—for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.'

"And," continued he, pressing with all his little remaining strength the hand of my owner, as he rose to depart, and speaking very solemnly, "'the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity.'"

My owner returned the pressure, replaced me in his pocket, drew his hand across his full eyes to wipe away the moisture which had gathered there, muttered a fervent but hurried farewell, and a few minutes later was in the street, hastening homewards.

He had seen the last of his friend, the old bookseller Davie.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

The period known in history as the Middle Ages was the season of Christianity's decline, and the winter of human thought. Except

when some question in metaphysical science engaged the attention of the schoolmen, unknown to the multitude, as it was in itself uninteresting and barren, no sound broke the silence that reigned in the secrecy of the convent, or echoed along the dim cathedral. In a tongue appreciated only by a few, the treasures of knowledge were concealed, and the scribe by a tedious and laborious process multiplied at a pace commensurate perhaps with the wants of the time, the works of the mighty dead. Religion, shorn of her ancient power, had become a mechanical thing which ministered only to the pomp of a haughty hierarchy. The rosaries were counted, the matins were sung, and the mass was chanted for souls that were ill at ease; but the higher exercises of Christianity that bring man's moral nature into play had fallen into desuetude. The stream of existence was stagnant, the healing waters had lost their power. It was needed as at Jericho of old that some prophet hand should cast a conserving element into the powerless tide. It was needed, as at Siloam, that some angel should descend and touch the sluggish stream. Meanwhile, the Reformation with its new activities slowly arose on men—

> "As breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
> The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn."

The art of printing was discovered as by an accident; the fetters fell from thought, and it disported like a thing delighting in a new existence. The words of the wise were multiplied with a rapidity unknown before; many ran to and fro, and knowledge was increased. Martin Luther, cast in this transition period, awoke to the reality of the world to come. He sought for aid, for peace, as one that digs for hidden treasure, in the traditions of the church, but he was disappointed and despairing. From the sacred page a light gleamed in upon his mind which was reflected throughout Christendom. Men started as from a slumber of ages; surprise gave place to solitude; the blind fell from the eye, the veil was torn from the heart, and before the ark of God the dagon of superstition tottered to its fall. The impulse given to religion sent a current of new blood through the various channels of literature. No more did the learned, like the angels in Pandemonium, exhaust their attention with metaphysical speculations

> "Of fate, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute,
> And find no end in wandering mazes lost."

They turned them to physical studies—to the blushing rose, the streaming light, the silver spheres, the life that "quivers in a leaf," or breathes in the monarch of the forest, and aimed with well-directed intent at the solution of those problems that agitate and bewilder humanity. The treasures of wisdom were no longer a monopoly, they became the property of the people; the banns of a lasting and holy union were published between religion and science; and under these auspices the world started on an era perhaps less characterised by poetry than the times of chivalry, but certainly containing manlier elements more befitting beings whose eye is pointed upward, and whose aspirations find their limit only in eternity and heaven.

The study of nature we regard as obligatory on all who have an eye to see and a heart to feel. The man who looks upon its charms with brute unconscious gaze, whatever his profession of sanctity, we should esteem a partial and one-sided student of the mysteries of God. For it cannot be supposed that it was created to no purpose. It cannot be supposed that it has been cast around us like some splendid panorama merely to detain the vision for an hour. For in the tiniest thing that breathes around us, and indicates its existence by the shrink with which it meets our touch, there is a microcosm worthy of attention, elaboration, and regard. And what shall be said of the entire amphitheatre which stretches away beneath, around, above? If we dwell in contemplation on the landscape with its smiling fields and its variegated patches of land and water—if we look outward to the hill that rears its gigantic form like some Titan among men—if we take in the rivers that glide gently onward, or rush over the cataract, and that mighty deep in which leviathan disports his huge and unwieldy form—if, rising upward, we pass in thought from star to star, and from sun to sun, and from system to system, till we have arrived at the utmost boundary of existence which intelligence has explored—will not our littleness appear the more, and the divine character shine forth with clearer and more overpowering resplendence, and increased emphasis be given to the gratitude that bursts from the labouring heart? "How manifold are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom hast thou made them all; all the earth is full of thy riches. Thou art worthy to receive blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and they were created." Not that we would be understood as advocating an exclusive regard to nature. Not that we would subordinate the claims of the Redeemer, or the salvation he has purchased, to the mere contemplation of the physical world. Nay, the loveliest lily that lifts its fine petals to the kiss of the summer's sun is infinitely inferior in our estimation to "the Lily of the Valley." The sweetest stream that glides along some fair and lovely pasture is but a sickly and maudlin thing to "the river of life."

The noblest alpine elevation that smokes in the presence of [illegible], is but a worthless thing when compared with Calvary. The brightest star that gems the brow of night is but a twinkling taper in our eye compared with the Star of Bethlehem. And we would never forget, even in our most enthusiastic contemplations of the cosmos, that it is from the cross that it borrows all its charms—that it is this which gives the lily its tint, the raven its plumage, and the lark its song, spreading over the terrene the light and life in which it basks and revels. The smile of a [illegible] God, procured by the groans and travail of Him who bent beneath the rod on Gethsemane and Calvary, breathes in the fragrance of the flower, whispers in the breeze, glances in the sunlight, and is mirrored in the bosom of the stream. Its line is gone out into all the earth, and its words unto the ends of the world. And possibly it was from this consideration that the Psalmist, when his heart overflows with the matchlessness of redeeming love, frequently apostrophises nature, and summons her to join him in the poem, "Praise him, ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; and stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars. Praise ye the Lord."

A degree of timidity and distrust has often been evinced by Christians regarding the advances of science, as though it were in some way [illegible] with the [illegible] of infidelity. They have discouraged rather than encouraged its discoveries and diffusion. And we would not conceal that attacks on revelation have been frequently made from this vantage-ground. Yet we believe that Christianity has nothing to fear from the influence of true science. The two records, as they come from the same hand, must ultimately harmonize in their teachings. There may be differing degrees of clearness in our exposition of the truths they convey; we may but imperfectly apprehend their instructions; but as they come from the same Author, they must eventually be coincident. Nor have the votaries of science in every instance employed her as a battery wherewith to assail revelation. The Hon. Robert Boyle, one of the most learned, one of the most illustrious of his kind, after studying nature in her lights and shades, bequeathed, with his parting breath, his researches and his wealth for the permanent extension and consolidation of our faith.

As says even a Pantheistic writer, the Bible is "an ancient and venerable original record, which taken altogether contains the profoundest and the loftiest wisdom, and presents those results to which all philosophy must at last return." We are confident that we have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Walk about Zion and go round about her, mark ye well her towers, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following. The temple of nature and the temple of revelation present the same aspect; nothing is tortuous, nothing contradictory. They have one Architect, whose character their moral or elemental grandeurs are designed to subserve. The infidel and the profane may endeavour to bring them into conflict, but the stars in their courses will fight against Sisera.

We propose in this, and perhaps a few following papers, to illustrate the position that, while the earlier findings of science may have been viewed as hostile to revelation, further discovery has established the perfect harmony that subsists between them. Referring first to astronomy, we might allude to the system of Copernicus; to the averments of Galileo, which were met at Florence with the wretched gibe, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into the heavens?" and against which even the pious Turretin wielded his massive pen, oblivious of the distinction that separates popular from strictly philosophic language; but we aim at presenting facts which have been evolved in our own times. The nebular theory of La Place has been often and long vaunted by sceptical writers as destructive of natural theology. Newton had declared his conviction that "the admirable arrangement of the solar system cannot but be the work of an intelligent and powerful Being;" a conclusion to which every candid inquirer would be led. But the French philosopher maintains that Sir Isaac "deviates from the method of true philosophy" in advancing this position, and labours to exclude the Deity from creation by reverting to the hypotheses of Democritus and Epicurus. For he supposes that originally the space occupied by the planets was filled by a mass of nebulous matter, which was distended by igneous agencies into a subtle and tenuous vapour. Providing an axis for the creature of his brain, he suggests that it possessed a revolution from west to east. The heat diminishing by radiation, the nebulous matter was solidified, the rapidity of its rotation increased, and belts of matter were detached, the central attraction contending in vain with the increasing centrifugal force. Sometimes this hazy ring retained its original form, as in the zone that girds the planet Saturn, but more generally it was broken into pieces, and coalescing again was condensed into a planet or its attendant satellites. And thus the philosopher concluded that there was no hand that "rounded in its palm those spacious orbs, and sent them

bowling through the dark profound," but a material law akin to that by which clouds are formed and dews descend; no Deity that "spake and it was done," but a cold naturalism that guided the blind substances to order, consistency, and glory. The theory formed too keen a weapon for the atheist to be permitted to rest in silence; and as nebular masses filled the milky way, the rudiments of future stars, according to the hypothesis, we were pointed to the heavens and asked to read there its final demonstration and verity. With telescopes of inferior power Herschel had scanned these clouds of undetermined matter, and had discovered them not to be a fortuitous concourse of atoms, but stellar clusters—bouquets from the garden of Him "who dwells in light." The splendid instrument of the Earl of Rosse revealed other masses; and though we cannot affirm that all the nebulæ are stars, yet the analogy of the case would justify the inference that they are the work of an omnipotent and intelligent agent, and that they have burned on undimmed, for signs and for seasons, through all the chequered centuries that have fled since the creation.

We might refer to the alleged eternity of the material universe assumed by atheistic writers, and supposed to be demonstrable from the regularity of the planetary motions and the consequent security that seems to preside over human interests and concerns. And it could be shown that recent discoveries have established the doctrine of a resisting medium, which, in process of time—perhaps, if uninterfered with, after millions of ages—must in the lapse of time precipitate the destruction of the entire system. "We shall not dwell upon any objections to the [atheistic] tenet which might be drawn from our own conceptions, or from what may be called metaphysical sources; nor shall we refer to the various considerations which history, geology, and astronomical records supply, and which tend to show not only that the past duration of the present course of things is finite, but that it is short compared with such periods as we have had to speak of. But we may observe that the doctrine of a resisting medium once established, makes the imagination untenable, compels us to go back to the origin, not only of the present course of the world, not only of the earth, but of the solar system itself, and thus sets us forth upon that path of research into the series of past causation where we obtain no answer of which the meaning corresponds to our questions, till we rest in the conclusion of a most provident and most powerful creating intelligence."*

We would simply remark, in closing, that astronomy has lent a grandeur and dignity to earth by the doctrine of the plurality of worlds. It has told of mountains in this illimitable vast that tower higher than the greatest altitude of which our world can boast; of fairer skies than those which encompass this sphere; of lovelier scenes than earth spreads out to the wondering eye; but amongst this descended orb there cluster associations which are nowhere else to be found. There may be spheres that shine with a deeper lustre in the deep-blue vault, to whose streaming radiance the splendours of our globe are but as the dim morning beam; but there is not another world on which the benignant Star of Bethlehem has arisen, leading on to a brighter eternal day. There may be worlds that show the footprints of many a lofty intelligence—that present many scenes associated with the strong archangel or the burning seraph; but there is not another sphere whose glades have pillowed the weary head of the manifested God. Here only does there arise the chorus: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, unto him be glory, and dominion for ever and ever. O Lord! our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, *which has set thy glory above the heavens.*"

* Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise.

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE DISTAFF.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant."—*Prov.* xxxi. 19, 24.

These words of the sacred writer would serve as an excellent motto for the picture from whence our illustration was taken. It is a group of the ancient mountaineers of China, who, while arts and improvements have modified the people of the plains, retain many notable traces of pristine usage and the elementary state of discovery among them. On the left we have the distaff, which appears to be a very neat, though simple, piece of machinery. The rim is broad like the wool-wheels much used by the elder females of this country a few years ago. Just below the reel and its yokefellow the lock of cotton, stands a basket, or *calathus*, which holds the skeins of thread as well as the materials of which they are made. At the close of the day's work the skeins are transferred to the vessel on which the spinstress is seated. This is a sample of Chinese economy, in which nothing is wasted, and every utensil made to answer two or more purposes. This wicker vessel, is at once a storehouse and a chair. The young damsel is represented as in her prime, with a

countenance of amiable contentment, which industrious habits are fitted to bestow.

The mother of the damsel is seated near, and holds a piece of cloth in her hand, which she has just been offering for sale to the man with the bow and the spear. The other piece of cloth under his arm is that which he has already purchased. The whole scene is, therefore, a perfect commentary on, and complete illustration of, the words of the inspired penman. In ancient times, and even in periods not long gone by in our country, the distaff and spindle formed as commonly the occupations of females in the higher ranks of society, as do the more elegant accomplishments which find them recreation in the present day. Even in the Augustan age of Rome, the emperor usually wore no other garments than what were made at home by his wife, sister, or daughter.

The usages of modern society have, however, changed, and different employments have been provided for the female members of our refined and educated circles. Yet does the lesson of the text still remain in undiminished force. Diligence in useful pursuits must form one of the characteristics of "the excellent woman" in modern as in ancient times.

If we would have our daughters remarkable for good conduct, and, in a measure, the imitators of that delightful model which Solomon has drawn, we should endeavour to render their minds docile, and their fingers pliant by ingenious and useful exercises, and their tempers sober and subdued by habits of industry. No Christian woman should think of aspiring after high attainments in godliness, while any of the common and every-day virtues are slighted, or only imperfectly mastered.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

II.—THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF ST. MARK THE EVANGELIST.

THEY were troublous times in which young Mark, or Mark John, as he is also named, was called into the fellowship of the gospel. Christians then not only received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and that of water, but that of blood also. Each disciple had to take up his cross, and from the moment of his conversion to become a martyr—a witness; if needful, a witness even unto death.

Forty-three years had elapsed since the birth of our Lord, and with the exception of the persecutions immediately consequent on the spiritual labours after the pentecostal effusion of the Holy Ghost—persecutions which attained their climax and their termination at the period of Paul's conversion—the church had enjoyed a season of comparative rest. If the Jews had the will, they had not the power of persecuting the saints. After the death of Herod I, and the two years' tenure of one of his sons, Judea, Samaria, and Idumea had confessedly become parts of the Roman province of Syria. The reign of the other two sons of Herod (Herod Antipas and Philip), or rather their administration under the suzerainty of Rome, was not much prolonged. During that troublous time, the truth spread in Jerusalem, in Palestine, and in the provinces. The tender plants were not rudely threatened by any sudden or violent gust of the storm of persecution. Multitudes became obedient to the faith, and joined themselves to the various churches which sprang up over the length and breadth of the land.

But with the reign of Herod Agrippa I, the grandson of Herod the Great, the aspect of matters changed. On the accession of his friend, the infamous emperor Caligula, Agrippa was elevated to princely dignity, and for a short time, to some extent, even reigned over the whole of Palestine. The brief period from his accession to the moment when the hand of the Lord smote him with a loathsome disease in the midst of his pride and pomp—in all less than five years—was one of considerable trial to the church. Agrippa had nothing by which to conciliate the good-will of his countrymen and subjects. A Roman in heart, education, manners, and mode of thinking, he was unlike the rigid Pharisees in all things save pride and hatred of the truth. It was the latter which was to form a bond of connection and sympathy between him and his subjects. He resolved to make political capital of his enmity to Christianity. Accordingly, in the year of his death, he beheaded James, the brother of John, one of the earliest and most intimate of the Lord's disciples. He had hoped that by smiting the shepherd, the flock would be scattered. In this he was indeed mistaken; but seeing that it pleased the multitude, he continued this line of policy, and imprisoned Peter, with the intent of gracing the approaching Easter festivities, and conciliating the multitudes of Jews who attended them, by the spectacle of his execution. But it was to be otherwise. Extreme was the peril of Peter and of the church. If another of the apostles was to fall a victim, great would be the spiritual dangers threatening the infant-church, greater still the temptations to the weak and doubting, and the discouragements to inquirers. Already the last sun which Peter was apparently to see on *this* firmament had set, and deliverance had not come. Night had gathered round Jerusalem, and removed, together with consciousness, the sense of sorrow and pain from all but those whose distress of body or soul kept them awake. On palace and prison deep silence had settled, and slumber distributed its common benefits to rich and poor, to high and low. But one household was kept awake; not in riotous merriment, not in unavailing agony, but in the exercise of a realising faith. It was the household of God. Each member thereof, each spiritual Israel, wrestled in prayer for Peter's deliverance and for the church. "And they were assembled in the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, whose surname was John."

It was the last night which Peter was to have on earth; and yet there he lay on the cold floor of his cell, chained on either side to a soldier, yet sweetly resting. He slept: he could sleep under such awful circumstances, for he had nothing to fear, he had nothing to lose on the morrow. Who can tell what he dreamt, and what visions he saw in his sleep, when on a sudden one approaches him, unheard by the soldiers and imperceptible to them—unseen and invisible save to Peter; he wakes him, and bids him come away. Noiselessly he rises, noiselessly the chains drop from his limbs; he throws his upper garment about him; noiselessly each gate opens and shuts; noiselessly the two pass on, till they reach the street, and then the angel

vanishes. For a moment Peter bethinks himself—it is no mere vision then—and he shakes off the awe which the immediate contact with the divine must have imparted to him. Whither is the outlaw on earth, but the citizen and favourite of heaven, to turn his steps? Whither, save to that praying household, to those brethren and sisters assembled in the house of Mary, the mother of Mark who was surnamed John. He knocks; the trembling damsel, the awe-struck disciples, can scarce believe that it is Peter. Has the sea been again divided by the rod of a Moses? Has the grave again given up its dead? Or has again, in answer to prayer, the fire fallen from heaven to consume the sacrifice, and even to lick up the water round the altar? Peter enters, he relates the wondrous story; himself a living witness to its efficacy, he joins in their prayer and praise, and then, with a message of love to the brethren, he departs from that nocturnal prayer-meeting in the house of Mary, the mother of Mark.

It is not improbable that young Mark may by that occurrence have been converted, or at least decided for active service in the Lord's vineyard. Many circumstances conspire to induce this belief. Peter, writing at a later period from Rome, or spiritual Babylon, expressly claims Mark as "his son" (1 Peter v. 13). At any rate, it seems impossible to fix the conversion of Mark at a later period than that referred to, inasmuch as soon afterwards he started along with Paul and Barnabas on a missionary tour. It could not have taken place much sooner, as the whole narrative and the character in which Mark accompanied the missionary brethren (as their minister) seem to indicate the youthfulness of Mark, and that he was a very recent convert. An occurrence, too, such as the miraculous deliverance of Peter and his unexpected visit to the nocturnal prayer-meeting in his mother's house, could not but have made a deep impression on the susceptible mind of the young man. We do not wonder at his devoted resolution, notwithstanding his youth, to share the fatigues, the labours, and the dangers of the projected expedition of his uncle Barnabas and of Paul. Nor do we wonder that his fond relative, and even the more calm Paul, should have agreed to take one with them, who, though inexperienced, had learned the value and efficacy of prayer, the "preciousness of the death of his saints," and the power and presence of Christ to deliver his people "out of six troubles, yea, out of seven." We need not marvel also that discouragements and trials such as he met on that journey should have damped his youthful ardour, extinguished the fire of mere natural zeal, and induced him for a time to forsake the missionary enterprise, and to return from Perga to Jerusalem, to his maternal home (Acts xiii. 13). All this is just what we might have expected under the circumstances. If, indeed, the miraculous restoration of Peter to liberty was the occasion either of his conversion or of his quickening, we need not wonder that a good deal of mere natural excitement had mingled with the genuine effects of grace in him, and elevated him for a time, and only for a time, to a height which he had not yet attained in his spiritual history, and which he could not maintain when, in consequence of temptations and trials, that natural excitement gave place to a corresponding amount of depression. Even real conversions, brought about by Divine grace but under peculiarly exciting circumstances, sometimes admit a good deal of wood, hay, and stubble upon the good foundation. In the providence of God, if the Christian is to be really useful, these must afterwards be removed, perhaps by fire. The pride and self-confidence yet remaining must, in the school of painful experience, give place to humility and distrust of self. Gradually, slowly, with many tears and in deep sorrow, will the spiritual edifice then rise in place of the consumed elements of a merely natural religious fervour.

It was so in the case of Mark. The painful lesson which he had to learn, was learnt. With tears, probably, had his affectionate uncle Barnabas seen him depart from Perga, with joy did he welcome him back to Antioch. And yet it was better for Mark that he had returned from Perga to Jerusalem. He might indeed have continued, and his profession and preaching might have outstripped his experience, but he would have only impoverished himself, and perhaps (humanly speaking) been wellnigh wrecked in his faith. Nor could he or his companions have expected a blessing on such unhallowed labour. To the eye of man it was a dark spot in the history of Mark; and no doubt it was a bitter trial to Paul and especially Barnabas, when he turned his back upon the work of the Lord. Yet in the eyes of the Lord it was necessary for Mark and for the cause; and from that dark valley he was to emerge again into a new and brighter light. Mark was not to be like Balaam; he was not to be a prophet of and to his own doom; he was to be an evangelist in every sense of the word.

And now that Barnabas has carefully read the spiritual history of his nephew, that he has wept and rejoiced with him, he is ready to take him on a second missionary tour (Acts xv. 37). They were to revisit, in the first place, the fruits of their former labours (v. 36). Barnabas was to *point out* to Mark his unbelief; Paul was to show him how groundless his doubts and fears had been, and what the Lord had done for them;

he was to prove to him how much he had lost in having forsaken them in their missionary tour. Then perhaps they might extend their labours, and call into the fellowship of the gospel others equally benighted. Besides, after the spiritual lessons which Mark had learnt, he was now really prepared; not with the preparation of mere enthusiasm, but with that of the sanctuary, to undertake the labour in the Lord. But Paul would not consent to the arrangement; and so strong became their contention on this point, that he and Barnabus parted, each to prosecute his labours, though no doubt they parted in Christian love. Ignorant as Paul necessarily was of the spiritual experience, of the character and peculiarities of temperament of Mark, with all of which Barnabas, as Mark's uncle, was intimately acquainted, he was perhaps justified in not taking with him into the missionary vessel one whose strength was not equal to his intentions, and whose grace was not equal to his knowledge and desires. He might again faint, when the midnight storm gathered round and threatened their little craft while riding on the troubled heathen waters; the oar might drop from his benumbed hand, his arm might fall powerlessly by his side, when a stout heart and a firm grasp were most required by the crew. He might faint and fail in the hour of need and of danger, thus even proving a hindrance to them and to others.

But in choosing Mark once again as his companion in missionary labour, Barnabas had read his story rightly. He had not made a mere Lot's choice, in separating as he did from the New Testament Abraham of the Gentiles. No doubt Mark had unbosomed himself to his uncle, and he had seen enough to warrant him even to incur the risk of separating from Paul, and of taking Mark not only as his companion, but as his *sole* companion in labour. Thus Mark not only returned, but was, so to speak, advanced. He had started before as the minister-servant or assistant of Paul and Barnabas (Acts xiii. 5); he returned as the *colleague* and fellow-labourer of Barnabas. But this is not all. Scripture does not indeed inform us how long that tour had lasted; but soon after it, a scripture passage (1 Pet. v. 13) and the unanimous voice of tradition* place him side by side with his spiritual father, Peter, in Rome. It was there that he again met with Paul—now Paul the aged and the prisoner of Christ. Time and experience had already proved the genuineness of Mark's faith; the stronger test of severe trials was not to be applied to it. If in the epistle to Philemon (ver. 24) Mark is again enumerated and recognised as one of Paul's fellow-labourers along with Aristarchus, Demas, and Lucas, the furnace of affliction was soon to establish the difference between these professing disciples. Accordingly (2 Tim. iv. 11) when some, as Demas, had forsaken him (10); when others had left him to go to other places; when one or another had done him much evil (ver. 14), and only Luke, the beloved physician, had remained faithful, he sends in the hour of his extreme desertion, distrust, and sorrow for Mark—the tried, the faithful, the repentant, the humble Mark—as being "profitable unto him for the ministry." And Mark hastens to his side; and whether the epistle to the Colossians was written before or after the stay of Mark in Rome, certain it is that such was the esteem in which Paul held Mark that he publicly retracted any unfavourable opinion of his regarding that disciple, which might have been circulated, and warmly recommended him to the affectionate care of the churches (Col. iv. 10).

We have only to add that Mark was honoured with the task of writing an account of the life and sayings of the Lord Jesus—a work which was apparently specially designed for the use of the Gentiles, as that of Matthew had been for the Jews. The concurrent evidence of early ecclesiastical writers, and internal grounds, have led to the very general adoption of the idea that this Gospel was composed under the direction of Peter and at Rome. Tradition asserts that Mark went from Rome to Egypt, where his labours were blessed in the planting of churches both at Alexandria and in other parts of the country, and that he died about the year 62 of our Lord.

In fine, we may learn from the record of the life of St. Mark the following lessons:—

1. The need of Divine grace, and the insufficiency of mere natural enthusiasm, (however similar in its appearance to the effects of Divine grace,) to carry us through trials and difficulties, and to sustain us in arduous labours of love.

2. The gracious care and tenderness with which the Lord watches over the weakest of his people, and makes "*all* things to work together for good to them."

3. That the Lord often most deeply humbles those whom he designs for special usefulness; particularly in the case of certain sanguine and emotional natures, in whom the foundations require to be deeply dug and the edifice to be slowly reared.

4. The power of the grace of God, which is free to all, to produce glorious results even in those whom excellent men would perhaps rashly pronounce to be unfit subjects. The Lord judgeth not as man doeth. "High as the heavens are above the earth, so are his thoughts above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways."

* Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 39.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

What an intense impression is engraved upon the mind by the first visit to Rome! There is such a strange mingling of present and of past, of papal Rome and of pagan Rome, of forms of inanimate grace and of living wretchedness, as to confound the mind and perplex the attention. One age climbs up over the magnificent ruins of another, changes its features, and appropriates its symbols. Creeds have done the like; popes take the place of Cæsars, "saints" usurp the shrines of gods and demigods, and give new names to their statues. There is a confused mingling of the dust of ages, until the relics of one mighty period can scarcely be distinguished from those of another; except where some stupendous tombstone of the past stands out boldly from the wide burial-ground of empire.

But the wonders of Rome are not all above ground. Let us light a torch, and thread our way through the dark mazes of the catacombs of St. Sebastian, whose subterranean galleries are supposed to wind for a space of twenty miles around Rome.

On arriving at the church of St. Sebastian, which covers the entrance to the catacombs, we encountered two English gentlemen who were about to descend, but who waited until the *custode*, an old bent Franciscan, had silently placed a lighted torch in the hand of each of us. The old man's dark complexion and red-brown serge dress, tied with a cord round his waist, matched the colour of the crumbling *tufo* rock through which we were penetrating. His eyes, small and black, were lighted up with a sort of mild enthusiasm; and his voice was as clear and silvery as the beautiful southern tongue in which he told the story of the subterranean church. He looked as if it were the pleasure of his days to tell of the triumphs of ancient faith, and to count the palms of martyrdom. Altogether, he was about the most pleasing specimen of the repulsive genus "Monk" with whom I ever conversed. The two English strangers proved to be Roman Catholics. One of them was a fresh "pervert" from the English church, in all the ardour of his first love for Rome; a man of high birth, of polished manners, and of singularly handsome person. His powers of conversation were masterly, and his tact consummate. He carefully interpreted in a *popish* sense everything which presented itself to our notice; gently claimed every martyrdom as a holy seal to the undying truth of his own creed; gave eloquent descriptions of (supposed) ancient rites; and with a grace realising the very poetry of Romish devotion, reverently pointed out the touching symbols of early faith. Ah! thought I, Rome does wisely, in employing such graceful decoys as these. These are the very men to throw a network of fascination over the minds of the imaginative, and then gently lead them blindfold into the prisonhouse! He was a Jesuit; and when he perceived that Protestantism was rising up too indignantly in our faces, he gracefully withdrew the offensive argument, and presented the matter afresh in a less startling point of view.

But had he any right to claim as his own the precious records of the early Christian church, which were rudely engraven on the walls of these catecombs? None whatever. Not one of the distinguished characteristics of Romish faith or worship can there find their type or their germ. The early Christians in the days of Pagan persecution are supposed to have taken refuge in these mysterious excavations—to have lived and to have died there. Some believe them to have been the quarries of ancient Rome, whence the *tufo* stone was extracted for building purposes. Probably these vast galleries were at first used as places of interment for pagan Rome, before the practice of burning the dead, and preserving their ashes in funereal urns, had become established. However this may have been, here was a marvellous assemblage, a complete network, of hollow passages, each three feet broad, and eight or ten feet high, all communicating with each other, without vaulting or masonry of any sort, excepting where the monumental slabs had been let into the earthy wall. These walls are consequently self-supporting; and a very perilous support it is; for the excavated roof frequently falls in, thus closing all connection with the outer world. The old Franciscan forbade us to take this turn and that. "It was dangerous;" and this we could readily believe. The last tragedy which was enacted within these crumbling walls, was when a Jesuit tutor led in a troop of twenty boys, in all the energy of young life, never to reappear! Whither, and how long they wandered through these streets of tombs in this city of the dead, there was none to tell. We observed workmen in several places, clearing away the *débris* from a passage which had been choked by a recent fall. The dead had been laid in the hollowed walls of these galleries, in three or four rows, one above another, lengthwise, and parallel to the alley. The openings to these shelves were closed with thick tiles, and sometimes with slabs of marble. Frequently there were inscriptions on these, giving the name of the dead, or some touching symbol expressive of faith in Jesus. The most common of these is the monogram of Christ, composed of the first two letters of the Greek word. Fre-

quently there is the palm branch, the symbol of martyrdom, or the dove; or the alpha and omega, again pointing significantly to Christ as "the beginning and the end" of the saint's victory, "the first and the last" step in his salvation. A vast number of these memorial slabs have been cut out of the *tufo* walls of this "church in the catacombs," and have been removed to the Vatican, where they are arranged along one side of a spacious gallery, while pagan monumental remains occupy the other. On one hand you recognise, as you walk along, the mournful emblems of hopeless mortality; on the other you decipher such words as these—"The sweet Julia, scarcely twenty-five years of age. Thou livest in the Lord." "To the most sweet and most happy wife—*in peace*;" and with these words, the palm of victory, or the alpha and omega. Here you see two figures clasped in each other's arms, while a tiger is in the act of springing upon them; a painful record of one of the many terrible martyrdoms of the Coliseum. It is said that when the Romans hunted the Christians into their last refuge in the catacombs, even the little children ran forward, crying out, "We are Christians! we are Christians!" in order that they might be allowed to die with their parents for the testimony of Jesus. Among the simple emblematical figures which have been found is one representing the "Good Shepherd," bearing the feeble lamb on his shoulder.

Our party penetrated for a considerable distance through the dark streets and alleys of this city of the dead; and when our torches burnt dim, and we returned to the light of day, how welcome was the clear shining of an Italian sky!

Truly the spot we had just visited was one to make the spectator think, and to cause him to ask how that religious profession which now walks about in silver-slippers would have stood the endurance of such a life as the dwellers in these caves were obliged to pass. The Christianity of those days was a Christianity in earnest; its followers realized an unseen Saviour, and felt the abiding presence of the comforting Spirit. Without such aids they could not have endured a residence in these gloomy abodes, far less rejoiced, as doubtless they often did, with exceeding joy, while they sojourned there. And oh! when the hour of martyrdom came, in these gloomy vaults, what a change to the glorified spirit must have been the light, the radiance, and the everlasting rest of heaven!

We cannot build too confidently on the merits of Christ, as our only hope; nor can we think too much of the mind that was in Christ, as our great example.—*Cecil.*

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN THE MISSION-FIELD.

The hairbreadth escapes of the servants of God in the mission field have singularly illustrated the protecting care of that fatherly hand which watched over them. Nowhere perhaps has this been more clearly visible than in the missionary annals of the Moravian Brethren. The following curious details are given respecting Mr. Haensel, who laboured last century at the Nicobar Islands, in India. We extract it from the Rev. Mr. Brown's interesting history of missions.

"Besides clearing the land and planting it, in order to procure for themselves the necessaries of life, the Brethren endeavoured to lessen the expenses of the mission, by making collections of shells, serpents, and other natural curiosities, which they sent to Tranquebar for sale, as there was at that time a great demand for productions of this kind in various parts of Europe. At the Brethren's garden near Tranquebar, Mr. Haensel, after his return to that place, had a shop or work-room for the purpose of stuffing these and other animals, preserving them in spirits, or otherwise preparing them for sale; and he sometimes employed two or three Malabar boys to assist him. In the neighbourhood of that town there is a small serpent, called the Split-snake. It is black, with a white streak along its back, dividing the body longitudinally. Its bite is extremely venomous; and as it is a very slender creature, it can insinuate itself into the smallest hole or cranny. By this means it often enters rooms and closets in quest of food, of which Mr. Haensel gives the following example. 'There was a door,' says he, 'in a dark part of my work-room, with a large clumsy lock upon it. One evening as I was attempting to open it, I suddenly felt a prick in my finger, and, at the same instant, a violent electrical shock, as if I were split asunder. Not thinking of a serpent, I at first imagined that my Malabar boys had, in their play, wound some wire about the handle, and that it was by this I was hurt; and therefore I asked them sharply what they had done to the door. They denied, however, that they had meddled with it; and when I made a second attempt to open it, I was attacked still more violently, and perceived the blood trickling down my finger. I then returned into my room and sucked the wound till I could draw no more blood from it; after which I applied to it some spirits of turpentine, and tied it up with a bandage; but being much hurried that evening with other business, I took no further notice of it. In the night, however, it swelled, and was extremely painful. In the morning, when I went into the workroom, I thought I felt an unpleasant musky smell; and on approaching the

door already mentioned, the stench was altogether intolerable. I again asked the boys what nasty stuff they had brought into the room, for they were always playing themselves, but they still denied that they knew anything about the matter. Having procured a candle, I then discovered the cause of all the mischief. About six inches of the body of a young split-snake hung out of the key-hole, perfectly dead; and on taking off the lock, I found the creature twisted into it, and so much wounded by the turn of the bolt, from my attempt to open the door, that it had died in consequence. It had been entering the room through the key-hole, when I thus accidentally stopped its progress and was bitten by it; and considering the deadly nature of the serpent's poison, I felt thankful to God, that, though ignorant of the cause of the wound, I applied proper remedies to it, in consequence of which my life was not endangered. I have been told that the bite of every serpent is accompanied, in a greater or less degree, by a sensation similar to an electrical shock. The name of split-snake which is given to this animal, we considered as descriptive not so much of its split appearance, as of the singular sensation occasioned by its bite.'

"Mr. Haensel, in his frequent excursions along the coast, was sometimes benighted, and could not conveniently return home; but in these circumstances he was never at a loss for a bed. The greater part of the beach consists of a remarkably fine white sand, which above the high-water mark is perfectly clean and dry. Into this he easily dug a hole large enough to contain his body, and he likewise formed a mound as a pillow for his head. He then lay down, and by collecting the sand over him, buried himself in it up to the neck. His faithful dog always lay across his body, ready to give the alarm in case of the smallest danger or disturbance.

"Though the Brethren had little or nothing to dread from wild beasts on the Nicobar Islands, yet in their visits to other places they were sometimes in danger from them. On one of Mr. Haensel's voyages, either to or from Queda, a Danish ship hailed the vessel, and approaching incautiously, ran foul of the stern and broke the flag-staff. Having put into a creek, some of the sailors landed near a wood to cut down a tree to make a new one. Mr. Haensel accompanied them, armed with a double-barrelled gun, with the view of procuring some fresh meat for supper. While they were at work, he walked on the outside of the wood eagerly looking for some game, and soon discovered among the high grass an object which, by its motions, he mistook for the back of a hare. He immediately took aim, and was just going to fire, when the animal rose up and proved to be a tiger. Overcome with terror, his arm involuntarily sunk down; he stood perfectly motionless, expecting that the animal would instantly spring at him and tear him in pieces. Providentially, however, it seemed as much alarmed as himself, and after staring at him for a few seconds, turned slowly round, and began to creep away like a frightened cat, with his belly close to the ground; then gradually quickening his pace, fled with precipitation into the distant recesses of the wood.

"It was some time before Mr. Haensel recovered sufficient presence of mind to trace back his steps towards the beach, for his heart still trembled within him. As he approached the shore, there was a piece of jungle or low thicket before him, and he was turning to the left to pass round by the side opposite the boat, hoping he might yet find some game, when he observed the sailors labouring hard to drag the tree they had felled towards the water, and therefore he changed his course and went to their assistance. No sooner had he entered the boat, than he discovered on that side of the jungle to which he was first going, a large alligator watching their motions, and which he would certainly have met had he gone by the way he originally intended. Thankful as he was for this second deliverance, he could not help discharging his gun at the animal's head, and by the sudden plunge which it made into the water, and the appearance of blood on the surface as it was swimming to the opposite shore, it was evident the creature was wounded. He saw it reach the land and crawl through the mud into the jungle.

"After the officers and soldiers who had accompanied the Brethren to the Nicobar Islands were all dead, and it was known that the missionaries would not abandon their post, the government at Tranquebar required that one of them should act as the royal Danish resident. This office was frequently a source of much vexation, and even of danger, to them. The Danes, when they formed their first settlement on one of these islands, which they called New Denmark, had conveyed thither a considerable number of cannon; but after the death of all the soldiers, the carriages rotted to pieces, and the guns were suffered to lie on the ground. On one occasion, a *Nacata*, or general of the king of Queda, as he styled himself, arrived at Nancauwery with a large prow, and five of the guns on board. Mr. Haensel being informed of this, considered it his duty as Resident to protest against the robbery, and spoke to him concerning it. The Nacata flew into a violent rage, and began to use threatening language, pleading the orders of his sovereign. Mr. Haensel replied, with all the simplicity of truth, that his prince

knew very well, that as he had laid nothing down there, he had no right to take anything up, and that he would give notice of it to the king of Denmark. He then left him, but afterwards heard that the Nacata threatened to kill him, and thus prevent him from reporting what he had done. The natives also assured Mr. Haensel that it was the general's intention to murder him; but that they would stay and defend him. They, accordingly, stopped till late in the night, when the Brethren desired them to return home, but could scarcely prevail on them to go away.

"After they had gone, and just as the Brethren were preparing to retire to bed, they heard a noise without, and immediately after a violent knocking at the door. On opening it, Mr. Haensel was surprised to see it surrounded by a great number of Malays; but though he was much afraid, he assumed an authoritative air, and kept his station at the entrance, as if determined not to let them in. The foremost, however, pushed by him, and then the Nacata himself came forward. The Malays immediately crowded into the room, and sat down on the chairs and on the floor, closely watching him, armed with their creeses or daggers. Though Mr. Haensel preserved a firm undaunted look, yet it is impossible to describe his feelings on this occasion, as he expected every moment to fall a sacrifice to their fury. The Nacata then told him that he had come to ask, 'Whose property the cannon were to be, the Resident's or his?' To this question Mr. Haensel replied to the following effect: 'You have come to the wrong person to make that inquiry; for I am only a servant of the king of Denmark, as you, according to your own account, are the servant of the king of Queda. Neither of us, therefore, can determine who shall have the cannon. Our respective masters, and they only, can settle that point. You have told me that you have received orders to bring them; and I can assure you that I have orders to protest against it. We have both, therefore, only done our duty. All now depends on this point, whether my king or your king has the best right to give orders on these islands, and to claim the property in question.' On receiving this answer, the Nacata became quite furious, and began to talk of the ease with which they could kill them all. Some of them even drew their daggers, and showed the missionary how they were tipped with poison. On a sudden they all rose up, and to his imagination seemed to rush upon him; but instead of this, they quitted the room, one by one, and left him standing alone in utter astonishment at their conduct.

"As soon as they were all gone, and he found himself in safety, Haensel fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes returned thanks to God Almighty, who had so graciously heard his prayers, and saved him from the hands of his enemies. His brethren, who had fled into the wood when the Malays first burst into the house, now returned, and they mutually wept for joy to see each other still in life.

"The Nacata said afterwards that the Danish Resident at Nancauwery was a very great sorcerer, for he had tied their hands that they could do nothing to him."

SIN'S PORTRAIT.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask, and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start; it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting—everything that man hates it is; a load of evils beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure "the whole creation groaneth." Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that lies not at this door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man his grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives and then damns his soul?—Sin! Who, with icy breath, blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who, by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents?—Sin! Who casts the apple of discord on home hearths? Who lights the torch of war and carries it over happy lands? Who, by divisions in the church, rends Christ's seamless robe?—Sin! Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarite asleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles on her face, and honied flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, pierces our temples with a nail? What siren is this who, seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap with us into perdition?—Sin! Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice into the lake of fire?—Sin! Who, having brought the criminal to the gallows, persuades him to refuse a pardon, and with his own hand to bar the door against the messenger of mercy? What witch of hell is it that thus bewitches us?—Sin! Who nailed the Son of God to that bloody tree? and who, as if it were not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour the dying, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes man in his heart and habits baser than a beast; and him who was once but little lower than an angel but little better than a devil?—Sin! Sin! Thou art a hateful and horrible thing: that "abominable thing which God hates." And what wonder? Thou hast insulted his Holy Majesty; thou hast bereaved him of beloved children; thou hast crucified the Son of his infinite love; thou hast vexed his gracious Spirit; thou hast defied his power; thou hast despised his grace; and, in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing, thou hast trodden under-foot his matchless mercy. Surely, brethren, the wonder of wonders is, that sin is not that abominable thing which *we* also hate.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Page for the Young.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"That being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, he may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life."

I STOOD on the deep blue ocean's shore,
And watch'd the wild sea-birds lave;
While murmuring low fell sweet on my ear
The flow of the passing wave.

When, dancing so light in the morning bright,
A fair little bark came by;
Its tiny white sail so joyously shone
With a gleam from the sunny sky.

And I thought of youth of its early morn
Fresh launched on life's restless wave;
When each gale that blows with rich odour is fraught,
To the young heart so gladsome and brave.

But that gleam vanished soon, the sky was o'ercast,
In terror each sail was furled;
thought of the Christian mariner tossed
On the waves of "this troublesome world."

The little bark, on the rough billows' foam,
Was tossing from side to side;
I marvelled it sunk not; but One was there,
Jesus the "Ruler and Guide."

No empty shells have that mariner sought
From the barren and sandy ground;
Deep treasured within his bosom there lay
The "Pearl of great price" he had found.

The darkness came on, the tempest rose high,
And I heard the breakers roar;
But the little vessel bore bravely on.
Fast nearing a glorious shore.

The morning broke on that night of sorrow,
A morning serene and still;
I looked for the bark—it was safely moored
In the haven under the hill.

The white sail was furled, the anchor dropt,
The winds were hushed to sleep;
And gently the bark wafted to and fro
On the face of the glassy deep.

Oh! blest the repose, and eternal the peace
Of the ransomed soul shall be;
No "toiling in rowing," no fear of storm,
For "there shall be no more sea."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

VICKERS ASSAULTED BY HIS EXASPERATED FELLOW-WORKMEN.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAP. XXV.

THE street was dark, except for here and there a public lamp, and almost deserted also, when my owner left the house of old Davie. Time had slipped unconsciously away in his communion with the dying saint; and now he hastened in concern lest his young wife should suffer alarm at his long absence.

He passed through several streets and lanes without interruption; but when he was not far off from his own dwelling, a sound as of many voices fell upon his ear; and ere he could avoid meeting it, he was in the midst of a tumultuous crowd of workmen, many of whom were half drunken, while their passions were inflamed with the remembrance of what they believed to be their wrongs, and the prospect of much future suffering.

If my owner hoped to pass through the throng unrecognised, in the gloom which prevailed around, he was quickly undeceived. A loud and angry, yet triumphant, cry was raised, and a heavy hand was laid on his arm, staying his hasty steps.

"Thou'll not get away from us so easily,"

said a taunting voice. "We have been looking out for thee and such as thee; and now, lad, thou'll be sorry thou hast turned to be traitor."

"I am no traitor," said my owner, boldly but meekly; "but do not stay me, friend; I canna, I have no heart to speak with thee now: I am just come from a death-bed, and I would go home in quiet."

"We care not for thy death-beds," said another; "there may be more death-beds than one before long. This is the last time of asking: will thou give up work like a man, and join us? Thou will not have the chance again."

"Ye are mistaken, friends," answered Vickers, taking his stand firmly, and looking around him on the angry faces of the crowd—"ye are mistaken if ye think ye will drive me to do what I think wrong. I canna join ye."

"Thou sides with the tyrants then? So much the worse for thee," exclaimed he who seemed to be one of the leaders; and then arose a loud shouting of rage, mingled with hisses and groans and fearful imprecations and brutal threatenings.

"Nay, I side na with tyrants," he replied; "I would only gang my own way in peace and quiet; but, think ye," he added, after a fresh storm of disapprobation had subsided, "if there be no tyranny in ye who would compel a fellow-workman to do contrary to his will and judgment?"

He had scarcely spoken these words when many voices cried out, "Down with him! He will na join us!" and in another moment, a blow was struck which felled him to the earth. It [illegible] but for one in the [illegible] concourse, who, less evil disposed than his companions, interposed his voice and arm, demanding what he termed "fair play" for the down-stricken one. His voice so far prevailed that he was permitted to raise my owner, who had been rendered for a time insensible by the violence of the angry blow, and the heavy fall upon the hard pavement.

"Thou hast stricken too hard," said the rough but friendly preserver; "and now the best thing to do is to take the man home, if any one among us can tell where he lives."

Again his voice prevailed, and others stepping forward, saying, "Ay, ay, we know the man well enough," they bore him away. But meanwhile I had fallen, unobserved for the time, from the pocket of my poor owner, and lay exposed to the trampling of many feet, until the throng gradually became less. Then for a time I lay undisturbed, while the voices of the crowd sounded more and more faintly in the distance, until a straggler stumbled over me, and had nearly fallen. Muttering a word of awful import, which at once proclaimed an unsanctified soul within, he groped for the impediment that had arrested his steps and given occasion for his tongue to blaspheme. At length, laying his hand upon me, he thrust me into his pocket, and staggered onwards, too plainly revealing by the unsteadiness of his gait that he was, for that time at least, a drunkard.

Grieved might I have been, so far as human grief could reach me, that I was thus separated from those who had received my instructions as choice silver, and who had been led to look upon me with strong affection. Doubtless in the home of the intelligent and enlightened workman Vickers, had mortal aspirations been given me, I might have looked forward to many years of peaceful communion, and to the witness of a happy growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. But, instead of this, had I to expect a renewed experience of scorn and contempt, poured upon me as the servant of my Lord, and of daring rebellion against the Most High.

Yet, had I not the assurance of the faithful and true God, that I should not return unto him void, but that I should accomplish his pleasure, and prosper in the thing whereunto I was sent? And well assured was I that though my poor owner, Vickers—my owner now no longer—would mourn my loss, yet would not that loss be irretrievable; but that on his shelf, and in his hand, would soon be found a successor who would carry on the work which I had been permitted and privileged to begin—the work, I mean, of thoroughly furnishing him with the "weapons of salvation," and leading him daily to more intimate acquaintance with his Master and Saviour.

Much was it to be admired, also, that the wrath of man had been restrained, so that the persecuted workman, though wounded by his enemies, had received no fatal injury at their hands. Leaving him then to his natural sorrow when he should discover his present loss, I introduce you, reader, to new adventures and another home.

Staggering onwards, as I have said, and without any steady purpose, my finder passed through many streets on which the public night-lights cast but a feeble reflection. At length, a bright glare from the windows of an unclosed habitation arrested his progress; and as one fascinated by an evil and malignant eye, or rather as one suddenly brought to a stand by some impassable obstacle, did he remain, for a short space, rooted to the spot, while his hands were thrust deep into his pockets, as searching for that which he could not find.

In this process was his hand laid on me; and then, as though a triumphant thought had crossed his mind, the drunkard uttered a word

of rejoicing, and hastily rushed into the house from which the light proceeded, and, entering an inner room, cast himself heavily on to a seat. Then I knew that I was in a place of reprobation and separation for the sake of strong drink: and the cause of my finder's triumph was made manifest, when, taking me from my resting-place, and holding me up in his foul and shaking hand, he demanded if any present would purchase me.

There were men in the room, sharing in his hilarity overmuch, and some from the lurid fumes of tobacco-pipes and the mouths of smokers, combined with the fumes of intoxicating drink, would have rendered the place revolting, if not inapproachable by decent folks, dressed in a cleaner and more respectable manner.

There was time for consideration, for none seemed at first disposed to listen to the voice of my drunken finder, which was almost lost in the general hum and clamour prevailing around: but at length he succeeded in making known his desire to part with me for the means of gratifying his depraved appetite.

The proposal was met by a loud laugh of ridicule from the man to whom he addressed himself.

"What think ye of this, neighbours?" he shouted, snatching me from the palsied grasp of my enfeebled finder; "here's a man wills to know if any of ye'll buy a book. Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" he repeated, louder and louder, till his strong voice overpowered the noise around, and drew attention to himself and to me; while another loud laugh followed.

"What is the book?" demanded a man from the further side of the room, raising his drinking cup half way towards his lips to ask the question.

"Eh, but 'tis a queer one," responded he who held me, turning over my leaves: "why the man has brought his auld grandfather's Bible to sell: where's the spectacles, lad? they maist always go together," he added, in a mocking tone. And then, raising his voice again, he shouted, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" till the room rang with such laughter as I well knew to be described in me as that of "fools," which is as "the crackling of thorns under a pot."

Then arose there a stern, sharp voice from another in the room: "Shame on ye, man," said he, addressing my finder, who was looking with an eager eye, if perchance a purchaser should be found: "Shame on ye," he repeated, more sternly; "an auld man as ye are"—and this was true, for his hair was gray and his countenance wrinkled, and his frame shrunken and bent with age and infirmity—"and on the brink of the grave!"

"Not older than yourself, mister," said the other, [illegible] with passion, "nor yet so [illegible] be true, [illegible] reproof

Another loud laugh followed this outburst of wrath; and the mirth was still farther increased when [illegible] at length [illegible] pleased that he was not so old.

"[illegible] in a manner, beyond money and beyond price, to [illegible]

"[illegible] reproving sin?" asked another, in mocking tones.

"[illegible] reprover; "d'ye think I know not whereto I am [illegible]" he repeated emphatically, "bath for this world and the world that is to come?" he added. "The" said he, in continuation, "[illegible] I have some things [illegible] I have [illegible] it be the last word I should speak, I would cry, Shame upon the man who wad do it."

"'Tis nope of mine," interposed my finder, [illegible] at the impetuosity of his reprover. "I picked the book up in the street, and I have no want of it; [illegible]"

[illegible] he [illegible] by whom he [illegible] and who [illegible] in his hand, lifted up his voice in mirthful tones, saying, still, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

"Pass the buik to me," said the aged man who had before spoken: and I was passed from hand to hand until I lay on the table before him; and his dry and shrunken palm was laid upon me. For a moment or two his hand lay heavily on me, pressing me down, as though some contending emotions were struggling in his bosom, and he wished and yet feared to open my accusing pages. Meanwhile the eyes of many were fixed upon him, as with curious interest, for he was, as I surmised, an oracle in that room, and held authority there nightly as the arbitrator of disputes, and the chief speaker because of the wit and humour which he had the power to exercise.

Very threadbare was his garb, nevertheless,

and his person was neglected: foul stains rested on him, accompanied by other tokens, which told of disregard and sluggish indolence of mind and body. The time had long gone by since he had begun to set at naught the opinions of those present: he was sunk into the apathy of sottish intemperance.

Without removing his hand, he looked around him, and spoke to his listening companions, who, it may be, expected some fresh incitement to merriment in the words which fell, as it were unwillingly, and by some strong inward compulsion, from his lips.

"I do not like," said he, "to see the Bible misused. Ye may think—and ye think rightly enough—that I am an auld reprobate, good at naething but drinking and cursing: but I tell ye all that if I had minded what the auld buik says, I'd have been in other company this night, and in other gear, too.

"I mind me the time," he went on, "when I was a wee bit laddie; but I canna tell ye the time when I had na some of this buik in my memory. I ken weel enough how it got there," he went on, speaking rapidly, and with a low husky voice, more as though in self-communing than to be heard by those around him; "ay, I canna but remember the auld mither who sat by my beside at night—mine and my brither's—reading and telling of the graund stories and blessed promises, and awful threatenings of the Bible, till I was fain to weep, maybe for joy and maybe for grief; and I have na forgotten—reprobate as I am—the hymns she used to teach us to sing as we lay side by side, with ilka arm roun' the ither's neck, till we sang oursels to sleep night after night.

"I mind the time again," continued the unhappy man, "when puir Davie left hame with our mither's blessing, and little besides, to seek his fortune where he could, and I was left alone with the puir widow—for she was a widow—and I have na forgotten the first time——" The old man's voice failed for a moment; but he soon recovered, and went on in a firmer tone, as though he were ashamed of his weakness, and had set himself to overcome it. "Ay, the first time, lads, that I joined a party such as this may be, and in a room like this, where I was tauld I ought to be a man, and was laughed at for being pinned to an auld woman's kirtle, as they said, and was filled fu' till I did na ken any mair till I found mysel in my ain bed at hame, and the mither by my side, putten to me the awful words out of this buik, 'Drunkenness shall cover a man with rags;' and 'Drunkards shall na inherit the kingdom of heaven;' and such like texts that maybe ye wad na like to listen to if I wad din them into your ears, which I will na.

"I mind me, too," he went on, "how I promised that I would na gang again; and how I broke my promise, and broke it again and again, till I had learned, as the buik says, to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and staund in the way of sinners, and to sit in the seat of the scornful; till I broke something mair than my promises—my puir, puir mither's heart; naething less.

"Ye called me a ne'er-do-weel, one of ye, the noo; ye may call me that and worse," continued the poor aged sinner; and his voice sounded hoarsely while he yet compelled himself, or was impelled by some strong emotion within, to reveal so much of his past history; "ye may call me my mither's murderer if ye will; and I winna contradict ye. There's a text here"—and he took me in his hand, and held me up—"about murderers of fathers and murderers of mithers; and if I am na ane——

"But I canna speak of that," said he, hastily, and drawing the sleeve of his garment across his weakened eyes; "I tell ye from that moment I cared na what befel me. I could na stop where my puir mither's banes lay; and these forty years have I been a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth; and ye ken all of ye that I am noo; but I will na hear the Bible misused. Enough 'tis naething to me.

"Yet is it something to me, and such as me," the unhappy man went on; "and I'll tell ye what it is, young man"—and as he spoke he turned his eyes full on a pale, haggard youth, who had before him a glass of strong drink—"I'll tell ye that ye may not say hereafter that ye did na get fair warning for anes; and I'll tell ye that ye're ganging the downward road to destruction; and many there be that gang therein. Yes, I'll tell ye what this buik is to me, and will be to you, and all of ye, if ye will na be guided and warned. It is '*the savour of death unto death*,' young man; and 'if the light that is in ye be darkness, how great is that darkness!' Ken ye what that means?"

"Then preachies well—almost as well as thy brother Davie," said one of the drinkers and smokers, with a sneer and a laugh, which was faintly echoed by others in the room, who until now had listened with astonishment, not unmixed with terror, as the poor half-dotard man had warmed in his speech.

"Who daurs talk of my brither Davie?" shouted the aged drunkard. "Who daurs speak of him in the same breath with sic a reprobate as I? The brither who sought me out and wad have redeemed me from the power of darkness, but he could na; and has robbed himself of joy and comfort in life to keep his ne'er-do-weel brither from staurvation; who has paid his debts over and over again, and taken

him out of jail again and again, and clothed him from head to foot again and again, and is now lying in the dead-thraw, with nane to speak comfort to him—not that he needs it—while his reprobate ne'er-do-weel brither is making sport for ye in this very room at this very hour? Who daurs speak of my brither Davie, who ere the morn will be a saint in glory, while I am ganging down—down to perdition, as fast as mountain-loads of sin can sink me?" And the aged man groaned aloud, while one whispered to another that it was true that old Davie the bookseller was indeed dying, and that this accounted for the strange behaviour of the brother, who would be "all right again when the fit was off."

Then did one and another seek to rally the spirits of the speaker; but he turned from them roughly, and once more fixed his stedfast gaze on the pale youth, while, with a trembling hand, he opened my pages. "Here's something for ye," he said; "profit ye by it while there's time given ye for repentance;" and, looking upon me, he read with a steady voice these words of mine: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

An awe-stricken silence fell on all who heard these words; and hastily closing me, and pushing me from him, the old man, leaving his glass unfinished, rose and straightway departed without another word spoken. Then one by one did those who remained behind feebly laugh, and pluck up courage to speak one to another; but the spirit of mirth was no longer there.

Meanwhile my finder reclaimed me, and would again have offered me for sale or barter; but there was none now to cry, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" Rather was he abused for having marred the enjoyment and good fellowship of the evening by my mistimed introduction; and I was angrily thrust back upon him. Whereupon, unwillingly, he replaced me in his pocket, and, disappointed in his errand, left the room with his raging, unnatural thirst unassuaged; and, as the midnight hour was chiming from a neighbouring steeple, he reached his home.

A VISIT TO THE AREOPAGUS.

We had spent plenty of time on the Acropolis, the glory of the Grecian art—the depository the most splendid which human genius has ever produced in architecture and in sculpture. We had examined the ruins of its prime ornament, the Parthenon, or virgin temple of Minerva, within which was the masterpiece of the art of statuary by Phidias—Minerva in ivory, thirty-nine feet in height, and entirely covered with pure gold, to the value of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling. From this commanding position we had gazed on the other scenes on the plain below, sacred in the eyes of posterity by the classical associations to which they gave rise. At last we inquired for the hill of Areopăgus: but a gloom came over the face of the guide; and, after some apparent meditation, he shook his head, as if he had never heard of the locality. We knew that he could not be ignorant of so celebrated a place, and we tried to put the question once more in the most classical Greek we could speak. But again we failed to make ourselves understood, and were about to give up the effort in despair, when we began to point our finger to one of the rocky eminences below, and asked if that was the Areopăgus. He answered "Areopāgus," with a loud, a long, and strong emphasis on the alpha. We looked so earnestly on the sacred spot that we felt as if we could have thrown ourselves down upon it. The spot where St. Paul preached with power—on that throne of eloquence where Demosthenes harangued—and on that judgment-seat where Socrates sat, as if he had been a criminal, in silent submission, when his enemies accused, and his judges condemned him to drink the poisonous cup. We left the Acropolis with a mixture of reluctance and intense anxiety; and passing by the Agora, now silent and solitary, but in the times of St. Paul so crowded and noisy, and with our heart fluttering like a bird just imprisoned in a cage, we ascended the Areopagus immediately from the Agora by steps hewn out of the rock—those very steps by which the judges, the orators, the clients, the criminals, the philosophers, and the citizens were wont to crowd up to this hill of Mars, on many a great occasion in days of old, thousands of years since. It is but a little rock, and a small platform, with no aspect of its own to interest an ignorant traveller in the least degree. The steps, sixteen in number, are but rudely cut out of the limestone rock, and the seats of the judges, who sat in the open air, are but coarsely hewn. At the top of the steps, on the level of the hill, there is a rude bench of stone excavated in the rock, forming three sides of a quadrangle facing the

south. This is supposed to have been the tribunal. On the east side of the stone bench is a rude block of stone, and on the west side of it there is another similar in every respect. From very early times, one of these stones seems to have been assigned to the accuser, and the other to the criminal, in the cause about to be tried in court. But no indication seems to have been transmitted either by Euripides or Pausanias, which was the stone of the accuser, and which that of the accused. The traveller who is desirous to ascertain the exact spot on which St. Paul may have stood on this interesting occasion, finds himself therefore on the horns of a little dilemma, neither of which he feels himself competent to choose. But he may rest assured in the perfect certainty that this is the Hill of Mars, the Areopagus—the most impressive court of justice from time immemorial—a spot regarded by the Athenians, and Romans too, with superstitious reverence, with which the dread recollections of four thousand years have been associated, and the steps of which every solitary traveller mounts with an interest somewhat awful. On reaching the top of the temple of Mars, which once stood on the southern brow of the eminence immediately above the Agora, we thought not of the Eponyme, or of the statue of Demosthenes; we cared not for the sanctuary of the Furies in the broken cliff of the rock immediately below the [illegible]; we remembered not at all the legendary trial of Mars, which gave to the place the name mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, Mars' hill. We never thought that the innocent and inoffensive Socrates was here arraigned and condemned. But the grand absorbing idea which filled our mind was the indisputable fact that we had reached the very spot where St. Paul made his most magnificent defence—where he excelled the greatest in oratory, and where he was surrounded by the most acute, and learned, and philosophic audience he ever addressed. Confined as the top of this celebrated craggy lump of coarse unpolished and impure marble is, the curious antiquary from the utmost bounds of western Europe, and from the isles afar off, can with perfect safety narrow the locality still more, namely, to the south-east angle of the small area at the top of the stone steps of the stair in the midst of the hill. Nay, more, pointing to one of two raised rough blocks, he can say, with much probability, here or there is the identical spot where St. Paul spoke thus:—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For, as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." (Acts xvii. 22—34).

We are inclined to believe that the Athenians meant something more serious against St. Paul on this occasion than merely to gratify their curiosity by hearing what the babbler would say next as to the mysteries of his religion. No doubt the Athenians were then, and for four centuries before, in the days of Demosthenes, as they are to this hour, an acute, idle, foppish, frivolous, gossiping, credulous, and excitable people: ever hungering and thirsting after news, gratified with anything like another religion, and excited with anything a little marvellous or superstitious. When he disputed in the market daily with them that met him, and preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection, the Epicureans might try to put him down by banter, ridicule, and contempt; and the Stoics, a little more tolerant, might be still induced to bear with this clever and enthusiastic Jewish pilgrim, in his exposition of such sublime and devout mysteries. But by the public authorities St. Paul could be looked upon in no other light than that of a disturber of the public peace, by trying to import a foreign religion, and to introduce another demon, to the dishonour of all their own national divinities, of

which the great bulk of the people were so proud and jealous. To them, then, holding the power of the commonwealth, and bound to protect the interests of both church and state, St. Paul seemed to be a setter forth of strange gods. And they TOOK HIM AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE AREOPAGUS, the sovereign tribunal at Athens appointed to take cognizance of criminal causes. These Areopagites were held to be men of honour and trust, and were famous for the justice and impartiality of their decrees. They were judges for life. They never sat in judgment but in the open air, and that only in the night-time, that their minds might be less liable to distraction from surrounding objects, and less susceptible of either pity or aversion from extraneous motives. We cannot, then, bring ourselves to suppose that a court so august, and so desirous of purity, consisting of fifty, or, according to others, of five hundred judges, would assemble on Mars' hill, "where," as Mr. Conybeare says, "the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial, to pass sentence on the greatest criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion." We cannot bring ourselves to suppose that such a court would meet in such a place, and at such a time, merely for idle pomp and pastime. The Athenians generally, and strangers who were there, certainly spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing. But this is not the way, as we read it, that the learned and admired Areopagites spent their time in their solemn assemblies.

We have already stated that it was by law held [illegible] high treason at Athens to dishonour

because he did not esteem them to be gods whom the Athenians esteemed to be gods—and because he introduced new demons, contrary to the law of the land. And this seems to us to have been the very serious charge against St. Paul, notwithstanding that some late very eminent expositors think that mere curiosity was the motive of the whole proceeding. These writers seem to be drawn towards this opinion from the emphatic description given in the Acts of the character of the people for novelty, and also from the mocking and courteous manner in which St. Paul was acquitted. But this dismissal seems to be similar to that of the Roman governor, who, when St. Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, trembled; and answered, Go thy way for this time: when I have a convenient season I will call for thee. Besides, this polite leniency on the part of the Athenian Areopagites resulted probably from the [illegible] with which St. Paul mollified the charge brought against him, and from the ardent and honest modesty of his defence—bold and independent at the same time, and, above all, it might be, from his high-toned energy and eloquence, which could not fail to call forth sympathy and respect for a wandering missionary, who came to Athens alone, to propagate, explain, and defend a new and most mysterious religion. More acute than Socrates, and aided by the Holy Spirit, St. Paul saw distinctly the perilous position in which he stood. He knew that it was treason and death to introduce a new demon among their false gods, without having sought and obtained the authority of that very court at the bar of which he stood indicted of this capital offence. But, with remarkable dexterity,* he admitted that daily in the market place he opposed the worship of their gods, every one of them, with one single exception; and he carefully guarded against the second deadly charge of introducing new demons, by declaring that he worshipped one of their own gods, to the worship of which one, God in Christ Jesus, he was desirous to reduce them all. He argued that he had not tried to introduce any new god whatever, but merely to bring them to the knowledge of one God, the Ancient of Days. Their philosophers taught them to worship eternal matter, but he called on them to adore eternal mind. The works of Homer and of their other poets were the Bible of their demonology. But his Bible told him that the one only living and true God, the Father Almighty, "made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

* Of course this reasoning is, to a certain extent, theoretical, and must be accepted as the individual opinion of the writer.

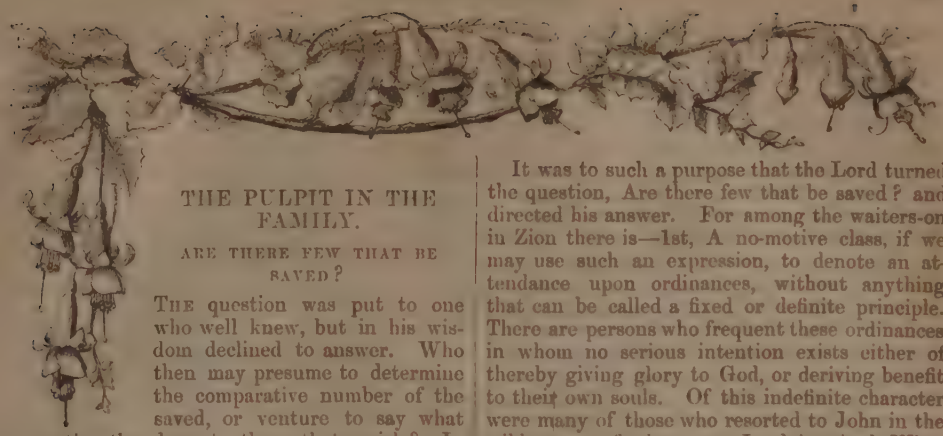
and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." Observe, then, how ingeniously St. Paul steers clear of the rocky point against which he saw the danger of being dashed to death. His position required all the prudence mortal man could call forth. His words required to be exceedingly well chosen. Here, indeed, he needed to be all things to all men, that he might gain some. A single slip in his expressions might have been fatal to him in bringing the enraged citizens of Athens upon him as one man.

RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS, AND ITS TEMPLES.

Had Paul provoked his audience in the least degree by assailing their gods, humanly speaking, the fate of Socrates might have been his own. With singular tact he quotes a saying of certain of their own poets—Aratus, a native of Cilicia, St. Paul's countryman: "For we are also his offspring." And then he tells them boldly that the new God he was accused of preaching to them was one of their own old gods. He tells them that this strange God he was accused of introducing was a God familiar to every one of them, and which had been brought to Athens long before the day of his arrival at the Piræus. He tells them that the God he daily called on them to worship when he met them in the market-place was a God whom they had all worshipped, among the crowd of their other gods, from their childhood. And he tells them that the head and front of his offence was his serving the same God whom they themselves worshipped. And to prove all this he says: "For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." And probably alluding to the Acropolis, crowded and crowned with temples, to the Parthenon, and the temple of Theseus, and hundreds of temples all around, the first and the finest in the world, he told them, in accordance with the *genius loci*, that God dwelleth not in temples made with men's hands. By this fine turn of the argument he was enabled to beat them with their own weapons, and, like young David of old, to cut off Goliath's head with his own sword. And there is no wonder that the Areopagites admired in their own minds the power, the beauty, and suitable application of his allusions. And feeling this, there is little wonder that they dismissed him with the words, "We will hear thee again of this matter." And no wonder, too, that "certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

When at Athens, St. Paul wrote his First Epistle to the Thessalonians. When at Athens, he also wrote his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians.*

* From "St. Paul and his Localities," by Dr. Aiton. London: A. Hall and Co.



THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?

The question was put to one who well knew, but in his wisdom declined to answer. Who then may presume to determine the comparative number of the saved, or venture to say what proportion they bear to those that perish? In any company or congregation we cannot tell how many shall finally be saved, but it is not altogether beyond our reach to ascertain how many are seriously seeking salvation. On the highest authority, we know that many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able; but as to those that seek not at all, there is not even a peradventure or a hope that salvation shall come unto them, unawares or unsought. If one has no deep or right sense of religion, nor professes to have it—if he is at pains even to let it be known that he is not subject to the law of God—if he would be ashamed to confess himself indebted to his free grace, or influenced by the love of Christ dying for sinners—if all the means which God has ordained for bringing men to salvation be trifled with, and treated as of no account—if a man thus proclaims himself as indifferent about redemption and the claims of a Redeemer—is it uncharitable to look upon him as not in a state of salvation? Why, he himself contemns such a state as a fancy, a delusion; and what can his condition be, if the Bible is true, but one of constant exposure to the wrath to come?

If no other judgment than this can be formed of the openly ungodly, it is very affecting to think of the vast number of men that are involved in such a condemnation, and how many are running to and fro, and only hastening to undo themselves, by banishing the thought that heaven can never be prepared for the graceless and the unholy.

Yet, while the case of the openly and avowedly irreligious is hopeless, so long as they continue in it, we would be far from speaking peace promiscuously to the mere attenders on the means of grace. Before this can be done to any, their hearts must be explored, and their motives ascertained, for presenting themselves with an aspect of devotion before God.

It was to such a purpose that the Lord turned the question, Are there few that be saved? and directed his answer. For among the waiters-on in Zion there is—1st, A no-motive class, if we may use such an expression, to denote an attendance upon ordinances, without anything that can be called a fixed or definite principle. There are persons who frequent these ordinances in whom no serious intention exists either of thereby giving glory to God, or deriving benefit to their own souls. Of this indefinite character were many of those who resorted to John in the wilderness, of whom our Lord inquired, What went you out for to see? they having gone, either without a principle, or being unable to tell what that principle was.

Another notable illustration of this no-motive class is found in the case of those who came to Christ saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not? Why? Surely it concerned themselves to have a reason for what they did, else why did they adhere to the practice? Their conduct was preposterous, but not more so in reality than that of many who, from the force of habit, or the influence of example, repair to God's ordinances without meaning or motive; without any principle of real devotion, or the least desire for spiritual improvement.

What shall we say to this unthinking class? What, but bid them think? Think of the Omniscient God—think of the glorious Redeemer—think of eternity—think of the soul's worth, and of its wretchedness if left to perish—think, what shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his soul? If this class did only come so far as to ask themselves, Why do we go, even once a day, to church?—the self-inquest might lead them to detect the perilous want of principle on which they have hitherto acted, and to put to themselves the question, Is this a reasonable service, for which no right or adequate reason can be rendered? Surely not.

2nd. Besides the no-motive class, there are others who attend upon the ordinances of religion, having a motive, but a wrong one. We allude to that self-righteous and vain-glorious class who do many things to be seen of men, and as if to lay up a stock of merit wherewith to purchase eternal life, and, by their many duties, to accumulate what may be an equivalent price for heaven. The ancient Pharisees acted thus, who surpassed all men in the habitual traffic of a precise and punctilious devotion in

works and worship *for* life, and not *from* life given them in Christ Jesus, as God's adopted children do. Modern Pharisees—chiefly they of Rome—have gone beyond the ancient devotees in these self-justifying labours which a sovereign Lord wholly disallows, as being in their very principle opposed to the whole scheme of the salvation which he has revealed—which is by grace, through faith, and not by works of righteousness, which we either have done or can do.

3rd. There is a religion, and an attendance on its ordinances, which carries upon its face the brand of duplicity and dissimulation; where the eye is not single, one thing being professed, and another thing really kept in view; spiritual good is alleged, and some worldly advantage is intended. We have a specimen of this on the occasion when the people, suspending the usual business of their callings, and leaving their houses, went in quest of Jesus; and when they found him not in one place, travelled with eager earnestness to search for him in another; and having found him on the farther side of the sea, how well affected they seemed, and how hearty and expressive of interest in Christ were their salutations! "Rabbi, when camest thou hither?" But how did our Lord respond to their demonstrations? How did he deal with the people apparently so concerned? He cut short their fair and flattering [illegible] by a [illegible] and peremptory disclosure of their unworthy motives. He needed not to ascertain what was in men by a process of [illegible]; for, having the frame of their minds as open to his all-seeing eye as the form of their bodies, he directly charged home upon them the sin of hypocrisy and guileful pretence. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE MALABAR MISSION.

One evening in the month of March, 1705, the pious king Frederic IV, of Denmark, was sitting in his cabinet lost in thought. His ministers were assembled around him, and had just been holding council over state affairs. The Danish colonies in the West Indies had been in part the subject of discussion, and measures had been proposed to extract from them larger sums of gold and other treasures, for the king was just then engaged in a war with Sweden, and wanted money. There was, however, a certain uneasiness in his mind which he could not quite dispel. He stretched out his hand abstractedly to take up some papers which lay on the table before him: they were petitions from the poor and needy from every part of the kingdom. But the Lord, who guides the hearts of kings like the water-courses, directed his hand at this moment. In the first paper which he opened, a widow implored help for herself and five children. Her husband and eldest son had served in the Danish possession of Tranquebar in the East Indies, and had fallen in battle with the heathen inhabitants.

On reading this, the king relapsed again into deep thought. He took the map of the coast of Coromandel, where Tranquebar lies. Since the year 1620 had this territory been in the possession of Denmark, and the latter had derived great advantages from this rich and fruitful land. "And what has hitherto been accomplished for the spiritual well-being of this country?" asked the king of himself. There was certainly a church formerly built in Tranquebar, which was called Zion's Church, and service was regularly conducted in it; but that was only for the Europeans who had settled there. "There," said the king again, "there dwell the heathen, who do not yet know Jesus, the light of the world. They are my subjects." He again sank into a [illegible]. "No," said he, after a short time, "they shall not be lost. A light shall be kindled there which will burn brighter than the heavens which illuminate yonder rocky coast. I will send men to declare the gospel, to carry the offer of eternal life to their souls."

"Where is my chaplain, Dr. Lutkens?" continued he.

"I await at all times the commands of my king," said Lutkens, who had just entered.

"I know that," said Frederick; "but to-day it is not I who call you; the Lord of heaven wants you; through me he calls you."

With these words the king directed the chaplain to the map which lay before him. "This piece of land," said he, pointing to Tranquebar, "the Lord gave to my ancestor, Christian IV. You know that I yearly send troops there to secure my throne. What do you think, doctor? I will send apostles to prepare the way of the Lord amongst the people. Find me men to go."

Lutkens stood before the king. It was one of the happiest moments of his life. He joyfully carried fuel, as he expressed it, to feed the flame which he saw kindling in the king's heart. "My lord and king," said he, "God has given you this thought. May he richly bless you. But where will you find a Paul who does not dread the dangers awaiting him beyond the seas? One unworthy servant I know, who, at the call of the Lord, will go to the people that sit in the shadow of death. My king, send me."

King Frederick was touched, but he would

* From "Memorials of a Ministry; being Extracts from the Unpublished Writings of the late James Sieveright, D.D." Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy.

not part with the old man. "No," said he, "you must stay and be my friend and counsellor; you shall not expose your grey hairs to the perils of a sea voyage. You shall not give your health to be a spoil to that devouring climate, doctor: only find us men. Take it into consideration, and speak to the bishop; and if you can find none in my kingdom, send to Germany."

Lutkens did as the king commanded. He and the bishop looked around for messengers to the heathen, but no one was to be found for this work. "It grieves me," said the king, as the chaplain communicated to him the fruitlessness of their search, "that my kingdom has no such witnesses for God. That is no good theology which does not teach love for the poor benighted heathen. Write then to Germany."

Lutkens had himself formerly been a clergyman in Berlin, and had there two dear friends, to whom he applied. They, however, referred him to Dr. August Hermann Francke, the founder of the orphan-house at Halle.

A short time before a pious youth had sought advice from this man of God. The young man had studied theology, and was on the point of seeking a curacy; but partly his delicate health, partly the feeling of his own insufficiency, had raised the fear that he might not be qualified for this great office. Francke gave some words of encouragement to the troubled youth. During the conversation they spake of the work amongst the heathen. There, thought the experienced man of God, it did not so much depend upon a learned education. If amongst these benighted souls only one could be led to God, this was as evident a token that the labour was effectual as the conversion of a hundred in Europe would be; for here every one has the means and opportunity of being converted, but there all this was wanting. Perhaps, added he, God has chosen you for this sphere.

So the young student went away comforted and encouraged, and soon after obtained a curacy in a little village near Berlin. The conversation had not been forgotten either by Francke or the young man; for when the question came from Denmark about messengers for the heathen, Francke immediately decided whom to recommend. He wrote to his young friend on the subject, and the latter was ready and joyful to go. The student was the afterwards celebrated, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, born at Pulswitz in Oberlausitz, 1683, the first messenger from the German evangelical church who went to the heathen.

On the 29th of November a ship put to sea from Copenhagen. It was bound for Tranquebar, in the East Indies. On board were two noble youths, upon whose countenances sadness and joy were singularly mingled. One was Ziegenbalg, the other, the friend of his heart, Henry Plutschau, of Mecklenburg. They had studied together, found the Saviour together, and together they departed to the great and holy work amongst the heathen, for they thought of how Jesus had sent his disciples two and two. Time had not been given them to say adieu to their friends, for the ship had taken its freight on board and hastened away. It was a difficult enterprise; doubly difficult because scorn and contempt followed them on every side. It was at that time an unheard-of thing for a German youth to leave home and country, friends and fortune, to go to win the heathen to Christ. They had, however, found strength, courage, and joy in bending the knee to the Lord. Hence the commingled sorrow and joy which appeared on their countenances as the coast of their loved country disappeared from their sight.

The sea voyage was a very useful university, as Ziegenbalg named it—"a university in which we not only studied the word of God in the letter, but learned to understand and experience its hidden power and sweetness. Morning, noon, and evening we held devotional services, studied the Bible, prayed, and sang praises to God. The rest of the day was spent in reading and meditating on the Divine word, in friendly and profitable conversation, and in beholding the great wonders of God daily presented to our eyes."

It was not till June the 9th, 1706—after seven entire months—that they reached their journey's end. Then they saw for the first time the brown-black Malabars, as Ziegenbalg called the inhabitants, and their hearts were moved with joy and compassion. But a new trial awaited them. If scorn and contempt had followed them on their departure from Europe, they were greeted on the Indian coast, not only with coldness and indifference, but with bitter hatred, by the Danish merchants and officials. Even the letter and seal of the king were not respected. At first they were refused admission into any house, and, till evening, were left standing in the burning rays of a tropical sun, first outside the town, and then in the market-place. The shades of night had gathered over them, when at length a humane officer ventured to give them shelter under his roof.

"These trials drove us to our Father in heaven," writes Ziegenbalg, "and we carried everything in prayer to him. He graciously heard us at all times, and led us through every obstacle. We did not let our courage sink at the numerous and great difficulties, but strengthened our faith by the constant reading of the Acts of the Apostles, and at the same time used all the

means we deemed necessary for carrying on our work successfully."

And the Lord blessed the work, and has continued to bless it unto this day.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

III.—THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF ST. LUKE, THE EVANGELIST.

If, leaving the land of Palestine, the traveller passed northwards along either of the two great highways, which led the one by Tyre, Sidon, Berytus (Beyrout), Tripolis, and Laodicea, and the other on the eastern bank of Jordan, by Damascus, Emesa, and Apamea—Antioch, the splendid and renowned capital of Syria, was soon reached. Built at a comparatively recent period by one of Alexander's generals and successors, it had speedily sprung into importance, not more by the fostering care of the Syrian monarchs than by the advantages of its natural position; being situated on the banks of the noble river Orontes, not far from the sea, and in a beautiful and fertile district, watered by three rivulets. However comparatively few the traces which remain of its former magnificence, indications of it are not wholly wanting. When a heavy eastern tempest has washed away the rubbish of ages, here and there the remains of its marble pavements are visible. Not unfrequently, also, the labourer or the traveller comes suddenly upon rings and other splendid ornaments of times long gone by. Fragments of the aqueduct still remain; and though the present town occupies scarce one-third of the space of ancient Antioch, the still standing portions of the old Roman wall—from thirty to fifty feet high and fifteen feet thick, with its four hundred square towers—indicate at least what it once had been. In fact, at the period to which we refer, when Paul and Barnabas lived and taught in it with such success, Antioch was reckoned the third city in the Roman empire, second in size and in importance only to the capital and to Alexandria. Inhabited by not much less than two hundred thousand persons, and occupying an area of upwards of thirteen miles, it consisted properly of four quarters or cities. Its suburb, Daphne, famed for a temple of Apollo and Diana, with an asylum attached to it, was deeply embosomed in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of ten miles, and formed in the most sultry summers a cool and impenetrable shade. A thousand streams of the purest water, issuing from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air.

Such was the ancient residence of the Syrian kings, the capital of the Roman province of Asia, and the centre of literary, political, and fashionable life in that part of the empire. Thither Paul came with Barnabas; there he laboured for more than a year; there a flourishing church was soon formed; there the Christians first obtained their distinctive name; there Paul was ordained for his work; and there, according to the common and credible testimony of antiquity, was Luke born and converted.

Apparently derived from heathen parentage, as the distinction made by Paul (in Col. iv. 11 and 14) between his "fellow-workers unto the kingdom" who were "of the circumcision," and Luke, indicates, he had enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education. The peculiar classical style of his writings, which differs in a marked manner from that of others; the antiquarian and historical allusions which occur in them; and the fact that he was a "physican;" (Col. iv. 14.) all bear testimony to his early training. It must be remembered that an acquaintance with physic was highly esteemed at the time, and probably even at that, as at a later period, "colleges of physicans" (collegia archiatrorum) existed in every city for the purpose of examining and licensing candidates for medical honours. Scripture does not inform us how, when, or where Luke first came into contact with the gospel. Indeed the notices which occur of him are exceedingly scarce. It is in general noteworthy that the personal narratives furnished in the Bible differ from ordinary biographies chiefly in this, that they keep the *individual* as much as possible out of view in order to bring *the Lord* prominently forward. They are not so much descriptions of the lives of certain personages, as rather of the *Lord's dealings* with them. On *these* particulars the inspired writers are always explicit, so that God may be exalted, however man is abased. Hence, though we can easily conceive that it was done with grief and reluctance, the failings and sins of the saints are chronicled "without partiality or hypocrisy." Hence, also, any personal references on the part of the writers are always of the most modest and delicate character. And nowhere does this retiring, from a fear of casting the shadow of self across the path of the Lord, come out more manifestly than in the writings of Luke, the faithful and devoted companion of Paul's labours and trials.

We deem it not improbable that Luke may have been brought to the knowledge of the truth during the memorable sojourn of Paul at Antioch. (Acts xi. 25, 26.) At any rate, we can easily conceive what an influence a mind trained like that of Paul, who was equally furnished in the learning of the Jews and Gentiles, must have exercised upon the ardent Antiochian

physician. If he longed for a way of access to God, for knowledge of that truth which could "make him wise unto salvation," and translate him "into the glorious liberty of the children of God," Paul was the likeliest instrument to communicate that information to him. What a difference between Luke's clever, versatile, but shallow countrymen, and the vigour and depth of a Paul! What a contrast between *his* unswerving uprightness, uncompromising honesty, sincerity, moral earnestness and grandeur, and the dissoluteness, superficiality, want of principle, and general moral laxity of all around! Verily, Paul must have appeared to Luke, in a moral aspect, like one of those majestic cedars of his own Lebanon with which his eye was familiar. Accordingly, as Mark attached himself to Peter, so did Luke to Paul; only that from the time of his setting out he never parted from him till this Elijah was taken from his side.

It does not clearly appear whether Luke had accompanied Paul on his first journey from Antioch, or joined him when the apostle started on a second missionary tour from that city. It will be remembered that when the Holy Ghost directed the church at Antioch to set apart Paul and Barnabas, they went to the work taking Mark as their minister (Acts xiii. 1—5). Having by "the grace of God fulfilled" their mission, they returned to tell the church in Antioch how their prayers had been answered and their desires accomplished. (Acts xiv. 26, 27.) "And there they abode long time with the disciples." During that interval, an attempt was made by Judaizing teachers to impose the yoke of legal observances on the believing Antiochians, which led to an appeal to the council of Jerusalem, and to its "consoling" decree (Acts xv. 1—31). Paul and Barnabas then continued for some time preaching in Antioch; and when afterwards they parted, separately to carry on the work, Paul took Silas with him. It is after these occurrences, (Acts xvi. 10,) that Luke for the first time refers to his companionship with Paul, when he informs us that upon Paul's vision of the "man of Macedonia," "*we* endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called *us* for to preach the gospel to them." We mention this circumstance, though we cannot accept it as a conclusive proof that Luke had not accompanied Paul on his *first* expedition. Indeed, the particularity with which he describes the events of that first missionary tour seem to indicate that he had been an eye-witness of them; and besides, his modesty leads him even when referring to the activity of the heralds of the cross, in which he himself had undoubtedly shared, to speak of it often rather as "theirs" than as "ours."

We have alluded to the modesty of Luke as one prominent feature of his character. Another marked trait of his spiritual history was his *devotedness*. If, unlike the widow, he had more than two mites, like her he cast them all into the temple-treasury. His every talent and energy were cheerfully devoted to the cause of Christ. Luke appears in evangelical history in a threefold capacity, but in each of them only as "serving the Lord, even Christ." He was *a physician*, and apparently the first medical missionary; he was *a literary man*, but his pen was, as far as we know, exclusively devoted to the exposition of the truth and its progress; he was *a preacher* of the gospel, and a *devoted companion* of Paul even unto the end. He thus presents, not only a Paul-like simplicity of purpose and entirety of surrender, but an instance of the ability of the grace of God from the most unlikely material to form the choicest vessel. How interesting and instructive to see side by side with each other, two men by nature and by education so different as Paul the strict Pharisee, and Luke the light-minded Antiochian, yet both so similar in their pursuits, aims, and motives!

Under whichever of these three aspects we consider Luke, the two characteristics of modesty and devotedness come strikingly into view. We should not have known that Luke was a physician had not Paul (Col. iv. 14) sent a greeting from him who was known to the Colossians as "the beloved physician." In all probability, Luke had made use of his medical skill at Colosse in the service of the gospel. Without doubt, he had similarly employed that talent in other places. Nor is it necessary to be specially informed of what use the beloved physician had been, not only to the mission and to the church, but also to Paul "the aged, and the prisoner of Christ," suffering in the deep, cold, damp Mamertine prison at Rome.

The literary activity of Luke is even more interesting and important than his labours as a physician. Our attention is attracted to it by other circumstances beside the fact that he composed one of the Gospels, and wrote the only existing connected account of the apostolical labours. His are the only books in the Bible which were written by *a Gentile*. Of all the evangelists, it is he who "in order" setteth forth "all things from the very first," (Luke i. 3), that is, commencing from the history of the infancy of John the Baptist and of Jesus, and continuing the narrative in chronological order. The gospel of Luke, which he primarily designed for his gentile brethren, differs also from that of Matthew, in that while it perhaps wants some of the freshness which shows that the latter was "an eye-witness," and heard the gracious words of the Lord, Luke is on that account, and from

his early training, more clear, distinct, and connected than Matthew. Besides, the Gospel of Luke contains some very important portions which are not given by the other evangelists. Thus many of the notices connected with the early history of Christ (contained in the first chapters of Luke), the parables in chapters xv. and xvi., a number of the incidents in Christ's journey, and the account of the memorable walk of the disciples to Emmaus, have been preserved only by Luke. We may, therefore, be said to have collated all accounts received from those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." The same precision appears in his "Acts of the Apostles," a work divided into two great sections, of which the first (chapters i—xii.) chiefly chronicles the progress of the gospel among the Jews; the second (chapters xiii. to the end), that amongst the Gentiles. Nor should it be forgotten that Paul, in whose company Luke was while engaged in writing these works, must have exercised a great influence upon him. So much is this the case, that when, for example, we compare the account given by Luke of the first celebration of the Lord's supper with that furnished by Paul, (1 Cor. xi. 24,) the similarity appears so striking as at once to become evident. We have, therefore, in Luke's writings, not only the works of Paul's companion, but in great measure also the views of that apostle.

We close with a brief reference to Luke's labours as a preacher of the gospel, and a fellow-worker of the apostle of the Gentiles. From the period when confessedly he began to preach (Acts xvi. 10) to that when, in the dungeon at Rome, Paul felt that "he was now ready to be offered, and that the time of his departure was at hand," (2 Tim. iv. 6,) Luke never quitted the Lord's work or the Lord's workman. It was probably when Paul was detained a prisoner at Cæsarea, that Luke wrote his gospel. The book of Acts also was probably finished immediately before Paul's death. But in the interval we find Luke always by the side of Paul. When the apostle writes to Colosse, Luke is his "fellow-worker;" when he writes to Philemon, Luke is still his "fellow-labourer;" and even when all the rest have fled, or are far from him, "*only* Luke" is with him (2 Tim. iv. 11).

The fate of this singularly devoted disciple, after the death of Paul, (if indeed he survived this persecution,) is variously stated. Some affirm that he preached the gospel in Greece, and there fell a martyr in the eighty-fourth year of his life; others that he had chiefly laboured in Gaul; while others affirm that he had gone to Bithynia.

The life and labours of Luke may, amongst others, impress upon us the following important lessons. We may perceive:—

1. What a flood of light the concurrent testimony of word and life, on the part of witnesses so different in constitution of mind and in early training as the evangelists, throw upon the gospel narrative.

2. How similar are the results of mind, heart, and life in true Christians, however differently chosen or called they may have been. "All old things are passed away—all things have become new."

3. The duty and blessedness of an unreserved surrender of ourselves to the Lord, who bought us with his precious blood, and of devoting ourselves and our every talent, whatever it be, to his cause and for his glory.

HOW WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS ENJOYED THE SABBATH.

"Often," says Mr. Wilberforce, "in my visits at Mr. Pitt's, when I heard one or another speak of this man's place, or that man's peerage, I felt a painful inclination to pursue the same objects; but a Sunday in solitude never failed to restore me to myself."

Again: "Sunday, 1790. Oh! blessed be God, who hath appointed the sabbath, and interposes these seasons of serious recollection. Oh! what a blessed thing is Sunday, for giving [illegible] of self-examination, retrospect, and drawing water out of the wells of salvation!"

In the winter of 1809, Mr. Wilberforce, undertaking a trip to Bath, wrote to Mr. Perceval to ascertain the day of the meeting of Parliament. "Parliament," was the reply, "will not meet, unless something unforeseen should occur, until Monday the 16th of January. I hope, then, you will lose no time in getting your health well set up at Bath." His watchfulness for public morals at once suggested to him the amount of public travelling which such a day of meeting would create; and he lagged in answer that it might, if possible, be altered. "I thank you for your note of yesterday," rejoined the conscientious minister, "and am really sorry that I should have given occasion for it. I feel myself the more to blame, because the receipt of your note brought back to my recollection (which I had till then forgot) some observations which the Speaker made to me some time ago on the same subject; if they had been present to mind when we settled the meeting of Parliament, I would not have fixed it upon Monday. We were, however, almost drawn to that day." Two days after, he wrote again: "Dear Wilberforce, you will be glad to hear that it is determined to postpone the meeting of Parliament till Thursday the 18th, instead of Monday the 16th, to obviate the objections

which you have suggested to the meeting on that day. Yours very truly—SPENCER PERCEVAL."

Mr. Wilberforce has in his diary, without any allusion to the part he had in it, "The House put off nobly, by Perceval, because of the Sunday travelling it would have occasioned."

The following passage occurs in a letter to his sister: "My judgment is decidedly and strongly in favour of your taking an early dinner on Sunday, and going to church in the afternoon. I do not say it lightly. I believe the contempt into which the sabbath has fallen bids fair to accelerate the ruin both of church and state more than any other single circumstance whatever; and it is the bounden duty of every friend to our civil happiness, no less than our religious interests, to hold up its authority."

Again, writing to Mr. Ashley, he says: "There is nothing in which I would warn you to be more stoutly resolute than keeping the sabbath holy; and by this I mean, not only abstaining on that day from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. Self-examination and much private prayer should never be omitted on this day. I can truly declare to you, that to me the institution of the sabbath has been most invaluable. I need not suggest, likewise, the duty of searching into our hearts on that day, examining ourselves as to our love of God and of Christ, and of purging out all malice and ill-will towards any one who may have offended us; trying likewise, when opportunity offers, to make peace. In all we should ever associate the idea of our blessed Master, and render him as much as possible present to our minds."

The way in which Dr. Chalmers, who was so suddenly taken from us, enjoyed and spent the sabbath, is very clearly seen from his solitary musings on that sacred day, recorded in the beginning of the lately published volume of his posthumous works, and which form a very interesting portion of that publication. We insert the following specimen:—

"Edin. Aug. 30, 1835.—In reading the life of Sir Matthew Hale, I find that he employed the pen to aid him in his spiritual meditations. He wrote as he thought; and hitherto my attempts at the sustained contemplation of divine things have been so confused and unsatisfactory, that I am glad to try the same expedient. May the Spirit of God, who worketh not without means, but by them, bless this humble endeavour after a nearer approach to the viewless objects of faith and eternity! Guard me, O heavenly Father! against the illusions of fancy. Suffer me not to walk in sparks of my own kindling. In thy light may I clearly see light; and let me never abandon the guidance and supreme authority of that Word which thou hast exalted above all thy name. Teach me the habit of communion with thyself; and may those imperfect aspirations after thee upon earth open the way for the full enjoyment of thine immediate presence and of thy revealed glory in heaven."

"——. To express my religious state in one sentence: I have a strong general desirousness towards God, though often suspended by the avocations of life, and daily overborne amidst its manifold and besetting influences. And it is a desirousness not satisfied—as if knocking at a door not yet opened, with a sort of earnest and indefinite longing after a good not yet attained. Perhaps the experience I have oftenest realised is that of the Psalmist, when he said, 'My soul breaketh for the longing it hath unto thy judgments at all times.'"

"Oct. 2.—When in a state of physical exhaustion or discomfort, I am the more apt to give way to the power of any wrong or wayward instigation. On all hands I stand greatly in need both of prayer and watchfulness. O, my God! make me more habitual in my supplications at a throne of grace, and let me proceed on sanctification as a business. Oh, that I were more intent upon it! that I made it the distinct and the main object of my life, and suffered nothing to interfere with it! Let me not remit the cultivation of my heart, but give myself wholly thereto. And oh, that my converse in society, as well as my whole conduct in life, may so bespeak the altogether Christian, that my life in itself should be a continual confession of the Saviour before men!"

In his observations on Exodus xxxi., Dr. C. thus writes:—"Let me drink the spring of all that is here said about the sabbath—an observance as much distinguished from the temporary and ceremonial law of Moses as any other of the decalogue. Let me never lose sight of the sign or memorial, first of creation, and then of redemption. Let it, therefore, be upheld as part and parcel of a perpetual covenant—a day of holy rest, and the delighted observance of which is one of the most decisive tests of a renewed and godly nature. And let it not be a fatiguing but a reposing cessation from the toils and cares of the everyday world. And let such be my meditations and exercises that I may not be exhausted, but strengthened and refreshed thereby."*

* "The Christian Sabbath, considered in its various aspects, by Ministers of different denominations"—a most seasonable publication, just issued by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, and well adapted for circulation at the present crisis.

Page for the Young.

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME.

We all know what a comfort it is to have a fire when cold weather comes, and the wind blows keen and chilly. I dare say you have found it very pleasant of an evening, when you have finished your work, or come home from school, to gather round a nice fire, with your parents and brothers and sisters. But suppose, after one of these cheerful evenings, when you were snug and warm in bed, a blazing coal or a spark should have flown into the room, and burnt on while nobody was near, till you were awakened by the crackling noise and the smoke caused by the house being in flames. Your father runs to you, seizes hold of your arm, and you rush out in terror and dismay, just in time to see the roof of the house fall in, [illegible] "can this dreadful work all come from that little fire, by which I sat last evening? Is it possible that *that little fire* could do so much mischief?" Yes, it is even so.

There was an account some days ago of a dreadful fire which came at first from a little spark, and then raged on till many thousands of pounds worth of property were destroyed, and, what is worse, several persons were burnt to death. Now a text came into my mind when I heard of this, and I thought I would talk to you about it, and try to show you how much sin is like a fire. The text is: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." To help you to remember it, let us take only the three words, "A little fire."

There were once two boys who were brothers. They had grown up together, but one was better than the other, and more obedient in his conduct than his elder brother. It happened one day that they were out in the fields together, and a little *spark of sin*, in the form of *jealousy*, came into the elder one's heart. He did not check it, for he did not like his brother to be better and more beloved than he was. The spark burnt on to anger, and, just as smoke shows when there is fire within, so his face was dark and clouded, and showed that *anger* was there. But soon it blazed out into *rage*, and he lifted up his hand, seized a club, and killed his brother. Ah! he did not at first mean to do this; no, but neither did he check the fire of anger, so that it became his master, and destroyed him; for God set a mark upon Cain, and there he stood like some blackened ruin, still remaining upon the earth, but never again to become the fair temple which it had once been. Is not sin, then, like a fire?

I will tell you of two other persons; they were husband and wife. At the time they lived, Christians were very self-denying, and were ready to give up a great deal of their property, and sometimes their lives even, for the cause of Christ. Now these two persons wished to be thought very good, though they were not ready to make the real sacrifice; so a spark of sin in the form of *deceit* sprung up in their hearts, and they began to say to each other—"What can we do to make people think that we are giving up all for Christ, without actually doing it?"

Now they were rich people, and possessed some land, so they consulted together how they might deceive about this. Was not this like blowing the fire and making it blaze? And so it did, for at last they agreed together to tell a direct lie. You, no doubt, remember what the lie was which Ananias and Sapphira told, and what followed; how it was no sooner uttered than the hand of God fell on them and destroyed them both. Was not the character of their sin like a fire—as rapid in its progress, as fearful in its consequences?

There is one other character to which I should like to refer. The spark of sin in his heart took the form of *covetousness*, or the love of money. It seemed to be always there, showing itself in little things, like a tiny spark. He joined himself to a band of humble men, who cared so little about money that they put all that each one possessed into a bag, for general use; and this man [illegible] the bag, and keep it for the rest. He seemed to like to feel that he could grasp money; and this feeling increased so much that he could not bear to see money spent on costly ointment to anoint his Divine Master's feet. Thus by degrees covetousness burnt out all his feelings of affection. He loved money better than anything else, and when the temptation came—"Deliver up your Master to us, and we will give you [illegible] Master from whom he had received nothing but love and tenderness—that Master with whom he had lived so many years, and to whose instruction and mild counsels he had daily listened—instead [illegible] The fire of covetousness had been burning so long, that he could not check it, and so it raged on to his destruction, for you all know the fearful end of Judas. "He went and hanged himself."

In these three instances I have shown you how sin is like a fire. If you will take your Bibles and search there, you will find many others; and if you read the history of your own country, or of other nations, you will see, in the lives of wicked men you meet with there, how sin is like a fire. We shall find, too, that the men who did such evil deeds, did not become bad all at once. Oh, no; if we could go to them and hear their accounts of themselves, we should find that there was a time when sin was but as a spark in their hearts, and that, if they had checked it then, they might have been happy men.

Now there is one thing I want to impress upon your minds. You all possess the *spark of evil* in your hearts; you know it is so, for you feel there is always a readiness to do wrong within you. Oh, then, be careful to check it in the beginning. Look into your hearts, and see whether it is most likely to break out into *anger*, [illegible], or *selfishness*, and set to work at once (asking for the help of God's Spirit) to put out the sin, whatever it may be.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. Can you give an example which shows the evil of listening to the advice of young companions before that of experienced friends?

32. Has God ever promised to care specially for his people in times of general calamity?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BIBLE FINDS ITS WAY BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL PURCHASER.

THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE.

SECOND SERIES.

CONCLUSION.

A FEEBLE voice, as of a woman, but weaker, from an inner apartment, greeted my finder as he entered the door of his habitation.

"Father, is it thou?"

The drunken man returned an inarticulate reply, and at the next instant, stumbling in the dark, he uttered a hasty and passionate exclamation.

Once more the feeble voice fell faintly on his ear: "Father, what art doing?"

"Don't concern thyself, lass," said he, angrily, and speaking thickly, as with a swollen tongue. "I am but seeking to kindle a light. Why art not asleep, my girl?"

"I canna sleep, father," the voice replied; "I canna sleep for pain and thinking. If ye canna find a light, father, ye can kindle it here; and I would like to see thee, father, ere thou goes to bed." A faint, feeble cough followed these words.

"I'll see thee in the morning, lass. I canna come in now, and I care not for a light," said the man. "Good night, girl, and sleep thy sleep out," he added; and thereupon he pushed

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open another door, opposite to that whence the voice proceeded, and, ascending a short flight of stairs, stumbling at every step, he entered a small chamber and cast himself on a bed. Ere long his hard breathing proclaimed that he slept.

The beams of the morning light entering dimly into the chamber, roused the sleeping man from his slumber, but the day was far advanced before he rose from his uneasy couch. At length, however, he unwillingly arose, and feeling an unaccustomed weight, it may be, in the pocket of his upper garment, he drew me forth, wonderingly.

Very desolate was the appearance of that chamber, but I will not describe it. Perchance, dear reader, you have ere now witnessed the desolation of a drunkard's home: let this suffice.

Wonderingly, I say, did the poor besotted man gaze upon me with lack-lustre eyes, while slowly he endeavoured to recall to mind the events of the preceding night. Partly he succeeded; and then he laughed a hollow, heartless laugh. "I'll give the book to the lass down below," he said, "and she'll think I got it for her [illegible] and that'll be of more account to me than if I had got a customer for it over-night." And as he said this, a look of cunning satisfaction overspread his sallow, haggard countenance.

Soon he descended the broken stairs, and [illegible] and with trembling steps, as it seemed, he entered the room from which the weakly voice had been heard a few hours before.

The room had little of which to boast, beyond its perfect cleanliness, in the way of comfort. The [illegible] uneven stones, and uncovered; a small table and a wooden chest or box was all the furniture the room contained, save a narrow curtainless bed, on which, scantily covered with bed-clothing, lay, or rather reclined in a half-sitting posture, a pale, emaciated female of middle age. Her hair—such of it as was not confined and hidden by the snow-white cap she wore—had many silver threads intermixed with its dark natural hue; her eyes were [illegible] it was with the brightness and penetration of disease; and her hands—very thin and shrunken [illegible] were employed, when my finder entered, in knitting; but she laid down her work as her father approached, and she looked up anxiously into his face.

"Well, lass, how art thou to-day?" muttered the man, when he had reached his daughter's bedside.

"Better, father, much better," said she; "nearer home, father, nearer home."

The man looked uneasily at the sick woman, but he did not speak.

"Where wast thou last night, father?" she asked, fixing her eyes on his.

"Nowhere in particular, lass. Ye need not look at me so with thy keen eyes," he said, sharply.

The eyes were in a moment withdrawn and closed, and the poor woman's head lay back wearily on the pillow, while a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Thou need not look that way, neither," continued the father; "I did not mean to vex thee. Come, come," added he; "maybe I was late coming home, and maybe I was a bit overcome; but open thy eyes, Jenny, and see; I have brought thee a book—a Bible, lass, to make up to thee for selling the old one when I had not a penny in my pouch. See, girl."

The woman opened her eyes quickly, and looked up again in her father's face, then on me, as he held me towards her, who was to be my new possessor. "Thank thee, thank thee kindly," she said, taking me in her wasted hand, and raising herself from the pillow, bringing me near to her at the same time, so that a tear-drop fell on me warm from her cheek. "And thou thought of me? Bless thee for it, father dear."

"Lost and mourning and sorrowing about the other," said the hardened man, "and so I brought thee this. I could not get the other back again."

"It was my mother's Bible," said the poor woman, mournfully; "but it matters not to her. There's no want of Bibles in heaven, father, for there 'they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.' And I'll soon be there, father. But, father dear, if thou would but—"

"I cannot stop now, Jenny," said the man, hastily. "Dost thou want for anything ere I go?"

"Nothing, father. The neighbour has been in and made up my bed for the day; and she'll maybe come again at noon. But hast thou work, that thou must go e'en now?" she asked.

"Nay, lass; the mills are mostly closed, thou knows, and I have not work: but there's a grand meeting of working men to-day, and I must go and help stand up for working men's rights."

"Don't go, father," exclaimed the poor woman, eagerly and entreatingly; "thou can do no good, and thou'll take to the drink again, and come home— Oh, father! would thou but—"

"Jenny, woman," said the man, fiercely, interrupting his daughter, "I'll not be told by thee, at this time of life, where I am to go, or what I am to do, and thou laying here a day. I tell thee I'll go; and if I like it, I'll have my soop of drink. Little is it that has passed my lips in the way of eating these four-and-twenty

hours past, to say nothing of days and days of starvation. Don't ye think it, lass, that I, and such as I, will be down-trodden. I'll go where I said, Jenny."

Tears silently trickled down the cheeks of my new owner as the man spoke. "I did not mean to anger thee," she said, when he ceased; "and thou so kind as to bring me what of all things else I wished for and needed most. And, father, as to lying here—for thy sake, father, if it were His will, I would I could be strong again as I was."

"Well, well, I dare say thou canst not; and so say no more, lass: only thou must not preach to me," added the man, ashamed, perhaps, of the cruel taunt he had suffered to pass his lips.

"And, father," added the poor woman, "thou must not go hungry. Hast thou not broken thy fast this morn?"

He had not, he said, nor was he like to do. "After I had gotten thy Bible, lass, I had not a penny left, and thou may know there's nought in the house."

"Father, father! and thou to buy me a Bible with thy last penny, dear father. Surely God will reward thee!"

Methought then that the deceitful man turned uneasily away, as though to avoid the earnest loving gaze of the poor dying woman. Man, man! how wilt thou meet the glance of thy JUDGE at the last great day?

"Eat this, father, before thou goes," whispered the sick daughter; and she reached from the table which was near to the bedside, a small dish covered over, in which was a small portion of delicate food. "Neighbour brought it me e'en now," she continued, "but I care not to eat; hunger has left me."

The man turned aside and ate his daughter's food ravenously.

"Thank thee, lass," he said, when he had finished. "And hast thou no money?" he asked, in a low and smooth tone, bending over her.

The poor woman shook her head sadly. "I have not a penny left, father, this morn, but I will have ere night; for my work will be sold then. And she drew forth from the bedside some small articles of delicate texture, the manufacture of which had occupied her weak hands many days.

"How much will they bring in?" asked the man, eagerly; and she mentioned a sum small in amount.

"It is not enough, Jenny. They cheat thee because thou cannot bargain with them. I'll take them for thee, and turn them to better account."

"Nay, father, nay," replied she, with a downcast look. "I cannot; thou wilt be tempted."

But of little avail was it that she sought to recover them from his hands. "I tell thee," he said, "I will make more money by them than thou canst, lying here; and I have to keep thee, thou knows."

"Father, father! oh father! thou shouldst not say that."

"Almost lass; and any way, I have a right to what thou earns. But I'll bring thee home some of it, never thou fear." And hastily putting into his pocket the small parcel, he departed, and my poor new owner was left alone.

Silently she bowed her head, and wept bitter tears. "He should not have done it," she said. "I did not think he would have done it. Poor father!"

But soon she dried her tears. "It was good of him to bring the Bible," she said; "it was what I most wanted." And she drew me towards her, and pressed me to her lips. "I will not want it long," added she; "and if God would but have mercy on poor father!"

Then opened she me, and these words of mine spoke comfort to her soul: "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Need I tell how, all that day, the poor dying woman, neglected by her unnatural father, bent over me as over a lost and recovered friend, while her thin, weary fingers were employed in the work which was her only resource against starvation? None came to see her, save a poor neighbour—the kind neighbour who, without hope of reward, had "made up" poor Jenny's bed that morning, and made it up every day, and had, from her own scanty resources, brought her a delicate meal—that of which the drunken father had robbed the poor invalid; and who, ere night, renewed her kindness, as she did on many succeeding days, until her kindness was no longer needed. Verily, she did what she could: and in that day when my Master shall sit on his judgment throne, to such as this poor woman will he say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren and my sisters, ye did it unto me:" and then will it be found that the cup of cold water given to a disciple of his, in his name, shall receive its reward.

Little need I tell of the selfish and intemperate father; for seldom did he enter the chamber of his dying daughter. Let me rather speak of her patience and faith and love.

"Thou art very good to me, Matty," said she, in her weak voice, to the poor neighbour, who was standing by her bedside on the following day, having brought to her a scanty meal, which Jenny had just tasted, for, as she had said, her sense of mortal hunger was almost gone: "and thou so needy thyself, with thy own family to care for! May God reward thee, Matty, for I cannot."

"Nay, lass, thou shalt not say that: I seek no reward; but it is a pleasure to have thee to wait on at by-times; and to hear thee talk, lass, of good things. I know not where thou canst have got it all—thou, with such a father and up-bringing as thou must have had!"

"My poor father!" sighed Jenny: "but, oh, Matty, thou did not know my mother."

"Nay, thou knows she was dead and gone ere I knew thee, lass," said the woman.

"Indeed, yes: but oh, Matty, she loved her Bible, and she loved her God: and when we lived in plenty, ere we came to live in the town, she had taught me, and prayed with me by her side, and read the good book to me. I did not think much of it then; for I was careless and foolish, Matty; and I would rather have had my own way and more liberty, like other young lasses. But I loved my mother then; and I knew that she loved me as few mothers that I knew then, loved their children: and when she fell ill—oh then, Matty, I thought more and more of all her love and her goodness too, and wished I might be like her if I lived.

"Things went bad with poor father after mother died," continued the sick woman; "and thou must not be too angry with him, Matty, for all his goings-on. He got into bad company, and was led away: but I need not speak of him—poor father!" she added; for it was little good she could say of him, and she would not complain, even to her kind neighbour, of his neglect and frequent cruelty; and if she told it to her God and Saviour, it was only that he knew it all, and more than she knew, before; and that she might plead for mercy on his behalf.

"Where was I?" Jenny asked: "but may be I tire thee with talking, Matty?"

"Nay, lass, I like to hear thee," said the kind neighbour, wiping her eyes.

"Thank thee, for saying so: and I remember now what I would have said. Things went badly with us when poor mother died; father lost his place as overlooker; and, after a bit, he came to live in this town. We were in great distress, Matty; and there was no one who knew us to speak a kind word, till I knew thee: and then it was that I found there was One who was a very present help in trouble. Thou knowest my story since then, Matty."

Yes, Matty knew it; knew how much poor Jenny had suffered before she "gave in," as she said; and how she had worked and worked with her needle, to keep her father and herself; and how, even now all the living for both was brought in by her: but the dying woman stopped her.

"Matty," she said, "thou hast been kind to me with no common kindness: it is the Lord who has put it in thy heart to do so much for me; and he will put it in thy heart to love him, Matty."

Jenny's poor neighbour was very ignorant; she had been very ungodly also: but she had witnessed the patience and faith and love of the dying woman; and she had listened to her kind Christian words, and seen her anxiety that she also might taste and see that the Lord was gracious.

And now that my poor dying owner had me, in the room of the big Bible which had been her mother's—and which, two or three weeks before, her unchristian father had borne away and sold (was it not his own? he had asked) that he might consume the small sum for which he sold it on his own lusts—did she read to Matty the invitations and promises of that gospel on which she rested her hopes of eternal life, while tears flowed from her eyes at the thought of the love which passeth knowledge.

Thus, day after day passed away; and was it not plain now why my Master had transferred my services to another owner? even that I might lighten the passage of a dying saint, with more last words of consolation and joy, through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and aid in giving light to one who had long sat in the darkness of ignorance and vice?

There was none by but the kind neighbour when my owner died: and then, when all was over, might have been heard the loud plaints of the intemperate father resounding through the narrow dwelling: "I'll have none to care for me now!" and he cast himself on the floor in bitter anguish and despair.

And now my work seemed almost done. With long usage my leaves had become worn and defaced; and some of them torn; the rough trampling in the crowd to which I had been subjected had loosened them also within their covers. Yet had I done my Master's work; and well I knew that though my earthly substance was perishable and perishing, that the incorruptible seed I had sown in human hearts, even the ever-living word, remained. Let me briefly tell, then, of the last scene in my history.

At the doorway of a small shop—not that of old Davie, for old Davie had departed to his rest—were boxes filled, or partly filled, with miscellaneous stores of little worth. In one of these had my lot been cast, with some few other

volumes, in desolate and ragged condition, the casting off, it may be, of some overfull bookshelves, or the odd gleanings of an auction sale. A ticket with a single figure of small value was placed upon me, and here for many weeks I remained unnoticed.

One day passed along an aged man, leaning on a staff; he walked slowly, and stopped, as it were to rest, at the doorway of the shop. He was in the garb of comfort if not of wealth; and by his side was a female younger than he, yet much past the bloom of youthful vigour.

"I will rest here, dear Rachel," he said; "for I am overtired with my walk through these busy streets:" and to pass away time, his female companion turned over with faint interest the volumes exposed for sale. Presently she took me in her hand, and opening my cover at what had, in the freshness of my young days, been the blank page, she uttered a cry of surprise.

"Father, father! *your* name is here; and it must be your own handwriting also!"

"Mine, Rachel!"

"And there is a date, long, long ago; and writing underneath, but so worn that I can scarcely read it: look, father!" and she placed me in the old man's hands.

"Rachel, dear child, my eyes are dim," he said: "and if you cannot read, how can I? But what book is it, Rachel?"

"A Bible, father: a pocket Bible. There I can read it now: and the date—oh, father, it is the date of *his* birthday—my brother's; dear to me, though he was dead before—"

"Read, read, Rachel," said the father, with an agitated voice, and strange interest kindling in his countenance—"read, beloved one."

And the daughter read:—

"This Bible is given to you, dear boy, at your own request, on the day that completes your fifth year of age. You have chosen it in preference to any childish toy that you might have desired. Your parents rejoice at your choice, and earnestly hope that, through life, should your life be prolonged, you may esteem the word of God above all riches, embrace the gospel of God's dear Son which it reveals, and live in accordance with its dictates; that it may be your guide and support in times of darkness and perplexity and sorrow; your joy in prosperity; and that in death, it may be your comfort, and your harbinger to the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore."*

The lady's voice faltered exceedingly, ere she had read this; and silent tears were rolling down the eyes of her aged companion.

"Rachel, it was your dear brother's Bible: given him by your dear mother and myself when he was five years old—fifty years ago, Rachel! Buy it, Rachel; buy it at any price; and let us hasten homewards: I feel overcome; but it is only surprise and pleasure. Will not your mother rejoice to see your dear brother's Bible again?"

So the lady paid down the price, and something over, for me; and they hastened homewards, the aged man saying more than once: "Fifty years ago, Rachel, before you were sent to us to comfort us for his loss! Fifty years ago! I gave the Bible afterwards to his cousin—his poor cousin who has long been dead, you know; I thought it might be useful to him; but what became of it afterwards I never knew; and to think of our finding it here, a hundred miles away! I wonder, if the Bible could tell its own history, what it would have to tell!"

They reached the home—the daughter's home; and I was shown to her husband and her children as a relic not to be parted from for my weight in gold. After many days I was carefully packed, and accompanied the aged father on his journey homeward. It was the old home—the house in which I had first entered on my work in my great Master's service. Not much was altered there, save that all things around, like myself, told of age and infirmity. But none so much as the aged pilgrims, who having passed the threescore and ten years of mortal existence, were but waiting the summons to their Father's home above.

Shall I—need I—tell how I was welcomed? how many happy tears were shed over me at the memories I called forth? how I was honoured with a place on the very shelf on which I had, so long ago, rested; and where yet were some of the companions I had left behind, cherished through so many years for their former owner's sake? how, sometimes, the aged couple take me down to look at the dear name written on me, and to glance over the pages on which his eye once rested with faith and childlike trust? and how sometimes the words are solemnly repeated: "Oh, if this Bible could speak, what a history it would have to tell!"

Reader, my history *is* told. And be sure of this, that at another day, your Bible will also have a history to tell. It is already partly written: how shall it end?

Reader, farewell.

* See first chapter of "Story of a Pocket Bible," first series.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

IV.—THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

It was a time of peculiar religious excitement in Judea. Men's minds were agitated, and for once spiritual subjects became the topic of con-

versation both in Jerusalem and throughout the land. The political speculations of the friends and of the enemies of the Romans; the busy pursuits of the lovers of wealth or of pleasure; the studious investigations of those who in their colleges collected and rehearsed the traditions of the fathers, or applied them to new cases, had given place to an unwonted occupation. Men talked about ancient prophecies, present national wants, and future hopes. The learned investigated and criticised passages in the Old Testament; the unlearned talked about the mysterious events which were likely soon to befall the nation. For a time, all thoughts seemed fixed upon *one* subject. There was an exodus from Jerusalem, from the various cities, and from the country districts to the banks of Jordan. Strange associations must have wakened up in the minds of the people amid the solitary grandeur of its scenery. For hours the weary traveller had passed over burning sand and often between rocky mountain ridges. At last he reached a high point. Below lay stretched a narrow valley covered with luxuriant verdure and shaded by numerous trees. Here tortuous Jordan, whose bed lay deep below the level of the sea, now hemmed in between mountains as a rapid stream, then wide-spreading as a broad and soft-flowing river, wound its way to that sea which covered the site of the cities of the plain. Beside this river Joshua had once stood, and at his word the waters had parted to allow the children of Israel to pass dryshod, when first they entered the land of promise. Again its waves had divided to make room for Elijah and Elisha; and now once more an Elijah and Joshua stood on its banks. Varied must have been the emotions of the motley group which had gathered round the modern Elijah, with his raiment of camel's hair and leathern girdle, as he stood preaching and baptizing at Bethabara, beyond Jordan. Twofold was his mission. With one hand he pointed to the past, as he preached a repentance, the more necessary that the axe was already laid to the root of the tree; with the other hand he pointed forward to the coming Saviour, as he declared his proximity and glory.

But let the crowd pass on: John the Baptist is still at Bethabara. Nor is he alone. A few faithful disciples are around him, and John has pointed to the Saviour, as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Next day the Saviour returns: once more John points him out to two of his disciples. They both leave him to follow Jesus. They had at first only come to hear of Christ, and now they have found him whom their soul loveth. One of these disciples was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother; the other was John, the son of Zebedee, afterwards known as the "beloved," and the subject of our memoir.

Turn we now to another scene. On the western shore of the lake of Galilee, not far from Capernaum, lay a village which derived its name from the occupation that most of its inhabitants followed. Bethsaida—the home of fishers—was a fishing village. The men, some of them proprietors of large fishing-craft, others of small boats, plied their trade, generally at night, on the lake of Galilee, from whose shores and on whose deep bosom every person was free to cast a net. Containing as it did an immense variety of fishes — from those species whose representatives are met in our own country to those which were found in the Nile—the produce was sent to Jerusalem and other places, either fresh, salted, or preserved.

Amongst the fishermen of Bethsaida were Jonas, the parent of Andrew and Simon Peter, and Zebedee, the father of James and John. The early education of the latter had, as usual at the time, been confided to their pious mother Salome, who is afterwards mentioned as amongst those women who followed the Lord and ministered to him of their substance (Mark xv. 40; xvi. 1). Without doubt, this pious woman had early instilled her hopes and her faith into the receptive heart of her youngest son, John. With joy she must have seen him depart to find the Baptist, and with devout gratitude saw him returning from Bethabara, not alone, but in company with the Saviour. The depth of her faith in Christ's mission and person, although not yet purified from the carnal elements so common with her contemporaries, appears among other instances in the foolish request she made for her sons. (Matt. xx. 20.) After their return from Bethabara, the Saviour and his new followers were for a time parted. *He* went into the wilderness, there to prepare for coming forth as their teacher; *they* returned to their avocation, to be made ready at his call to leave everything and become his disciples. And the call did come (Mark i. 20); when they "left their father Zebedee in the ship, with the hired servants, and went after him." Nor was it little which the sons of Zebedee gave up for his sake. In their case it was not only "father and mother," but "lands and houses" also, which had to be forsaken, at least in the first place. John and his brother seem to have been in affluent circumstances. The fact that he was a personal acquaintance of the high priest (John xviii. 16), and the possessor of a house in Jerusalem, besides his paternal home at Bethsaida (John xix. 26, 27), and that his father had a large fishing-boat on the lake of Galilee, in which hired servants were employed, and that Salome could minister to the Saviour both

during his life and after his death, all bear testimony to his worldly position.

What distinguished John more than any riches could have done was within, where thieves cannot break through or steal, and where neither moth nor rust corrupts. We are so accustomed to remember John only as the loving and the beloved disciple, that we too often neglect to trace the lineaments of his natural character. He was of an ardent temperament. Whatever his soul received, it received wholly and became filled by it. His mind and heart had doubtless early been directed by Salome to spiritual realities, and while these increased his ardour, they added to it a fervour, a contemplativeness, and a natural devotedness. With all this, as ardent natures generally are, John was quick, apt to be overpowered by the feelings of the moment, and ready to surrender himself wholly to them, whatever they were. If he had not found Christ, or rather had not been found of him, he would have been irascible, impatient, and merely enthusiastic. He would have loved well and hated well, and perhaps lived in a dreamland of his own into which he might at times have imported flowers culled in the world; but only to weep over their early decay. Perhaps the most distinct indication of his natural character is afforded in the incident when he and his brother proposed to imitate Elias by calling down fire upon the village of the Samaritans which would not receive the Master (Luke ix. 51—56). But when brought under the influence of the Saviour, John gave himself entirely to him. His *soul* was peculiarly receptive, and it wholly received Jesus. He became the disciple who was more intimate with the Saviour than the others; the one who could understand him better than they; who could give to the church and to the world more of his words and of his divine manifestations. From the hour in which he left Zebedee, to that in which the fatal secret touching the betrayer was confided to him (John xiii. 25, 26), he remained always nearest to Christ, and was honoured to hear and to witness, together with his brother and Simon Peter, what even the other disciples could not receive. So also he followed the Lord into the judgment hall, where he alone of them was present to behold its unjust procedure and to listen to his Master's doom (John xviii). On the cross it was to his care that Jesus consigned his mother, who henceforth became an inmate of his house (John xix. 27). Again, early on the morn of the resurrection, Peter and he had gone together to the grave; and on learning that the tomb was empty, it was John who did outrun Peter (John xx. 4), though the latter first entered the tenantless sepulchre.

Viewed from such a point, it is peculiarly interesting to consider the development of grace in the soul of John. At first he had indeed implicitly received and followed after Christ, but the work was only begun. Its growth was slow and gradual. In a mind constituted like his, the effect of a reception of the truth would necessarily be an ardent attachment to Christ, coupled with a fervent zeal. It was during this period that he and his brother obtained from the Saviour the characteristic appellation of 'Boanerges,' the sons of thunder (Mark iii. 17). But gradually, as his spiritual atmosphere cleared, the thunder passed away. His *ardour* became transformed into *depth*, as the natural in him gave place to the spiritual. There was now *deep* love and *deep* zeal. Love for Christ and the brethren became his all-absorbing theme. Let it not be thought, however, that the love, patience, mildness, and forbearance, which are such marked characteristics of his latest and most mature stage of spiritual development, as expressed in his epistles, were natural to him. They were the direct results of the operation of grace upon his heart. Nor was even at the last his love untempered by zeal or moral earnestness. The same epistle which insists so strongly on love to Christ and the brethren, denounces those also as antichristian who confess not that Jesus has come in the flesh (1 John iv. 3), and declares such to be *liars* who, while professing to know him, keep not his commandments (ii. 4). So also the "elect lady" is warned (2 John, 10) not to receive nor bid God speed to any who bring not this doctrine; and "the well-beloved Gaius" is told to beware of a Diotrephes, with his wicked deeds and malicious prating words (3 John, 10). The same two characteristics of deep love and earnest zeal appear in two anecdotes which tradition has preserved of the closing years of our apostle. It is said that he had taken deep interest in a young convert, and had specially committed him to the loving care of the church. But in course of time the youth fell into vicious habits, and at last John was informed that he had even become the leader of a gang of robbers. Immediately the devoted apostle started for the haunts of the banditti, and, when captured by them, desired to be brought before their captain. No sooner had the unhappy youth recognised the venerable form of his former teacher, than, pricked to the heart, he fled from the spot. But, despite the weight of years, John ran after him, nor would he leave him till, by tears, entreaties, and admonitions, he had restored him to the church. Another example of zeal, although in an opposite direction, is that afforded in the anecdote according to which John would not stay in the same bathing-house with one of the great

ST. JOHN WRITING HIS VISIONS ON THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

heresiarchs of his age, for fear, as he expressed it, that the house in which Cerinthus was, might fall and bury them in its ruins. It is said that when too old to walk, he was carried to the meetings of the brethren, where he uniformly addressed to them only this one admonition, "My little children, love one another."

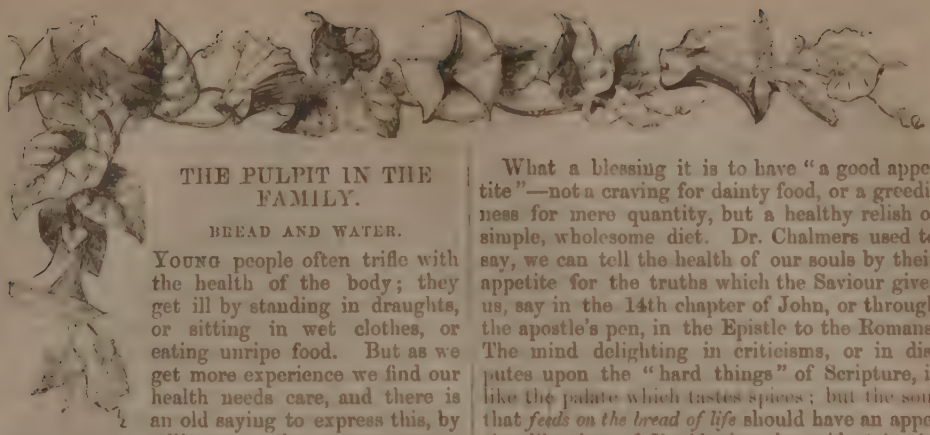
When, under the reign of the cruel emperor Domitian, the Christians were persecuted by the heathen power, John was banished to the desert isle of Patmos, where the Lord honoured him in his retirement with the messages and visions which form the burden of the book of Revelation. On the assassination of the emperor Domitian, his successor, Nerva, restored him to liberty, and he returned to his post at Ephesus, where he died at a very advanced age.

From the life and labours of the apostle and evangelist John, we may learn the following practical lessons:—

1. The gradual development of grace in the soul, by which all natural peculiarities are not removed, but brought under the power of the gospel, transformed and afterwards made subservient to the advancement of his kingdom.

2. The blessedness of receiving Christ into our hearts and fully reflecting him in our lives.

3. The grand practical lessons of Christianity —obedience out of a heart purified by faith, and love to the brethren.



THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

BREAD AND WATER.

YOUNG people often trifle with the health of the body; they get ill by standing in draughts, or sitting in wet clothes, or eating unripe food. But as we get more experience we find our health needs care, and there is an old saying to express this, by telling us "that every man at forty is a physician or a fool." Now the soul's spiritual life and health need our watchful care if we would live in comfort and strength, as those who have been "born again." Food, exercise, and rest, must be had by the soul as well as by the body.

The food, to be useful, must be taken of the right sort, at right times, and in a right manner. See the Norsemen and the Laplanders, who drive their reindeer over the frozen fields of Norway, or work for hours in ice-cold water under a sunless sky. These men eat much animal food, to give heat and vigour to the blood.

Far away in the south again, under the glowing midsummer of Sicily, we have another race of men, with other employments. There they till the warm earth under a radiant sun, or train the clustering vines on the burning sides of Mount Etna. Fruits and light food are absolutely necessary for these; and God provides them in abundance. The Italians would get fever and die if they ate the same food as the Esquimaux; and the Norsemen would shiver with cold if they lived on the fruits of Italy.

The soul, too, must have food suited to *the climate* it lives in. When worldly society chills us with cold, or doubts seem to darken the air, let us feed abundantly on the plain strong food of God's word, and let our hearts be cheered by the soul-stirring words of Christ, which will make them glow again with inward warmth. At other times, amid much religious society, or in active missionary work, our souls are apt to be fevered by mere enthusiasm, and we mistake the heat of excitement for the true ardour of zeal. Soothe the soul, then, with pleasant fruits from the green pastures of Eden, and let it be cooled betimes by drinking the still waters; for, when all around looks sunny and feels warm, it is then perhaps we most need humility, prudence, and gentleness.

What a blessing it is to have "a good appetite"—not a craving for dainty food, or a greediness for mere quantity, but a healthy relish of simple, wholesome diet. Dr. Chalmers used to say, we can tell the health of our souls by their appetite for the truths which the Saviour gives us, say in the 14th chapter of John, or through the apostle's pen, in the Epistle to the Romans. The mind delighting in criticisms, or in disputes upon the "hard things" of Scripture, is like the palate which tastes spices; but the soul that *feeds on the bread of life* should have an appetite like that of David when he said, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Our food, then, should be of the right sort, and, moreover, we must take care lest poison is mingled with it. Now some poisons can be known at once by the sight, smell, or taste: others (the most deadly) can be known chiefly by their effects. Poison in doctrine may be either plain error or adulterated truth. When a man knows his Bible, he can usually detect palpably false teaching in a moment, and his soul rejects it at once. Thus, no Protestant Christian who studies the New Testament would receive such statements as the following: "Our good works have merit before God to save us from his wrath." "Without the sacrament no soul can be saved." "The clergy, and they only, may teach the truths of the gospel." These are too plainly false to deceive us if we know the Scriptures. They are *seen* to be against Scripture. When you hear them, you know they are untrue, and they are detected at once, for their savour is of man.

Much more likely to harm us is the half-suppressed sneer at the Bible, or the faint praise of the way of truth, which leads to secret doubts. And this is worse by far if it is mixed with real truth, for the true claims attention, and the evil may be swallowed with the good. Thus, an intriguing sceptic may destroy souls by giving them deadly error mingled with precious doctrine, and the wholesome bread passing through his hands may carry to the weak believer a few grains of poison, of moral or spiritual *strychnine*. You speak, perhaps, of the words of Christ to Nicodemus, as the beloved apostle tells them in the third chapter of his gospel. "Yes," says the sceptic, "these are marvellous things, and to hear that a man must be 'born again' was very needful when ignorance and vice prevailed, and before our clearer light was given." "*Clearer* light!" Has not the clearest light only shown us more plainly than ever that men now are

naturally as corrupt as in the days of the Saviour, and that the soul as much needs to be enlightened by grace, when the mind is civilized, as in the murky days of the Pharisees, or of the pitch darkness of pagan heathenism?

So much for poison given by others; but the soul, alas! suffers in health by our own wilful neglect. How can a man be panting after God as David was, and then go off to the theatre? How can the soul be kept healthy and happy, if a man plunges it into vain thoughts, or the idle, vapid, and unreal excitement of a foolish novel or romance? Ah! it is the young Christian who needs most the warning against such a treatment of his dearest blessing—the hearty and intimate communion with Jehovah which a little cloud darkens, and which it is hard to keep clear and constant, even when the bright light of God's countenance is full before us.

The experienced believer knows how very tender is the soul's health, and he is more careful to save it from all the trials he can avoid. Did you ever, reader, find a man with deep-seated piety, with fervent love, and fervent zeal, and eager hope, and vigorous Christian life, who would willingly go in "the way of sinners" to enjoy their pleasure? Surely in matters of this sort, as we would avoid what men of riper years tell us is corrupting and weakening to the health of our bodies, so we should shun any sinful pursuit, company, or reading, which they distinctly warn us will hinder our hearts from prayer, and damp our little spark of love to Christ.

But, happily, we have learned to keep our soul's health carefully. Then let us help even others to do thus also. We are apt, indeed, to give too little of spiritual food to ourselves, and to recommend much only to others. We are too prone to pass the cup of salvation without ourselves drinking of it, "calling upon the name of the Lord." Nay, we strive sometimes to build up others when we ourselves are in ruinous decay. Like Noah's carpenters, we work for our neighbour's safety, and still neglect to get into the ark to be saved. But there is another kind of failure in duty, if we feed on the Saviour without calling our friends to the feast, and if we dig in the mine of truth without showing the precious gems that others too may come and be rich. Dealing with the health of a friend is a delicate duty. If we love him, we shall not fail to warn; but if we love him much, we shall not fail to warn gently.

There are three sorts of people who claim and usually receive our tenderest care and help. We help children, because they are young; we help the blind, because they want a sense; and we help the wounded, for they are weak.

Let us entreat our "blind brother," whose heart sees not Jesus, and whose eyes are closed to the fact of the sinner's danger, let us entreat *him* earnestly, but with anxious tenderness. So will he, perhaps, lean upon our arm, and we may even thus lead him to Jesus, that his blindness may be cured.

The child, too, in heavenly things—he who scarcely knows aught but that he has a loving Father, and that he has "sinned against heaven and in his sight"—ought not such a newly-born Christian to be dealt with by us with every care? We can point him straight to the Lord, mark out the hard obstacles in his road, and encourage his feeble efforts to come for more grace, and to get that simple food he needs, that "sincere milk of the word" which will be best for him until his soul can bear the strongest meat.

Then there is the wounded soul—one who, perchance, has long fought well, but has been buffeted by Satan, or bruised nigh unto death by the world, or lamed in his walk by the flesh taking occasion to try him in his wicked self. We must not think that such a one can leap and rejoice when still his soul is bleeding, until he gets that strength which comes from above, and often comes most powerfully at such very times. We must not murmur because our brother does not run with us, while we are buoyant in spirit, for he soul is weary. Like the good Samaritan, we must be content to walk and to help him to mount to his former place, even though our journey seems thereby to be delayed. The oil and wine we may well give: but better still is it to carry our weak brother with us to safety, even to our cost of time, trouble, or expense. Such is the cup of cold water given in Christ's name which will be regarded by the Saviour as if given to him.

Once more, there may be seasons, or places, or circumstances, which seem to be to us the darkest, and yet from these shall we have most light. It is wonderful how even delicate health may be able to resist cold, hunger, or danger, when met in the path of duty. The companions we fear most to be hindered by may be made our great comforters, if we only know and understand our danger, and, therefore, ask for grace, and trust to its being given.

Crossing once over the salt dry plain of Jericho, our horses came to a pretty bubbling stream. While all around for miles was parched and bitter, this beauteous fountain glistened with freshness as it sprung up, gurgling from the ground. This is the stream of Elisha, "Ain-y-Sultan"—"the fountain of the Lord." Even to the present day this little pool has rushes green around it, and playful minnows dart about in its small waves.

But this is not natural; it is *supernatural*. God wrought here not once, but for ever. The

men of Jericho did well to the prophet, and he asked them what he should pray God to do for their city. They had then but bitter water, and barren, salt, and burning ground. They asked for a pure rivulet, and for refreshing verdure. The prophet, as we are told in 2 Kings ii. 20, bid them bring salt to put into this salt water: then he uttered this grand and noble prophecy—"Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day." Yes, and they are healed to "this day," even to our times also. About this flowing stream there is now a bright green garden. The water gushes out, and laves the thirsty soil; and as God has touched the sand with his healing finger of power, so the water never goes to river or sea; it is all consumed in producing green grass; it is willingly spent in showing forth the lasting miracle for every age. By the same gracious hand our bitterest trials may prove our endless refreshments, and the means of sorrow be made "streams of consolation." Our inmost thoughts by nature are like foul and stagnant streams casting forth mire and sin; but the water that the Saviour gives us shall be in us a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

THE OLD KIRK OF STIRLING.

The tourist from the south, who proceeds by railway on an excursion to the lakes, and glens, and mountain scenery of the west of Scotland, finds it advantageous to stop at Stirling. If our tourist is an antiquarian and a patriot, as well as an admirer of romantic scenery, he will find ample employment for a forenoon in this ancient Scottish town.

But we shall take for granted that our tourist is also a Christian, feeling an interest in visiting structures and scenes associated with the conflicts and sufferings of the reformers, or hallowed by their ministrations. When climbing the steep and narrow street which leads to the castle, and just before reaching the esplanade in front of it, a venerable Gothic church meets his eye. The whole fabric bears traces of the destructive hand of man, as well as of time. The numerous niches, once filled with statuary, are now empty. It is sadly changed, externally and internally, since Cardinal Beaton fitted up the beautiful eastern windows, and grey friars chanted their litanies under its roof.

The walls of this venerable pile have re-echoed the words of some of the greatest preachers of whom Scotland continues to boast. Paul Methven was one of a devoted band of ministers who met in Stirling, preached and defended the truth, long prior to the appearance of others, with whose names we are more familiar. In this town, at the hazard of his life, he set at defiance the interdict of the queen-regent, and by so doing hastened on the crisis which brought John Knox publicly before the world. Stirling was one of the earliest nurseries of the principles of the Reformation, and Knox paid it many visits. James VI. was baptized in this church.

It is probable that Knox may have had a hope of being honoured to administer the ordinance. If so, he was disappointed; for, on repairing to Stirling on the occasion, the ordinance was administered according to the Romish ritual, and there is a tradition that Knox declined occupying the pulpit during the delivery of his sermon, and preached from the stair leading to the principal entrance.

James Guthrie, whose name occupies an honourable place on the roll of Scottish martyrs, was minister of Stirling for twelve years. He was the champion of the Covenanters, and the dominant party, on the restoration of Charles II, resolved to bring him to the scaffold. The ungodly portion of the inhabitants of Stirling, incensed at his faithful rebukes, actually stoned him, and the butchers even set their dogs on him. Mr. Guthrie was executed at the cross of Edinburgh in 1661. His head remained a spectacle over the Nether-bow port for twenty-seven years, when a student of the name of Hamilton, attending the university, removed it under cloud of night and at the hazard of his life. This young man became a preacher of the gospel, and minister at Stirling, where he died in 1738. The successor of Mr. Hamilton was a man of whom our readers already know something;* and we now proceed with the remainder of his ministry.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine is the minister referred to. After discharging an honoured ministry at Portmoak, on the eastern shore of Lochleven, for the period of twenty-eight years, he was removed to Stirling in 1731. A new sphere called him to new work. A dark cloud had for some time been gathering over the church of Scotland. Error in doctrine had crept in, and was even tolerated. The liberties of the Christian people were denied them, or withheld. At this important crisis, Mr. Erskine was chosen to be moderator of the spring meeting of the synod of Perth and Stirling, and agreeably with the Presbyterian practice, it devolved on him to preach the sermon at the opening of the autumn meeting. He took for his text Psalm cxviii. 22. He spoke out very

* See Sunday at Home, 22nd March, 1855, p. 187-190.

freely and very faithfully, and the result was a discussion on the offensive passages in the sermon, conducted with great violence for three days, and terminated by a vote of censure carried by only six of a majority. Mr. Erskine, as was his privilege, protested to the next meeting of the general assembly, but when his cause had been heard there, the decision come to was that the sentence passed by the synod should be affirmed. Mr. Erskine could not silently submit, and came forward to read a paper in defence of the sentiments in his sermon, and the step he had taken. He was denied a hearing; and, after leaving his paper on the table, retired. A few days after this, three of his brethren, by agreement, met with him under the roof of a humble cottage at Gairney-bridge, in Kinrosshire, to deliberate on their future procedure. They spent two days in conference and prayer before coming to a decision. That decision was, to *secede* from the church of Scotland, and form themselves into a presbytery, which they denominated "The Associate Presbytery." Mr. Erskine was then and there chosen moderator, and, from this movement, and another — which we shall probably hereafter narrate—the United Presbyterian Church, which now numbers thirty-one presbyteries, and upwards of five hundred large and influential congregations, had its origin.

The current of popular opinion ran very strongly in favour of the four brethren. They were the defenders of popular rights. Their ministrations were waited on by larger audiences than formerly. Petitions for sermons from all parts of the country flowed in upon them. They agreed occasionally to go out on preaching tours, to the districts to which they had been invited, and hold open-air services. The crowds which assembled on such occasions to hear them were immense. The writer of this article is familiar with a spot in Lanarkshire, to which Mr. Erskine came by appointment on a week-day. It happened to be the day for holding a large annual market near the Kirk of Shotts—a spot which, a century before, had been rendered remarkable by a great spiritual awakening, at a week-day open-air service. The business of the market had scarcely commenced when the tidings spread among the people that Mr. Erskine was to preach at Davies-dykes at 12 o'clock. The preaching place was several miles off, but the desire to hear Mr. Erskine was so strong and so general as completely to interrupt the business of the market.

Mr. Erskine continued to occupy his pulpit in Stirling for several years after the assembly had suspended him from the office of the ministry, and no steps were taken to introduce another into it. But, the cause which Mr. Erskine now headed, and the rapid increase of large congregations of seceders, filled the leaders of the Scottish church with alarm. They proceeded in the year 1740 to pronounce upon him and his brethren the sentence of deposition from the office of the ministry, and instructed the civil authorities to eject them from their pulpits. On the sabbath after this sentence had been passed, the magistrates of Stirling had the doors of the old kirk locked against Mr. Erskine and his adherents. They had also issued instructions that the church bells should not be rung, and that no access should be allowed to the burial-ground—thus preventing, as far as they could, open-air service that day. It was then customary for the minister to carry the pulpit Bible from his own house to the sanctuary: and Mr. Erskine, on observing the excited state of the congregation, thus shut out, and fearing they might violently burst open the doors, he spoke a few words of counsel, and, lifting the Bible, uttered a protest, in words of solemn meaning, against the conduct of his opposers. He then withdrew, and the concourse followed him to a mound, a little way to the east of the battlements of the old grey castle, and delivered an impressive discourse from Matt. viii. 27. Grey-haired patriarchs who listened to that sermon, and witnessed the whole scene, were reminded of what their fathers had told them of the treatment to which Mr. Guthrie had been exposed in Stirling. Mr. Erskine's friends immediately took steps to erect a large and substantial place of worship, in which he continued to officiate during the remainder of his ministry.

Mr. Erskine was now entering the vale of years, but he continued to throw all the energy and decision of his earlier days into every portion of his work. He was distinguished for his loyalty as much as for his Christian heroism and consistency. The infirmities of age at length unfitted him for the duties of an extensive pastorate, and though he retained his pulpit, and occupied it as long as health permitted, he relinquished other labours which his experience and position in the church had qualified him to discharge.

He had been appointed theological tutor to the denomination. This was a temporary arrangement, to enable a younger minister to prepare himself for occupying this chair. He had been for some time occupied, along with his brother Ralph, and his son-in-law Mr. Fisher, in preparing an exposition of the Shorter Catechism drawn up by the Westminster Assembly, and had proceeded so far as the question, "How doth Christ execute the office of a king?" when he had to relinquish his important undertaking.

The completion of it chiefly devolved on Mr. Fisher, and the work, still popular in Scotland, is usually designated "Fisher's Catechism." The death of his brother, Ralph Erskine, who had been minister at Dunfermline, took Ebenezer somewhat by surprise. When the tidings were communicated to him, he gave utterance to the following beautiful sentiment: "And is Ralph gone? He has twice got the start of me; he was first in Christ, and now he is first in glory."

Ralph was his junior by six years, and the sentiment thus expressed receives elucidation from the fact—narrated in a previous article—that Ralph had a sense of his interest in Christ and clearer views of the scheme of redemption, much earlier than his brother. Ebenezer's last sermon in Stirling, delivered from the pulpit, was from the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the last address he gave was from his dying couch to a few of his people who met there. He had long desired to close his public ministry with a sermon from the words, "This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death;" and he did preach from these words from his deathbed on the occasion referred to. A few days afterwards Mrs. Fisher arrived from Glasgow on a visit to her dying parent. Towards evening he fell into a gentle slumber; awaking and observing his daughter to be reading, he asked what book she was reading. She replied, "It is your sermon, father, on the text, 'I am the Lord thy God.'" "O, woman," he said, "that is the best sermon which I ever preached." A few minutes afterwards he requested his table and candle to be placed nearer him, and laying his hand under his cheek on the pillow, he calmly expired. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and had completed the fiftieth of his ministry. The late Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. of Glasgow, was, we may observe, the great-grandson of Ebenezer Erskine.

It is interesting to notice how, in the providence of God, instruments are raised up to correct and stimulate a church lapsing from its purity and early zeal. In such a view, the character of Ebenezer Erskine is entitled to respectful veneration, and has received the homage even of that body from which he seceded. It is joyful, however, to anticipate that the period will come when all the followers of Christ shall be as one fold under one Shepherd; and when, to use the simile of a modern divine, the tiny pools, in which so many denominational Christians at present float, shall be lost and submerged in the waters of the great ocean of Christian love, that shall roll in when the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the deep.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD BOOK.

A good book is a glorious legacy to the world. In some sense it rescues its author from death. It translates him, not to heaven, but to a higher sphere of usefulness upon earth. It continues him among men, and enables him to speak when his body is in the dust. The great men of the world, therefore, are still with us. We have in our houses, and by our firesides, Baxter and Howe, Milton and Cowper, Newton and Edwards. A book not only continues its author thus upon the earth, but it is in the same sense the creation of just as many such men, as there are copies of his work circulating among men. The land, therefore, is full of the great and good men of all ages. They are the inmates of every abode of intelligence, and are gathered in greatest numbers into those places where the young mind learns to reason, to feel, to act.

Could the poor tinker in Bedford jail have fully realized what God was preparing for men through him; could he have seen the future of what he was then meditating; could he have seen that it would soon become the companion of an innumerable company of pilgrims; that it would be translated into foreign tongues, and go wherever the Bible goes, and be esteemed only less than the visions of his namesake in Patmos; could he have seen this, and seen it as the result of the ways in which God was leading him, and as the fruit that came into being from the experience, the mental agony, and the depths of despair, through which he passed, in passing into the sunshine of hope and of joyous life—Bunyan's soul would have leaped for joy. He would then have looked upon his dungeon as a palace, upon his imprisonment as the season of his greatest usefulness, and upon all his agony of soul as the seed of the truest joy. Could Watts have seen the future of his labours, when he was composing his "songs for children," and when there flowed from the full, deep fountain of celestial melody in his soul, those higher and richer strains which are now sung in every Christian land, and which, we doubt not, will continue to be the medium of devout praise to God to the end of time; could Watts have seen this issue of his efforts—seen that, in touching the harp of David, he was drawing from it "sweeter tones than it has ever given to the church of God since the hand of the old Hebrew swept across its strings, and enkindled the devotions of the faithful;" then, next to his exultation before the throne of the Lamb, would have been his rejoicing on earth.

In the literature, then, of great men, there is accumulated a vast amount of good for our world. True, there may be found in it sentiments which we are not willing to endorse—

teaching, which all may not think comports with that of the Bible. We may not be willing to go with Luther in his stubborn literality respecting the real presence, nor with Calvin in his views concerning the sabbath. We may refuse to follow Edwards to the ne plus ultra of his necessarian scheme, or to side with Chalmers in all his views on ecclesiastical questions. But what if we dissent here? Does our dissent make the literature of these great men useless to us? What are these things, when viewed in connection with their whole teaching? What are they, when seen in the light which these men pour upon the truth of God and the path of our duty?—spots merely in the disc of a glorious orb of light and heat to our world. We no more think of them, nor suffer them to lessen our estimate of the boon we have in their labours, than we do the dark places in the sun, when surrounded with its illumination, and cheered by its genial warmth.

The *testimony* of great men to the truth of the Bible, and to the worth of religion, is connected with the highest good of our race. They thoroughly weighed the evidences of revelation; they saw far into the wants of the human soul. The testimony, therefore, of such men as Boyle, and Newton, and Hale, upon these points, is of immense benefit to our world. It sets aside the sneer of ignorance, and makes the shallow minds of infidels afraid to touch the ark of God. It matters not, in this aspect, what the life of great men may have been. They may have gone contrary to their better reason—may have lived in the face of all their convictions of duty. All this may be true, and however we may regret it and weep over it, yet it does not at all lessen the value of their testimony to the truth of the Bible, and to the worth of religion, given in that honest hour, when men are themselves, when passion ceases, and reason is on the throne.

In no exhibition of his giant intellect did the orator Webster, the idol of New England, ever give expression to words of higher import, or of more lasting importance to mankind, than he did when he said, and said to listening thousands: "Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be sundered, or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, his proper attraction all gone, his destiny and his whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and despair." Mighty words these!

BISHOP PORTEUS AND THE SABBATH.

In the life of the Bishop Porteus, his last visit to Carlton House is recorded, and the apostolical purpose of that visit. In relation to this visit, it may be added as an interesting fact, that immediately before the dying bishop set out on his holy errand, Mrs. Hannah More received a note from him requesting her prayers for the Divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had undertaken; and in a few days afterwards, she received a second note, with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended. The following are the notes in question:—

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE, May 2nd, 1809.

From a concurrence of most untoward circumstances, I am in great difficulties and distresses. You will easily suppose I do not mean pecuniary distresses. No, they are of a very different nature. My great hope and resource is, what I have always had recourse to in such cases, *prayer*. Give me then your frequent and fervent prayers, and I shall hope for the most powerful protection of a gracious Providence, which I am convinced has never failed in similar cases.

B. LONDON.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE, May 5th, 1809.

PRAYER has had its usual effect, and all is now perfectly right.

B. L.

From Mrs. Kennett to Hannah More.

Fulham, May 24th, 1809.

THE account I have to give of our beloved bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect and wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of those two distressing notes to you was a report he had heard, of the institution of a club under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression he requested an audience of the prince to entreat of him to fix some other day. The audience was granted. Can anything be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the prince; and with agitated earnestness, conjured him to fix on some other day for his meeting. The prince received him most graciously; seemed much affected; said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity, but that if the day could be changed to Saturday, it should. It was during this business that he wrote to you.—*Roberts's Life of Mrs. H. More.*

Religious Intelligence.

May, 1856.

THE cold rains and piercing east winds reaching into the month of May, excited [illegible] that we should not see "the flowers appear on the earth," and "the time of the singing of birds," until this first summer month had passed away. These apprehensions have been all dissipated, however, by His faithfulness who "maketh summer and winter," who "sendeth forth his spirit and reneweth the face of the earth." This welcome approach of summer, with its fruitful showers and floral beauties, speaks to us of Him who "shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth;" of whom we have the promise that, "in his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth," and that "he shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." How has our faith in these delightful promises been confirmed by the encouraging reports which were presented at the great gatherings of our various religious societies, and the gratifying accounts of support and success which they gave.

As the time for these anniversaries approached, very gloomy apprehensions were felt lest they should disclose a fearful state of depression in all our religious societies. During the past year it was feared, that the high price of provisions, the curtailment of trade in various important branches, and increased taxation occasioned by the expenses of the war, would deprive many friends of these societies of the opportunity to minister to them their accustomed support. What, then, has been the delight of the assembled thousands, as they have listened to one report after another, to find that these beloved institutions have not only been sustained by their wonted supplies, but that their incomes have risen far above the ordinary amounts. The Christian churches, in their various departments, appear, while contemplating the calamities which have been abroad on the earth, to have estimated more highly that gospel by which alone such evils can be effectually removed; and we are hereby reminded of "the grace of God bestowed on the churches in Macedonia, how that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

The Bible Society has received from its ordinary sources of income above four thousand two hundred pounds more than in the last year, and above three thousand pounds more than in any former year. The Wesleyan Missionary Society reports an increase of more than two thousand pounds in its home receipts, while the income from its foreign stations has also been augmented. The Church Missionary Society has received a larger income from home resources than in any previous year, that income being seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-five pounds more than last year, and nearly two thousand pounds in advance of any previous year, and the largest part of this increase has come from the various associations. The Baptist Missionary Society commenced the year with a debt which has been liquidated, and closes with a balance in the hands of its treasurer. The London Missionary Society began the year with a debt of thirteen thousand pounds, the whole of which is liquidated, and there is a total increase of the ordinary income to the extent of five thousand one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. This is indeed "the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It affords most satisfactory proof that the love for the cause of Christian missions is not the result of passing excitement, and that it is too deeply seated in the hearts of the people of God to yield to the influence of trying circumstances. The same indications of progressive prosperity have marked the proceedings of the Religious Tract Society. According to the gratifying report which was read at the meeting, the total issues have amounted to 31,529,185, being an increase of 3,236,991 over the past year. The benevolent income of the year, exclusive of legacies, has been 7,751*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*, while the grants were 10,289*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* The sales of the year showed an increase of 5,720*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The total receipts, including the balance in hand in 1855, amount to 91,528*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*, being an increase over last year of 5,327*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*

The recent anniversaries afforded an opportunity of referring to the parliamentary motion before the House of Commons, for what is termed an Improved Version of the English Bible, and of witnessing the strong feeling which exists in opposition to that proposal. The sentiments of the noble president of the Bible Society, Lord Shafetsbury, uttered at its meeting, cannot be too widely circulated. His lordship's words are:—"Supposing it possible that this new translation should be effected, would it be possible that we could have for this country, for our colonies, and for the states of North America that speak our own language, an authorized version—one that would be received by common consent by every human being speaking the Anglo-Saxon language? Destroy that common consent to receive our authorized version, and my belief is that you have inflicted a deadly wound upon the propagation of the truth, among all the nations who speak our language. Look, too, at the effect on your own operations, the millions upon millions of the sacred Scriptures that you have diffused in all parts of the British empire and the United States. All those copies become at once discredited and of no value; you must have a fresh issue; you must begin your work over again. Meanwhile, must you not suspend your operations till such time as you know whether a version will or will not be imposed upon this country? . . . . . I ask you to consider the source from which these propositions arise." The source to which allusion is made is Socinianism and various phases of Neology, in reference to whose "Improved Versions" his lordship adds: "If you will look at the samples they have given you of what they call a new translation—the anxiety that they have to depart from the literal rendering—is it not manifest that what they desire is not a translation, but a commentary on the language of holy writ." In reference to this proposal and its authors, the Bishop of Carlisle observed: "They have tried to give us an improved version before, and those of you who look at that version will find that its authors take away the honour that is due to the Son;

that there is an attempt to deny that the same honour must be paid to the Son as is paid to the Father. I fear that there is very great danger that similar attempts will be again made; and I hope that those who subscribed the funds which made up the income of 130,000*l.* for this society in the past year, will rise as one man, and say, 'We will not give up our Bible.'"

It is impossible in our brief space to epitomize all the interesting records which have just been furnished of the labours, the trials, and the glorious triumphs of these excellent institutions during the past year. The Bible Society states, that in the year no less than thirteen thousand copies of the Scriptures were bought and paid for by native Moslems; and it appears that upwards of two hundred thousand Bibles and Testaments were distributed amid the scenes of the late war. Thus we may hope that long after the sufferings entailed by the war have passed away, this scattering of the leaves of the tree of life will bring healing to the followers of the false prophet.

The attention of the Christian world is now called in a special manner to the moral condition of Turkey, a field in which our American brethren have been at work with most encouraging success, and in which our own countrymen must feel it their duty to take their share. There is now a strong desire on the part of many devoted Christian philanthropists among us to manifest the same zeal in contending against the spiritual tyranny by which the Turkish mind is swayed, as we have shown in resisting foreign aggression. Every one who is anxious for the extension of the Redeemer's empire must concur in the opinions expressed by the noble lord who moved the first resolution at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society, and who said: "If you contemplate missions to Turkey, you will contemplate a good thing, but one that must be carried on with great judgment and delicacy, with great caution, and with great prayer. I believe it is a most fruitful harvest, but one that must be reaped with singular tact and circumspection. The American missionaries who have long been planted in that country, write that there is a great work to be done in Turkey; that the mind of Turkey is open to impressions—nay more than open; that it appears anxious to receive the truth." There never was a period in our history when we had so much encouragement, and when it was so much our duty to pray, and be prepared to labour that the doctrine of the cross might be faithfully promulged to the people of Turkey, and that their minds may be fully instructed in "all the words of this life."

We have the gratification of finding that the cause of religious freedom in France is assuming a more encouraging aspect. There is reason to hope that the faith and patience of our suffering brethren in various departments in the south of that country, and the believing prayers offered by them, and by others on their behalf, have been crowned with good success. We know that "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will." And this truth appears to have received a striking illustration in the powerful monarch of France, who is known to be opposed to the religious persecutions which have prevailed in his empire. The fines which were imposed on the pastors and their flocks for congregating to worship God according to their consciences are all remitted, and directions have been sent from the highest quarters that there shall be no further interference with their religious meetings. We learn from some of the devoted Christian ministers who visited this country during the May meetings, that the godly simplicity and holy courage of the accused made a very favourable impression on the minds of their judges, who are now satisfied that their meetings were not convened for political purposes, and that they are not the persons to plot against the peace of the state.

The hopes we have formerly expressed in reference to the decree of the sultan in favour of religious freedom throughout his dominions, have received ample confirmation. That hatti-sherif which applies to "all renegades in general," places the Christian on the same political level with the Mohammedan, and gives the disciple of the false prophet the right to abandon his errors, and avow himself a disciple of the Lord Jesus, no man daring to make him afraid. The great value of this concession has been certified by the American and English missionaries, in and around Constantinople, who waited on our ambassador to congratulate him on the success of his efforts by which the decree was obtained. These Christian missionaries state that they consider the measure entirely satisfactory, not only in its social enactments, but also as regards freedom of conscience; that to have given a bolder utterance to this great principle would have been imprudent, and have retarded the cause of truth instead of advancing it. They state also that the prospects of the country now appear to be bright, and that the imperial document will need only a consistent and discreet application when called for, in order that the world may perceive its value and importance. While we deeply lament all the sufferings and deaths occasioned by the late war, let us be thankful that this measure of good has been brought out of that great evil, for it was granted because "his majesty the sultan highly and fully appreciates the signal services which the friendship of his august ally, the queen of Great Britain, and that of his other allies in general, have at all times, and more particularly under recent circumstances, rendered to his government."

The minds of many, among whom we have to include our own leading statesmen, are anxiously directed to the claims of Italy to enjoy the same religious liberty which is at least nominally accorded to France and Turkey. It is hoped that the example of those countries will, to some considerable extent, be followed in the Italian states. There are in all those states, besides the men who are determined to obtain political freedom, a considerable number who are striving for the true freedom which is proclaimed in the gospel, and whose right openly to profess their belief of its truths is strongly maintained by the government of this country. The temporal sovereignty of the pope is now placed in jeopardy on mere political grounds, and the tyrannical conduct of other Italian rulers has called forth the strongest censure of England and France. While the great statesmen of our day are interposing in favour of religious liberty in Italy, the Christian church in this country must feel its obligation to help them by its fervent prayers, and we may, by the Divine blessing, not have long to wait before we find Italian princes acknowledging the right of their people to read the word of God and profess the faith it teaches them.

Among the humbler societies which are quietly doing the work of the Lord, and which have just presented their annual reports, we wish our friends to notice the Society for the Evangelization of Foreigners in London, whose object is to disseminate the saving truths of the gospel among foreigners, whose number may be computed at nearly one hundred thousand, and who, though coming from highly civilized countries, are yet many of them totally ignorant of the gospel of Christ. In order to gain the end at which the society aims, it has opened a chapel in Newman-street, Oxford-street, where there are two public services on Sundays, one in French, the other in Italian, and various meetings for prayer and conversation on the Scriptures. The society also employs missionaries, whose daily work is to go amongst the foreigners at the docks, and the Italian boys and other neglected foreigners in our streets, and teach them the way of salvation. There are other excellent means proposed for realizing the designs of the society, which cannot be accomplished until it becomes better known and liberally sustained.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

SCENE FROM THE HISTORY OF A GOOD BOOK.

SCENES FROM THE REFORMATION.

A BOOK AND ITS MISSION.

It was long past the hour of midnight, and the dim light of a solitary lamp shone upon the thoughtful brow of a pale student, as he wearily bent over the pages of a closely-written manuscript. Hour after hour had passed, and found him still in the same attitude; from which, however, he sometimes relieved himself by slowly pacing to and fro in the limited boundaries of his humble chamber, which contained little besides a chair, the table at which he wrote, and a low pallet.

Tears frequently trickled down his cheeks as he patiently traced word after word upon the yet vacant paper; and occasionally the pen was laid down, while the writer, with clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, invoked a blessing upon his labours. Nightly vigils and days of painful study had attenuated his frame and blanched his thin lips; but the soul was active and vigorous as ever, and the thoughts which successively suggested themselves, were far more rapid than the evolutions of the pen. From the varied stores of his own experience as a Christian did WILLIAM TYNDALE furnish the holy and pious lessons which ere long were to

go forth upon the world, and to become food and salvation to many a starving, perishing soul.

Persecuted and hunted from one city and country to another, having "no certain dwelling-place," and in constant fear of detection and death, this devoted man lived and laboured for others, and, like his divine Master, prayed for the foes who thirsted for his life. To the accomplishment of his great work, the translation of the Scriptures into the English language, the chief energies of his mind and body were devoted. For *this* he toiled, wept, and prayed. For *this* he passed sleepless nights of watching, and long days of laborious study. Having himself drank deeply and largely at the fountain of God's word, he longed with a noble philanthropy to irrigate the length and breadth of his native land with the living streams at which his own soul had been refreshed, and to spread far and wide the good tidings of salvation. But besides this, he was the author of several of those precious manuals of devotion and piety which have been bequeathed to us by the reformers: manuals which were the blessed results of tribulation and suffering, which had their origin in garrets and dungeons, in crowded cities, and solitary hiding-places, or wherever the stern confessors of Jesus pitched their earthly tent. [illegible] of "Exercises within and without," of "Holy Trouble," endured in the Great Teacher's crucible, of deep heart-searching, and of sweet communing with the Father of spirits, [illegible] "fruits of [illegible]." Tyndale's "Obedience of a Christian Man," holds an honourable and important place. Sanctified by prayer, and watered by tears, it went forth upon its mission, and brought in a rich harvest, in the conviction and conversion of many a blind and ignorant sinner. Let us now trace the course of *one* among the many volumes, which found their way into cottage and palace, city and hamlet.

In the retirement of Heder Castle, her father's residence, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was living, when a friend of the Reformation presented her with Tyndale's "Obedience of a Christian Man." Anna was not more beautiful in person than gifted in mind. She possessed a shrewdness of perception, and a superiority of intellect, quite uncommon in the generality of women in her day. In the court of the pious Margaret of Valois, she had become partially imbued with the principles of the Reformation, and her clear and vigorous understanding at once preferred the sound reasonableness of the newly revived doctrines, to the absurd and superstitious dogmas of popery. But though her powers of discernment were convinced, Anna's heart still remained unchanged. Elated by admiration and flushed with triumph, (for she had brought a king to her feet,) she was too proudly conscious of her own fascinations to submit to the humbling terms of salvation. It was not until affliction had bowed the once stately head, and the royal lover had become an estranged and tyrannical husband, that the saving truths of salvation found their way into her heart. Then, indeed, the softened spirit turned to the sweet and holy doctrines learned but not heeded in the day of prosperity, and found comfort in tribulation, and rest for the weary soul.

But though in the midst of her girlish anticipations of a splendid destiny, the simple language of Tyndale did not reach her heart, it arrested her attention, and convinced her judgment; and according to her habit, she marked those passages with her nail, which [illegible] her the most interesting, when an opportunity presented itself, to show them to the king. But the mission of Tyndale's book did not end here, though Anna, after her return to court, laid the volume aside, and forgot the transient impression it had created in her mind.

One day a young lady, belonging to Anna's household, found the book in a window, and began to read it. Attracted by the novelty of its style, she was soon absorbed in its contents. Suddenly she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder, and turning round, the countenance and mien of George Zouch, her betrothed lover, met her gaze.

"Why, what hast thou there, Kate," he exclaimed, "to rivet thy thoughts in such profound abstraction?"

"Something better worth listening to, George, than to thy lively prattle; nay, leave me," she added, as he laughingly tried to take the volume out of her hand; "leave me alone with my book; just now I would fain dispense with thy company."

"Well," replied he, archly, "that book must be a *bad* one, since it has made a pleasant woman so cross-grained; I came here, thinking to indulge myself with a little of thy company, and now I feel a mortal hatred to that book—a deadly jealousy. I would it were a man, that I might measure swords with him; but look! is it not the king riding past there?"

The young lady turned to look in the direction to which George pointed; and, seizing the opportunity, he suddenly caught up the book, and walked away with it.

Kate quickly followed him, hoping to recover her treasure; but just at that moment, she heard Anna's voice calling her name, and after holding up her finger to George in a threatening

manner, she was obliged to relinquish her pursuit. He waited awhile for her return; but as she did not come, went to his room, taking the book with him.

Prompted at first by mere curiosity, he opened it, and began to read. His attention was arrested; every word went to his heart, as a passage from God himself. He was no longer the same man; that book, that wonderful book, penetrated to his very soul, laid bare the secrets of his inmost heart, showed him his own depravity, and at the same time led him to the Lamb of God. As a voice from heaven, the simple language of Tyndale convinced and converted the gay young courtier, and brought him weeping, yet rejoicing, to the foot of the cross.

Fearing lest Anna should ask for her book, Catherine Gainsford begged George to restore it, but he would not. Dreading her mistress's displeasure, she entreated him by the affection she bore her, to deliver it up at once.

"I cannot part with it," replied the young man. "I love it better than my own life; it has been life and salvation to my soul; and sooner would I lose the heart out of my body, than live without this blessed volume."

Kate looked into his face as he uttered the last words; tears trembled in his eyes, and his lip quivered with emotion; touched by his evident distress, she forbore to urge her suit, preferring to brave the anger of Anna than to grieve him.

Left in quiet possession of the book, George Couch made it his constant companion, and even carried it with him to chapel, where, instead of listening to the formal and unmeaning services of popery, he opened his book and earnestly studied its contents.

One day when George, wholly engrossed with his treasure, was lost to all around him, he was marked by Dr. Sampson, the officiating dean, whom Wolsey had desired to prevent as much as possible the circulation of books which favoured the Reformation. When service was over, George was immediately summoned to the dean, who, snatching the volume from his hands, angrily asked his name and station; and on obtaining the desired information, the irritated dean left the chapel, and delivered the book to Wolsey.

"What have I done!" said George, as, standing where the dean had left him, he revolved in his own mind the circumstances of the recent transaction. "What will Kate say, and what will my lady Anna say? Unfortunate man that I am; I tremble to think of the consequences of my heedlessness; yet God knows my heart. Surely I have done no wrong. Whatever happens I can but tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And calmed by these reflections, he returned home.

He related all that had passed to Catherine Gainsford, and ended by saying: "The issue of this affair we must leave with God, Kate; he alone can make crooked things straight, and rough places plain. All that we can do is to pray him to overrule this perplexing event for our good and his own glory."

The maiden trembled while she listened to George's account. She was timid and weak, and she recollected the fearful sufferings of the noble confessors of Christ's truth in the fish-cellar at Oxford. She remembered the murder of Richard Hun, and the martyrdom of John Brown; and when she thought of the terrible Wolsey and his savage myrmidons, her heart fainted within her, and terror blanched her cheek.

"I know thy thoughts," said Zouch, taking her hand; "but listen to me. Man *may* torture and even kill the poor perishing body, but he has no power over the soul; that is *safe, safe* with Him who died to redeem it. Kate, they *may* put us in prison, they *may* seek to terrify us by the torture and the stake; but if we have cast our souls upon God's mercy, we need fear nothing. Comfort thy heart, then, for if thou art a lamb of the Lord's fold, not all the wolves of Rome can tear thee from his arms."

Soon after this, Anna asked for her book, and falling down on her knees, Catherine confessed the whole truth. Anna's expressive eyes flashed with indignation when she heard that it was in Wolsey's possession. She did not reproach Catherine by word or look, but said, with startling emphasis, "It shall be the dearest book to them that ever the dean or cardinal took away."

Anna's penetration led her to perceive that much advantage to herself might accrue from this event. She craved an immediate interview with the king, and on finding herself alone with him, gracefully fell on her knees and entreatd his help and protection.

"What wouldst thou?" said Henry, gently raising her by the hand, and placing her on a seat. "There is trouble in thy face, Anna, which I would fain remove, if indeed it is within my power."

"It is to your Grace alone that I can turn for assistance," replied Anna, in the fascinating tone and manner which she knew so well how to assume; and briefly relating the circumstances of the case, she begged that Henry would not suffer the book to remain in Wolsey's possession.

The king promised all she desired, and Anna immediately retired. Scarcely had she left the royal presence, than Wolsey arrived with the book, and with obsequious haste was preparing

to point out several passages which he knew would irritate Henry; but accustomed as he was to read the countenance and study the humour of his capricious master, he felt at once that his visit was ill-timed; and Henry, taking the book, signified his desire to be alone. The abashed cardinal was accordingly compelled to make his exit without so much as touching upon the object of his visit. When Wolsey had withdrawn, Henry retired to his closet and began to read the "Obedience of a Christian Man."

"The king," said Tyndale, "is in the room of God in this world. He that resisteth the king, resisteth God. He that judgeth the king, judgeth God. He is the minister of God to defend thee from a thousand inconveniences. Though he be the greatest tyrant in the world, yet is he unto thee a great benefit of God; for it is better to pay the tenth than to lose all, and to suffer wrong of one man than of every man."

"Surely these words savour not of rebellion," thought the king. "This is indeed sound speech, that cannot be condemned. I will read again;" and he continued:—

"Emperors and kings are nothing now-a-days, but even hangmen unto the pope and bishops, to kill whomsoever they condemn. The pope hath received no other authority of Christ than to preach God's word. Now this word should rule only, and not bishops' decrees or the pope's pleasure. The pope (against all the doctrine of Christ, which saith, 'My kingdom is not of this world') hath usurped the right of the emperor. Kings must make account of their doings only to God. No person may be exempt from this ordinance of God; neither can the profession of monks and friars, or anything that the popes and bishops can lay for themselves, except them from the sword of the emperor or the king, if they break the laws. For it is written, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers?'"

After he had finished reading, the king remained buried in thought. New ideas were floating in his mind, though at present but vague and immatured. His proud spirit revolted at the thought of confessing allegiance to a pope who had no right, either earthly or divine, to hold any authority whatever in the free kingdom of England. "God gave it to my ancestors," exclaimed Henry, impatiently stamping his foot, "and from them it descended to *me;* how then dare this Roman knave deprive me of one iota of my lawful and absolute power? I will never rest," he added, with a terrible look, "till I have delivered my kingdom from his thievish grasp; till this fair realm of England is mine, not in *word* only, but in *reality*."

Thus far have we followed the book of Tyndale on its quiet but momentous mission. We have seen how its simple yet powerful language was commissioned to convince the judgment of Anna Boleyn; to arrest the attention of her young waiting-maid; to convert the lively and brilliant cavalier; and, lastly, to captivate the mind, though it did not change the heart, of England's mighty monarch. It is more than probable that Tyndale's book was a link in the chain of providences which led Henry to cast off the supremacy of Rome, and to deliver his kingdom from her detestable thraldom.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

SECOND PAPER.

In asserting the harmony that exists between science and religion, we do not assume that they are identical. We do not suppose that they are equally important. We do not suppose that religion teaches science, or conversely that science teaches religion. We do not affirm that religion should anticipate natural discoveries, and supersede scientific inquiry. For though it is true that the one relates to the works and the other to the word of God—that the Author is the same and the end designed by the Divine intelligence to a large extent the same—that to look "with brute unconscious gaze" on the phenomena of nature betrays an insensibility that is rivalled only by gazing carelessly or recklessly on the page of inspiration—that to a devout mind the same Being will be visible on the hill that smokes with the morning dews before his cottage door as on Sinai capped with thunders, whence there roll the awful words of an eternal and immutable law—that in this way science may give scope to religious feelings, and religious feeling furnish a new and more powerful incentive to the prosecution of science in her varied walks; yet their domains are wide apart, and the implements of exploration differ, and the strings in the great gamut of emotion, which are awed or thrilled by their disclosures, dissimilar and distant. For while science but throws a blandness over the manners or conduces to the comfort of life, religion stirs the depths of the being, and brings into play, new regulated and attuned, the various faculties of the soul. The one is speculative, and may impart keenness to the vision and ardour to the intellect; the other is ethical, giving practical embodiment in a fallen humanity, to the love of holiness and the fear of God.

The direct contradictions of scientific truth which disfigure the professedly religious writings of the pagan world, from the harmony which must ever exist between the divine works and the divine word, are at no very distant date destined to sap their influence and annul their

authority. The Vedas of India, by whomsoever written, are based on the astronomical blunders of an ignorant and polytheistic age, and justify the oft-repeated remark of Christian missionaries, that "a telescope silently planted in the midst of the holy city of Benares or in the ancient Ava, would prove a battery powerful as lightning in overthrowing the whole system of Brahma and the whole of that of Buddha." Not less absurd is the Koran, which, besides its tedious monotony, "ever one and the same voice, surly and blustering, having no bowels and no familiarity," adopts as infallible truth all the crudities of the Ptolemaic system, embracing the immobility of the earth, and an almost endless series of crystalline heavens. Nor more successful in securing scientific accuracy is the author of the Mormon revelation, the most extraordinary of modern times at once for its poverty of conception and its reach of result; who not only errs egregiously in ethnological matters, actually tracing the Red Indians to the father of the Hebrew race, but commits the inexcusable anachronism of antedating by several centuries the discovery of the mariner's compass. How infinitely removed from such fallacies is the sacred volume on which we rest our eternal hopes; for while light has been increasing, and incursions have been made into branches of science which are in relation to its objects the most distant and obscure—the strata yielding up the secret of their birth, and natural philosophy disclosing a cosmos in every dewdrop—nothing has been elicited in the remotest degree unfavourable to that high estimate in which multitudes have held its hallowed teachings. And while it has not addressed itself to the solution of physical problems, it has yet by a happy adaptation of language—shall we not rather say by reflecting the wisdom of Him who knows "the end from the beginning?"—so anticipated every exigency, that students of nature in our age, certainly not more superficial in their attainments than the sceptical encyclopedists of the last century, bend with reverential awe to its dictates, and acknowledge its divine origin and its god-like mission and aim. It is, even in the words of Fichte, "an ancient and venerable original record, which, taken altogether, contains the profoundest and the loftiest wisdom, and presents those results to which all philosophy must at last return."

The science of geology has been viewed with distrust, in some cases amounting to open hostility, as inimical to revelation, and presenting views of the material world which strengthen the atheistic hypothesis of the eternity of matter. However startling may have been the announcements of the Copernican astronomy, they were trivial compared to the revolution of thought which has been wrought by the younger science. Its disclosures concerning the antiquity of the globe, and the mutations that passed upon it during the prehistoric eras, when

"Strange ichthyosaurus or iguanodon"

lay expanded many a rood on its lands, or the tumultuous waters entombed the successive generations of amphibious beings "before the mountains were brought forth;" or the hazy atmosphere was rarefied and absorbed; dislocation following dislocation at measured intervals, the tomb of the departed becoming the cradle of new races, which passed away like their predecessors, till the materials were sufficiently plastic to receive the lineaments of majesty and loveliness with which the great Architect has impressed them — an apocalypse of change requiring millenniums for its accomplishment, and of which no record testifies except the hieroglyphics that are traced on the deposits of mysterious and unnumbered ages—excited alarm for the Mosaic cosmogony, as if the pillars of the house were moved and the foundations of our religion by one blow destroyed. It could not be doubted, except by the most stubborn, that the several dynasties of animals, whose memorials are treasured up in the various formations, were at an undefined but distant period the inhabitants of this sphere, though Mercati and others have maintained that "fossil shells are mere stones which have received their configuration from the influence of celestial bodies." Nor could it be doubted that the growth of the stratified rocks occupied a period for which the limits of the Adamic creation afford no adequate space; the materials of which they are composed having been transported by the flow of rivers and the roll of seas, and petrified by the action of internal heat, afterwards heaved above the waters in some convulsion of nature—processes which are still in operation, but the accumulation from which is scarcely perceptible in the lapse of a century. And when the epochs were enumerated which have been covered by revolutions of which we can form no worthy conception—when in the weltering chaos "deep called unto deep," and the Almighty Spirit brooded over the abyss—when first the land was visible, and by the force of subterranean fires the mighty mountain masses lifted their summits to the sky, and the rudiments of life appeared, but little removed from matter inert and dull—when the fuel that blazes on the cottager's hearth was slowly prepared, and the *Saurian* reptile was the only navigator that stirred the deep—when during the drift period the deltas of the Nile and the Ganges, the Mississippi and the Danube, were formed, and the rush of the deluge swept the *Mammoth* from the forests of the primeval

world—when during later ages the coral islands "atom by atom" arose, built by ephemera, which, like the architects of the Pyramids, erected mausolea for themselves, compared with which,

> "Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
> What are the works of intellectual man—
> His temples, palaces, and sepulchres?
> Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale—"

it could not be doubted that the present order of things is but a unit in a vast chronological series stretching backwards into immensurable duration—a point in the history of His beneficent operations to whom "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." But how could these facts, which were not to be treated like the theorisings of Burnet, Whiston, and others, be brought to quadrate with the sacred cosmogony? Obviously by separating creation proper from the subsequent arrangement of the material and the existing platform of things, to which, not the Mosaic narrative alone, but historical monuments and traditions, assign but a space of six thousand years, while to the former the inspired penmen concur with the geologist in ascribing a remote antiquity: "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands." If the first verse of Genesis be regarded as announcing the fact of creation, "in the beginning," when the fiat of the Eternal went forth, and the "things which are seen" arose, not as we might have anticipated "from things which do appear," but from His own omnipotent energy which required no means exterior to Himself for their production—if we view the former half of the second verse as intimating that "afterwards" (as Dathe, Rosenmüller, and others have translated it) "the earth became waste and desolate, and darkness was upon the face of the deep"—if we mark the participial form of the verb by which the Divine Spirit is represented as "brooding" over the chaos, and imparting to it vitality and productiveness—if we follow the ordering of the six days' creation, culminating in man the sole intelligent spectator "of all the wondrous world," the latter event occupying the larger space in a revelation designed for men, but being yet separated by a wide interval from the act of origination—we have a conciliation of the two records ample and satisfactory at once to the philosopher and the critic. Nor is this an interpretation of the Scripture cosmogony devised to meet the exigencies of science, for "it is important and interesting to observe that the early fathers of the Christian church entertained precisely similar views; for Gregory Nazianzen, after Justin Martyr, supposes an *indefinite period* between the creation and the first ordering of all things. Basil, Cæsarius, and Origen are much more explicit."* Among modern writers, prior to the recognition of geology as a science, the same interpretation is given by Calvin, Jennings, and Bishop Patrick. The last-mentioned divine, in his Commentary, written more than a century and a half ago, says: "How long all things continued in mere confusion after the chaos was created, before light was extracted from it, we are not told. It might have been, for anything that is here revealed, a great while, and all that time the mighty Spirit was making such motions in it, as prepared, disposed, and ripened every part of it for such productions as were to appear successively in such spaces of time as are here afterwards mentioned by Moses, who informs us, that after things were digested and made ready (by long fermentation, perhaps) to be wrought into form, God produced every day for six days together some creature or other till all was finished."

Without entering on the question whether the "days" of the Adamic arrangement were of the ordinary duration, or demiurgic days—long periods of time of which the last, the sabbatic, has lasted since God "rested from all his work which he created and made"—an opinion which bears a remarkable correspondence to some of the ancient cosmogonies, and was held by Philo and the Christian fathers generally—it is more pertinent to our object to mark the fact that so far is geology from sustaining the pretensions of infidelity for the eternity of the present system of nature, that it proves by indisputable induction that man with his works of defence and dominion is but a recent dweller on the earth. Had he existed from eternity, as was contended by some of the Greek philosophers and by some sceptics of more modern date, there had been traces of his existence and achievements on the sculptures of cities long antecedent to the comparatively late days of Nimrod. We had found him in the debris of catastrophes that swept across the earth in periods which we have scarce arithmetic to compute; to which the time when the Hebrew babe floated unconsciously on the waters of the Nile, or Noah beheld the bow expanded in the cloud, or Methusaleh numbered the years of his long pilgrimage, were but as yesterday; and other Homers had recorded his words of worship or his cry of victory in the burning strains of immortal song. But no such memorial exists. The "stony science" finds his ashes in the upper soil. Beyond the limits of the sixth millennium, reckoning backwards, we look in vain for the fabrics of his ingenuity, the gorgeous temple, and the monumental

* Harris's Preadamite Earth, p. 355.

bronze; his eternity is plainly yet to be enjoyed. Geologists may differ in regard to the condition of the primeval world—they may dispute whether the agencies employed in its preparation were aqueous or igneous—they may assign longer or shorter periods to its mutations—they may have difficulty in tracing the growth of rocks, or in assigning a just antiquity to the depositions of strata; but they are unanimous in maintaining that man, with his contemporary species, arrived late on the scene—the last writing on the monuments, the last chapter of the great history, relating alone to him. They tell as Scripture tells, that not till his abode was completed, the fields carpeted with green and gemmed with flowers, did the illustrious occupant, to whom dominion was committed, awake into being; and by this single fact they destroy the hypothesis that men have existed in an eternal series.

Nor does the remote antiquity which geology ascribes to the materials of which the globe is composed exclude or supersede the producing agency of the Creator; since, however distant it may place its beginning, it continues true that *ex nihilo nil fit*—from nothing nothing is produced. Its records of change, decay, and death, will not account for the world we see around us, "all beauty to the eye and music to the ear." True, it informs us of the extinction of races, but it speaks of no phœnix-like reviviscence that inheres in their ashes. To "roll the stone from the door of the sepulchre," to clothe the terrestrial with new forms of beauty and wonder, is certainly not the effect of the avalanche, that buries the peasant's cot in its ruins—not the rush of the deluge, that sweeps as with the besom of a remorseless destruction—but the products of His breath "who speaks and it is done, who commands and it stands fast." "Is there aught," says Chalmers, in his eloquent diction, "in the rude and boisterous play of a great physical catastrophe that can germinate those exquisite structures which, during our yet undisturbed economy, have been transmitted in pacific succession to the present day? What is there in the rush, and turbulence, and mighty clamour of such great elements, of ocean heaved from its old resting-place, and lifting its billows above the Alps and Andes of a former continent; what is there in this to charm into being the embryo of an infant family wherewith to stock and repeople a now desolate world? We see in the sweeping energy and uproar of this elemental war enough to account for the disappearance of all the old generations, but nothing that might cradle any new generations into existence, so as to have effloresced on ocean's deserted bed the life and loveliness which are now before our eyes."

SUNDAY WITH MY CHILDREN.

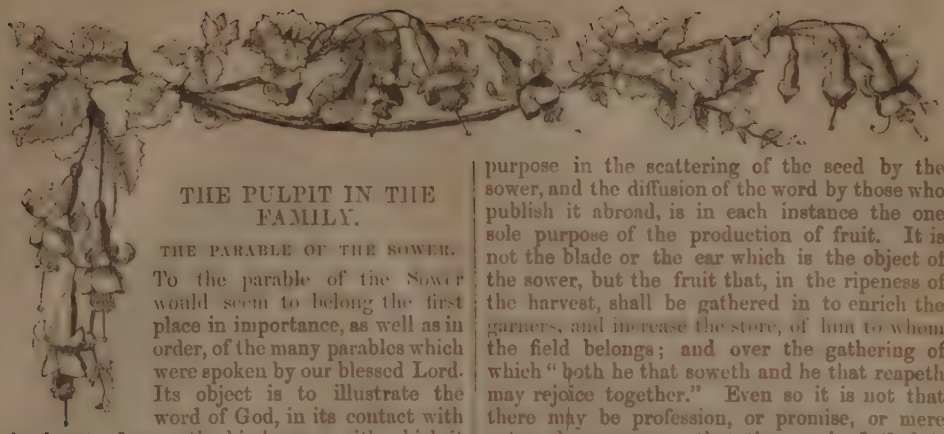
More than a year ago,* I ventured to throw out a hint or two on Sunday readings with children. The cut at the close of this paper introduces a difficult set of cases on which I may suggest a thought. Some one has noted that a child may ask a question which it will puzzle a philosopher to answer. As if in fulfilment of this saying, one of my youngest children will sometimes put together a few letters which I find it very difficult to explain, and nearly equally difficult to make the theme of instructive remarks. When such a combination of letters appears, my general resource is in the imagery of Scripture, or in anecdotic stories which at once interest the imagination and convey instruction in a simple warming form.

With the word "God," for example, I would elder child to find in Scripture the things to which "God" is compared—a sun, a shield, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a strong tower, etc; or the names by which he is called—the Almighty, the All-wise, our Father, etc.; and so illustrate the lesson.

Or I prepare beforehand a tale or two—as thus: "Where are you going?" once said a free thinker to a child who was on his way to church. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray whether is God a great or little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can he be both." "He is so great that heaven cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Or thus: "A man who was going over his neighbour's field to steal the grain, one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years old. The father told him to hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence and peeping all around, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his work. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you forget to look *up*.' The father felt the reproof, and lived to thank God for it." Or thus: "Some years ago, a missionary in the South Seas was reading the 3rd of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the 16th verse, a native who had been listening with great interest, interrupted him, and said, 'What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again.' The missionary read them again. The native rose from his seat and said, 'Can this be true? God love the world when the world not love him! God give his Son to die that man might not die!' The missionary again read them, and told him they were true, and that they contained the very message God sent to him, that he might not perish but have everlasting life." And so we get at the

vastness, and the condescension, and the omniscience, and the love of God, in a way more simple and impressive than by any didactic statements.

After all, these labours are a work of faith. They bring, indeed, every one of them a present reward. They serve to hallow the sabbath, to interest the minds of my little charge, and they make the day of rest a season of pleasure and of mutual endearment. But whether they are to end in the conversion of my pupils I cannot certainly know. I find much, however, in the Bible to strengthen my hopes. I recall, moreover, the histories of Fletcher of Madely, of Zinzendorf, of Mrs. Savage the daughter of Philip Henry, of Philip Doddridge, of Joseph Hughes, and of Robert Hall. In the case of them all, early religious training was blessed to their conversion. Amidst discouragement, too, I have facts of another kind. Newton had a pious mother, and so had Cecil. The first sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; the second spent many years of his life in vanity. And yet the hymns and texts which Newton's mother taught him were never effaced from his memory; while to his mother's tears, Cecil was indebted for impressions and resolutions which, at length, brought him to the cross. And so I take courage, in the morning sowing seed, and in the evening withholding not my hand—not knowing which is to prosper, this or that, or whether they will prove alike good.



THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

To the parable of the Sower would seem to belong the first place in importance, as well as in order, of the many parables which were spoken by our blessed Lord. Its object is to illustrate the word of God, in its contact with the heart of man, the hindrances with which it meets, and the effect which it produces. It has, therefore, to do with the very first principles of practical personal religion. It brings at once a simple test, and applies it to the conscience and the understanding, as to whether we have or have not received the gospel of the grace of God. It pours, moreover, a flood of light, such as He who formed the heart alone could shed, upon the secret barriers which sin, and Satan, and the world, have combined to erect within it against the entrance of the word of life.

In considering this parable, or any of the other passages of Scripture which treat of a similar subject, it may be well to remember that between the word spoken, and heard, or written, and therefore read, by those to whom it is addressed, there is no practical difference as regards the purpose for which each is designed, or the responsibility of those who come into contact with it. The inspired word spoken by our Lord and his apostles is the written word to us, to whom the oracles of God have brought it down. The word spoken and preached amongst us, although uninspired in itself, is yet the word of God, in so far as it accords with, and echoes, and opens out to us, the Scriptures. It has, like the written word, the soul's salvation for its object, and attaches, like it, an immeasurable accountability to each individual to whom it comes.

"*The seed is the word of God.*" Between that word, whether written or spoken, and the seed which the sower casts abroad over the earth, there are several of those countless and beautiful analogies which bind together the kingdoms of nature and of grace—which make creation a visible expression of the not less real, although spiritual and invisible, world with which we are surrounded—and establish an exquisite harmony between the teaching of the works and the word of Jehovah. One of these analogies it may suffice at present to notice, namely, that the purpose in the scattering of the seed by the sower, and the diffusion of the word by those who publish it abroad, is in each instance the one sole purpose of the production of fruit. It is not the blade or the ear which is the object of the sower, but the fruit that, in the ripeness of the harvest, shall be gathered in to enrich the garners, and increase the store, of him to whom the field belongs; and over the gathering of which "both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Even so it is not that there may be profession, or promise, or mere external appearance, that the word of God is sent forth, but that *actual fruit*—"fruit that shall remain"—may be yielded in the altered lives and purified affections of its recipients—fruit, too, which, by a similarity as between effect and cause, shall establish its connection with the word of God as the seed which has produced it, that so "God may in all things be glorified."

Reader, you have been, we may presume, from your childhood until now, more or less a student and a hearer, one or both, of the word of the living God! Sabbath after sabbath, if you be an attendant upon public worship, has the seed been scattered over your heart. Day after day, if you be a student of the Bible, has grain after grain of that precious deposit fallen upon the soil of your understanding. Has the object of all this ceaseless sowing been attained? Has fruit been, or is it being, produced in your life? Can you trace up the motives which influence, the principles which govern, the standards which give shape and colour to, your conduct and your conversation, to the reading and the hearing of the word? If not, you are receiving that word in vain, and to you applies, in all its solemn, fearful import, the warning with which our Lord concludes the parable as recorded in the eighth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear; for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken, even that which he seemeth to have."

That the seed thus sown does not, in the great majority of instances, effect its object in the production of fruit, experience fully testifies, and this is just what our Lord in the parable leads us to expect. Three out of the four classes of hearers whom he enumerates continue fruitless; and to pourtray, with the few graphic touches of a master's hand, the various hindrances to fruitfulness existing among these, is manifestly the main object of the parable.

Here it is especially worthy of notice, that the hindrance is, in each instance, ascribed altogether to something in, or connected with, the heart of the hearer; not at all to any want of germinating power, or of fructifying energy, in the word which they hear. There may and must be very different degrees of awakening, or persuasive, or instructive talent in the different preachers of the gospel; but, provided that it be indeed the gospel in its fulness which is preached, it is, altogether irrespective of the gifts or qualifications of the individual who utters it, "the power of God unto salvation" to every one that believes. It is the "savour of death unto death" to those who believe it not. The God who chooses "the weak things of the world to confound the wise," applies to the heart with the power and demonstration of the Spirit the words alike of the feeble and the strong. The hindrance, therefore, is to be looked for *within*; and to enable us to detect that hindrance where it exists, and to trace it to its proper source, is the design of the Great Teacher.

First, there are "the way-side hearers, who hear the word and *understand it not*, and immediately Satan cometh, and snatcheth away the seed out of their hearts." How many are there of the ordinary hearers and readers of the gospel, who continue all their life-time ignorant of the import of the terms in which it is proclaimed—ignorant alike of the entire depravity of man, his utter inability to save himself, and of the freedom and completeness of that work of atonement, through the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer, which God in his abundant mercy has wrought in Jesus Christ for the salvation of his soul! Yet are such persons, for the most part, not at all destitute of ordinary intelligence and acuteness. How many, again, are there who, in a few hours after they have heard the gospel preached, are as utterly forgetful of the subject of the sermon, the arguments therein employed, the invitations or the warnings uttered, as though a sponge had effaced them from the tablet of their minds! and yet they are persons not remarkable for any defect of memory with regard to the concerns of this life. Our blessed Lord accounts for all this, as none save he could do, when he tells us of Satan coming like the birds of the air, and snatching away the seed which has fallen upon ground too long and too often trodden into previous hardness to afford it any lodgment, lest, if it continued there it might by and by get down beneath the surface, and germinate, and bring forth fruit unto salvation. In such case, the seed is gone almost as soon as it is sown; and the process is habitually repeated—the word is preached—it falls upon the surface of the heart—and Satan snatches it away!

What emphasis does this consideration give to the admonition of the apostle: "We ought, therefore, to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip;" or, according to the margin, "run out as leaking vessels." (Heb. ii. 1.) How earnestly should this device of Satan, thus brought to light by our Lord—the causing us to *forget* the word—lead us to cast ourselves upon the counter office of the Holy Spirit, to whom it pertains to "bring to our remembrance" the words which Christ has spoken! (John xiv. 26.) And as the operation of the evil one, in this instance, is described as being wrought upon "those who *do not understand*," how fervently should we cry to God to give us spiritual understanding! how strenuously should we endeavour that the seed of the word, by penetrating into our understanding, may be so far beyond the reach of Satan's power!

THE JOLLAR CONVERT.

Jollar-town, as it is usually called, is a small village in the island of St. Mary, near the mouth of the river Gambia. It is tenanted by a few families of the Jollar race, one of the tribes scattered through this part of Western Africa. For the population of this vast region is greatly varied, and different races live mixed together in a singular manner. After leaving one town, you may light upon another whose inhabitants speak a different language; and after passing through their territory, you may come again to settlements of the former nation. War and immigration have made Senegambia a complete medley of kingdoms and dialects.

The present dwellers in Jollar-town are, we suppose, connected with original settlers, who lived there when the English got possession of the island, and built the town of Bathurst as the seat of British government on the Gambia. The mud or wattled huts of the natives stand in strong contrast with the white stone houses of Europeans, which extend in a long line along the shore, and with their piazzas present a handsome appearance to the offing in this splendid river. Opposite Bathurst town, the Gambia is four or five miles in width; but the back of the island is only separated from the mainland by a narrow creek, which the natives cross in canoes, and so keep up a constant communication with the interior of the coast; for they love roving.

John Dick (such was his Christian name) was a Jollar, one of the least esteemed tribes of Senegambia, being much inferior to some others in physical structure and organization. His father was, I believe, a collector of palm-wine. Men of this craft climb the highest palm-trees

by means of a hoop; and having made incisions in the bark, they allow the sap to ooze out and fall into vessels properly suspended for the purpose. In a few days the calabashes are full of wine; for the juice has been fermented by the heat of the climate; and the intoxicating liquor is then ready for use.

John was just passing from boyhood into youth when I first knew him. He had learned to read at a missionary school, and could speak English tolerably. He was familiar, from infancy, with the Jollof and Mandingo languages, which are mostly spoken by the natives of this district. By mixing with the native mechanics who worked for the English, he had acquired some expertness in the use of handicraft tools; for negroes seem to have a great facility in learning mechanical arts. Whether this proceeds from innate genius, or from a necessity of doing everything for themselves, it would be difficult to decide. Certainly no English carpenter could cut and carve wood as they do with such primitive and imperfect tools: and the same may be said of the workers in gold, leather, and cotton fabrics. The houses and public buildings of Bathurst have been reared by negro hands; boats and small vessels have been built by them; domestic implements and furniture afford proof of their manual skill. They may never rise to eminence in literature and science; nor excel in music, painting, or sculpture; but they are certainly qualified to perform the industrial arts with ingenuity and credit.

The capabilities of the children of Ham must not be judged from the semi-barbarous condition in which they are found in their native land. There they have no letters, and have had little profitable intercourse with a lettered race. The immense country in which they dwell, and through which they delight to roam, presents everything to their mind in a vague and undefined manner. They are mere children of nature, living where most of her works are exhibited on a grand scale. The sun shines for a great part of the year with dazzling splendour from morning to night in a cloudless sky. When the rain falls, it pours down in torrents, deluging the lowlands in a few hours. The storms of Africa are tornadoes, mingling earth with heaven in terrific blasts, accompanied with deafening thunder, and with lightning that illumines the darkest night. The forests are immense, apparently interminable. The grass grows as high as a man, and the guinea-corn is like young trees. The brute creation is also of the largest kind. Lions, elephants, and tigers range the woods; the hyæna and wolf prowl about human dwellings; eagles, vultures, and hawks fly overhead; and the turkey-buzzard is a familiar scavenger. No singing birds soothe the spirit with nature's wild or plaintive melody; but feathered species of most brilliant colours only dazzle the sight. The immense hippopotamus snorts in the river, whose sunny banks are frequented by innumerable alligators: serpents glide among the grass and climb the trees: whilst countless monkeys carry on an incessant chatter amid the branches. All is vast, vague, or dreadful; inspiring the mind with bewilderment, and the heart with unaccountable fear.

Dwelling in such a region, without having received any education or mental culture, the African becomes a very superstitious being. But it is not like the superstitions of Europe. He lives in constant dread of the unseen world, which he imagines to be haunted by malignant spirits, or the ghosts of the dead. He wears a number of amulets or *gregrees* to preserve him from imagined dangers of various kinds: he lights fires to scare away the spiteful genii: and in some places he makes propitiatory offerings, or dedicates children to the devil as having power over evil. His mind is a kind of airy void, with no definite ideas about anything except his corporeal wants. He has no sense of the value of time, of the lapse of years, of the use of man; and has no fixed notions about a future state of existence.

When this vague and superstitious habit of soul has been overcome by Christian knowledge and principle, the negro evinces considerable intelligence; and being naturally thoughtful, he readily masters the elements of practical science. This was evidenced in the case of John Dick. His acquirements were all in the rough, but they were varied. By his diligence, he soon became a ready servant of all work, and was of no small use to me whilst I journeyed up the river. He acted in the capacities of groom, boatman, interpreter, and valet-de-chambre. I could place little dependence on the other lads who were kept about the house. It frequently happened that when I called for dinner, no response was given to the call: I found myself alone in the house. No kitchen fire was lighted, no cook at hand: he was sauntering by the river-side, or cooling himself in the limpid stream. For these blacks swim like ducks, and would play in the water for an hour at a time.

On returning to England, I brought John Dick with me, intending to take him back after a few months. It was on the voyage homeward that he first showed a decided love of religion. Being engaged in revising the Gospels in Mandingo, I read them over to him carefully, asking what meaning he attached to each phrase and expression. His mind thus became deeply penetrated with sacred truth; and he would sit for hours on the deck reading his own pocket Bible.

He was, at the same time, very obliging, and ready to help the seamen on every occasion, though they took pleasure in teasing him.

We landed at Deal, which gave John an opportunity of seeing a small English town before entering the great metropolis. But as we steamed up the river Thames, which was then very full of shipping, his surprise was overwhelming. Whilst approaching London-bridge, I saw him standing at the foremast, looking with a steady gaze, but not moving a limb. Upon asking, "John, do you know where your head is?" "No master," was his solemn reply. As we drove through several miles of the town, to reach our place of abode, his bewilderment increased; and it was some days before he recovered from stupefaction. A balloon, which passed over our house, again confounded him. The first morning that he saw snow on the ground, he was in ecstacy; for to the negro, it is one of the wonders of the world. In Africa, they can scarcely believe in its existence, or that of ice, but talk of them as being "white men's lies."

As I did not return to Western Africa, I wished to send John home, having seen the bad effects produced on negroes by a residence in England. But as he had given proofs of decided piety and talent, it was determined, in accordance with his own wishes, to educate him for a teacher to his fellow-countrymen. Not deeming it prudent to confine him to a school, I advised that he should spend one part of the day at a printing-office, to learn this useful art: and that he should attend private classes for thorough instruction in English literature. This plan was adopted, and succeeded to our most sanguine expectations. He became an excellent compositor, and rapidly improved in knowledge and intelligence. He had now grown a fine young man, kind, gentle, and sedate. Some of his fellow workmen at the office—shame to them! tried in various ways to allure him to folly and vice; but his piety and simplicity delivered him from their snares, and he remained uncorrupted by the temptations of the great metropolis.

Returning home on a winter's evening, John Dick took a severe cold, which immediately flew to his lungs. Medical help was vain; for, as the surgeon observed, "negroes have lungs like tinder." Receiving a sudden message respecting John's dangerous situation, I hastened to town, and found him in a "galloping consumption." It was surprising what havoc a fortnight's cough had made upon his athletic frame. "You are very ill," I said. He replied, "Yes! I don't know what God is going to do with me; but if I should not get better, God's will be done." This expression showed me that he had not been told of the impossibility of a recovery; and I considered it right that he should be informed of his real condition. Yet it is a solemn thing for a mortal to hear *that he must die*. So I felt it on that mournful occasion. But duty must be performed. "John, you cannot recover"—and after a few moments, "you are very near death." He looked at me steadily, and saw that I meant all that I had said; and then rejoined: "But, master, I am not afraid to die: Jesus Christ died for me, and he has pardoned all my sins; and I know that if I die, he will take me to heaven."

On another occasion, he said: "I could have wished to have lived, and gone to teach my fellow countrymen; but God sees it best otherwise. Perhaps I might have fallen into sin." Once, when he did not perceive me near, he seemed to have a struggle with the powers of darkness, and exclaimed aloud: "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou hast nothing to do with me, I belong to Jesus: Lord help me!" and immediately the temptation was broken. On being asked if he had any message to his father in Africa, he directed his Bible to be sent to him, with a desire that he should read it well, and follow him to heaven. He spoke of some who had died in the Lord, and whom he expected soon to meet in a better world. Thus, in the full triumph of faith and hope, this dollar lad fell asleep in Jesus, a few days after I had seen him. Was not this a brand plucked from the burning?

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

THERE is, in all minds, a secret or a recognised fear of death; in some, stifled intentionally, in others, unintentionally; in some, producing positive disquietude, in others, mere passing shadows across the sunny plain of life. There are those who are "all their lifetime subject to bondage." They are galled, and lashed, and burdened like slaves, by the fear of dying.

The word of God admits that it is a fearful thing to be subject to death; and calls all men to make a serious preparation for it the first occupation of their lives. Not a prophet of the old dispensation, nor a preacher of the new, ever tried to soften a shade of the terribleness of death, as it is in itself apart from the provisions of grace. The word of God calls up, indeed, no fantastic scene of horror, no skull-and-bones machinery to affright a feeble imagination, but simply makes death a judicial consequence of sin. That is enough. But it then presents to the labouring affrighted spirit of man a relief—a solid, rational, effectual relief.

Death, in his approaches to man, is a stern, terrible reality! The forms which he assumes are as numerous as the individuals who die. Some pass away suddenly, and there is no pain in the process. Others walk on burning coals, or drink in anguish with every fevered breath. The taking down of this curious tabernacle, beam after beam, until the tenant can abide in it no longer, is often a dismal process. O, there are dreadful hours passed in the chamber of sickness and death. There the suffering patient must remain; for him there is no escape, no release. The bitter cup he drinks to-day is but a prelude of to-morrow's draught. Each of us may go out like a lamp extinguished by a breath; or we may die of protracted disease, pain, and exhaustion; or wear out with advanced age. Then, we shall have no share in all that is done beneath the circuit of the sun. In itself it is a fearful prospect.

But the terror of death lies beyond all this—in that to which it introduces us. What is it? Sleep or judgment? heaven or hell? To some minds the terror lies in the, to them, awful uncertainty hanging over the untried future. But the majority of men are not in uncertainty; there is with them "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation."

But Christ came to deliver men from the fear of death. He has met our great adversary, and vanquished him; and the fruits of that conquest he secures to every believer. The Christian has looked on life as it is, and expected sickness, pain and death. He has been led to regard this life as a time of discipline. He receives suffering from the hands of his Saviour. O, what a relief that truth furnishes; it is not a blind chance that is afflicting us, but a merciful Lord and Redeemer, who voluntarily suffered for us, and is favouring us with especial manifestations of his presence. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff (the symbols of a shepherd's rule and guardianship), they comfort me." This is a mighty deliverance; how real, how great, of course words cannot show, experience alone can reveal it.

The believer is, moreover, prepared for death by being reconciled to all the losses it involves. It is implied in the very act of believing in Christ, that the heart has ceased to depend for its happiness upon anything but him. When, therefore, the curtain of the tent of sickness is drawn around the child of God, and the world is shut out, Christ is, in the same degree, brought in. Just the process is going on that our highest happiness demands. The heart is dispossessed of mortal objects, that the precious Saviour may enter and occupy it.

"The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this!"

With this in prospect there remains no fear of the process of dying.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

It was this presence of the Saviour that reconciled Paul and Silas to their wretched condition in a dungeon. His presence is sunshine in the darkest valley. The believing heart will ever say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Christ has removed all ground of fear in reference to the judgment. Death is the completion of our union with Christ. Accordingly, when we meet death, we find his visage changed. Now he is no more a bold blustering captain in Satan's army, covered with a terrible coat of mail, and brandishing his resistless dart, but a smiling servant of our Saviour and King, come to disencumber us of all that cannot enter heaven. The sting of death was, that we had sinned against the law, and were then to be dragged to the judgment-seat. But, "Christ has become the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." That is a high and far-reaching truth. All law, moral or ceremonial, absolute or positive, has met in him, not an antagonistic action, not an abrogation, but a fulfilment; and such a fulfilment that now the soul, united by faith to him, goes forth a friend of law; a monument of the purity and rigour of law; saved from its penalty, and yet brought to love and obey its requirements. He has, then, nothing to fear from any accuser, nor from the Judge. It is a solemn thing to appear before that Judge, but not a terrible thing for him who has had his sins washed away in Jesus' atoning blood. The believer has nothing to fear in death, nor after it. God is his friend, Jesus his Saviour. Who, then, is against him? Who can separate him from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus? "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

We must then regard with horror all attempts to rob death of its terrors, except through personal faith in Christ. It is wicked and cruel, yet it is very common. You cannot love the world, and get at the same time a rational deliverance from the fear of death. You must become a sincere spiritual believer in Christ, "dead to the world," or else your deliverance from the fear of death is a cheat; a pleasant drugging with anodynes, whose stupifying effects will pass away, with intense reaction, just when you most need their aid. Shutting the subject

out from conversation is one of the world's cures for the fear of death. I will not dispute with medical men, nor deny the existence of a good reason for concealing from the sick their dangerous condition; but I think they will agree with me in the opinion that where the soul is sustained by hope in Christ, there are no evil results from calmly speaking of the case as it is. It is, however, a point upon which I speak with hesitation. There are very strong considerations in favour of each view. But, in health, silence about death is the shallowest of resorts—the most empirical of remedies for the fear of death. O, tell the human race they are to die; and death is terrible. Do not paint it in false colours. Then tell them what the Son of God hath done to deliver us from the bondage of the fear of death, and how we may receive that deliverance. We are dying, and our friends are dying. What could paganism, in its purest form, do for us? Cato, its brightest specimen, took away his own life. What can scepticism do for us? O, how precious is the glorious gospel to us dying men!

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. Psalm lxxx. 8—15. "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparest room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine, and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself." Jer. ii. 21. "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?"

26. Isaiah v. 1, 2, 7. "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. . . . . For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant: and he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry."

27. Prov. x. 19. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

28. Prov. xvi. 32. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

29. Prov. x. 22. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

30. See Esther viii. 15—17. (After the disgrace and death of Haman). "And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad. The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honour. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. And many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them."

31. The case of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, who lost three-by the greater part of his kingdom. See 1 Kings xii. 8, 13—15. "He forsook the counsel of the old men, which they had given him, and consulted with the young men that were grown up with him, and which stood before him. . . . . And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him; and spake to them after the counsel of the young men. . . . . Wherefore the king hearkened not unto the people; for the cause was from the Lord." . . . . ver. 16. "So Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day."

32. Psalm xci. 3—13. "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Isaiah iii. 10. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with them: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." Isaiah xxvi. 20, 21. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

Poetry.

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

"Hail, brother!" Worcester's prelate cried,
With rapture in his eye;
"This hour our faith is nobly tried;
Like Christians let us die.
Though dark around be error's night,
A brilliant torch this day we'll light,
Whose beams shall never pass away
Until the world itself decay."

Then o'er the younger martyr's face
A flush of triumph spread:
"Speak'st thou of fear? Through God's good grace
Ridley hath nought to dread.
He will support, or else assuage
The dreaded fire's devouring rage;
His is the power and His the might,
And we shall sup in heaven to-night!"

Around the Christian veteran now
The red flames fiercely leap;
A placid smile is on his brow,
And he hath dropped asleep.
Through mortal agony and strife
The younger enters into life;
And lo! on earth was sore dismay,
But joy in Paradise that day.

JOSEPHINE.

Pages for the Young.

MY EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

When I was a child, my parents were so kind as to allow me to keep my birthday by having a little feast, to which I invited all the children whom I knew, who were near my own age. My birthday was in August, thus being not too late for many of the summer fruits, the long pleasant evenings, and many games of play in the open air.

On one such day I was eight years old, and very happy I was, for many of my little friends were coming to spend the afternoon with me, to share the feast already provided and spread out upon a table, with my doll's dinner service, under the old oak-tree upon the lawn.

I was dressed early, in a clean white frock and blue ribbons; and as there were yet two hours before the arrival of my expected guests, I was taken with my brothers and sisters for a walk, in order to pass away the time. It was a lovely afternoon, and we walked on through pleasant fields, picking wild flowers, until we came to a brook. Now this brook was wide, and the water in it anything but clean, owing to a factory at a little distance; nevertheless we always liked to stand and watch it, as it rippled over its stony bed; and sometimes my brothers would fish in it for minnows, while we were allowed to sail our tiny paper boats, or, as a yet greater treat, to launch papa's model of a complete ship, upon the miniature waves. The only means of crossing this brook was an old plank, which was placed across from bank to bank, and which was so old and unsafe that I had been forbidden to venture on it without my nurse.

On this particular day, we were all in high spirits, and had reached the brook long before nurse and the baby; and while waiting for them, my brothers commenced crossing and recrossing the old plank, sometimes running and sometimes hopping or jumping. They asked me to join them, but I refused; and then they laughed, and teased me, saying I had no courage, and was afraid to walk over alone. To prove that I was not afraid, I first stood upon the plank, and then crossed over, although conscious all the time that I was guilty of disobedience in so doing.

"Now try and hop back again," said my eldest brother; "there, we will show you the way;" and again they crossed the tottering plank, while I, forgetful alike of my fears and the injunction of my mother, attempted to follow their example; but at the third hop, I fell into the water, just where it was the deepest.

Never shall I forget the sudden shock of falling into that cold muddy stream; the feeling of suffocation, as I sank for a moment, and then rose again; the terrified faces of my brothers, as they leaned over the plank and tried in vain to reach me; and the screams of my two little sisters. All this I saw and heard as I struggled to reach the bank; but the stream was too strong for me, and with a feeling of indescribable horror, I felt myself being carried away to the old mill by the factory, which I could plainly hear; and I knew that if I reached that, all hope of life would be over.

I did not scream, nor cry, nor lose my senses. My first words were a hurried prayer to God for help and pardon, while I struggled hard to keep in shallow water, catching at the tall reeds and water-flowers which grew near the bank; but one after another these gave way, and gradually my strength failed me, my head grew dizzy, and I lost all control over myself. Suddenly I came with a violent shock against an old willow, that grew partly in and partly out of the water, and to this I clung with all the little strength I had remaining. Some men whom my nurse had summoned from a field, came and helped me out, using such simple means for my restoration as they thought proper; and then they carried me to a cottage where I had some warm milk and water, and rested until a little recovered from the shock.

The first words my nurse used were those of thankfulness to God for my safety, and then she scolded me until I cried, for having been disobedient, and thus brought suffering upon myself and occasioned anxiety to others.

Wrapped in a large shawl belonging to the woman at the cottage, still trembling and weeping, I was carried home. As we entered the house by the back-way, I could hear the voices of some of my little visitors, who had arrived during our absence.

To wash me and put me into a warm bed was the first thing done, and not until then did they make known my disobedience and its punishment to my mother. I dreaded meeting her so much that when she gently entered the room, with her face full of love and sorrow, I turned away my head, and sought to hide myself beneath the bed-clothes. But, putting them from me, she stooped over and kissed me, saying: "I thank God, that my little girl is still spared to me." Then, bidding me look up, she added: "If my child is afraid to meet her mother's eye, what ought she not to feel towards God, seeing all disobedience is sin against Him?"

I made no answer, except by sobbing; but my grief was caused more from disappointment in not being able to join my little friends, than from sorrow for my fault. At length I said: "Dearest mother, I am very sorry for having been so disobedient; but I have been severely punished for it, therefore do let me get up and have my tea with the rest; it will not hurt me, indeed it will not."

"No, my child," she replied; "were your health alone concerned, I should refuse this, for you are not strong; and after such a shock, you need rest and quiet; therefore I shall leave you for the present, and desire that no one disturb you."

"Mother, dear mother," I exclaimed, in an agony of tears, "do not be so hard; do let me get up and join the rest; I shall not sleep, I cannot rest while they are all enjoying themselves without me; and this is my birthday, too—the day I have looked forward to a whole long year. Oh, take pity upon me! I am so miserable!" and I wept aloud.

"And whose fault is it that you are miserable?" asked my mother.

"My brothers asked me to do as they did," I sobbed out; "and I forgot everything but to please myself; and now what an unhappy birthday I shall spend!"

"Still it may be a very profitable one to you, dear child, if you will only learn the lesson it teaches, that even in this world unhappiness is sure to follow sin."

But my self-will and self-seeking were as yet too strong for me to profit by what my mother said, and I spoke so rudely and impatiently, that, placing my Bible upon a table beside me, he left the room.

It was not until that storm of passion had passed away, and I had been soothed and refreshed by sleep, that I took up my little Bible. How well do I remember that hour, when the golden light of the setting sun fell full upon my bed, and every breath of wind that entered my open window was laden with perfume from our own flower-garden. The hum of the distant city came mingled with the songs of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle; but sweet and clear above all rose the sound of children's voices, singing the evening hymn.

I rose to my window, and looking out, saw my little visitors, together with my brothers and sisters, standing beneath the old oak-tree on the lawn. I listened to their sweet voices until they had finished, and then I watched their return to the house. My heart was softened, and although I wept, it was no longer from passionate or rebellious feeling.

I thought over my disobedience, and shuddered while I remembered how mercifully I had been preserved from death; and then I thanked God that I was still amongst the living to praise Him. Taking up my Bible, I commenced reading it at the 1st chapter of Genesis; and I had just concluded the third, and was thinking over it, when my mother came to me.

Fastening up the curtains of my bed, she sat down, and putting back my hair from my flushed brow, looked earnestly but kindly at me. I could not speak; but throwing my arms round her neck, I burst into tears.

She kissed me and said: "I hope my little girl is now truly sorry for her sin. I am glad to see your Bible in your hand: have you been reading it?"

"Yes, mother," I replied; "I have been reading about Adam and Eve; and I think my sin and their sin something alike."

"How so?" asked my mother.

"Because it was pride that led them into sin, and it was pride that caused me to be disobedient to-day. I could not bear my brothers to do what I could not, and so, forgetting your command, I followed their example. It seemed, too, such a little fault at the time."

"My dear child, I would have you to remember that disobedience, however slight it may appear, is always a sin, and no sin can be called *little*, since the least works out the death of the soul. Let us mark the consequences of sin in the case of our first parents. They were created innocent, holy, and consequently happy. God was with them as a friend. It is written, 'He walked with them.' From this blissful state, through one act of disobedience, they fell into that of abject fear, hiding themselves amongst the trees of the garden, forgetting, in the blindness of their hearts, that God could still be there. Thus, although conscious of guilt and afraid of punishment, they were not repentant; they only sought to conceal themselves and their sin. When called forth by the voice of God, they confessed that they were afraid, but instead of expressing sorrow for their sin, they began to make excuses, each throwing the blame upon another."

"Oh, mother," I exclaimed, "how exactly that is like me! I also felt afraid and ashamed, and yet not sorry; and I, too, made excuses, and would have blamed my brothers for my fault."

"Dear child," said my mother, tenderly, "not only you, but all mankind, too well resemble our first parents. Born in their image, like them, we are ignorant, guilty, and impenitent. 'There is none that understandeth; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.' The disposition of man's heart is evil continually; our thoughts, words, and deeds, are ever tending to sin."

"Mother," I said, after a pause, "I do wish to be good; I do sometimes think that I love Jesus; I do try with all my heart to please Him; and yet I am always falling into sin. I wonder if every one finds it so difficult to be good."

"The way to heaven is described as a 'narrow way' — the gate which leads to it, as a 'strait gate;' but although the way be narrow and thorny, yet leaning on Jesus we [illegible] safely in it; and although our weak and trembling fingers may not be able to open the gate which leads to life eternal, yet the hand of love and mercy will guide us through it. Walking in the footsteps of Jesus, trusting in His love, and keeping very close to Him, and praying for the aid of His Holy Spirit, is the only safe and happy course for those who desire to become the children of God."

"But tell me, dear mother, how is it that I fall so easily into sin?"

"Perhaps you think yourself secure, and expose yourself to temptation, believing that you can resist it. Thus, instead of avoiding sin, you look upon it, then think upon it, then try it, and at last fall deeply into it. It is the first beginnings of evil against which we are to strive; the first inclination to anger, the first impulse of disobedience, the first unguarded word, the first unholy thought: resist these, and, although tempted, you will not fall into sin. If you would not fall into temptation, you must ask God to give you wisdom to discern the first tendency to evil, and strength to resist such. You must have a watchful eye over yourself, to find out, and guard against, those [illegible] into which you fall the most readily. But, above all, you must ever seek to remember Jesus, to love him, to strive to please him, to think of and obey his commands, and so to serve him on earth that you may hereafter be with him in glory."

Much more did my dear parent say to me, in her sweet and serious manner, until I forgot everything but my sin, and my sorrow for it. Then the evening passed.

My dear mother has long since been at rest; but her words, and the events of my eighth birthday, still stand out fresh and clear in my memory; and I have written them in the hope that they may be useful to others, as, under God's blessing, they have been to me.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XVIII.

A WARLIKE encampment in a wild mountainous region. It is night; but by the clear moon of an Eastern sky we distinguish a military troop, surrounded by a rudely-cut intrenchment, and buried in profound repose. In the centre lies a stalwart warrior, whose stature approaches the gigantic, and who is evidently the leader of the martial company. We see the gleam of his polished armour, and observe that his weapons are close at hand, as though to guard against sudden surprise. Stealthy footsteps approach, and a youthful chieftain enters the encampment, followed by a single retainer. With cautious tread, they pass among the prostrate figures, and approach the couch of the commander. A whispered colloquy ensues, in which the young chief appears to reject with horror some proposal of his followor, and they retire together.

XIX.

THE funeral procession of a murdered warrior and statesman. Crowds of spectators fill the roads, and their glances, expressive of indignant horror, are directed to the assassins, who, perforce compelled to assume the character of mourners, precede the bier with sullen and lowering countenances. Closely following the corpse is another figure, in the very prime of manly beauty and vigour; but his head is bowed, and in anguished accents he pours forth a musical lament over the departed, mingled with bursts of indignation at his atrocious murder. The gazing crowds watch with admiration and delight this generous grief over a fallen foe.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

A SCENE AT THE COURT OF FRANCIS THE FIRST, OF FRANCE.

SKETCHES OF THE REFORMATION.

A ROYAL CHRISTIAN.

It was evening, and the last rays of the setting sun brilliantly illuminated the interior of a room in the royal palace of the Louvre, and shone upon the thoughtful brow of a fair and noble lady. Her beautiful features were clouded with sorrow, and a tear glistened in her expressive eye. Before her lay pen, ink, and paper, and on the latter were traced the following words:—

"Is there a gulf of ill so deep and wide,
That can suffice but e'en a tenth to hide
Of my vile sins?"

A distant sound of revelry and merriment fell on the lady's ear, and apparently disturbed her reverie; for she arose, put aside her writing materials, and sat down near the open window.

"I shall soon be missed," she said aloud; "I must not remain here much longer. Oh, my God! how can my weary, sin-stricken heart find aught but vexation and disappointment in the gilded yet hollow pleasures of a court? My very soul turns from them with disgust and satiety; I have discovered their emptiness, and I despise their puerility; yet, alas! how often am I weak and base enough to be drawn aside by a transient gleam of splendour, which dazzles

but to destroy. Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, have [illegible] the mazes of her difficult path."

At this moment there was a low tap at the [illegible] visitor. He was a tall handsome man, with lofty brow, and a noble bearing; there was royalty in his eye, and an air of command in the curl of his chiselled lip. Yet at the present moment the fire of his countenance was softened by a smile, and his voice was low and even gentle, as, playfully tapping the lady's cheek, he said, "How now, my young recluse, has a sudden flight of genius interposed to deprive us of your august presence, or were the lively sallies of our witty courtiers too shocking for your correct ears?"

"I had a slight headache," answered the lady, almost in a whisper, and at the same time passing her hand over her brow.

"Confess now, Margaret," said her visitor, gaily, "that the headache is a mere excuse to cover your retreat; and, therefore, to atone for this slight departure from verity, you must, *nolens volens*, return with me."

So saying, he placed her hand within his arm, and led her to the scene of merriment.

There was a sudden hush among the busy talkers, when their presence was perceived, and one and another gathered around them.

"Your majesty has succeeded in recovering one of our brightest ornaments," said one. "We have been languishing for your return, madam," said another; "we have been labouring under a painful stagnation of intercourse since your refulgent light was withdrawn."

Margaret politely yet silently listened to these flatteries. She knew that they were heartless, and she valued them accordingly. As she leaned upon the arm of her royal brother, Francis I, the gay, the brilliant, the powerful king of France, and felt that she was admired and envied by all around her, how paltry and worthless did her rank, affluence, beauty, and even her mental endowments appear in her eyes, compared with the new and spiritual life which had begun to dawn in her soul.

"It is all less than nothing, and vanity," [illegible] traversed the magnificent saloon, and [illegible] e brilliant scene before her. There [illegible] knots [illegible] ans conversing together [illegible] and animated gestures. [illegible] the apartment was seated the [illegible] isa of Savoy, in deep cons[illegible] [illegible] ; while bands of ecclesiastics, arrayed in the habit of their order, noiselessly glided hither [illegible] apparently absorbed in their own reflections, but in reality closely observing all that passed.

For some time Margaret continued to pace the room with her brother, until his attention was claimed by his mother and Duprat, and at the same moment Margaret recognised, in a somewhat obscure recess, an individual whose presence she had not yet perceived. The recognition was mutual; and as they advanced to greet one another, it was evident that the unexpected meeting was agreeable to both parties.

"Monsieur de Berquin," exclaimed Margaret, "you have then but just arrived?"

"Pardon me, madam," replied the gentleman addressed, "I have been in Paris some hours; but having several important commissions to transact for the bishop, I was unable to reach the palace until now."

"For the bishop, for Briçonnet!" exclaimed Margaret, eagerly; "and have you any message, any letter for me?"

"I [illegible] of a [illegible] which [illegible] if [illegible]"

Margaret joyfully received the small and [illegible] amination of its contents [illegible] herself alone and secure from [illegible] In the meantime she plied Berquin [illegible] respecting the subject which [illegible] occupied all minds, namely, Luther and his new doctrines. Were they gaining [illegible]? Were his disciples increasing? [illegible] with much opposition? Had the doctor of Wittemberg issued any new publications, and of what nature?

To all these questions, rapidly asked by Margaret in her own animated manner, Berquin replied fully and satisfactorily. Luther and his [illegible] grades of society, from the halls of nobles to the cottages of peasants; his adherents increased every day. The enemies of the new movement were enraged, and at the same time confounded, at the rapid and universal dissemination of heretical doctrines. Luther continued to send forth fresh productions of his pen, which were [illegible] after and read by all classes. To these and other communications, Margaret listened with intense interest.

In Berquin she found a kindred spirit; to him she could open her heart, without fearing to encounter the half smile of contempt and derision which would occasionally discover itself, in spite of the outward demonstrations of respect, whenever she touched upon the great question of the day. Like herself, Berquin

had received the pure and simple truth into his heart. Endowed naturally with a high-souled love of justice, a keen and enquiring mind, and a noble disregard of consequences, he had searched the Scripture with an earnest desire to find the truth, and having found it, he clung to it with unwavering faithfulness.

By the court of Francis, he was looked upon as "the most learned among the nobles;" and by the king himself, who was the acknowledged patron of learning and science, he was considered as one of the brightest literary ornaments of his reign. Living within the baneful atmosphere of a corrupt court, and surrounded by temptation, his life was pure and unblemished, and was a constant though silent reproof to the gay triflers who revelled around him.

Devoted to his studies, and eagerly seeking after truth, the aim and desire of his soul was to make others partakers with himself of the rich and precious liberty of the gospel. He had tasted the blessedness of those whom the truth makes free, and he longed for the deliverance of his deluded countrymen, who still languished in the chains with which popery had bound them. When trial and persecution assailed him, he calmly braved the tempestuous shock, and "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," laid down his life and gave his heart's blood in defence of the blessed truths which had led him to the feet of Jesus.

Such was the man in whom Margaret found a friend and brother, and whose presence she hailed with delight when she had been sadly anticipating a night of frivolous dissipation. And so engrossed was she with the conversation of Berquin, and the tidings which he brought, that she became almost unconscious of all that was passing before her. At a late hour, the assembly dispersed, and she retired to her own apartment, refreshed and strengthened by her uninterrupted intercourse with a Christian brother.

When she found herself alone, Margaret eagerly opened the parcel of which Berquin was the bearer. It contained the epistles of St. Paul, translated and splendidly illuminated, and a letter from the Bishop of Meaux, in which he entreated her to present them to the king. "They cannot but be pleasing from your hands," said the good bishop; "they are a royal dish, fattening without corruption, and healing all manner of sickness. The more we taste them, the more we hunger after them, with desire unsatiable and that never cloys."

How did the heart of Margaret thrill, as she read these words. Briçonnet was her guide, her spiritual father; to him she looked for support and consolation, and confided (perhaps too entirely) in his superior age and experience. She had yet to learn, that the most trusted and beloved fellow-creature may prove but a broken reed.

Many and varied were the thoughts of Margaret, as she bent over the sacred writings, and prayed, oh! how earnestly, that those inspired pages might find an echo in the heart of Francis. Tenderly attached to her brother, she longed to see him influenced by the same life-giving truths which had wrought so great a change in her own soul. And her ardent and imaginative mind fondly pictured the result of his conviction and conversion. She thought of their childish days, when their studies and amusements, their joys and sorrows, were the same. She remembered the many happy hours of her princely playmate, when they roamed together through the stately gardens of the Louvre, or loitered in the chambers of the palace. Tears trickled through her slender fingers, and fell upon the holy volume—tears not unrecorded in heaven, for they were accompanied by the warm outpourings of a sister's heart, by prayers for the soul of one who was still "dead in trespasses and sins," one who was blindly following the dictates of his own depraved nature, and proudly bidding defiance to God and his message of love. The only one of her family who had embraced the pure religion of Scripture, the princess wept over her relatives in the flesh; she mourned to see the dissolute life of her mother Louisa of Savoy, whose shameless conduct shed a malevolent influence over the French court, and brought disgrace alike upon her sex and rank. Could such a character be won for the ranks of Christ and his people?

"With God nothing is impossible," said Margaret, as she thoughtfully arose, and putting aside the precious gift of Briçonnet, summoned her attendant.

The grey light of morning had already begun to dawn, before she could compose herself to rest, and when, at last, she fell into a troubled slumber, the subjects which had so lately occupied her thoughts mingled with her dreams. She was again conversing with Berquin, and listening to his interesting details. Suddenly there was a stir in the apartment; a stranger had just entered, and her attention was arrested by his striking countenance and independent air. He advances into the middle of the room, and raises his hand as if about to speak.

"It is Luther himself, whispers Berquin, and Margaret listens with breathless interest to catch the words that fall from his lips. He speaks; his tones are melodious, yet solemn, and his delivery noble and impressive. "'The just shall live by faith.' My friends, I, Doctor Martin Luther, unworthy herald of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, confess this article,

that faith alone *without works* justifies before God; and I declare that it shall stand and remain for ever, in despite of the emperor of the Romans or the emperor of the Turks; in spite of pope and cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, nuns; in spite of kings, princes, and nobles; and in spite of all the world, and of the devils themselves. This is the true and holy gospel, and the declaration of me, Dr. Martin Luther, according to the teaching of the Holy Ghost."

The voice ceased, and the speaker immediately retired. Instantly the room was in confusion, angry voices were raised against the audacious [illegible], and in the midst of the excitement Margaret awoke, with the words of the speaker's appeal still ringing in her ears: "The just shall live by faith," without works, without penances, without bodily mortifications, incantations, and austerities, without the intervention and tyranny of a depraved priesthood. Oh blessed assurance! how did the firm conviction of its truth thrill the heart of Margaret with its invigorating power; it brought her to the arms of her Saviour; it cast aside every barrier that reared itself between her soul and God; it raised her above the miserable uncertainties of earthly life, and surrounded her spiritual being with the atmosphere of heaven. It gave a fresh impetus to her Christian course, and hurried her against every obstruction. In short, it set her whole soul at liberty, the liberty wherewith Christ hath made his children free, and which neither man nor devil can interrupt or destroy. Reader! do you know anything of this faith, which works by love and overcomes the world?

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THIRD PAPER.

ANOTHER theory which geology has been pressed to serve, but which it completely explodes, is the "development hypothesis." Development, as understood by Lamarck, Oken, and others, is not to be confounded with progression. It is cheerfully conceded that progression is exhibited alike in the vegetable races, in the transition from infancy to manhood, in the expansion of mental capacities, the spread of civilisation, the more clearly defined apprehension of social and civil duties, and in the successive stages by which the sphere was prepared for the reception of man. Every victory achieved by intelligence over the forces of nature bespeaks this progression; the turning of the forest into a fruitful field, the girding of the earth with railways, so that its "ends" are brought into contiguity, the spanning of the deep ravine, and the harnessing of the lightnings to convey our messages of peace or war, are all areas snatched from the impossible, and are all advancements in the condition of mankind. The promise of the future, as well as the conflicts of the past, are allied to progression. If the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad—if the dire Ghostcity shall be replaced with the calm of perpetual peace, and the nations beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks—if the serpent shall forget its sting and the tiger its fangs—if the most glorious scenes that are described in the elevated and inspired poetry of Scripture shall be realized, and the light of Sun no more go down—it shall be but a progression to which there will be still advance, but after which there can be no decline. The development hypothesis assumes, however, not that there is progression in the individual and the race, but that "no organism is nor ever has been created which is not microscopic." Whatever it finds removed from the sphere of an animalcule, it declares "not to have been created, but developed." Man, therefore, in whom there reposes an intelligence that can weigh the heavens in its balance—the most wondrous work of his Creator—with his woes that scorch and scathe him, with his depravity that cleaves to him like the burning garment of Nessus—is, according to this theory, a development—a microscopic point whom some spark of electricity startles into being, and who, by a series of transmigrations that would bewilder a Brahmin, attained to the stature and dignity of manhood.

At what stage in its progress the organism became instinct with life, the development hypothesis is silent. How it acquired its depravity, whether from the vapours of some dismal swamp over which it winged its way, or from some matter "gross and feculent" with which it came into contact, is a question undetermined by Oken or the "Vestiges." Whence it became endowed with immortality, if immortality it possesses, whether by some Promethean daring which stole fire from heaven, or by some conjuring with galvanism, is a point to which the development writers afford no clue. The essentially atheistic character of this hypothesis, which excludes the Creator from the bestowment of life, attributing creation to law, and pronouncing matter the whole of being, from which thought is evolved by some charmed process similar to that by which Orpheus tamed the savage beasts, and brought the mountains to listen to his strain, will doubtless repel devout minds by its "profane babbling;" but our safety obviously lies ultimately in meeting its alleged facts, and in showing that its "science" is "falsely so called." This geology enables us to do, for she removes the veil from the most remote periods of time, not to point to life as a

normal state of matter, as the theorist supposes, but to exhibit matter in abundance without life. She leaves the question of life to be determined by that book which declares that God created every living creature that moveth, and that, as the "head of the creation," he breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. And while this hypothesis seeks for the earlier forms of organic life in these distant eras—forms which shall indicate the beginning of a series of processes which are to have their consummation in developments of peculiar grandeur she beckons to the older fossils, not microscopic points, but organisms complex and intricate as the ganoids of the old red sandstone, and points to the megalosaurus and mylacosaurus, gigantic reptiles, compared with those now existing on the globe, as proofs that nature has resiled rather than advanced in those long cycles that have circled since she was called into existence. Thus revelation is shown to be in league with the stones of the field. "And surely it must be gratifying to see a science formerly classed, and not perhaps unjustly, among the most pernicious to faith, once more become her handmaid; to see her now, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, or rather from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offering; no longer as she went forth a wilful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity, and a priest-like step, and a bosom full of well-earned gifts to pile upon its sacred hearth. For it was religion which gave geology birth, and to the sanctuary she hath once more returned."

A TEXT AND AN ILLUSTRATION.

"I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

The following interesting illustration of these words of our Saviour occurs in a brief sketch of Mr. Edie, attached to the life of Alexander Paterson, the well-known Edinburgh city missionary.

"Mr. Edie was brought to Christ under the ministry of Dr. Chalmers in Kilmany, about thirty-five years ago, and the reality of the saving change wrought in him was attested by a long and heavenly course. You saw in him great natural suavity and benevolence of manner, sweetened by the infusion of vital Christianity; you noticed his look of love, and heard his tones of kind inquiry, as he stood at the plate from sabbath to sabbath, and asked you of your well-being and that of your friends. You knew him to be the cheerful as well as elevated Christian. You have met him in the tumult and negotiations of the market-place, and witnessed the great meekness and straightforward integrity with which he transacted his business. Your spiritual interests lay near to his heart; he delighted to walk every Saturday evening to the prayer-meeting which the Session have observed during the last eleven years, that he might wrestle with intense importunity for your salvation. When, in spite of this persevering earnestness, he discovered few symptoms of conversion among you, he would say, What can it be that is hindering the success of our prayers? Still he was not damped in his praying energy; but summer and winter, in stormy or serene weather, he would toil on to the place 'where prayer was wont to be made;' and on one night of dense darkness, he was in the act of falling over the high and steep embankment, past which the footpath from his abode to our village goes, when he providentially caught the vegetation growing at the side of it, and recovered himself. Oh, if you had seconded his supplications, and prayed for yourselves as he prayed for you, what blessed results would have followed!

"All of you, dear brethren, know what it is to repeat a prayer; but how many of you know what access to God, or communion with him, is? Our departed brother knew what ordinary and what extraordinary fellowship with him is. Shortly before his death, he mentioned to us, that when residing in Cupar in the year 1839, that memorable year when God was shedding down his Spirit on some favoured localities in the land, he was lying awake on the couch of repose, about three o'clock on a sabbath morning in the summer, and was meditating on the 21st chapter of John, where Christ's appearance to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias is recorded. The words recurred to his memory, in which John, convinced by the unexpected capture of the fishes that Jesus was present, said, 'It is the Lord!' and as these words of affectionate recognition passed through his mind, a sudden and awful, but delightful, sense of the Saviour's presence rushed upon his soul. He felt as if he saw him who is invisible; a stunning, but sublime, consciousness of his nearness filled every faculty of his mind; he started up from his bed, and poured forth his heart in adoration, wonder, and supplication before his Master; hour after hour glided on, and still he felt as if Jesus was as really before him as when he stood in the midst of the upper room on the day of his resurrection, and said, 'Peace be unto you;' and he went on venting his ardent emotions in one continuous stream of gratitude and devoted affection. And now he is with him whom, having not seen, he loved, and the noble exercises of that eventful morning are to be prolonged to eternity."

THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH;

OR, SEA OF GALILEE.

HAVING recently given the readers of the magazine some account of the Dead Sea, or Lake Asphaltites, we will now endeavour to present them with a picture of its sister lake, which contrasts with it in the most striking manner; insomuch that a recent traveller says, "If the southern lake be the sea of death, the northern is emphatically the sea of life." And this remarkable difference had been long before described by Josephus, the historian of the Jews, who writes: "This region hath in it two lakes, that of Asphaltites, and that of Tiberias, whose natures are opposite to each other; for the former is salt and unfruitful, but that of Tiberias is sweet and fruitful." This lake, called in the Old Testament, "the sea of Chinnereth," and in the Gospels, the *lake* of Gennesareth, and "the lake of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias," is the most sacred sheet of water this earth contains, for it was the scene of our Saviour's ministry, and his usual home after he left the high country of Galilee, where he had previously dwelt. This is that "land of Zebulon and Naphtali, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles," which had sat in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death, upon which a great light was to arise!

The natural features of the whole district—the inheritance of the four northern tribes—are of a distinct character from those of the more southern scenery. So few travellers visit the interior of the Galilean mountains, that their beauty and richness are, comparatively, unknown. It is a district of luxuriant fertility, and its scenery is of a noble cast. Removed to a far distance from the seats of government at Jerusalem and Cæsarea, its inhabitants were, from an early period, much isolated from the rest of their countrymen, and their territory came gradually to be regarded as the frontier between the Holy Land and the external world; and hence it was called "Galilee of the Gentiles." In the time of the Christian era, the customs and dialect of the Galileans were so distinct that their "speech bewrayed" them.

"This very isolation," says the Rev. Mr. Stanley,* a recent traveller on the spot, "which renders the history of Galilee an almost entire blank in the Old Testament, is the cause of its sudden glory in the New." It was the seclusion of Nazareth which constituted its peculiar fitness for the early abode of Christ. The delightful valley in which the village is situated is one of those green basins of table-land which are found in many of the Galilean hills, just below their topmost ridges. It is described by Dr. Richardson as a circular space, encompassed by fifteen gently rounded hills, which rise around it, like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion. This secluded recess is a rich and beautiful field, adorned with flowers, abounding in corn-fields and fig-trees, with small gardens and olive-trees. The dense grass affords a luxuriant pasture. The village, whose most conspicuous object is the great Franciscan convent of the Annunciation, stands on the steep slope of the valley; and the whole scene has a character of sequestered tranquillity and pastoral abundance well suited to its associations.

From the crest of the hills which thus screen it—especially from one on the western side—there is a most striking view of the surrounding country, including the three most famous mountains of Palestine. On the north-east, Tabor's rounded dome is seen; Hermon's white top glitters in the distant north; and Carmel, with the Mediterranean Sea, are visible to the west. In the nearer prospect are the uplands on which Nazareth stands, with its own circular basin behind it; on the west, inclosed in similar hills, overlooking the plain of Acre, lies the town of Sepphoriah; while to the south and south-east is the broad plain of Esdraelon, overhung by the high pyramidal mountain, which, as the loftiest and most conspicuous in the neighbourhood, has been called "the Mount of Precipitation."

"These," adds the traveller already quoted, "are the natural features which, for nearly thirty years, met the almost daily view of Him who 'increased in wisdom and in stature' amid this beautiful seclusion. There, in peaceful retirement, surrounded by the fair scenes of nature, was passed that youth, whose most remarkable characteristic is its absolute obscurity." Nazareth, unknown and unnamed before, first appears as the abode of the humble carpenter. It was as "the prophet of Nazareth" that Jesus was first known, and this was the home whence he came, and whither he returned, on the only two occasions of which we read, until he finally left it to commence his public ministry.

Six miles from Nazareth, in the plain of Esdraelon, rises Tabor, a strange and beautiful mountain, distinguished alike in character and form from all around it. Almost entirely isolated, when approached from the north-west, it towers like a dome; while from the east, it looks like an arched mound. Its sides are thickly dotted with clumps of trees, so that it rises from the plain like a mass of verdure, and its appearance is not unlike that of the scat-

* "Sinai and Palestine, in connexion with their History: by Rev. A. P. Stanley, M.A." To this valuable work the writer of the present paper is indebted for the principal part of the materials here selected and arranged. London: John Murray.

tered glades in the outskirts of the New Forest. Many white and yellow flowers adorn its green sward; and upon its summit there is a broad area commanding a magnificent view of the plain. From hence, psalmists and prophets gazing of old, exclaimed, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name!" From hence the Christian traveller, with throbbing heart, [illegible] with the saviour "was seen, [illegible] ing Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, upon the sea-coast."

Leaving Tabor on the right, and crossing the [illegible] plain, [illegible] ridge of hills, [illegible] been the scene of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] full view of [illegible] the regular road, is [illegible] hollow, which [illegible] itself, by [illegible] of the country. This deep [illegible] [illegible] it something of the [illegible] which belongs to all lakes of volcanic origin, and [illegible] to the Dead Sea. The [illegible] itself is about ten or twelve miles [illegible] [illegible] its greatest [illegible] being that of oval. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] land-locked, it looks smaller than it really is. In the clearness of the [illegible] tense blue sky of Palestine, reflected in the wide expanse of its waters, over-canopies a landscape of calm serenity. Silence reigns around; no sound is heard in any direction; no boats are on the bosom of the lake; no villages on its shores. The placid, mirror-like waters and shelving beach, the ruined cities, once thronged with men, and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God, all carry the thoughts back into the days of old, and recall to mind the wondrous deeds enacted there. There is a difference in the character of the mountains which surround the lake. On the eastern side they approach nearer the shore, and are of a more horizontal form; the country wears a desert aspect, and has fewer springs and streams; but the western mountains, especially those toward the northern end, are of varied form, and their appearance presents a complication of striking features, while behind them rise, majestic against the clear sky, the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon.

Descending through the rocky walls which encompass it, a new climate is felt. All travellers speak of the oppressive heat, as, leaving the bracing atmosphere of the high lands, they go down into the deep basin of the Jordan lake. Along the edge of the sea runs, the whole way round, from north to south, a level beach, strewn with small black and white pebbles, or [illegible] the greater part of this line of shore is fringed with shrubs of the tropical thorn, with its pre- [illegible] and is mingled here and there with the bright [illegible] long before they flower in the loftier regions. From this beach, which is seen running, like a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Some such an incident we remember to have read in the journal of a recent traveller to this sacred lake, who describes himself as strolling down to the shore after sunset, and seating himself on a mass of broken wall, to enjoy the freshness of the evening, and to indulge in the reflections awakened by the scene. The mountains around were like a dark purple frame encompassing the expanse of water, which reflected the hues of the twilight sky. The day had been one of sultry heat, unmitigated by one breath of cooler air. But now a fresh breeze came off the lofty table-land, and rushing down the ravines that descend to the lake, began to ruffle its placid bosom, and to toss up its surface into small waves, which came and broke at the stranger's feet, with a pleasant music. Anon, as it grew darker, the breeze increased to a gale, the lake became a sheet of foam, and the white-headed breakers dashed loudly on the rugged beach, while the gentle murmur of the waves was exchanged for a wild and mournful sound of whistling winds and agitated waters. In the far distance was seen a solitary sail, struggling with the waves, and at times lost to sight behind the curtain of the misty rack that enveloped the surface of the sea.

Just such was the scene described in the Scripture narrative, when, after a day of ceaseless toil and unremitted labours of love, "the evening being come," the Saviour, accompanied by his disciples, entered into a ship to "pass over to the other side;" but wearied with fatigue, he fell asleep. Suddenly, there came down a storm of wind on the lake, and the still waters were roused into angry waves, which filled the boat and threatened destruction to the terrified servants of the Redeemer. We know what followed; and how, in an instant, at his voice, there was "a great calm." And so, amidst the waves and tempests of life, even now, the Saviour is near his people. Billow may follow billow in long succession; everything may seem to be boiling ruin; all may apparently be given up for lost; but Jesus is in the storm. Cry unto him, toiling and struggling Christian, and at the very moment perhaps when faith may be failing and despondency seizing on you, he will speak the word, and lo! there will be a great calm.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

AGAIN "some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture." There is a class of hearers who seem to yield a glad and intelligent assent to the truths of the gospel, who, so far from being forgetful hearers, speak with frequency and fluency upon the doctrines which the preacher brings before them, and who are quick to detect, and severe to animadvert upon, any introduction of error or overstatement of truth. Like Herod with John the Baptist, they hear the preacher "gladly," and perhaps "do many things," make many alterations in their conduct and demeanour, "because of him;" but yet there is no genuine production of fruit. There is no exhibition in their daily walk of that progressive development of Christian practice springing out of Christian principle, which is at once the result and the evidence of spiritual life within the soul. They are just the class of whom the Lord speaks to his prophet Ezekiel: "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness: and, lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not."

The apparently strange and anomalous condition of such is here emphatically illustrated and explained: "These have no *root* in themselves;" they have no "*deepness of earth*;" their Christianity is all *superficial*; it has its lodgment only in the intellect; the unchanged heart of stone is underneath, and consequently they "believe but for a time;" and by and by, "when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, they are offended," and "fall away." A Herod, a Demas, a Judas, stand out in fearful prominence upon the page of inspiration as specimens of this class; and, alas! it is not difficult to furnish such from amongst professing Christians at the present day. As long as the current of gospel profession seems to flow on smoothly in accordance with their own particular tastes and wishes, so long they are well satisfied to float along its stream. But the moment that it meets and runs counter to the opposing tide of popular opinion, or of individual propensity, and that in its roughness they apprehend danger to their personal ease and self-indulgence, they get out of it as speedily as possible, and lapse back into less disguised and more devoted worldliness and ungodliness than before. "Better had it been for them," saith the apostle, speaking of such, "not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them." 2 Peter ii. 21.

Reader! be not satisfied until you have good reason to believe that the word of God has struck *deep root* into your heart, and that yours is therefore something more than a superficial, evanescent religion.

Some of the seed is, moreover, described by our Lord as "falling among thorns, which spring up and choke it;" or, as he explains the illustration, "the cares and pleasures of this world, the deceitfulness of its riches, and the lusts of other things, choke the word and render it unfruitful." Of the three classes of hearers upon whom the word of God is described as not producing its designed effect, this latter would seem to be the most numerous. It is not that, as in the case of the wayside hearer, the word is snatched away so that no effort of memory can possibly recall it; or that, as with the seed which has fallen upon the rock, an effect is produced—an appearance of fruitfulness is manifested which a short time proves to have been delusive; but, in this instance, the word is heard and reheard as a matter of course; the hearing of it constitutes a part of that systematic business in which they would not on any account be found defective or irregular; but the mind is so absorbed, its thoughts so concentrated, its energies so engrossed, upon the concerns of "the life that now is," that it actually has no room to afford, no thought to yield, no time, no strength to spare, to the concerns of eternity: like the ground filled with thorns, it is altogether *preoccupied*; and promises, invitations, warnings, precepts, fall upon a heedless ear, and are unechoed by a world-devoted heart. This state would seem, too, to be not only the most prevalent, but the most deceptive, and therefore the most dangerous, of those which the parable brings before us.

He who finds that the word of God which he hears or reads habitually escapes his memory, and thus produces no effect upon his heart

and life, must know, if he ever turns the eye of contemplation inwards, that all is not right with him—that his religion is vain. He, in like manner, whose conscience upbraids him with having discarded an appearance of religion which he had assumed, and having relinquished a profession which he had made, must feel, if he be not past feeling, that the brand of the backslider is upon him. But he who hears while he does not heed, at the same time extenuating his heedlessness upon the plea of occupation, and justifying his occupation by its alleged necessity, has wrapped around his conscience a covering of delusion which [illegible] penetrate or rend asunder. He hears, and fancies that in so doing he is giving to God that portion of time and service which he is entitled to expect from him; he does not heed, but hides from himself, and imagines that he hides from God, the guilt, if such there be, of his heedlessness, behind the multiplicity of claims which the world has unavoidably upon him. To serve both God and mammon is his desire and endeavour. To yield but the thorns, whose end is to be burned, instead of fruit to the glory of God, is the result. Reader, seek not only to "break up the fallow ground" within your heart, that the good seed of the word of God may be plenteously sown within it; but "*sow not among thorns*;" seek that He from whom is "the preparation of the heart," may root out "the cares and the pleasures of this life and the deceitfulness of its riches," otherwise the sowing will be in vain; the harvest will be one of disappointment and sorrow.

All, however, is not failure. There is a sowing over which, in the joy of the coming harvest, both the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together. "That on the good ground are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience;" some, as we are taught by the version of the parable in St. Matthew's gospel, "an hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty."

"*An honest and good heart.*" Here is the one requisite for the receiving of the gospel seed, so as to ensure the production of fruit. But it would seem that our blessed Lord, knowing what is in the heart of man, designedly uses terms which pourtray the very opposite of what that heart by nature is. Honest! "the heart of man," saith the Most High, "is *deceitful above all things*, and desperately wicked," (Jer. xvii. 9.) Good! "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only *evil continually*," (Gen. vi. 5.) In order, therefore, that the heart of man be fitted to receive so as to retain the seed of the word of God, and to bring forth fruit unto eternal life, it must not only be broken up and weeded, its clods pulverized, its thorns rooted out; but its soil, its character, its nature must be altogether changed. The power of Him who alone "can bring a clean thing out of an unclean," whose province and whose promise it is "to take away the heart of stone and give the heart of flesh," must pass upon it. It must, in a word, be a *new creation*. "The *natural* man," saith the apostle, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned," (1 Cor. ii. 14.) Reader, remember that Bible reading, gospel preaching, ordinances, means of grace, can do nothing for you without a previous preparation of the heart. Remember that this preparation is from the Lord, and that for it he is willing to be entreated. Before you read, before you hear, go to him for the honest and the good heart, which you have not by nature, which he by grace bestows; and "God is able to make all grace abound toward you," and to multiply your seed sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness.

A SUNDAY AT SEA, AND ITS RESULT.

We were on our homeward passage from the Cape of Good Hope. We had already passed St. Helena and Ascension, and crossed the burning line, and were now waiting the first breath of the northeast trade-wind to bear us on our homeward way. But we waited patiently and hopefully, for hitherto our voyage had been highly favoured both as regarded winds and moderate weather.

In other respects, too, we had had much cause for thankfulness; for among our fellow passengers some were Christians in more than name, earnest and devoted followers of Him whose ways are those of pleasantness and peace, leading to eternal life. In the long hours of tranquillity untroubled by the world, and surrounded by the mighty works of Him who made heaven and earth and all that in them is, many were the seasons of profitable discourse which we enjoyed.

Our captain was a worldly man, who made no profession of religion, but he expressed respect for the feelings of others, and never in any way interrupted or interfered with our Scripture or sermon readings in the cabin. With the chief mate it was otherwise, for he was a determined scoffer at all religion, and seemed to regard it as his peculiar office to deride those whose hopes were turned towards any other world than that which bounded his regards. He was a man of considerable talent, too, and great powers of satire, but they were all exerted to cast ridicule on those who sought

to live up to their profession of Christianity. Every trifling incident he proclaimed in ridicule "a crowning mercy," every passing circumstance he termed "a saving grace," and he was always ludicrously pretending that which he should have really felt—a great terror as to the eternal fate of his soul. Added to this, he was a fearful and habitual blasphemer; high and holy names were continually passing his lips, almost mingling with the stream of bad language that was continually pouring from them; and the consequence of his evil example was plainly seen in the increasing recklessness and hardness of the crew.

While we lay between the trade-winds, we were visited by one of the tremendous squalls frequent in those latitudes. The clouds came rushing up over the bright blue sky, the rain poured down in torrents, the lightning blazed, the thunder roared, the wind swept like a hurricane over the sea, covering it with foam, and every sail had to be lowered to save the vessel's masts. Noble and stately as our ship had looked in harbour, with her massive hull, tall masts and tapering yards, and her sails spread abroad like mighty wings—what a fragile helpless thing she was there out on the sea among the stupendous works of the Almighty Creator! Truly to none more than to those who go down to the deep in ships is the arm of the Lord revealed. His might was heard in that viewless tempest; his majesty was seen in the mountain billows that lashed and foamed around us, and in the lightning that filled the air; and more than all was seen his mercy and loving-kindness in that he preserved us through all these threatening dangers, and permitted our frail bark to ride in safety through the gale.

In little more than an hour the storm had passed as suddenly as it had come; the sea and wind sank again to rest, the sky cleared, and the sun shone out on our steaming deck. Immediately afterwards we perceived a strange vessel which had been driven by the storm into our neighbourhood. A ship at sea is like a friend on land, and the stranger lost no time in lowering a boat and communicating with us.

Among our visitors was a missionary on his way to New Zealand. When he came on board our vessel, it was Saturday evening, and he earnestly entreated that, if the vessels should still be together on the morrow, he might be permitted when the service for his own vessel was concluded, to come on board ours and hold another for the benefit of our crew and passengers. To the satisfaction of the greater number of the latter, this permission was readily accorded by the captain; and when the next morning broke, and showed the stranger still close at hand, not a little was the stir on board our vessel at the prospect of such an unusual Sunday at sea. With many of the passengers it was an emotion of pleasure at the unexpected opportunity of hearing the words of truth on a weekday, and excitement were mingled at the novelty of the occurrence; while to the mate the whole was a fruitful subject for jest and sarcasm.

At length the appointed hour came, and the little congregation were assembled on the quarter-deck beneath the awning, and all eyes were fixed on the pale grave face of the missionary, whose zeal to be about his Master's work had brought him among us. The passengers were placed farthest aft, and then stood the sailors, clean and neatly dressed, and listening with grave attention to the prayers that were humbly offered up to the Throne of Him who One that inhabiteth eternity, to the passages read from his word, and to the hymns of praise and thanksgiving spreading afar over the tranquil ocean. When they were finished, the preacher paused for a moment, and looked earnestly round on his hearers, and then with expressive energy the words of the Divine command came from his lips: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

As this terrible denunciation of a sin so common among seamen met their ears, a faint murmur passed along the crew for a moment, but they were soon quiet and calm as before—all save the mate, whose hands clenched tightly the little straw hat he held. Each sailor hearkened with increased earnestness while the missionary briefly, yet forcibly and eloquently, went on to speak of how fearful a treasure of wrath they were laying up for themselves who dared to utter with irreverent lips the name of the Almighty God, the Maker of all things visible and invisible. He reminded them how unsuitable it was that man, who was the work of God's hands, whose very breath was his gift, as were his health and strength and happiness, should raise up the voice that God had bestowed on him to speak indifferently, far less profanely, of his Almighty Creator, to whose mercy and long-suffering some there perhaps owed it that instant judgment had not fallen upon them, as it had done upon many, in the very act of committing the sin in question. He bade such remember that, though they had escaped such judgment, it was not because they deserved it less, but because of the loving-kindness of the Lord, who desireth not the death of a sinner. And then, warning them of the eternal misery that follows sin, he entreated them to repent while it was yet time, and to turn to him who invites the chief of sinners to come to him and live.

When the clergyman, in conclusion, prayed that the words we had heard that day outwardly with our ears might be grafted inwardly in our hearts, more than one stiffened knee, that had not been bent to God since its childhood, was pressed upon the deck, and first and humblest of all knelt the scoffer. Then the crew respectfully retired, and after a short conversation, concluded by a mutual "God speed," the missionary left us to return to his own ship. At the gangway he was stopped by the mate, and there a long and earnest conference took place. What passed none knew; but ere they parted, the clergyman took a book from his bosom, and presented it to his companion.

The next day the ship was out of sight, bearing on his way that devoted missionary; but the influence of his visit was still with us in the amended conduct of our crew, for they were grave and sedate, and the air was no longer tainted with profane or blasphemous language. But the good seed had fallen upon stony ground, and because of the hardness of their hearts it withered away. In a few days their evil habits began to reappear. They were now, however, quickly checked by one who in former days had been their leader in all ungodliness. Each day did the mate's serious impressions appear to deepen, and the clergyman's book was his constant companion; whenever not hindered by duty, he was at some of our meetings for reading the Scriptures, which he used formerly to deride; and in the silent night watches he would pace the deck for hours in deep converse with one of the passengers, one who, though not a teacher by profession, was well fitted to aid an anxious inquirer after the way of God. The terror concerning his soul that the mate had formerly affected, now in reality took possession of him; and like the publican in the parable, he stood afar off, beating his breast and crying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" And it pleased Him who, though we be tied and bound by the chain of our sins, yet doth of the pitifulness of his great mercy loose us, to hearken unto his humble petition, and to shed abroad that blessed light in his heart which brought him a true believer and earnest suppliant to the foot of the cross, trusting for the remission of his manifold sins to the blood of the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world.

Even in this floating speck upon the waters, the mate did not escape the usual jeers levelled against those who turn to God. The captain and second mate were never weary of jesting at his sudden piety; and even the sailors, as far as they dared, met his reprimands by reminders of how short a time it was since he had been worse than themselves. They did not know that the consciousness that he had helped to lead them into evil was ever present to his mind, and was the subject of his deepest regret. But instead of turning him from it, all their sarcasms seemed only to make dearer to him the way of life which he had chosen.

Meanwhile, we were advancing on our homeward voyage. The tropics, with their sunny skies and steady tradewinds, were passed, and we were on the North Atlantic, exposed to its cold atmosphere, varying winds, and foaming waves. After passing the Azores, too, we encountered a succession of gales, accompanied by rain, from which our crew, so long accustomed to warm weather, suffered greatly, many of them being scarcely able to work. But the mate—a healthy man in the prime of life—did not suffer at all, and the incapacity of others left him many duties to perform in addition to his own; still he found occasional half hours to peruse the missionary's gift, or to converse with his Christian friend.

One day the weather moderated, and the captain, after taking the sun's altitude and consulting his chart, announced to us that he expected that evening to pass, at furthest, within five miles of a group of sunken rocks. He could not apparently tell more exactly, owing to the length of time we had been at sea having rendered the chronometers somewhat irregular, while the bad weather prevented the possibility of correcting them by lunar observation. The same uncertainty prevented his altering the vessel's course, as by so doing he might rush on the very danger he sought to avoid; therefore he resolved to trust all to "chance," as he called it, contenting himself with placing men on every side to look out for the foam that would be an indication of the vicinity of the rocks.

The day passed over our heads well nigh as tranquilly as usual, for we had something better to trust to than the captain's "chance" in the Divine Providence, and the loving-kindness of our God. Even when with the declining day the wind rose and blew with hourly increasing violence, covering the sea with long ridges of foam, the same comforting remembrance was with us. Towards evening the mate came down below, and joined in a little devotional meeting that was held. He then returned to his station on deck, for the gale still continued to increase; and when, a few minutes after, we retired to our cabins, we heard his voice above the howling of the wind cheerfully calling to the men to closely reef one of the sails—the only one we had spread—to steady the ship. This order was followed by the echoing tread of the crew along the deck. Then came the clamour of lowering the sail to reef it,

followed by an increased motion of the vessel; and then but a short while after came a hasty step down the companion-stairs, and a hurried voice addressed the captain, saying—

"A man overboard, sir!"

"Who?" was the anxious inquiry.

"We don't know yet, but some one fell from the yard-arm."

Never, most probably, will any one who heard that terrible announcement forget the horror with which we were filled, at the thought that one whose lot had been cast with us for so many weeks should have been so suddenly and fatally torn away. Was it all right with his soul?

Not many minutes passed ere we learned who had so suddenly departed. It was the mate—he who at first had striven so hard to annoy us; it was the newly-awakened soul which God had mercifully brought to a knowledge of the truth ere he called it hence. Much as we regretted the mate's death, we were thus comforted and consoled.

For two days more the storm howled around us, and the waves beat upon our deck, but no more casualties occurred among our crew, who moved about the ship quiet and awe-stricken; for greatly as they had jeered at the mate's conversion, they yet felt for him a regret mingled with deep respect, such as they would never have felt had he died the ungodly being he once had lived.

Now that the mate was no more, the words he had in vain endeavoured to restrain when living were heard no more from the men; but whether it was merely a temporary respect to his memory, or whether the sight of his sudden fate had brought before them the necessity of preparation for another world, I know not, for in little more than a week we had taken leave of all, and were safely landed on our native shore, giving humble and hearty thanks for our manifold preservations from danger to the Lord that commandeth the waters and sitteth above the water-floods. The lessons this incident communicates as to the importance of seeking God at once, when he invites us to come unto him, are obvious. No less encouraging is it to all, like the pious missionary, to sow the word in season and out of season.

FILIAL PIETY.

Filial piety begins in the heart, where all right affections begin. It is of little use for a child to attempt to regulate his outward conduct toward his parents, so long as he takes no pains to regulate his inward spirit. If he has disrespectful thoughts and unkind emotions toward them, his conduct will be very apt to betray him. The character of the young is, in this respect, transparent. Let it be the great study of a child, in his treatment of his parents, to cherish the sentiments of love, respect, and reverence, and they will not fail to eradicate those dissatisfied, complaining, untoward, impetuous, and angry passions, which so often express themselves in the outward deportment. Hatred, contempt, and even indifference will never give birth to honourable conduct. Such emotions may be restrained by motives that are mercenary, by pride of character, or by the strong hand of power; but so long as they lurk in the heart, they will neutralize, if they do not poison, all true frankness and ingenuousness of character. The rash and ungovernable spirit that will not brook restraint, the proud and haughty spirit that will not submit to be admonished, and not even counselled, mark the character of many a sullen daughter, and many a disobedient and rebellious son. If the young do not nip them in the bud, they need not be disappointed if they give a mournful colouring to their future history.

We know there are wicked parents, cruel, dishonourable, and dishonoured parents, whom it is difficult to love, respect, and confide in. Nor can a virtuous child love and respect them for these unhappy qualities. Yet will such a child never forget the filial relation. He will be grieved for the sins of his parents, but he will still remember that they are his parents, and as such he will honour them. There is no relaxation, no lifting of the bond from the conscience of the child, on account of the parent's frailties. It is not a child's province to sit in judgment upon a parent's faults; but rather to weep in secret over them, and by his filial spirit to win and reform those whom he thus honours. Children are sometimes eager in watching for the failings of their parents, and exult in the opportunity of reproaching and upbraiding them; but it is a temptation of the devil. A filial spirit is the more honourable and lovely for being expressed and cherished amid such discouragements. There is no more lovely characteristic in a child, and no brighter adornment, than that affection which smiles on a parent who is unkind; that respect and reverence which bows before a degraded parent; that noble generosity of mind, that delicate intellectual and moral texture, which turns its back upon a parent's faults, and covers them from the eye of the scorner.

Children owe their parents also the tribute of affectionate and respectful language.

We stand in doubt of the spirit of the age in which we live, when we hear the disrespectful language which we are sometimes forced to hear

from the lips of children towards their parents. The son or the daughter that cannot command the tongue in the presence of their parents is a child that causeth shame.

That spirit of bold contradiction in which the young sometimes indulge themselves, is a degenerate and degenerating spirit; it soon becomes contempt and mockery. Angry emotions may be cherished that are never expressed, and that cover the face of an ingenuous child with blushes as soon as he detects them. Acts of overt disobedience such a child may have been guilty of, which, in after life, it wounds an honourable mind to look back upon. But what child, in whose bosom a spark of filial honour remains, is not humbled at the recollection that he ever indulged himself in words of reproach and impudence towards those whose memory he loves to dwell upon, and to whose tenderness and care he is so much indebted? We scarcely know how such language sounds; how it sounds to the ear of a well educated and courteous stranger; how it sounds in the ear of heaven; and only know that it is music to the ears of bad men, and triumph among fiends. It tells a fearful and melancholy tale, whoever hears it. A backbiting tongue is the mark of those who [illegible] in his holy place." The tongue of man is his glory; it is one of the great peculiarities by which he is distinguished from the lower orders of the animal creation. With deep and tender interest do parents watch this growing power of speech in their children; and when that beautiful and expressive faculty which they have so assiduously cultivated, and so proudly elicited, utters its words of contradiction, reproach and mockery, the wound is deeper than though it were made by a drawn sword.

To speak with uniform respect to their parents and of their parents; never to allow themselves an irreverent raillery at their parents' expense, even amid the scenes of their more secluded mirth; to resist, at the onset, the temptation to passionate and provoking language, however great the cause of provocation; to repress all words of malice and of the "scorners who delight in their scorning;" to set a "watch upon the door of his lips," and cultivate that courtesy which shrinks from wounding a parent's feelings by an incautious or ungracious word, is a tribute of respect which no dutiful child withholds.

Children honour their parents likewise by filial and dutiful deportment. The language of the Bible on this topic cannot be misunderstood. It is addressed to us in such forms as these: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord." "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding." "A son honoureth his father." In carrying out the spirit of these instructions, they say, "Hearken unto the father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." The same general sentiment, though of more comprehensive import, is beautifully expressed by that requisition of the Levitical law, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man."

These tokens of outward respect, this docility, obedience, and kindness even to old age, constitute the great features of that external deportment which marks the filial character. A filial spirit is an obedient spirit; nor is it anywhere so severely brought to the test as by that absolute submission which is due to parental authority.

The disposition of children, in this article of their deportment, is widely different. Some there are who bluster and talk stoutly against submission to parental authority, and who for [illegible] refuse to obey, but who, like the young man in the parable, "afterwards repent," and do what they are required to perform. Others there are who are all courtesy and smiles in the presence of their parents, and who, while they never utter a disrespectful word, yet go away and persevere in their quiet and noiseless disobedience. We justify not the rebellion of obedience of the former; but "of the twain," it is the former who does the will of his parents. Few things are more grievous to a parent than the silent, unobtrusive, and obstinate disobedience of the child whose language is, "I go, sir, but went not." No child honours his parents like the one who promptly obeys. Whatever else such a child may be tempted to do, he never thinks of disobeying his parents; his parents' will, clearly expressed, is to him invariable law.

Nor does he ever outgrow their authority where it is lawfully exercised. And even where the parent ceases to exercise it, there are filial duties. There are the sentiments of reverence and kindness; there is respect for the opinions of parents, and deference to their wishes. In the frailty of old age, it may be amid misfortune and calamity, poverty and dependence, there is a strength of filial devotion that is gratified by ministering to parental wants and comforts, and there is a tenderness that is gratified only by such tributes of affection.

With a single exception, the authority of the parent is absolute and universal. The child is relieved from his obligation to obedience only where the law of the parent comes in collision with the law of God. He may enter into relations which modify, and in some particulars

supersede, his filial relations; the daughter may become a wife and mother, and the son a father and husband; and these latter relations, while they never annihilate, obviously modify the filial relation. Where the duty of the wife and the mother interferes with the duty of the daughter, or that of the husband and father interferes with that of the son, the daughter is more the wife and the mother than she is the daughter, and the son is more the husband and father than he is the son. Collisions of this sort are very rare; where all the parties are wise, they will indeed never be found to exist; but where they do exist, the law of God relieves the child from his obligation to his parents. The wife must obey the husband rather than the father; the husband must forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife. In all cases God's law is the paramount rule; and wherever the parent is either so weak or so wicked as to require what God has forbidden, or forbid what God has required, the child is under no obligation to obey. If the parent, for example, commands his child to steal, to curse and to swear, or to profane the sabbath; or if he forbids the child from worshipping God, or from becoming a professed disciple of Jesus Christ, or from reading the Bible, it is the duty of the child, meekly but firmly, to obey God rather than man. The parents' claims are, and ever must be, subordinate to God's. "Henceforth," says the apostle, "we know no man after the flesh." "He that loveth father or mother," saith the Saviour, "more than me, is not worthy of me." The claims of kindred must give way to the ties of faith and love; every earthly consideration and alliance must bow to his claims who is our fathers' God as well as our God.

Here the limitation ceases. Submission may be unpleasant; it may, and sometimes is, not a little trying to the feelings of the child; it may countervail his judgment, and he may consider his parents in error; but so long as it crosses not an enlightened conscience, a dutiful child, while he modestly retains his own convictions, will yield. He will consent to suffer in his feelings, his plans, his judgment, his interests, rather than be disobedient.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XX.

An imposing concourse, filling the entrance and principal streets of a royal city. Conspicuously placed on high are two individuals, crowned, and gorgeously attired, who appear to be listening to the encouraging predictions of a crowd of sycophants. One, whose kingly array cannot conceal his habitually cruel yet cowardly mien, seems for the time inflated with pride and daring; but the other, a monarch of majestic and fearless demeanour, turns away from the chorus of sycophants, incredulous and disgusted.

Poetry.

I'M HERE.

'Twas when its glory o'er the sea
October's sunshine threw,
And lighted up ten thousand waves
Upon its bosom blue,

A father and a joyous child
Unfurled the snowy sail,
And o'er the rippling waters sped
Before the gentle gale.

Loud laughed the happy boy, as soon
They neared a lovely isle:
"Oh, father, father, let me stay,
And wander there awhile.

[illegible]
Fresh shells and flowers, I see!
Oh, leave me there—then onward sail,
And come again for me."

The father to the child's request
A favouring answer gave,
And bade him watch his swift return
Across the dark blue wave.

Then forward rode the white-winged bark
Upon the heaving main,
Still less'ning till a speck it seemed
Upon the watery plain.

But suddenly the sky grew dark,
The waves were bright no more;
As dense a mist as ever rose
Hung over sea and shore.

The father thought upon his child,
And hasted to return;
But of that lovely isle, alas!
No trace could he discern.

Anxious and sad and sore perplexed,
He wandered here and there,
Till childish accents clear and sweet
Rang thro' the thickened air.

It was his darling's well-known voice,
Exclaiming, "Father dear!
You cannot see me thro' the mist,
But steer straight on—I'm here."

The parent to his joyful heart
Hath pressed his child once more,
And safely thro' the blinding fog
Their bark has reached the shore.

But in a fortnight from that day,
Tears, briny tears, were shed;
"The mourners went about the streets;"
The fair young boy was dead.

They laid the little lifeless form
Beneath the verdant sod,
And thought upon the darling one
Gone home to dwell with God.

But when that mourning parent stands
Beside the tiny grave,
He heaps those accents, silver sweet,
Once heard across the wave.

From heaven above they seem to fall—
"Oh, father, father dear!
Earth's mists obscure me from thy sight;
But steer straight on—I'm here."

JOSEPHINE.

Page for the Young.

THE FIRST RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

John Stuart was the only son of a wealthy merchant, who lived in a handsome house in London. Mr. Stuart had not been always rich; when he first began life he had very little, but by diligence and prudence, and above all by God's blessing, he prospered so much, that in course of time he made a very large fortune indeed.

Besides John, the merchant had but one little girl, and a sweet, pious little child she was. Mary Stuart was just six years old, and her brother was nearly eight, and they lived a happy life, for they dearly loved each other, and were loved by every one around. Mary Stuart was the most thoughtful of the two children; her little head was always thinking of something for other people, for her little heart was full of love, and she was never so pleased as when she was able to do something for another. Even when she was but three years old, she seemed to think much more of others than herself. Small as she then was, she had many ways of showing the kindness of her heart; she made a little bag to hold her mamma's keys, and though the stitches were not very even, Mrs. Stuart valued that bag very much, for it was a token of her little girl's love; she often left her dolls, to play with her brother John, when he was tired of his toys, and wanted to have a good merry game of romps; and she seemed always ready to give up her own play, if she could be any pleasure to him in his. As Mary Stuart grew bigger, she did not lose her kindness and unselfishness of disposition, but on the other hand showed these loving qualities more and more. The better she understood the sweet stories which her mamma told her of the love of Jesus, the more did she want to be kind to others, for Mrs. Stuart had taught her that Jesus was to be her example, and she loved the Saviour dearly in her little heart.

When the children, then, were about six and eight years old, Mr. Stuart bought a country-house, and determined upon living there, only coming up to London now and then, when any particular business required his presence. It was partly for his daughter's sake that he determined on making this move, for she had been delicate for some months, and the physicians thought that she must leave London for a long time.

When the spring came, Mr. Stuart's family moved down to their new house, and, according to promise, a part of the garden was given to each of the children; here they dug, and watered, and planted, and looked forward to the summer for an abundance of roses and mignionette, and many beautiful flowers besides. Their great pleasure, however, was their strawberry-bed. Three or four times every day did the little gardeners go to their beds, to see if they could find any of the berries reddening, and many a gentle pinch did they give them, to try if they were getting soft. The strawberries, however, would not be hurried, and if they had had tongues would have no doubt said: "All in good time, you must not hurry us; we cannot get ripe until we have had enough sun; only let us have a few warm days, and you shall see how soon we can get soft and red."

The strawberries were in this state when the two children had to go up to London for a week; I dare say they left a part of their hearts in their strawberry beds, and they were reminded of them continually by the ripe fruit they saw in the shops, and they were continually saying to each other, that they wondered whether any [illegible] yet; they [illegible] an opportunity of seeing: the week passed away, and the first thing the children did when they returned to their country home, was to make straight for the garden and search under the strawberry leaves. Nor were they disappointed: a few had ripened while they were away, and were as large, and soft, and red as even the children themselves could wish. Mary's brother was for pulling and eating them at once, it was only a minute's run to the dairy for some cream, and another minute's to the housekeeper's room for some sugar; as to a plate, a cabbage-leaf would make a famous one: John Stuart was sure that they had waited long enough, why not begin at once?

Mary reminded her brother that they had not leave as yet, and the little maid's advice turned out very good, for Mrs. Stuart said they had already had fruit enough for one day, before they left London, and she did not wish them to pull their fruit until the next morning.

"Well, we shall have a fine feast in the morning," said John Stuart to his sister, "and that will make up for our disappointment." So they waited until the morning, and then they each pulled every ripe one that they could find in their own beds. "Now for a feast!" said John Stuart; but, to his great surprise Mary did not sit down at once beside him on the grass and begin.

"I cannot eat these," said Mary Stuart, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast; they are the greater treat."

"Yes! but they are the first ripe—"

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear papa told me that he always used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my strawberries to God too."

"Well, but," said John, jumping up from the grass-plot on which he was sitting, "how can you give strawberries to God; and even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out a way," said Mary Stuart; "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Parkins's dying child, who never sees a strawberry; they are so poor. I mean, when I am a big woman, *always* to give God the first of everything."

John Stuart emptied his strawberries into Mary's leaf, and they went together to give them to Mrs. Parkins's child; and when they saw her put out her thin arm, and take the ripe round fruit in her little shrivelled fingers; and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile; they felt as though they had had a far richer treat than if they had kept the fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MARTINS INTERCEPTED ON HIS WAY TO THE VESSEL, BY THE SENTINEL.

THE SHAMROCK LEAF.

"THY will, O Lord, be done!" was the only reply when the physician informed John Martins that death was approaching. Only a very few months before, he had laid his faithful partner and three children, in quick succession, in the narrow house. Only one wish remained, and that being gratified, he would gladly bid farewell to earth. He desired to be spared to see his two surviving children settled in the world, but now this hope was past.

Having returned thanks to the doctor for his faithfulness in telling him the real state of the case, Mr. Martins asked to be left alone for a short time. After a few minutes spent in prayer, he summoned his son and daughter to the bedside, and with an unfaltering voice told them the doctor's opinion. "I would not wish it otherwise," he said, "for I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day. "Perhaps," he added, after a pause, "I may have been too anxious to see you settled in the world, and now a loving Saviour bids me trust you to him. Remember, when my eyes close in death, there is One who takes my place; for he has said, I will be a father to the father-

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less. As he loves you and knows what you require, I now surrender you up to him who numbers the very hairs of your head."

When the dying man had thus solemnly surrendered his charge to a faithful God, he soon fell asleep in peace. The children knew it was no idle word their father had spoken when he committed them to the care of the orphan's God, and yet it seemed as if the fountain of their tears would never dry up.

Mr. Martins had been a resident for many years in Hamburg, but it was found desirable that his business should not be continued. The daughter, accordingly, was to reside with relatives, and the son was advised to go to America, where he had good prospects of making his way in the world.

Preparations were made by young Martins for leaving the land of his birth. When all accounts were settled, there was but little left to take with him. Still he was not afraid, for the buoyancy of youth, together with faith in the Divine promise, gave him the assurance that all would be well. When everything was ready, a ship was found lying in the harbour waiting for a favourable wind to sail to New York. The name of the vessel gave hopes of a pleasant voyage; (she was called "The Speedwell;") so [illegible] berth in the first cabin, and had his trunks sent on board.

As the day of sailing drew near, the brother and sister felt as if this parting were worse than death itself. The only surviving members of a family, lately so cheerful and so happy, were now to separate, perhaps never more to meet on earth. It seemed to the sister as if her brother were voluntarily stepping into his grave, in so far at least as she was concerned. She had heard of shipwrecks, and the idea had settled down in her mind that he would certainly be wrecked. When the hour of parting came, she clung to him as if he were already in the water. Pursuing their walk in the direction of a public garden, he gently seated her in an arbour, and [illegible] how they had been committed to the care of Him who rides upon the tempest. "*He* is our Father now, Mary," he said, "and clouds and storms are his servants." "Yes," she replied, "our Father and our father's God; I shall try to weep no more. If I have not you, I have him. How strange," she added, "I feel so happy in that thought. Farewell, and may He who stilled the storm on the sea of Galilee be your guide."

On reaching the harbour, the young man found that the ship was not yet ready to sail, and he was informed by the captain that three guns would be fired to give the passengers warning when they were to come on board.

What could he do. He had already taken [illegible] and did not wish to return. He resolved to take a last view of the lovely promenade where he had spent so many a cheerful hour. As he walked along it, each tree seemed to nod farewell. The very shrubs, to his fancy, appeared melancholy. He had walked once round, and seated himself on a bench from which he had a view of the whole harbour and also of the town. He glanced across at the graveyard where his father and mother, with their loved ones, slept, and the tears fell fast. Folding his hands, and looking up to the blue heaven, he offered a solemn and earnest prayer for his sister and himself, and just as he had finished, and his breast was heaving with joyous emotions, at the thought of [illegible] land, the boom of the cannon in the harbour below told him it was time to go on board.

With a quick step, he [illegible] down the winding foot-walks towards the ship. When half way he paused to take a last look at the grass, and his eye rested on a four-leaved shamrock. "I will take a souvenir of the spot with me," he said, smiling; and bending down, he plucked the leaf and deposited it in one of the folds of his pocket-book, as a last remembrance of home.

Now there happened to be a law in Hamburg, as in many places of public resort in our own country, prohibiting the plucking of a single flower or leaf from promenade grounds. If any one is detected infringing it, there is a fine inflicted for the offence. All this the young man forgot at the moment. He was, accordingly, just about to place the pocket-book in his breast pocket, when a stentorian voice from a sentinel on duty commanded him to stand still. "You must consider yourself in custody," said the man. "You know the law against plucking any flowers or leaves from plants in the public walks."

"I had forgotten all about it," replied Martins. "I did not mean to offend, I assure you, and I have just heard the signal of the vessel in which I have taken a passage to America. If there is any fine, I will pay it at once, but do not stop me."

"I cannot receive the money," replied the sentinel; "you must pay the fine to the inspector at the watchhouse."

"Be so good, then, as to bring me there at once," begged the young man. "I have not a moment to lose."

"I dare not leave my post," was the sentinel's reply. "You must remain here till the change of guard comes."

"I shall lose my [illegible] there," cried the young man. "The ship is just ready to sail; I have paid my [illegible] my cabin is on board.

For pity sake, do consider the circumstances in which I am placed, and do not ruin me."

"It is all of no use," replied the soldier. "I know my duty, and can't help you. You *must* wait till the guard comes round."

It was now evident that nothing could be done; and as the clock of St. Michael's had just struck three-quarters, he must then be content to wait the remaining fifteen minutes till the sentinel should be relieved. With the utmost impatience he waited that time; but when the second and third signal shot boomed from the harbour, there was still no appearance of the relief guard.

At last the anxiously looked-for party arrived. He accompanied the sentinel to the guard-house, which lay at a considerable distance in the new market, in a direction leading quite away from the harbour. Springing into the guard-room, he told his story, paid his fine, hastened through the streets, ran full speed to the harbour, and discovered that the ship was already out of sight!

His courage now sunk, and as he looked up with tearful eye to the blue sky, the thought rose in his breast: "Art thou not my Father? Hast thou forgotten to be gracious? Hast thou not said, Cast all thy care on me?" Then stilling his agonizing thoughts, he resolved to follow the ship. He hastened accordingly to Altona; but on arriving there, he found that the "Speedwell" was already past. On he rushed to Blankenese in full speed, and here also he was too late.

The Cuxhaven steamer was expected to go past in a couple of hours, and the pilots on the strand seemed to think that it might readily overtake a sailing vessel; still they could not speak positively on the subject. "There is nothing certain under the sun," said an old boatman, who reclined lazily on the beach; "but if the young gentleman has paid his passage in the 'Speedwell' he may go down in the steamer, and have a chance yet. We will put him on board, if he chooses, and it will not cost much."

The wind was rising, and was very favourable. On arriving at Cuxhaven, it was growing dark, and he learned that the ship had not stopped at all, but was already gone to the open sea.

Bitter tears rolled down his cheeks; and if he had thought that God had dealt hardly with him, and that his prayer had not been heard, which of us will wonder at his unbelief? The passage-money, the outfit, and his time, were lost; and worst of all, it seemed as if God had no pleasure in him, as if he had forgotten his prayers. The bitter thought, too, that his own act in plucking the shamrock had brought all this on him was not calculated to quiet his disturbed spirit.

He had still enough money left to carry him to America, but he would arrive there with nothing over.

In a few days another ship was announced as ready to sail, and he hastened to secure a berth. He told the captain his story, who sympathised deeply with him, telling him, however, that something good might turn out of the business yet. "One piece of right advice I will give you," added the captain: "remain now on board, and you will be sure that a like misfortune will not befall you this time."

The time soon passed away. The day that the ship was getting ready to sail was one of much bustle and confusion on board. Young Martins found himself very much in the way, so he resolved to sit quietly in the cabin. At last the cannon, booming once, twice, thrice, told that all was ready, and the ship was getting under weigh. The captain and sailors had enough to do, so he turned quietly into his berth, after commending himself and the ship to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

When he turned out the next morning, he found that they were out of sight of land, and the sea was gilded with the rays of the rising sun. The ship's bell rung for breakfast, and when the repast was over, the captain brought out a bundle of newspapers he had taken on board the evening before, just when starting. He had not read far, when, with an exclamation of surprise, he rose and handed the paper to Mr. Martins, bidding him to read. He took the sheet and read as follows: "A ship which has just arrived brings intelligence that the merchant vessel 'Speedwell,' which left Hamburg with goods and passengers for America, has been wrecked in the channel, and not a man has escaped."

Pale and trembling, Martins folded his hands in prayer, while tears of gratitude flowed down his cheeks. "What think you of your shamrock leaf now?" said the captain; but his hearer's only reply was—"Teach me, O Lord, even under the most frowning providences, to trust thee, and to say, not my will, but thine be done."

The chain of providence is a long and mysteriously wrought series of links, which works out purposes of mercy and grace by means often apparently small and insignificant. Sometimes, as in the case before us, the very mistakes of God's children are overruled for their deliverance. Reader, can you trace no such dealings of mercy with you in your own experience?

When there is no such thing as trust in men, there will be no commerce with them; so a man that cannot trust in God can have no fellowship with him.—*Howe.*

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, AND HOW TO MEET IT

For whatever purpose met, there is something most impressive in the spectacle of a great multitude; that vast sea of faces—that mighty aggregate of human beings with living hearts, immortal souls, eternal destinies—all in a few years to be dead and gone; the joys and sorrows, the fears and hopes, that now animate and agitate them, cold and buried in the dust. But how unspeakably more solemn the spectacle of a world come from their graves to judgment! and amid circumstances of terrible and transcendant sublimity—thunders that rend the skies—the perpetual hills passing away—burning mountains hurled into boiling seas—the sun dying—the starry heavens rolling up like a scroll—all eyes fixed on the "great white throne," which rises in lonely majesty high above the countless crowd.

It shall be a solemn thing to meet the dead again, and see those—father and mother, children, our brethren—who are now mouldering in the dust. How solemn it was to part with them—to stand by the dying bed and look on as they passed away, till we heard life's parting sigh, and saw the last convulsive quiver on the lip of one that was our own. But the meeting of those who, although lying side by side, have been long parted; who, although their coffins and dust commingle, have held no communion in these silent graves, shall be a still more solemn thing; and an awful thing, if we should meet, as many shall meet—how dreadful the thought!—with face of terror, mutual accusations and bitter recriminations; awful, overwhelming, unless we meet with mutual congratulations, to dwell together in a better than our old, earthly home—in the mansions where friends meet to part no more.

Still the solemnity rises. If it shall be a solemn thing to find ourselves face to face with the dead, how much more solemn to stand face to face with the great Judge both of the quick and dead. We have read, we have often thought of Jesus Christ, till we felt as if we saw him. We have followed him in fancy's vision through the chequered scenes of his earthly history—along his rough and bloody path, from the night that angels sung his advent, to the day when they returned to escort the conqueror home. We have seen his form stretched out, for want of a better bed, upon the dewy field, or wrapped up in a coarse boat-cloak as he lay asleep amid the storm on Galilee lake. We have seen the eyes of pity he bent on the weeping Magdalene—the expression of reproachful love he fixed on a recreant disciple—that dying look, so full of fond affection, which he turned on a fainting mother. We have seen him standing calm and collected before a prejudiced and time-serving judge, patient and self-possessed beneath the bloody scourge, mute and meek before the frenzied multitude; and as we watched the successive events of the cross, we have seen the joy—typified by the passing away of this eclipse—that gleamed in his dying eyes as he raised them to heaven and cried, "It is finished." We have often in fancy seen him. When our dust revives, and graves shall give up their dead, with these very eyes we shall see him; by the light of a world in flames we shall behold him, a God enthroned for judgment.

The day grows yet more solemn. Its solemnity reaches its highest point, culminates in the momentous issues of judgment. It is God's day of settlement with a world that has had a long credit. It is the winding up of this earth's bankrupt estate and each man's individual interests. It is the closing of an open account that has been running on ever since the Fall. It is the day when the balance is struck, and our fate is heaven or hell; and what invests my text with its most solemn importance is this, that by the manner in which we have walked in these statutes, and kept these judgments, and done them, shall our destiny be determined. The most common actions of life, its every day, every hour, are invested with the highest grandeur, when we think how they extend their issues into eternity. Our hands are now sowing seed for that great harvest. We shall meet again all we are doing and have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all that it holds in keeping, to be witness for or witness against us. Oh, think of that, and in yonder hall of the inquisition, see what its effect on us should be. Within those blood-stained walls, for whose atrocious cruelties Rome has yet to answer, a prisoner is under examination. He has been assured that nothing he reveals shall be written down, or used against him. While making frank and ingenuous confession he suddenly stops. He is dumb—a mute. They ply him with questions, flatter him, threaten him, he answers not a word. Danger makes the senses quick. His ear has caught a sound; he listens; it ties his tongue. An arras hangs beside him, and behind it he hears a pen running along the pages. The truth flashes on him. Behind that screen a scribe sits committing to the fatal page every word he says, and he shall meet it all again on the day of trial. Ah! how solemn to think that there is such a pen going in heaven, and entering on the books of judgment all we say, or wish, all we think, we do. Would to God we heard it—everywhere, and always heard it! what a check, and what a stimulus it might prove! Are we about to

sin, how strong a curb! if slow to duty, how sharp a spur! What a motive have we here to pray for the blood that blots out a guilty past, and for such grace, in time to come, as shall enable us to walk in God's statutes, to keep his judgments, and to do them.

Do any flatter themselves that, as to *their* sins and transgressions, God hath not seen or doth not regard, or hath forgotten? Most fatal delusion! "I have seen all that Laban hath done unto thee," said the Lord to Jacob in a dream. "Surely I have seen yesterday the blood of Naboth," are his words to Elijah, when he sends him away with a charge to throw down the gauntlet at Ahab's feet, and proclaim war between heaven and his bloody house. Naboth has been foully murdered. The crime is concealed. Cunning and cruelty have triumphed; and no living man now stands between Ahab and the vineyard. His evil genius approaches his bed. "Arise," says his wife, "Naboth is dead; arise, and take possession." The king rises, rides in royal state to Jezreel, and luxuriates among the beauties and clustered grapes of his ill-got possession. Suddenly a man, clothed in rough garment, unsummoned, unwelcomed, appears upon the scene. He intrudes himself on royalty. It is Elijah. With steady step and stern look, he marches up to Ahab, and, fixing his eyes on the quailing coward, asks, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession? In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, they shall lick thy blood, even thine." Tread upon a worm and it will turn on you. Now, to be a king, and yet be bearded before his court by this rude, unmannerly intruder; to have the damning deed—which had been contrived with such cunning, and executed with such success—dragged out from its concealment by this bold hand into the light of day; to be branded before his courtiers, and proclaimed throughout all the country, as Naboth's murderer, stirs, if not the courage, at least the wrath of Ahab. With guilt on his scowling brow, and malignant anger burning in his eyes, he turns on the prophet, saying, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" "I have found thee," was the calm, terrible, intrepid answer.

Impenitent and unbelieving sinner! flatter not thyself that God hath not seen, or doth not regard; fancy not that thy crimes are buried in a grave deeper than Naboth's, and that, as the dust of death lies on the lips of the partners, or witnesses, or victims of thy guilt, therefore you may be at ease, since the dead tell no tales. The day is coming when every unpardoned sin shall find out its father; when what has been done in darkness shall be revealed in daylight, and the word whispered in the ear shall be published upon the house-top . . . . . .

Peace! Yes, there shall be peace. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and the secret of our peace shall lie in that which gave courage to a royal favourite, when arraigned before his country for a most fragrant crime. Men wondered at his strange serenity, and how he could bear himself so calmly. They saw him pass on to the bar without a cloud upon his brow, or an expression of anxiety in his eye, as he gazed around him on judges, accusers, the crowd of anxious spectators. The trial began. His case grew darker and darker—not so his aspect. Witness after witness bore crushing evidence against him, yet the keen eyes of his enemies could detect no quiver on his lip or shade upon his brow. Long after hope had expired in the breast of anxious friends, and they looked on him as a doomed man, there he was, looking round serenely on that terrible array. His pulse beat calm, nor startled suddenly, but went on with a stately march. Peace sat enthroned upon his placid brow. When at length, amid the silence of the hushed assembly, the verdict of "Guilty" is pronounced, he rises. Erect in attitude, in demeanour calm, he stands up, not to receive the sentence—which was already trembling on the judge's lip—but to reveal the secret of this strange peace and self-possession. He thrusts his hand into his bosom, and lays on the table a pardon—a full free pardon for his crimes, sealed with the royal signet.

Would to God we all were as well prepared for the hour of death and the day of judgment! Then fare ye well earth, sun, moon, and stars; fare ye well wife and children, brothers and sisters, sweet friends, and all dear to us here below. Welcome death, welcome judgment, welcome eternity; welcome God and Christ, angels and saints made perfect, welcome—welcome heaven.*

THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH.

SECOND PAPER.

REFERENCE has been made to the ruined towns, traces of which are still visible on the shores of the lake. The chief of these was Tiberias, which held rank as one of the principal cities of Galilee. It was built by Herod the tetrarch, and named, by him, after the Roman emperor Tiberias, with whom he was a great favourite. This place became a renowned seat of Jewish literature, and after the downfall of Jerusalem continued to be, until the fifth century, the residence of Jewish rabbies and learned men. At the present day, one of the first objects that

* From "The Gospel in Ezekiel," by Dr. Guthrie.

catches the eye, as it ranges along the beach, is the modern town, with its huge castle and turretted walls—a pile of melancholy ruins, scattered along the nearer shore. It is situated at the southern extremity of the lake, near the warm springs, which still send out their steaming waters over the beach, into the lake—an indication of that volcanic agency which has, from time to time, overthrown the cities Tiberias and Safet with a destruction almost as fearful as that which annihilated the older cities of the south. At the northern end of the lake, by the entrance of the Jordan, another city, named Julius, was erected by the same Roman governor. These stately towns, and the villas of the Herodian princes, scattered along the shores, undoubtedly gave an air of dignity and importance to the lake; but they were not the scenes of our Saviour's ministry. The chief centre of activity and life was found in the crowded towns and villages of the plain of Gennesareth; and there, amid the busy stir of the teeming multitudes, who were "coming and going so that there was no time so much as to eat," did Jesus make his abode. Leaving the quiet home of his childhood and youth, he "came down" and "dwelt in Capernaum"—a place situated "on the sea-coast," but whose precise locality it is impossible to discover. So literally has the doom pronounced upon it by the lips of the Redeemer been fulfilled, that its memorial is utterly lost, and the place thereof "knows it no more." This permanent residence of our Lord—his home during the three most important years of his earthly life—which witnessed his daily going out and coming in, wherein so many of his words and works were spoken and performed*—this place, of all others most hallowed in the memories of his disciples, which was "exalted unto heaven," has been destroyed with an everlasting destruction.

Of all the numerous towns and villages that once covered the plain of Gennesareth—the most thickly-peopled district of Palestine—one alone remains. A collection of a few mean hovels stands at the south-eastern corner, called Magdala, or Migdol. Poor relic of the past!

The plain itself, in its natural features, as has been said, is fertile even in its uncultivated state, its waste places being covered with rank vegetation, reeds, oleanders, honey-suckle, wild flowers, and splendid thistles, in immense crops. This remarkable luxuriance must have always contrasted very forcibly with the rugged solitudes that surrounded so closely the lake of life; and it was to the "desert places" of the eastern shore that the Saviour frequently retired, either alone or with his disciples, for the purposes of solitary prayer and meditation, or necessary repose. To one of these spots he directed his way after having stilled the tempest on the lake; and there is one locality on the eastern shore specially suited to all the particular details of the history given by the evangelist. Lord Lindsay, the only traveller who has carefully described that unfrequented side of the lake, has given an account of it which seems to fix the scene of the wondrous miracle performed on the demoniac. In the central ravine of a valley nearly opposite Tiberias, there are the ruins of a town which was, probably, the Gadara of old. Passing through several scattered columns and remains of houses, Lord Lindsay says, upon the eastern brow of the hill, and in the face of the mountain overhanging the valley, he saw many tombs—the only ones he saw on the eastern side of the lake; and below the hill, descending towards the lake, are certain steep embankments on which the swine might feed, and down whose rocky declivities they would rush furiously to the shore.

The other principal occasion of a visit to the eastern shore was when the multitudes were fed. "Everything points," says Mr. Stanley, "to the north-eastern extremity of the lake. There, while Jesus went in a boat straight across 'to the other side,' the multitudes would be able to go on foot from the villages of the plain of Gennesareth, along the shore, round the head of the lake. The 'desert place' was either one of the green table lands visible from the hills on the western side, or, more probably, part of the rich plain at the mouth of the Jordan. In the parts of the plain not cultivated by the hand of man would be found the 'much green grass' which, trodden down by the feet of the thousands there gathered together, would make as it were 'couches' for them to recline upon. Overhanging the plain was 'the mountain' range on whose heights Jesus 'sat, with his disciples,' and saw the multitudes coming to them; and to which, when the feast was over, he again retired."

After dwelling on the striking contrast presented by the rich plain, with its swarming multitudes, and the bare hills, thinly dotted with grass, and the solitary ravines and table lands of the eastern and western ranges, Mr. Stanley says: "The lake, in this double aspect, is thus a reflex of that union of energy and rest, of active labour and deep devotion, which is the essence of Christianity, as it was of the life of Him in whom that union was first taught and shown."

Let the mind of the reader endeavour to

* The paralytic was here healed, who was let down from the roof of the house. Here Jesus restored two men to sight, and cured one possessed of a devil. Here, too, he [illegible] the tempest by the utterance of a word, and raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead.

realize the scenes we are attempting to depict. Let him stand, in imagination, on the brow of one of the steep descents leading down to the sea of Galilee, and imagine its shores thronged with crowds of fishermen, of peasantry, and of men of various [illegible], who, either permanently or as passing visitants, were found in this central district of Galilee, in the days of the Saviour's sojourn there. And then, as his [illegible] the spectacle which met the eye of Jesus, when, emerging from his mountain home, he went forth "to seek and to save that which was lost," he will perceive some of the main reasons why the sea of Galilee and the plain of Gennesareth became the abiding-place of [illegible]. "Where could he have found work so [illegible] as amid the ceaseless [illegible] of these teeming villages and busy waters? It was no retired mountain lake by whose shore he had come to dwell. Nowhere, except in the capital itself, could he have found [illegible] works and words of mercy." There were the heathen publicans and [illegible]. The "women who were sinners," [illegible] bouring cities of Gentile [illegible], were there. The Roman soldiers were there, [illegible] the palaces of the Gentile magnates; and there, too, the hardy fishermen and [illegible] from among whom he [illegible] and by whom his messages of mercy were [illegible] received. From no other centre could his fame so have gone out [illegible] all Syria; nowhere else could he have drawn around him, the vast multitudes who hung on his lips, and [illegible] "through the whole [illegible] carrying in beds those that were sick," whithersoever he entered into any of the numerous villages or cities round about.

It was not long, indeed, before the wonderful works of the "son of Joseph" began to be "published much," and so "blazed abroad" that wherever he appeared, he was immediately followed by eager throngs who "pressed upon him," and, "astonished at the doctrine he taught," crowded together "to hear the word of God." After a time the Saviour "spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him," and, entering into this little fishing vessel, he taught the people from thence, while they stood upon the shore. St. Mark, in the fourth chapter of his gospel, has recorded one of the discourses thus delivered off the beach of the plain of Gennesareth; and, in this address, are found grouped together several of the most striking parables, whose imagery was suggested by the natural objects in the scenery around. Mr. Stanley tells us that, as he rode along the track under the hill-side by which the plain is approached, seeing nothing but the steep sides of the hills, alternately of rock and grass, he recalled to [illegible] the parable of the sower, and felt at a loss to imagine what there was in this scene to suggest [illegible]. [illegible] the thought occurred, when a slight recess in the hill-side, close upon the plain, disclosed at once, in detail, and with a conjunction he remembered nowhere else in Palestine, every feature of the [illegible]. There was the [illegible] to the water's edge. [illegible] from the bare hills elsewhere descending into [illegible] was the rocky ground of the hill-side, protruding [illegible] in the [illegible]. This parable [illegible] could never be cut [illegible] in the plain of Gennesareth. [illegible] "The country [illegible] by the lake [illegible] mind of the traveller the birds of the air, which [illegible] Gennesareth, the two or three solitary [illegible] its rocky banks, without recalling the image which here alone, in inland Palestine, could have had a [illegible] sea and gathered of every kind' from all the various tribes which still people those lonely waters."

Thus is the gospel history interwoven, so to speak, with the imagery of the scenes and objects amid which its facts transpired. The three first Gospels turn almost exclusively on the Saviour's ministry in Galilee, and accordingly the range of vision is confined to the lake, the mountains, and the wild peasantry of that district. It is otherwise with the gospel of St. John, which contains the record of Christ's ministrations in Judea; and there, accordingly, the imagery is drawn from the city, the temple, and the cultivated lews.

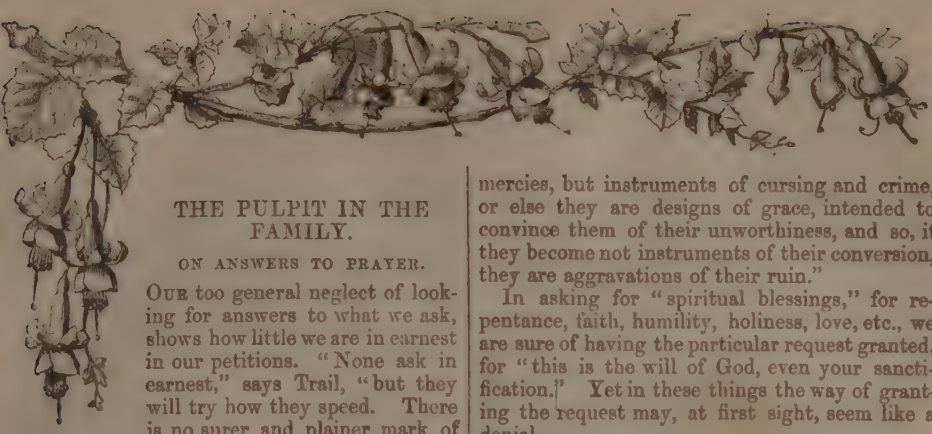
We cannot conclude this paper without referring to the last and most impressive vision of the Saviour on the shores of the lake of Gennesareth. The following graphic and life-like picture of it is by the pen of Mr. Ruskin.

"I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn, with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing himself to his disciples at the lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief, in this manifestation.

"They (the disciples of the Saviour) had gone back to their daily work, thinking still that their business lay netwards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. Simon Peter saith to them, 'I go a-fishing:' they say unto him, 'We also go with thee.' That night they caught nothing. But, when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold, a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked, simply, if they had caught anything. They said, no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those one hundred yards, and stagger to his knees, on the beach.

"Well, the others get to the beach too in time, 'dragging the net with fishes,' seven of them, in all—first, the denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who. They sit down, on the shore, face to face, with Him, and eat their broiled fish, as he bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ, in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of his—to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?'"

That question, reader, is of universal application still. To each of us it comes. How are we, day by day, making answer to it?



THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ON ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Our too general neglect of looking for answers to what we ask, shows how little we are in earnest in our petitions. "None ask in earnest," says Trail, "but they will try how they speed. There is no surer and plainer mark of trifling in prayer, than when men are careless what they get by prayer." A husbandman is not content without the harvest; a marksman will observe whether the ball hits the target; a physician watches the effect of the medicine which he gives; one who writes or applies to another for any temporal good eagerly expects the answer; and shall the Christian be careless about the effect of his labour?

Every prayer of the Christian, made in faith according to the will of God, for that which God hath promised, offered up in the name of Jesus Christ, and under the influence of his Spirit, whether for temporal or for spiritual blessings, is or will be fully answered, either in the specific thing asked for, or in that which, on the whole, is better for us. God always answers the general design and intention of his people's prayers, in doing that which, all things considered, is for the best—most for his own glory, and their spiritual and eternal welfare. As we never find that Jesus Christ rejected a single supplicant who came to him for mercy, so we believe that no prayer made in his name will be in vain. "The answer of prayer may be approaching, though we discern not its coming. The seed in winter that lies under-ground is taking root in order to spring and harvest, though it appear not above ground, but seems dead and lost."

Bring everything before God in prayer. Whatever interests you will interest him, and if you ask for things that are improper, he who is wise and good will give you what is best for you on the whole.

The time or the mode of granting the request may vary, indeed, from our wishes; but yet the prayer made as above stated is heard, the desire so put up is fulfilled.

Bishop Taylor observes: "As for those irregular donations of good things which wicked persons ask for, and have, they are either no mercies, but instruments of cursing and crime, or else they are designs of grace, intended to convince them of their unworthiness, and so, if they become not instruments of their conversion, they are aggravations of their ruin."

In asking for "spiritual blessings," for repentance, faith, humility, holiness, love, etc., we are sure of having the particular request granted, for "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." Yet in these things the way of granting the request may, at first sight, seem like a denial.

Remarkable, sometimes, are the ways in which prayers for spiritual blessings are answered. We pray for an increase of faith, patience, resignation, or other Christian graces; and our trials, instead of being removed, seem greatly aggravated. The clouds grow darker and darker. But the secret supports of the Holy Spirit being afforded, we do not sink under our burden. And in the midst of all these trials, the very things for which we asked are given. There is no exercise for faith when all is smooth; no room for patience and resignation when there is no suffering; the very graces which we sought, need difficulties, sorrows, and trials, in order to be manifested, exercised, and granted. Often the very sentence of death is put upon all our hopes, before they are realized. The extremity of suffering is the point of our deliverance. Let the tried Christian, then, attend to Cowper's exhortation:

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

It is the main desire of every Christian, in a proper state of mind, that God only should be glorified, and his will alone be done; and when he asks for "temporal blessings," he does it with full purpose of heart, not to have his own wishes accomplished, farther than as they concur with the will of God, which will, he is assured, ever designs his supreme happiness. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he will give thee the desire of thy heart." If you are really delighting in the Lord, the desire of the heart will be mainly for spiritual things: and for temporal things it will be with the reservation, "thy will be done." This petition, whether expressed or only understood, may often be a prayer that your previous requests for temporal good may not be granted, and thus there may be an opposition in your requests. We lose not

by the denial of [illegible] petitions, when God [illegible] to give [illegible]. The [illegible] to be the [illegible] of the following [illegible]: "He that [illegible] knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." Rom. viii. 27. And again: "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us. And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." 1 John v. 14, 15. No Christian wishes for the answer which the carnal Israelites received: "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul." Psalm cvi. 15. If then, the Christian be denied the particular request, his real prayers may receive an express answer in his own sanctification, and in the accomplishing of God's holy will; just as a sick man's real desire is accomplished, if he be [illegible], though the medicine or the mode of cure expose him to things which he dislikes. Faith in prayer is not a sure belief that he will give us the identical things which we request; but that he is able to give us all things, and will, in answer to our requests, give us that which is best for us. He is sovereign and infinite, both in wisdom and love; and the more we depend on his grace, the more diligently shall we use his appointed means for attaining grace.

But perhaps you ask, How may I know whether my prayers have been answered or not? Sometimes the case is so obvious that it cannot be mistaken: Jehoshaphat prays, and he is delivered from his enemies; Hezekiah prays, and he is delivered from sickness; Jonah prays, and he is delivered from the belly of the whale; the church prays, and Peter is delivered from Herod. The following, among many others, are examples of answers to particular requests. Genesis xxv. 21; 1 Chron. v. 20; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 13; Ezra viii. 23.

At other times prayers are answered, rather in the increase of grace to bear the affliction, than in its removal, as in the case of Paul's thorn in the flesh. "There are," says Gee, in his Treatise on the Answer of Prayer, "four ways of God's answering prayers. By giving the things prayed for presently; (Dan. ix. 23;) or by suspending the answer for a time, and giving it afterwards; (Luke xviii. 7;) or by withholding from you that mercy which you ask, and giving you a much better mercy in the room of it; (Deut. iii. 24. compared with Deut. xxxiv. 4, 5;) or lastly, by giving you patience to bear the loss or want of it. (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Many examples, in modern times, might be given of answers to prayer, so plain that they cannot be mistaken. Indeed, where is there a Christian who cannot, from his own history, [illegible] instances of this? The prayers of the [illegible] Latimer, and their [illegible] are very [illegible]. These were [illegible] petitions for which he prayed; 1st, That God would give him grace to stand to his doctrine until death. 2nd, That God would of his mercy restore his gospel to England once again—repeating and [illegible] "once again" as though he had seen God before him, and spoken to him face to face. 3rd, That God would preserve Elizabeth; with many tears desiring God to make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England. All these requests were most fully and graciously answered.*

The increase of [illegible], poverty of [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible]; [illegible] as prayer, as to the real [illegible] of [illegible], is [illegible] an answer to prayer. [illegible] these things may have been [illegible], if [illegible] [illegible], the corresponding promises are [illegible] to us, and the greatest blessings have been granted. If we can say with David, "In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul," (Psalm cxxxviii. 3.) we may see the prayer answered in the strengthening of the soul, though the particular request be denied.

It is said that our Lord was heard in that he feared; but this was not by the removal of his sufferings, but by his having strength suited to his stupendous woe.

The due use of means must be attended to, if we wish for answers to our prayers. There is a [illegible] of enthusiasm not uncommon, and to which young or ignorant professors of religion are exposed, that is, to expect the blessing desired in prayer without any effort or exertion on our parts. But in the Bible you may constantly mark how those who earnestly prayed, used the most likely means to effect their desires. Though Jacob passes the night in prayer, he still in the morning takes the best means to pacify his brother Esau. Asa sets the battle in array, as well as cries to God, "We rest on thee!" (2 Chron. xiv. 10, 11.) Bishop Hall says of Moses, when Israel was about to contend with Amalek: "I do not hear Moses say to his Joshua, Amalek is come up against us, it matters not whether thou go against him or no: or, if thou go, whether alone or in company; or, if accompanied, whether with many or few, strong or weak; or, if strong men, whether they fight or no; I will pray on the hill: but he says, choose us out men and go fight. Thus only can we hope when we have done our best; and

* See Foxe's account of Latimer.

though means cannot effect that which we desire, yet God will have us use the likeliest means on our part to effect it. Prayer, without the use of means, is a mockery of God."

"The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing." (Prov. xiii. 4.) Means being required both in God's word, and by the course of his providence, neglect of them is not faith, but unbelief. The patient who trusts his physician's skill will carefully follow his directions. Believing prayer does not render exertion unnecessary, but makes it effectual; giving a divine power and blessing to that which was before a merely weak and human effort. And the right way is neither to use unlawful means, nor lawful ones irregularly, nor to trust either in them or in our prayers; but humbly and diligently to go on in the path of duty, using those means which seem right and profitable, and trusting only in God our Saviour to bring the thing to pass, and that in his own way. His wisdom, power, and love are infinite. His ways are often dark and mysterious to weak and fallible man; but it will ever be found in the end, that "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him. (Psalm ii. 12.)

But supposing, after having done all, and waited long, our prayers are still denied, what are we then to conclude?

The denial of prayer is always in mercy to the children of God. It was in kindness to David that his child was taken away. He earnestly prayed for the life of one who would have been a living monument of his shame. He eagerly longed for the preservation of Absalom; but in mercy that rebellious son, who might have ruined him, was cut off. And how frequently is the denial spiritually useful.

Godwin observes: "Often the very denial breaks the hard heart, and brings a man nearer to God, and puts him on searching into his ways and estate, and to see what should be amiss in his prayer; which alone is a great mercy, and better than the thing; seeing that by the loss of that one thing he learns to pray better, and so to obtain a hundred better things afterwards."

We lose many proofs of God's faithfulness and grace, his tenderness and compassion, by not marking the answers to our prayers in these and in other respects. Gee thus enumerates the ends for which God may for a season hide himself from the prayers of his people.

"In reference to themselves—to increase their assiduity and ardency in prayer—to fit them for the mercy prayed for—to exercise and try their faith, patience, love, sincerity, sanctification, and obedience—to manifest himself to them more fully, either in or after the delay—to make the benefit prayed for more precious and welcome and useful when it comes—to remove the impediments to their receiving or enjoying the mercy sought for—and to raise up their thoughts, their faith, hope, love, and longings, to the second appearing of Christ. In reference to *others*—to make up and bring in the number of those for whom the mercy is proposed—to complete the account of the church's sufferers and sufferings—to give others an example of patient and confident waiting upon God—and for the greater dismay and confusion of the adversary."

When your prayers are not answered, let it lead you to self-examination. Perhaps the prayer may have been answered in a way you have not thought of. Perhaps you were desiring something that would only foster ambition or pride, or were merely considering ease and comfort without regard to spiritual edification. Or look for the cause of it in your neglect of Christ's intercession, or your ingratitude for former answers: question your own faith, the fervency of your desires, the purity of your end, the propriety of the manner in which you have offered up your petitions;* yes, anything rather than God's faithfulness. "Let God be true and every man a liar. Again, God will not be inquired of by those who have an idol in their hearts. (Isaiah xlviii. 5; Ezek. xiv. 3) If you are living in any habitual sin, you cannot expect that your prayers should be heard.

When your prayers are answered, let it assure you of God's faithfulness and love; let it encourage you to renew your prayers, to abound therein, to seek God more constantly, to depend more simply on his strength, to lay yourself out more entirely for him, and never to fear undertaking anything in his cause. Let it excite you to abound in thanksgiving and praise. (Psalm lxvi. 13, 20.)

May what has been stated encourage you not only to hope, but patiently to wait for, and attentively observe, God's answer to prayer.

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* There are two duties connected with the efficacy of prayer, that are, it is to be feared, too little practised or insisted on—alms and fasting. The *alms* of Cornelius ascended with his prayers to God: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Acts x. 4. See also Proverbs xxi. 13.

Parr observes: "Religious *fasting* is also a notable help to prayer, and is often commended to us in the word of God. It is a voluntary abstaining from dinner or supper, or both, as our bodies will bear, and from all delicacies for one day, or more, undertaken to make us more fit for prayer and repentance. The ends in our fasting are: 1st, A fitting ourselves for prayer, that we may be the more lively and earnest; and 2ndly, That it may be a help and testimony of our sorrow for sin and of our humiliation before God." Only herein ever take heed to avoid superstition. (Rom. xiv. 17,) and any opinion of merit, (1 Cor. viii. 8,) and to fast from sin. Isaiah lviii. 5, 6; Jer. xiv. 12.

Keep from such sins as would provoke him to deny your requests, and go on striving and praying, asking, seeking, and knocking, till you are at length safely landed on the heavenly shore; you will then find every prayer fully answered, every wish accomplished, and your souls filled with all the fulness of God.*

Life's Closing Hours.

THE REV. C. SIMEON.

What visitant to the university town of Cambridge has not looked with unspeakable admiration at that incomparable gem of architecture—King's College chapel? What can surpass its decorated upright Gothic style, relieved by deep buttresses, and ornamented by rose and portcullis; its "storied windows richly dight;" its groined and foliaged roof, which, though of solid stone, seems light as the web of the gossamer; or the marvellous effect of the whole construction?

What lover of spiritual goodness who looks at it and connects it with the superb pile of buildings to which it is an appendage, does not recall the name of Charles Simeon?

Here he lived—here he laboured—here he died!

If one needed an illustration of what might be accomplished by goodness—earnest, active goodness—without talents of the first order, or remarkable academical talents at all; and if one would be taught how much more power there is in holiness than in mere intellect; let him remember Charles Simeon.

If it were requisite to prove how far the influence of one man might extend, beginning from a point small at first, like the pebble dropped into the peaceful lake, but gradually increasing circle after circle, till the single influence began to be multiplied through the medium of many others, and at last conveyed an impulse which will last on till the end of all things, the proof is in the history of Charles Simeon.

If it were desirable to exhibit the practical influence of the great doctrines which constituted the basis of the Reformation, and which still contain to all truly devout minds the compendium of the gospel of Jesus Christ, what better example of the faith which works by love, which purifies the heart, which unlocks the treasures of Christian zeal, which comprehends the wide world, can be afforded by any case than by that of Charles Simeon?

Or if it were desirable to show how a well-spent course ordinarily issues in a happy and glorious exit—how the man who lives well is usually the man to die well—Charles Simeon would still be an invaluable case in point.

Let us survey some of the leading features of the career of so distinguished a saint.

In the year 1779 Charles Simeon, then twenty years of age, after passing through initiation at Eton, became a scholar in King's College, Cambridge. His mind had been previously accessible to religious impressions, though they were not of a nature so enduring as to be able to resist the ridicule of his juvenile companions. But a peculiar circumstance awakened him to the most serious reflection. "It was but the third day after my arrival," says he, in his own account of this memorable period, "that I understood I should be expected in the space of about three weeks to attend the Lord's supper. What! said I, *must* I attend? On being informed that I must, the thought rushed into my mind that Satan himself was as fit to attend as I, and that if I must attend, I must prepare for my attendance there. Without a moment's loss of time, I bought 'The Whole Duty of Man,' (the only religious book that I had ever heard of,) and began to read it with great diligence; at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy; and so earnest was I in these exercises, that within the three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. From that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful." His views were, as might be inferred, dark and obscure at the time; but being truly in earnest for spiritual knowledge, he grew rapidly in clearer light and in Christian practice.

On May 26, 1782, Simeon received ordination, and was, for a short time, minister of St. Edward's Church, Cambridge, where his preaching was most favourably received, and his usefulness great. In November of that year, the incumbent of Trinity Church in the same town died, and the diocesan bishop, as a friend of the family, presented the living to Mr. Simeon. For a long period, and owing to circumstances which involved Simeon in no blame, his ministrations were in certain quarters exceedingly unpopular. His faithful preaching of the gospel was most distasteful to many of his parishioners, and their dislike was not a little increased by the attention which his ministrations began to excite among members of the university. Notwithstanding his "methodism," however, the fervent spirit and practical exhibition of the gospel by this young man speedily raised him admirers, and his church began to be filled. His public appearances, too, were sustained by the diligent cultivation of the most devotional

* Bickersteth's Treatise on Prayer.

habits. Every day he rose from his bed at four o'clock, and spent four hours in prayer to God and careful study of the Scriptures. He was, about this time, appointed to preach in the university pulpit of St. Mary's. It was a time of the utmost excitement, and the crowd then assembled appeared disposed to mark their displeasure at the new doctrines. But he gained the ear of his auditors, and many were "seriously affected as well as surprised at what they had heard." One of two young men then present was observed to say to his companion, "Well, Simeon is no fool, however!" "Fool!" was the reply, "did you ever hear such a sermon before?" From that time the progress of this good man in public favour was manifest. His church became thronged; his converts numerous; many of the members of the university constantly listened to him with the most blessed results; and not a few of those "who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Whilst Mr. Simeon was thus in the sphere of his pastoral ministrations at Cambridge, exhibiting the glorious gospel of his Omnipotent Lord, and laying a foundation capable of bearing a large superstructure of future usefulness, his exertions were by no means limited to this immediate sphere. His influence over the neighbourhood in which he resided was exceedingly great. Whilst he had but one weekly sermon in his own church, he was habitually employed in preaching in the surrounding villages; and as he preached "extempore," a rare thing in those days, his ministrations were very popular, and as useful as popular. All this acceptability was immensely aided, was indeed dependent on, the force of his holy, zealous, and consistent character. He was "a city set upon a hill," and "could not be hid." He tutored himself that he might do good to others. He was well aware of his easily-besetting sins, and it was the labour of his life to keep these tendencies in check. He took up his cross, and was not ashamed of his Master. The result was, that in the latter part of his life, his signal excellences told powerfully, not only in his favour, but on behalf of the gospel which he loved. Though not perfect, his influence became widely recognised and commanding. He resembled Moses, who was "great in sight of the Egyptians." He was a churchman whom multitudes, not of his communion, loved to honour and to bless. The bishop of Calcutta mentions, as a striking instance of the honours which gathered about this venerable man, the appearance presented during the delivery of one of his sermons before the university in 1831. "That vast edifice," says he, "was crowded in every part. The Heads of Houses, the Doctors, the Masters of Arts, the Bachelors, the Undergraduates, the congregation from the town, seemed to vie with each other in eagerness to hear the aged and venerable man. His figure is now before me. His fixed countenance, his bold and yet respectful manner of address, his admirable delivery of a well-prepared discourse, his pointed appeal to the different classes of his auditory, the mute attention with which they hung upon his lips, all composed the most solemn scene I had ever witnessed."

Simeon's enlarged Christian zeal could not be bounded by the limits of home. From the commencement of his ministry, his attention had been directed to the claims of India as a missionary field. During forty-two years this subject was never long absent from his thoughts. He took a prominent part in the movements which issued in the formation of the Church Missionary Society. His exertions on behalf of this institution, the Bible Society, the Jews' Society, the Prayer-book and Homily Society, and a host of others, were almost incredible.

But no part of Simeon's exertions was more remarkable than the influence he exerted over his own university. His position as fellow of King's College gave him some weight, but his earnest piety and untiring activity added unspeakably more to it. The undergraduates, whose future destination was the church, were objects of his peculiar regard. With what affection he viewed these young men—what plans he formed for their spiritual qualifications for their great work—how he prayed with them and advised them—published for them, and thanked God if he had been in any measure useful to his "dear, dear young servants"—numerous instances prove. The names of Thomason, Kirke White, Martyn, Sarjent, Corrie, Brown, will occur to many as illustrious specimens of his distinguished success in this important department. "In every part of the kingdom," says the bishop of Calcutta, "he had children, as it were, in the gospel, who had derived benefit from his unwearied labours during a long life. Multitudes had first been led to serious religion under his energetic ministry, or had been awakened to greater earnestness. These recommended others, when going into residence, to seek his acquaintance. In various ways did he labour for the highest welfare of all who were thus brought within his influence. His public ministry was directed very much to their edification; an evening party each week was known to be open to any who wished for his counsel, and he delivered, twice in a year, a course of lectures upon preaching to such as had passed the earlier division of their college course. Thus he drew around him a constant succession of pious youths, whose minds he imbued with his own sound

and laborious views of ministerial diligence. The last day alone will reveal the aggregate of good he thus accomplished." "The consequence was, that Mr. Simeon was more and more respected by the senior part of the university; learning was observed not to be incompatible with his views of Scriptural piety, and many who were far from espousing those views themselves, were yet filled with respect for his consistent and sterling character." The promotion of evangelical religion in the established church [illegible] tury was, under God, effected in no small degree [illegible] cause.

It was the solicitude of Simeon, not only to promote (which he did at a great pecuniary [illegible] himself lived, but to make preparation for doing so when he should cease to be. In his exertions for procuring the right of presentation to livings in populous and important districts, he received unexpected aid. One gentleman, from whom he expected 500*l.* gave him 8000*l.* Another left him by will 9000*l.* Simeon in the carrying out of his scheme succeeded far beyond his own expectations.

Mr. Simeon's last sermon was from the text, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord," and was on the subject of false zeal. He was proposing a journey, and in reference to it he said: "The Lord knows that I am thinking and longing for a far better journey which in a few days I shall take. . . . I rejoice to think that [illegible] this very time; of this I have no doubt; and my shroud is also ready, and in a few days I [illegible] This was said when his energy seemed unimpaired. But it was prophetic. The next day he took cold, and was seized by a rheumatic [illegible] eight, was formidable. This illness continued for two months. He was then aware that his end was approaching. He profited by the warning to devote the principal remainder of his [illegible] then he began with all earnestness to dress himself for his departure.

To a friend he said: "I never felt so ill before. I conceive my present state cannot last long. This [illegible] of death; but I [illegible] here waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish." When asked what he was then specially thinking of, his animated reply was, "I don't think now; I am enjoying." He expressed his readiness to adopt any means suggested to him to relieve his great pain. When one observation was made, "You feel [illegible] Lord Jesus Christ to be very present, and giving you peace?" he rejoined, in the most emphatic manner, "O yes, that I do!" "And he does not forsake you now?" "[illegible]," was the remark, "that NEVER CAN BE." At another time he said: "Whether I am to have a little less suffering or a little more, it matters not one farthing. All is right and well, and just as it should be; I am in a dear Father's [illegible] Where I look to [illegible] there he spoke with singular solemnity) I see nothing [illegible] and *mine*: and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—*I cannot have more peace.* But if I look another way—to the poor creature O then *there* is nothing—*nothing—nothing* (pausing), [illegible] Yes, *I say that*, and it is true." Imagining that a number of his friends had intentionally gathered about his dying couch, he reprovingly said, "You are all on a wrong scent, and are all in a wrong spirit; you want to see what is called a [illegible] That I abhor from my inmost soul. [illegible] with my God, and to lie before him as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner—yes, as a poor, hell-deserving sinner; . . . . . (then very slowly and calmly) but I would also look to him as my all-forgiving [illegible] God, and as my [illegible] keeping [illegible] him as the vilest [illegible] the law, and the [illegible] poor. [illegible] what I have [illegible] to be alone, let people [illegible]"

On Monday, October 24th, his words were: "It is on principles I have [illegible] upon the *broad* [illegible] that I repose; it is not upon any particular promise here or there—any little portions of the word, which some [illegible] but I wish to look at the *grand whole*—at the vast scheme of redemption as from eternity to eternity. . . . Indeed, to say the truth, what may be called my spiritual exercises have lately been at rather a low ebb." He added, "*I may* be wrong in my view, *though I think I am not:*" then very solemnly and slowly, "But however, *this* I know, that I am a poor lost and vile sinner! yea, the chief of sinners, and the greatest monument of God's mercy; and I know, I cannot be wrong here."

Anticipating some laudatory eulogies which he imagined might be pronounced over him, he said: "If anything laudatory be mentioned, I entreat from my inmost heart that I may not have it repeated to me; let me go to heaven *as the vilest sinner in the universe.* So far as respects myself, let me not know there is such a person existing as Charles Simeon; on no account, if any remarks are made, let them be uttered

before me. Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me than the person who would dare to breathe a word upon that subject commendatory of me or anything I have ever done. They would be a curse to me whoever they are."

Some of his latest remarks were devoted to his favourite subject—the conversion and restoration of the Jews.

When some of the wine called Lachryma Christi was brought to him on his dying pillow, Simeon stretching forth his attenuated hands, he said in a manner deeply affecting, that the blessings purchased by the adorable Saviour with his tears and blood might descend upon himself and his friends.

"Why," said he at another time, "do you ask me what I like? I am the Lord's patient; I cannot but like everything. Don't say, Will you do this or that? but say, Here is this—you must take that. I like everything. I have to have nothing to do but to wait; there is nothing now but peace—the sweetest peace. Do you see any sting here?" said he to his surrounding friends; "my principles were not founded on fancy and enthusiasm, but there is a reality in them, and I find them sufficient to support me in death."

Simeon drew his last breath at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, whilst the bell of the university church was summoning the congregation to the sermon he himself was to have preached. A crowd of persons attended his hearse. The procession formed to attend his body to the grave was preceded by the choristers, scholars, and fellows—the pall was borne by eight senior fellows—and, though four abreast, extended nearly round the large quadrangle of King's. The chapel was filled by a crowd of persons in mourning, testifying their love for the deceased by their tears and looks. After describing the scene, he says: "Turning to my old recollections, I could scarcely have believed it possible that Mr. Simeon could thus be honoured at his death! His very enemies, if any of them lived so long, seemed now to be at peace with him."

Such is the force of a consistent character!

Simeon yet lives—lives in many a shepherd, whose evangelical and devoted labours bear witness to the grace of God that has made them what they are. God be thanked for him and them!

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

33. For what three things do we read of Bashan being renowned?

34. What reward does the Bible promise to a man diligent in business?

Pages for the Young.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

Do any of my little readers, when about to commit an act of disobedience or sin, which they hope may [illegible], ever think of these solemn words, "Thou, God, seest [illegible]. In the shady woods, or in the lonely fields, you may look around; and, perceiving no human being, say to yourself, "[illegible] one will ever be aware of it."

Ah, dear child, you are mistaken; for though you *see* [illegible] made the blue sky and the bright stars, the green earth and the beautiful flowers, the mighty deep—one of whose large white waves would overwhelm you—and a multitude of other things, is close, *quite close*, beside you. [illegible] where you are, it is ever watching over you. It can penetrate through the stone walls, through the thick [illegible] of night. You can hide *nothing* from him; he sees your simplest action, hears your faintest whisper, and notes your every thought. And would it not be strange if it were otherwise, when even the tiny sparrow, which we regard as being of so little value, cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father!

[illegible] before the house; when all at once Willie turned suddenly away, and murmured very sadly to himself, "Thou, God, seest me." I was surprised, and wondered what he was thinking about; for he had been laughing just a few minutes before, at a little boy who could not catch his ball; the wind always blowing it away just as he was [illegible]. "I know one favourite words of yours, Willie; but why do you repeat them so sadly at present?"

He looked up, and his large blue eyes filled with tears, as he replied every mournfully: "I was just thinking that, if I had once loved those words as I do now, I might have been playing in the square at present, instead of being a little lame boy with a crutch, who can only look at all the fun, and wish in his heart that he was sharing it."

Poor little Willie! his heart was very full, though he tried manfully to keep down the sobs. I passed my hand softly over his fair curly hair, and said, "I know your lameness was caused by an accident, my dear boy, but I do not know the particulars; will you tell me?" And I drew his little head soothingly down on my shoulder. After a while Willie told me his sad story, and I repeat it in his own simple words.

"You know that when the long summer days come, and it gets so close in the town, we all go away to a beautiful cottage papa has in the highlands. Oh, I used to be so happy there, climbing the hills and resting in

the little stream that ran close by the house; but it always makes me sad to go there *now*, for I think of dear little Lina lying in her cold grave, and that it's all my fault. You never saw Lina, but she was very pretty and gentle, and I loved her better than any of my sisters, for we were twins. Every autumn, before we left the cottage, to come back and be shut up here all winter, papa used to let us have a nice nutting party; but we never have it now since Lina's death. It is just two years ago since we had the last. I remember it so well. My sisters, brothers, and myself were so happy that we could not sleep in the morning, and were up and dressed long before our usual time, and thought papa and mamma would never come to breakfast. After breakfast, the baskets were packed for our picnic, and we set off; we had six miles to drive before we got to the place where the nuts were the finest. There were a great many of us; for my cousins were all with us, and we were all wondering who would gather the most and get the finest ones.

"After we got to the glen, papa and mamma left us, to call on some friends, who lived near; but before they went away, they made us promise that we would not climb any of the rocks, or go where there was any danger of us hurting ourselves—it being a very wild, rugged place—and they told the servants not to let us wander out of their sight.

"For some time we kept all together, and had a great deal of fun; but at last Lina and I found we had wandered away from the others, and we saw a tree loaded with beautiful nuts, but the trunk was so surrounded with nettles and brambles that we could not get near it. By climbing a rock, however, close to which it grew, I saw the top branches would be within reach of our arms. We hesitated for a long time, for we remembered our promise to dear papa and mamma, but they looked so tempting that we could not resist. I went and gazed all round to see if any of the rest were near us, but they were all a great way off, and so busy themselves, that there was no fear of their observing us, or knowing anything about it. Oh, if I had then remembered that God saw us, dear little Lina might have been living, and my leg not broken. We easily climbed the side of the rock, but Lina was so nervous and frightened in case any of the servants would come seeking for us, that we had scarcely got up, before she begged me to come down again. But I said: 'Oh no, Lina, see what beautiful nuts; it would be a pity to leave them. We will just gather those within our reach, and then we will go down. I'm sure none of the others will have got such fine ones.'

"After a while Lina said again: 'Oh, Willie! I am so unhappy; we have such a good papa and mamma, and it is very wrong in us to disobey them. Do come.'

"'Well!' I said, 'we'll just pull this other bunch, and then we'll go.' But while I was tugging at it, I heard one of the servants cry, 'Miss Lina! Master Willie! where are you?' Oh, dear, dear! I shall never forget what followed. Lina, my own little Lina, was just at the edge of the rock; she started up, lost her balance, and fell over, crying, 'Oh, papa, mamma!' I felt quite wild with terror, and rushed down the side in such a hurry that my foot slipped on some damp moss, and I fell over also, and recollected nothing till I found myself lying on my own little bed at home."

Willie was here called away by his tutor for his afternoon lessons; but his mamma, who just then entered the room, continued the little story. He had many weeks of pain and suffering in consequence of his fall. During the time he was confined to his bed, his mamma used to sit for long hours beside him, talking to him, and striving to impress on his mind, as well as on his little sister's, that besides disobedience to their parents, and the wish to deceive, they had been guilty of the still greater sin of forgetting the existence of God, when they thought they could do anything *unseen*.

Her mamma's words made a deep impression on little Lina, who was a remarkably sweet, gentle child; but they did not at first take such deep hold on Willie's mind; it was only by degrees that he began to realise the truth of the constant presence of his heavenly Father.

You will be wondering if Lina was not hurt, as well as Willie, when she fell. She did not appear to be much so, as she was able to leave her bed in a few days; but the doctors afterwards thought she must have received some internal injury; for she gradually drooped and faded away during the winter, and by the time the bright spring came, she was closely confined to bed; and Willie was seldom away from her side, either reading some pretty story or repeating some sweet little hymn.

One morning she said to him, "I often lie awake for whole hours during the night, Willie."

"And don't you feel it very wearisome to be alone?" replied her brother.

"Oh no, Willie; you forget what mamma is always telling us, that we are never alone, and I love to talk to God."

"Talk to God, Lina?" was Willie's wondering answer.

"Yes, darling," said his sister, a beautiful smile passing over her little pale face. "I don't speak out, for I'm not able to do that long, but I whisper very low, and I know that God is listening to me, and can hear me, though no one else can, and so I never weary."

"And what do you say to God, Lina?" asked Willie.

"Sometimes I tell him I'm a poor little feeble lamb, and that I can never reach heaven, unless Jesus, the good Shepherd, takes care of me, and carries me in his arms, and keeps me near all harm. And I ask Him to teach me to love him very much, and to give me one of the beautiful white robes, washed in our Saviour's blood, that mamma told about in Revelation. And every night, Willie, I speak a great deal about you, and say that I am afraid you do not always remember that God is beside you; and I ask God to keep you from forgetting it. And now, Willie, I don't think I shall be long here; I'm getting so weak that I hope God will soon send the holy angels to take me away; and I want you, before I go, to promise me, that every morning and night you'll ask God earnestly—with your whole heart, Willie—to enable you to remember that He sees and hears you at all times."

Amidst many sobs, Willie gave his fondly loved little sister the promise; and never has he forgot to make it one of his most earnest petitions every day of his life.

Ere the glad summer came round, little Lina was dying, and all her friends gathered round her bed to say farewell, till the blessed day when they hoped all to meet again in heaven. They had kissed her little pale lips, and she lay so still that they thought they would never again hear her dear sweet voice on earth; but she opened her eyes just a few minutes before her gentle spirit fled, and looking fondly up at her brother—who was nestled close to her side on the bed, and whose little heart was nigh breaking with grief—she whispered very faintly, but clearly, "Remember—Willie, always—Thou, God, seest me."

Willie is no longer a little boy, but a tall, stout young man—though still a little lame—and a merchant in one of our busy cities; and I know no one who is more universally beloved and esteemed. If my dear little readers would like to know the secret of this, and wish when they become men and women to be as highly thought of, it is quite in their power; for it is a charm that neither requires riches, talents, nor beauty, to gain. It is simply this; He never does anything, and never says anything, without remembering *that God is beside him*. This causes him to keep a constant watch over his simplest words and actions.

"Why what difference would it have made?" interrupted Caroline, quickly, and with a significant pressure of the hand.

"To confess the truth," observed Vincent, "your father almost made a convert of me last night, in his conscientious scruples against theatres: and I cannot but think it a little inconsistent that he should afterwards have sanctioned your going to one."

"Oh, Vincent, if you knew all!" exclaimed Dora.

"Take care," interrupted Caroline, laughingly, "that Dora does not some day persuade you out of your consistency."

"Even Dora could never persuade me to do what I thought wrong," replied her brother, firmly.

"For my sake, do not betray me!" whispered Caroline, as the carriage stopped. "I had set my mind upon coming here to-night. And after all, there is no great harm done."

"You are not well, Dora," observed Vincent, as they seated themselves in the box, and the light fell upon her pale face.

"No, not very; but do not notice me, and perhaps it will pass away."

It is difficult to escape notice when with those who love us; and the affectionate anxiety evinced by Mr. Howard sent a fresh pang to the heart of the repentant girl.

"I wish now that Mr. Wilmington had persisted in his objections," said Vincent, "and then Dora would have been quietly at home with us, instead of at this hot crowded theatre."

"Who knows," observed his father, gaily, "but Dora might have rebelled?"

"No, no, father, she is too good and dutiful a daughter for that. And a good daughter, they say," added Vincent, archly, and yet with feeling, "is sure to make a good wife."

Dora's pale cheeks crimsoned with shame. She almost fancied that they knew all, and only spoke thus to try her; but one glance at the frank and open countenance of Vincent dissipated the suspicion, while it increased her sorrow and remorse.

"How loud and harsh the music is to-night," said Dora, after a pause.

"I was just thinking that it sounded more than usually sweet," replied Vincent; "but then you have the headache, my poor Dora!" He did not know that she had the heart-ache also, which is much worse, and sure to make discord of the finest music in the world. When we are not in harmony with ourselves, all things seem out of tune.

The play concluded at length. We say at length, thinking of Dora Wilmington—for it had appeared far too short for many there—and Mrs. Howard proposed their returning home without waiting for the pantomime. Dora, weary and heart-sick, longed to be alone; but she was not selfish, and when she looked at Caroline's bright, happy face, as she sat, laughing and talking with her younger brother, Edward, although wondering that she *could* look so happy, she shrank from breaking up that merry party. Mrs. Howard's glance followed hers, and she smiled.

"My good little Dora," whispered she, affectionately, "when will you learn to think of yourself instead of others?"

"Oh, do not call me good: pray do not."

"Then I will scold, instead of praising you; and, indeed, you half deserve it, for not saying at once that you had a bad headache, and we would all have remained at home together."

"Well, what is it to be? Are we to wait for the pantomime or not?" asked Mr. Howard.

Every one looked at Dora, but none could tell the fearful importance of that apparently trifling decision. Caroline's pleading glance settled the question, and they remained.

"You are a dear good girl," whispered she, as they changed places in order that Dora might be more in the shade; "and I promise to explain everything for you to Vincent to-morrow, and take all the blame of your being here upon myself; for in truth it was entirely my fault. So set your heart at rest, and think no more about it."

Dora thanked her with a smile, and really felt more cheerful. "This time to-morrow night," thought she, "and Vincent and my dear father will have forgiven me. It will be all over then." Alas! who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth?

The last act of the pantomime had begun. All was gaiety and excitement. Dora forgot her headache, or, rather, her heartache, and laughed and talked with the rest. The orchestra sent forth sounds of harmony, and she wondered how she could have thought them harsh and discordant. Conscience slumbered at its post, and pleasure reigned triumphant. Presently some slight confusion was perceived on the stage, and a shower of sparks fell from above. Some were startled, and others thought it part of the scenic exhibition. Caroline clapped her hands, and declared that she liked a good display of fireworks above all things. Mrs. Howard, who could see more from the position which she occupied, suddenly turned pale.

"Something has happened," exclaimed she. "They are tearing down the scenery."

Several voices cried out that there was no danger, but a moment afterwards the manager came forward and told them that the house was on fire, pointing to the ceiling as he spoke, where the flames were spreading with fearful rapidity. Dora sank down trembling. She

looked upon this sudden calamity as a judgment sent from heaven upon her disobedience; while Caroline's wild screams were lost in the loud wailing cry that burst simultaneously from a hundred lips. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress.

"Vincent, my boy," said Mr. Howard, endeavouring to speak calmly, "look after Dora. Edward, I give your sister into your charge. Be firm and of good courage. I will take care of your mother."

He was a hale hearty old man, and lifting up the fainting form of his wife, he bore her away as if she had been a young child. Edward followed with the shrieking Caroline, while Dora, silent and conscience-stricken, went with Vincent; but the two were soon separated from the rest, and borne backwards by the struggling crowd. Again and again they essayed to press onward, but with no better success. Vincent glanced into the pale resolute face of his companion, and whispered praises of her courage, but it was the resolution of despair.

Those who were in the pit and galleries escaped easily, while the inmates of the boxes, owing to the peculiar construction of the house, confused and bewildered, and swaying alternately backwards and forwards, only obstructed each other's way. In order to gain them, it had been necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase; but now all was darkness, for the lights had been extinguished by the smouldering vapour, and the people knew not in which direction to turn. A lurid gleam shone through the chinks and crevices of that long narrow passage, choked up with human beings, and enveloped in hot scorching smoke, that burst at last into flames. The shrieks of agony and despair were appalling.

Vincent paused a moment with his half-fainting burden near one of the upper windows. They could hear the bells tolling and the cries of the people in the street below, while a current of cold air came refreshingly through the apertures.

"Vincent," whispered Dora, lifting up her pale face to his, and speaking for the first time—"Vincent, but for me you would have been safe at home this night. I came here contrary to my father's positive commands, and my disobedience has destroyed us all."

"God is merciful," replied Vincent, soothingly. "I hope to save you yet, if it be his will."

"Vincent, I dared not ask his blessing; how can I ask his protection? It is a fearful thing to die in a place like this!"

"It is fearful. Your father was right, and we were wrong. We should not go to any place where we cannot expect God's presence to accompany and be with us."

Again they moved, or were rather borne along by the living mass; some mounted on the backs and shoulders of the crowd, and thereby increasing the stifling pressure. Dora felt Vincent's arms relax their hold; his eyes were closed, and a cold perspiration stood upon his brow; but he was too closely wedged in to fall, and was carried forward unconsciously, with the frightened girl still clinging wildly to him. Again they paused near an open window. Dora drew Vincent towards it with all her strength, and the crowd swept on, leaving them in its narrow recess. As she had hoped, the cold air revived him, and he opened his eyes, and tried to smile upon her. Several of the women's dresses had caught fire, and the flames spread rapidly. Despairing of obtaining egress by the proper way, the windows were now eagerly sought, and many, even from the very highest, leaped out into the street with their clothes on fire, and perished thus. Several were severely injured, while a few escaped unhurt. Those who had succeeded in making their way into the street, cried up to the sufferers at the windows, and held out their arms to save them; while many a familiar name was shrieked forth into the night air, and heard even above the tolling of the bells and the crackling of the burning timbers.

"My father! my poor father!" exclaimed Dora, wringing her hands. But Vincent had forgotten all save her; he felt that his own strength was rapidly failing, and but one hope remained.

"You must leap out," said he, "and quickly, or they will tear us from the window. It cannot be very high here."

"Vincent, I will not leave you."

"I will follow you, Dora. Quick, quick, or it will be too late. God be with you, Dora!" He assisted her to climb up; but it was not the height from which she had to leap that made her turn lingeringly back to look upon him once again. Impatient voices from behind warned her that there was no time to be lost, and letting go her hold, she fell, rather than sprang into the crowd below.

Vincent watched her with trembling eagerness. He saw her alight in safety. He saw her kneel down, as if she had no strength to stand, and fix her gaze upon the high window where he stood, half suffocated and powerless, as though his limbs had been bound with a chain of iron.

"Vincent! Vincent!" shrieked the trembling girl.

He heard her voice, and stretched out his hands feebly towards the spot. The next moment the crowd had torn him from his place of refuge, and carried him onwards out of her sight.

Dreadful were Dora's sufferings during that night, and it was not until next morning that

her mind was relieved by finding that Vincent had managed with great difficulty eventually to escape, but with bruises that long rendered his recovery a matter of doubt. The other members of the family had also, with more or less of personal injury, contrived to effect their egress, with the exception of Caroline, of whom no traces could be found, and who was therefore believed, with but too much reason, to have perished in the awful catastrophe.

Dora and Vincent were eventually united; but dreadful were the reflections of the former throughout life, that by one act of *disobedience*, she had brought ruin and desolation on her friends. "Never," she would earnestly say to her young friends, "go to any place where you cannot ask God's blessing upon your visit." We leave this maxim with our readers.

This dreadful catastrophe, for many of the particulars of which we are indebted to the thrilling description given by Dunlop, in his "History of the American Stage," actually occurred at Richmond, in the United States, in the year 1811.

THE SACRAMENT IN SCOTLAND.

The sacrament — meaning by that term "the sacrament of the Lord's supper"—is regarded by the bulk of the population of Scotland more in the character of a great religious festival than it is in England, and its celebration is preceded by lively expectations and ushered in with great solemnity.

As it was our lot lately to be present at a communion in Scotland, and having had opportunities of noticing the northern peculiarities of its observance, we intend to introduce into this paper as many of them as our memory will supply us with. We start, then, in our notes from the sabbath immediately preceding that on which the Lord's supper was to be administered. On this day the clergyman announced a great many notices from the pulpit concerning the services of the ensuing week. One of these announcements referred to the candidates for communion, who for several weeks previously had been under the examination of the minister and elders, and whose suitableness for admission to the sacrament was to be finally decided on at the interview now proposed between them and the church session; such of them as on due consideration should be deemed eligible for communion were to be furnished with the usual "tokens," or pass-tickets to the Lord's table. This antecedent investigation of the character and fitness of the candidate is frequently called in Scotland, "preparing them for the occasion," and such of them as obtain their tokens are said "to go forward;" whilst others, whose Scripture knowledge is defective, are kindly admonished "to wait till the next occasion," and in the interim they have space for enlarging their acquaintance with the Scriptures and with the nature of the sacred ordinance.

On the Thursday preceding the sabbath of celebration was the general half-yearly fast. On this day all business was suspended, and all offices were closed. The day wore an aspect strongly resembling that of the sabbath itself. A large city is almost as noiseless on a fast-day as it is on the sabbath, and active life seems brought into the same kind of dead lock. In country districts, too, we learn that some people, especially house servants, attribute even a greater sanctity to this than to the Lord's day, and perversely decline those acts of service which they transact without compunction on the sabbath. This fast, however, does not, we believe, generally imply abstinence from one's natural food; it is a holiday by religious people applied to religious purposes; hence to-day, just as on the sabbath, all the churches are open and public service conducted, only that the sermons have a direct and impressive bearing upon the event of the coming sabbath. It may also be mentioned that these services are not conducted by "the placed minister" of the church, but by ministers from a distance, whose sacrament does not fall on the same day, and who consequently are at liberty to help their brother.

The maintenance of this fast-day, so unusual in England, has often caused a good deal of trouble and loss of time to travellers from the south, inasmuch as the houses or offices at which they intended to do business are rigidly closed for the day: the almanac, however, will inform such parties what places are open to them, and which are fasting during their journeys; consequently, on undertaking a journey from England through Scotland, they have to arrange their time and places of business in conformity with the ecclesiastical arrangements for the fast.

The next day (Friday) seemed, as far as sacramental preparations were concerned, to be entirely an intercalated day; business was resumed as though the fast day had not preceded it, and as though the sacrament was not to follow it.

Saturday, however, seemed partially to resume the appearance of the fast day. Business was attended to till nearly two o'clock, P.M., when we again observed its general suspension, and the people again repaired to their churches to hear a sermon, though not in such numbers as on the Thursday. At the close of this service there was another and final giving out of tokens to the intending communicants, and then the congregation dispersed, some to resume business

which had ceased from two o'clock till now, others to wait at home in quietness and devout anticipation of the morn with its impressive and soul-refining exercises. To no one, however, are the remaining hours of Saturday so precious and grateful as to the minister of the church himself. It has been a fagging week to him; every day has been crowded with engagements, and not a day has he spent in his study; to this hour perhaps he has not been able to put pen to paper, or give his mind an unbroken hour for thought; and yet he must be foremost in the engagements of the morrow, and if he can snatch a few hours from the expiring week, how genial will they be to him! how fruitful for his flock!

The morrow dawns; the sacrament day has arrived, "that great day of the feast." However much on other sabbaths men may have availed themselves of ministrations nearer their own homes, to-day they will be in their own churches.

We this morning entered the church of one of the ablest ministers in the kirk, and by the time the hour of worship had arrived, the place was crowded with a most respectable and decorous congregation. A long table, decently covered with white cloth, stretched through the middle aisle of the church, the place on either side of it being occupied by communionists. The sight of the table reminded us that we might now expect to witness the very old Scotch plan of serving the tables. At the head of this, and just beneath the pulpit, sat three clergymen with their bands on, but without their preaching robes. These were present not to preach, but to assist the minister in the services of the sacrament, which, where the tables are served, have to be frequently repeated. The pulpit this morning was occupied by the minister of the church, who conducted an ordinary sabbath morning's service, his discourse being illustrative of the love of the Saviour and the Christian's privileges. This worthy man had evidently found some time for preparation, for his sermon testified to deep and patient thinking, and was delivered with admirable emphasis and effectiveness. This morning sermon is always spoken of as the "action sermon," probably from its introducing the great action of the day—summoning the followers of Christ to holy and diligent activity.

After the "action sermon" and prayer, there generally follows, we believe, a solemn exhortation from the minister, called "fencing the tables." By this all improper characters are impressively adjured not to approach the Lord's table under pain of "eating and drinking condemnation to themselves." But to keep our notes entirely truthful, we must say that the tables were not fenced this morning; the minister had informed his congregation that he intended to discontinue the practice, as it seemed to him to be inopportune and useless. The intending communicants had undergone all proper examination; all affectionate counsels and admonitions had already been repeatedly addressed to them; moreover, they had been encouraged to come, and tokens had been supplied to them to admit them, so that nothing he could say now would cause any of them to change their intentions.

The introductory service being concluded, the minister placed himself at the head of the long table, surrounded on either side by his assistants, and the elements of bread and wine were placed before him. While the communicants were arranging themselves, two or three verses of the 103rd psalm were sung: "O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord," etc. A short address from the minister to the communicants followed. The bread and wine were then "set apart and sanctified to this holy use by the words of the institution and prayer," and were carried by the elders to each communicant seated at the table; the bread was borne upon very small silver plates, and each communicant broke off a piece for himself. The wine immediately followed, brought by another of the elders in large cups of silver; and in this way, quietly, decorously, and impressively, was the whole table served.

After the first table had been thus served, the communicants all withdrew from the table, and quietly dispersed through one aisle, while those whose tokens directed them to the second table entered as orderly by another. As this changing was going on, and till all were properly seated, some more verses of the 103rd psalm were sung, the precentor remaining all the time in his desk ready to assist in the praises. Over this table one of the assisting ministers presided, giving an address suitable to the occasion, and then, as in the former case, the service proceeded. There were some seven or eight tables, and by the time all had been served, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. We were then solemnly dismissed.

There was public worship again in the evening, when a sermon was preached by one of the assisting ministers, chiefly relative to the Christian's duties and privileges, which had been exemplified in the scene of that day.

The sacrament day had now passed; but the series of services had not yet concluded; for on the Monday morning there is another summons to church, when another sermon is preached by one of the ministers. This is called the "thanksgiving sermon," and is designed to excite the gratitude of the congregation for the distinguished favours they had received from God, for their gospel privileges, and especially for that holy

gift, and sublime death, which lay at the basis of the sacrament. The attendance upon the "thanksgiving sermon" was not numerous; and the majority of such as were present were women, the other sex perhaps not being able to sacrifice any more time to their sacramental duties. With this act of thanksgiving closed the somewhat laborious and complicated, though highly interesting, services of the Scottish sacrament.

It will be observed that in writing down our notes, we have confined ourselves to the ordinance as administered in the church of Scotland: the same account, with very little variation, will serve for the Free Church. But among some of the other bodies there are occasional differences of administration.

There is something, it must be admitted, exceedingly solemn and striking in the spectacle of a whole congregation commemorating, in the simple and impressive manner just described, the Lord's supper; but this feeling is shaded by one of regret, when it is remembered that in large numbers of instances the solemn rite is gone through from motives of custom, or a desire to maintain a fair and decorous exterior, in a community where absence from this ordinance is regarded as disrespectable as absence from church would be in England. Many very solemn warnings are accordingly found in the writings of Scottish divines against the approach to this ordinance in a formal or hypocritical manner; and a tract on the subject, written, we believe, by the late Robert Murray McCheyne, struck us especially as being full of pointed and impressive cautions against the profanation of this sacred rite.

As we write, there also lies beside us a treatise by one of the fathers of the Scottish church, and with his words of exhortation to nominal and real communicants we conclude this paper.

"Look back, communicants, to your partaking. Consider what ye have done. Ye have declared yourselves well pleased with the device of salvation through a crucified Christ, your taking of him to be your head and ruler, your joining yourselves to him by faith as lively members of his mystical body; that you are no more henceforth to be of the communion of the world lying in wickedness, but for the Lord only, wholly, and for ever; to take your part with the saints in the world, whatever your lot be. Ye have said all this, and in effect sworn it, over the broken body and shed blood of Christ before angels and men.

"Ye would do well to take some time alone to reflect on this, and to revive the impressions. We find the saints making reflections, and putting themselves in mind of what they have done in such a case. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord. And I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

"Never forget it. People use not to forget their marriage-day, and the transactions of it. But, alas! the declared marriage-consent to Christ is often forgotten, notwithstanding the solemnity at it. Alas! there are many who sometimes made this solemn declaration who seem to have quite forgot it, and the impressions are razed. But have ye forgot it? God hath sworn he will never forget it. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely I will never forget any of their works.

"Remember it afresh on particular occasions, and awe your spirits with it when temptations offer to cause you to go against it. Remember it as Jephthah did his vow. I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.

"Remember it when your old lusts come back and fawn on you. No doubt they will come, but deny them. As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts, in your ignorance. Remember ye have solemnly declared against them of your own accord.

"Remember it when your old companions in sin would draw you aside with them; then say, as Joseph, How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? Remember, ye are not of their communion, but have solemnly renounced it, and have embodied it with the saints.

"Do not retract it. It is too solemn and weighty a business. Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay. No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

"Lastly, beware of everything unsuitable to it. Ye have declared yourselves of the communion of saints—do nothing unsuitable to that communion and your own solemn declaration. Let not the way of God be evil spoken of through your unsuitable walk. Always remember your character as professed members of the communion of saints, and walk accordingly."

CHINESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

DOG IN SACRIFICE.

"He that killeth an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck."—*Isaiah* lxvi. 3.

THE latter clause of this passage intimates that men, in the time of Isaiah, not only offered human victims, but dogs also, upon their idolatrous altars. The engraving represents some of the aboriginal inhabitants of China at a sacrifice of this kind. The neck of the dog

CHINESE IDOLATERS PREPARING A DOG FOR SACRIFICE.

has been cut, and the sacrificers are preparing to dress the carcase for the act of oblation. A vessel is standing upon the foreground, which contains the blood to be poured out at the time of offering. In some Chinese rites, which have fallen under the notice of the writer, the blood of the victim was put into a small vessel and poured out at a certain part of the ceremony. It appears then that the ancient, as well as the modern, Chinese have certain dark and mysterious notions about the expiatory effects of blood; they seem to think that sin has been committed, that some Power is offended, and that the only way to appease his wrath is by offering blood, or rather by pouring it out beside the altar. If any of the Chinese, however, were questioned as to the meaning of those rites, they would not give anything like a satisfactory answer, because their views are not clear. As they have not the law of God to guide their consciences, their ideas of sin are very imperfect, and consequently their conceptions of God's displeasure against it must be equally imperfect. And as they know nothing of the great antitype of all sacrifice, their understandings can see but little propriety in the pouring out of blood at the foot of the altar. They derive from tradition a little of the shadow, but none of the substance. And even this shadow is deformed, because they offer swine's flesh, and "cut off the dog's neck," and thus offer abominable things—things which appear to have been forbidden by God from the foundation of sacrifice.

In the foregoing paragraph we have spoken of the ancient Chinese, by which term we mean those mountaineers who have yielded only partially to the effects of civilization, and who of course retain many original rites, which in their antiquity were coeval with the oldest periods of the nation.

How melancholy is the condition of the poor heathen, who seem to feel that something ought to be done by them to avert anger and to procure favour, but cannot find out who is offended, nor how they can make their peace with him.

"Christians! ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell;
Oh, strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you!"

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

"Forbearing one another in love."—*Ephesians* iv. 2.

It is scarcely necessary to remind a Christian that *love* is the grand principle of evangelical religion. It was divine love which originated the whole scheme of redemption; and it is when "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given to us," that we are first enabled to render any acceptable service. Through this sacred influence, imparted to every believer in Christ Jesus, we are renewed in the spirit of our mind, and possess the principle of true obedience; for "we love him who first loved us."

Love is the most powerful principle in the universe; it unites the heavenly hosts to God and to one another; it binds heaven to earth, Christ to his people, and each Christian to his fellow. Hence it is said to be "the fulfilling of the law:" for, as all the law may be summed up in the two great commandments of love to God and to our neighbour, so he who is constantly actuated by this Divine influence, sincerely strives to accomplish the Lord's will. "The end of the commandment is charity (or love) out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." The love of God is not a mere accessory to the tempers and dispositions which we naturally possess—an adjunct to the attributes of a worldly spirit; it is a renovating, purifying, and animating power, diffused through the hearts of Christ's people by the Holy Spirit.

As love to God prompts us to perform the duties which we owe to him, so the love of our neighbour incites us to fulfil the moral obligations under which we lie to one another. These obligations are described in the same word which reveals to us the source of true obedience. The commandment is, indeed, "exceeding broad," extending to all the dispositions which bear upon our ordinary conduct and behaviour. Words and actions proceed from the heart; therefore, the Divine Lawgiver has, with infinite wisdom, legislated for the inner man; and Divine grace, acting in harmony with the law, purifies the source of moral action. In the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, Saint Paul gives a comprehensive summary of the dispositions which are implicated in "charity" or the love of our neighbour; from which it appears that this branch of human duty is very extensive and highly spiritual. It is to one of these dispositions or tempers of heart that he alludes in our text, when he exhorts to "forbearing one another in love."

Christian *forbearance* is of the utmost importance to a proper development of holy principle, and the exhibition of such a character as will "adorn the gospel" of God our Saviour. Forbearance is necessary in all the walks of life, and in no place more than in the family. We are surrounded on every hand with persons who differ from us in sentiment, feeling, judgment, and modes of behaviour. No two minds or hearts agree, any more than two peas or blades of grass. But the grasses grow separately, each in its own place, without coming into contact and collision. On the other hand, we are perpetually crossing each other's way, and coming into each other's neighbourhood; often united in close fellowship with those from whom we greatly differ in mental and moral pathology. The closer the fellowship, the more danger of friction; and if a friction of hearts arise, they will not be smoothed down, as in the rubbing of stones together, but will rise into undue excitement, and finally into passion, whether of anger, jealousy, or discontent.

Some persons have, by education or habit, acquired sufficient self-restraint to conceal their ill-feeling or bridle their excited tempers. But this can only last for a season; or if the effort of constraint be long continued, it will prey upon its own peace, and produce a life of hypocrisy. There is no earthly cure for the irritation of the heart; there is no costly balm which can be applied to allay its resentment. The "balm of Gilead" is the only remedy for the fretting of the soul. Divine love, amongst other potent qualities, can produce a holy forbearance, which pacifies whilst it does not unman the heart. Let us look at some of its effects.

1. *Forbearance in reference to injuries received.* Our Saviour afforded a memorable example of forbearance from resentment. It was conspicuous throughout his public life. The enmity of the Pharisees was most unjust and unreasonable, yet it never excited him to avenge the wrong, or even to repel their injuries by force. Though he was reviled, he reviled not again; nor did he threaten his wicked persecutors with future punishment. He pitied his enemies, and where there is the pity of love (so different from the pity of pride), it prevents resentment, and

urges to philanthropy, raising the heart above all evil passion, like the sun shining above the darkling clouds.

Many people, however, have no real enemies, none who wish to do them harm or to cross their purposes. Yet their words and actions may be sometimes misconstrued, and an affront may be wrongly put upon them through misconception of their intentions. In this case, the spirit of the sons of Zebedee is too often manifested, and even justified on the ground of preserving our honour, or maintaining our rightful privileges. But the Saviour's forbearance gently whispers in our ear, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of: for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Love here operated in a tender desire to do good; and [illegible] were merged in this divine passion, it prompted Jesus meekly to turn aside from the unreasonable Samaritans. Their inhospitableness could inflict no wound in his heart, which cared for their welfare far more than for his own comfort or honour.

Calumny and misrepresentation are hard to be borne. Yet these are amongst the most common injuries which we receive. As the tongue is so ready with its sharp fangs, every person's character is more or less injured by its deadly poison. Some do not suffer much harm from the wound; but others are dreadfully injured, and deeply feel the infliction. Can forbearance be here exercised? Poets, philosophers, and the wise men of Israel, tell us that a "good name is better than riches;" and if that good name be maliciously or carelessly taken away, should we remain apathetic, without taking energetic means to expose the slanderer and set ourselves right with the world? A mild vindication of our own words or doings is quite consistent with Christian love, and with the Saviour's own example. Yet "his voice was not heard in the streets." There was no retaliation, no laboured effort to prove his rectitude, no detraction of his enemies in order to show the invalidity of their testimony; "he committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously." So the Psalmist enjoins: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass: and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day."

2. *Forbearance with the unreasonable and petulant.* All men are not guided by the dictates of right reason; some are much given to peevishness of temper or rudeness of manners. The inconsiderateness of the one and the boorishness of the other will cause frequent annoyance to those who are necessarily in their company. This is a trial which cannot be well understood by those who only consort with the mild and gentle. Yet *meekness* is one of the "fruits of the Spirit," and if sufficiently developed, it will enable us to endure this constant fretting. What an illustrious example of this kind of forbearance is afforded in the history of Moses! Let us study it well, and endeavour to exhibit it in times of trouble and annoyance. Besides, we should remember, that all have their peculiar failings, and that if we do not exhibit such tempers as those now described, we have faults of another kind; so that our neighbours have something to bear with from us, as well as we from them. Mutual forbearance should be the standing rule of every family; for it will always be wanted in a household.

3. *Forbearance with the follies and caprices of others.* Besides evil actions, injurious words, and wrong tempers, men are liable to foibles of a comparatively innocent kind. We now refer to those little fancies which need not hurt or annoy any one. Yet, strange to say, some persons are more displeased with these harmless frivolities than with more culpable errors. They "cannot endure" the oddities of a neighbour; they "cannot put up" with the fanciful whims of some members of their family. Perhaps they would deny that they have caprices of their own, however true it may be. We all, indeed, differ in the particular features of our mind as much as in those of our body; and the fancy of no two persons will be found exactly to correspond. When the difference is very marked, we are apt to [illegible] Yet this is as unreasonable as to find fault with the bodily form or countenance of our friends, or with their taste in matters of dress and food. Let every one strive "to please his neighbour to edification;" and let us regard all little varieties of taste and judgment in the same light as we look upon the infinite diversity of species in the animal and vegetable world. Let us see and admire in them the manifold works of the Creator. What a poor tame world it would be, if all were cast in the same mould! How low would be the state of mankind if our individual opinion were a model for all the human race! The spirit of true and liberal love will not only throw a mantle over many defects of our neighbour, but will teach us to bear with his ill-manners, endure his petulance, and smile at his oddities. If this Christian grace were prevalent in the domestic circle, it would change the unhappiness of many a home into peace and pleasantness.

In all kinds of troubles, it is not the ingredients which God puts into the cup that so much afflicts, as the ingredients of our distempered passion mingled with them.—Wilcox.

Life's Closing Hours.

REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

We have before us a little volume published in the year 1674, "at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside, near Mercer's Chappel, and at the Bible on London Bridge under the Gate," entitled—"Invisibles, Realities, demonstrated in the Holy Life and Triumphant Death of Mr. John Janeway, fellow of King's Colledge in Cambridge. By James Janeway, Minister of the Gospel." This tract has been often reprinted, as it eminently deserves to be, and it forms one of the series of Christian biographies issued by the Religious Tract Society. There are, however, some features about the original edition which render it specially valuable. It is accompanied by a portrait of the author—who himself died early—in the twenty-third year of his age, and whose likeness, though imperfectly executed, bears the visible marks of a consumptive tendency—in all probability the disorder of his family. This Janeway is well known as the writer of "A Token for Children," a valuable little work, much circulated in the last century, and containing a record of the lives of those who died in Christ in early life. Prefixed to the present work is a brief essay by Baxter, who attests from personal knowledge the credibility of the remarkable narrative, and adds some observations of his own which are not without special value at all times, but which are particularly remarkable as illustrating the tendencies of gospel ministers in his own day. Referring to John Janeway, as one who by excessive "labours, prayer, and other duties did deprive the church of the benefit of much more which he might have lived to do," he says, that he is one who wishes for the sake of the church that such men had "done somewhat less." But he adds that he cannot charge such men with sin; that "perhaps their lives might have been as short, if they had done much less," and that, in his opinion, "that learned man wrote not foolishly who maintaineth that studies tend to long life." Then after giving some wise cautions as to prudent care of health, he adds, characteristically: "I doubt not but such narratives will tempt many a slothful, sensual scholar to indulge his sensuality as the wiser way; but at a dying hour he will feel the difference. O what a comfort then is the review of a holy, heavenly, well-spent life!" If anything can add weight to the force of such remarks, it is the illustration they derive from the remarkable and glorious death of him who penned them—of Richard Baxter himself!

John Janeway was born in the year 1633, at Lylly, in the county of Hertford, of religious parents, and was from his earliest youth an extraordinary child, both intellectually and morally. In 1646 he became a scholar at Eton, whence he was transferred to Oxford, for a short time, and afterwards entered at King's College, Cambridge. At the university he was equally distinguished for proficiency in his studies and for uncommon sweetness of disposition. But as yet that great change which is essential to an entrance into the kingdom of heaven had not taken place. It pleased God, however, to reach his heart by means of preaching, the conversation of a fellow-collegian, and the perusal of Baxter's "Saints' Rest;" and from that time his dedication to the service of God was eminently conspicuous. He "now began to consider how he might best improve what he already knew, and turn all his studies into the right channel; grace did not take him off from, but made him more diligent and spiritual in his study. And now Christ was at the end and foundation of everything. He planned and contrived how he might best express his love and thankfulness to Christ who had brought him out of darkness into his marvellous light." His first concern was for his relations, with whom he used intense importunity in beseeching them to seek the religion he had found; at the same time giving them such religious advice as he imagined suitable to their particular cases. He addressed himself next to his college companions with the same earnestness. "He prayed at least three times a day in secret, sometimes seven times; and he knew what it was to wrestle with God, and would scarcely rise from his knees without his father's blessing. His prayers and spiritual ministrations were of unspeakable benefit to his dying parent, who said to him, amidst triumphant expressions of faith in Christ, though his mind had been previously under a cloud, 'Thy tears and prayers are heard for thy father; thou hast, like a prince, prevailed with God.'" After his father's death, this young man laboured to supply his place in the family—comforting his mother, exhorting his brothers and sisters, and counselling his elder brother in any difficulties that might occur; though in every respect with entire modesty. At the age of twenty he was made fellow of King's, where he formed one of a private society which met frequently for the mutual promotion of religion, and was eminent among his companions. When these friends one by one left college, Janeway turned with greater zeal to intellectual pursuits. His intense application to study at this period inflicted such injury on a constitution already delicate, that he never recovered from the effects of it. In mathematical sciences he seems to have made the greatest proficiency.

After discharging, for a short time, the duties of a tutor, Janeway went to his home in the

hope of recruiting his health, which was already much impaired. The state of his mind at this crisis, for death seemed imminent, was truly delightful. "Is there anything here," he exclaimed, "more desirable than the enjoyment of Christ? Can I expect anything below comparable to the blessed vision? O that crown! that rest which remains for the people of God! Blessed be God, I can say, I know it is mine. I know that when this tabernacle of clay shall be dissolved, I have a house not made with hands; and therefore I groan, not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon with Christ. To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

He recovered, however, from this threatening attack, and resumed his habits of intense devotion. Besides those private exercises of which we have spoken already, he appropriated one hour a day to "set and solemn meditation." His brother thus writes respecting this employment: "Observing this his constant practice, that, if possible, I might be acquainted with the reason of his retiredness, I once left myself, that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God; and oh! what a spectacle did I see! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God; methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange driving a rich trade for the treasures of the other world. Oh! what a glorious sight it was! methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh! with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down! his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven. His looks, smiles, and every motion, spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. Oh! had one but known what he was then feeding on! Surely he had meat to eat which the world knew not of, did we but know how welcome God made him when he brought him into his banqueting-house!"

But Janeway's spiritual enjoyments were not unmixed with temptations. The knowledge he thus acquired of the impediments to religion in his own heart, qualified him, like his Divine Master, to administer help and consolation to those who were tempted. He exercised over himself a continual jealousy lest the flame of his piety should be extinguished or even dimmed; and, having in view the ministry of the gospel, he cherished this jealousy with the more watchful care.

The God whom he served, however, did not employ his life in that great work. Janeway preached only twice; both sermons on the subject which lay nearest his heart—communion with God. (Job xxii. 21.) "We think it a great pity," says Baxter, in the preface we have already noticed, "that he lived to preach but two sermons in the world; that some poor ignorant dull congregation had not been instructed and awakened by his doctrine; and his spiritual fervour had not, by dispersed writings, inflamed the souls of thousands with the same heavenly love and zeal. But who knoweth yet but that this one narrative of his holy exemplary life and death may do as much as more numerous or voluminous writings?"

His fatal sickness came upon this young minister before his work was more than begun. The labour and care, therefore, which might have been devoted to the good of souls (and which were employed for the conversion of those immediately around him) were concentrated chiefly and necessarily upon making his own "calling and election sure." It appears that he kept a diary, but that it was written, greatly to the loss of the church, in illegible characters, and could not be deciphered after his death. It was a great grief to this holy young man that so little conversation was employed in the things of God. "It vexed him to the soul, to see what prizes sometimes were put into the hands of Christians, and how little skill and will they had to improve them for the building up one another in the most holy faith; and that they who should be encouraging of one another in the way to Zion, communicating of experiences, and talking of their country and of the glory of that kingdom which the saints are heirs of, could satisfy themselves with empty common vain stuff; as if Christ, heaven, and eternity were not things of as great worth as anything else that usually sounds in the ears and comes from the lips of professors." It appears that, with a view to admonish some whose conversation was thus unprofitable, he once employed himself in writing down in short-hand the subject of their discourse, and afterwards read it to them that he might shame them out of their frivolity. (The reader may remember a similar instance in the case of John Locke.) "O!" he would say, "to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarcely a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness!" "Where is our sense of the preciousness of time, of the greatness of our own account? Should we talk thus if we believed that we should hear of this again at the day of judgment? And do we not know that we must give an account of every idle word?" "How shall we do to spend eternity in speaking the praises of God, if we cannot find matter for an hour's discourse? Doth not this speak aloud our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of those spiritual and eternal concerns upon us?" Such an admonition is surely peculiarly pertinent

to our own times and the customs of modern society.

It was a distinguishing feature of this good man's life, that he was peculiarly grieved by the want of Christian charity among the professed believers in Christ. Some of his most earnest appeals were addressed to the repairing of breaches where he thought this love was deficient. "He saw so much pride, peevishness, and division amongst professors, that it did not a little vex his righteous soul, and made him long to be in a sweeter air, where there should be nothing but union, joy, and love. He could not endure to hear Christians speak reproachfully one of another because they were of different judgments and persuasions. There, where he saw most holiness, humility and love, there he let out most of his affections. And he was of that holy man's mind, that it were pity that the very name of division were not buried, and that the time would come that we might all dearly pay for our unbrotherly nay unchristian animosities."

The record of the last hours of this young man is transcendently impressive. Never did heaven appear, at least in any case since the apostles' days, brought so near to earth as in his last hours. His deep acquaintance with his own heart, the manner in which he commended religion to those around him, and his longing for the coming of Christ, partook of something superhuman. When told of some who had prophesied that the last day was near at hand, after censuring the presumption which prompted the prophecy, he said: "What if the day of judgment were come, as it will most certainly come shortly? If I were sure the day of judgment were to begin within an hour, I should be glad with all my heart. If at this very instant, I should hear such thunderings, and see such lightnings as Israel did at Mount Sinai, I am persuaded my very heart would leap for joy. I lately dreamed that the day of judgment was come; methought I heard terrible crashes of thunder, and saw dreadful lightnings; the foundations of the earth did shake, and the heavens were rolled together as a garment; yea, all things visible were in a flame; methought I saw the graves opened, and the earth and sea giving up their dead; methought I saw millions of angels, and Christ coming in the clouds. Methought I beheld the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all other thrones cast down. Methought I beheld him whose garments were white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from him, thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; and the judgment was set and the books were opened. O but with what an ecstasy of joy was I surprised! Methought I then mounted into the air, to meet my Lord in the clouds."

During three years he continued in a state bordering upon the grave. Yet amidst many varieties of feeling, his condition was one not only of habitual preparation, but of desire to depart. "He had the most earnest desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ that I ever saw, read, or heard of, since the apostles' times."

The summons came at length. He fell into a deep consumption. All diseases may be regarded as messengers of God sent to bring believers before their great Master. Different are their features; their object is always one. The trembling paralysis, the shaking ague, the enervating fever, the plethoric apoplexy, the convulsive cholera, utter their demand in one and the selfsame voice, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." But none of these servants of God has probably allowed such opportunity for the development of Christian graces as consumption! The quiet and gradual decay—the perfect possession of mental powers—the habitual view of the grave with which it indulges its victim—are peculiarly favourable to the last manifestations of Christian excellence. No terrors marked Janeway's death-bed. His soul seemed to gather strength from the decay of his body. There was not only no fear, no self-absorption, but, as his biographer writes, "he was so swallowed up of the life to come that he had scarce leisure to think of his sickness."

"Those that did not see cannot well conceive what a sweet frame he was in, for at least six weeks before he died. His soul was almost always filled with those joys unspeakable and full of glory. How oft would he cry out, 'O that I could let you know what I now feel! O that I could show you what I see! O that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! You would all then think it well worth the while to make it your business to be religious. O, my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without a Christ and a pardon. I would not for a world live any longer; the very thoughts of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble.'"

A friend expressed his hope that he would recover. "And do you think to please me," said he, "by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. O, how poor and contemptible a thing it is in all its glory, compared with the glory of that

invisible world which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me if you should say to me, 'You are no man for this world; you cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity.' I tell you I do so long to be with Christ that I should be contented to be cut apieces and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die, and be with Christ. O how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death is as nothing—I can as easily die as shut my eyes or turn my head and sleep—I long to be with Christ; I long to die."

To his mother he said: "I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way and mine another," adding to his brethren: "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong if you do. O, that glory, the unspeakable glory that I beheld. My heart is full; Christ smiles, and I cannot choose but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me: the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, 'How long, dear Lord?' Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Oh why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?'" His biographer adds: "All this while he lay like a triumphing conqueror, sailing and rejoicing in spirit." When a minister discoursed with him respecting the excellency of Christ and the revelations of a world to come—"Sir," he replied, "I feel something of it; my heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state. I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel." And during the prayers afterwards offered at his bedside, it seemed as if his frail body could scarcely endure the overwhelming crush of the joy even then beginning to be revealed in him. Amidst such overpowering emotions he often cried out, "Who am I, Lord, who am I that thou shouldst be mindful of me?" . . . . . "Who would not love thee, O blessed Father! O, how sweet and gracious hast thou been unto me! O that he should have had me in his thoughts of love before the foundation of the world!" At another time: "What meanest thou, O my soul, that thou dost not constantly adore and praise this rare, strong, and unspeakable love? Is it true, O my soul! doth God deal familiarly with man, and are his humble, zealous, and constant love, praise, and service too good for God? Why art not thou, O my soul, swallowed up every moment with this free, unparalleled, everlasting love? O, those joys, the taste of which I have! those everlasting joys, which are at his right hand for evermore! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O, bless the Lord with me; come, let us shout for joy and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever!" Such were his transports that an experienced minister said he had never seen, nor read, or heard the like. "O, how glorious," he would exclaim, "is the blessed Jesus! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises! O for words to set out a tittle of that excellency. But it is inexpressible. . . . . O, my friends, stand by and wonder. Come, look upon a dying man, and wonder. I cannot myself but stand and wonder! Was there ever a greater kindness? was there ever sensibler manifestations of rich grace?" "O let no Christian ever be afraid of dying." . . . . "Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than you ever saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O, sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines in so strongly upon my soul. O, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad? This, this is the hour that I have waited for."

The last struggle drew near. Amidst failing sight, cold extremities, and all the precursors of death, "he seemed," says the narrator of his last moments, "like one just entering into the gates of the new Jerusalem. The greatest part of him was now in heaven. Not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed Christ and heaven. O, what encouragements did he give to them that did stand by to follow hard after God, and to follow Christ in a humble, believing, zealous course of life, adding one degree of grace to another, and using all diligence to make their calling and election sure; for then they also might find that they should have a glorious passage into a blessed eternity." His beloved employment was praise. "O help me to praise God that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul: he hath pardoned all my sins; he hath filled me with his goodness; he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me." In the same spirit he broke forth: "O help me to praise him; I have now nothing else to do. I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood. Methinks I stand as it were with one foot in heaven and the other upon earth. Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see

the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this?"

One might be tempted to think that fraternal affection had regarded his transports with some exaggerated partiality, but for the repeated and solemn declarations of his biographer that what he had represented was below the truth. Every evening he took leave of his friends with the hope that he might meet them next in heaven, and the charge to them not to be wanting to that happy meeting. Whenever Christians or ministers visited him, Janeway's request was that they would, instead of prayer, spend their time with him in praise. At the same time he desired that his friends would cease from weeping, and rather rejoice on his behalf.

When death was close at hand, Janeway summoned all the members of his family around his last pillow, and with the fortitude of a martyr and the comprehensiveness of a patriarch, gave them, individually, advice adapted to their several circumstances. Not Jacob with his twelve sons around his bed, nor Moses within view of Pisgah, could have uttered more devout, though they might more prophetic wishes; and yet his age was but twenty-three. His concluding words were: "O that none of us all may be found amongst the unconverted at the day of judgment." . . . . . "And now, my dear mother, brethren and sisters, farewell. I leave you for a while, and I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have fought the good fight, and henceforth there remaineth for me a crown of righteousness. Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The minister of whom mention has been already made, drew near to speak to him a few last words. Janeway's responses breathed the very ecstasy of joy; his pallid face was lighted up with smiles; the radiance of heaven seemed already reflected upon his countenance. "O, the praise, the triumphant praises that he put up, so that I never heard or knew more praises given to God in one room than in his chamber. He was so wrapped up with admiration and joy that he could scarce forbear shouting aloud."

The conclusion of this incomparable scene will be best given in the words of Janeway's brother and biographer.

"And now his desires shall soon be satisfied. He seeth death coming apace to do his office. His jaws are loosened more and more, and quiver greatly; his hands and feet are as cold as clay, and a cold sweat is upon him; but oh! how glad was he when he felt his spirit just going! Never was death more welcome to any mortal, I think. Though the pangs of death were strong, yet that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory made him endure those bitter pains with much patience and courage. In the extremity of his pains, he desired his eldest brother to lay him a little lower, and to take away one pillow from him, that he might die with the more ease. His brother replied, that he durst not for a world do anything that might hasten his death a moment. Then he was well satisfied, and did sweetly resign himself up wholly to God's disposal; and after a few minutes, with a sudden motion, gathering up all his strength, he gave himself a little turn on one side, and in the twinkling of an eye departed to the Lord, sleeping in Jesus."

Perhaps the pages of religious biography present no one scene of death more extraordinary than that we have just narrated." "A good man and a seraph—between these and Janeway how thin the barrier!"

"O let me die his death," all nature cries;
"Then live his life"—all nature falters there.

THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD.

ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

THEY come, they come! the chosen bands, returning
From the far lands their feet so long have trod,
For the fulfilment of his promise yearning,
To claim their land—the heritage of God!

They come! whence tropic suns are fiercely blazing:
From the long winter of the northern sky
They come! their glorious hymn of triumph raising—
"Sing! for our blest redemption draweth nigh.";

Whence, 'neath the tyrant's yoke, their race are bending,
From the free isle their hearts have learned to love,
To their own holy land their steps are tending,
Led by a quenchless impulse from above.

They come, they come! while Earth, in awe-struck wonder,
Views the dark cloud that hangs her nations o'er;
Hath their ear caught, amid war's distant thunder,
A "still small voice" that calls them home once more?

For long, long years, in grief and desolation,
Through earth's wide desert have their steps been led,
Exiled, forlorn, yet still His chosen nation,
Who in the wilderness their fathers fed.

Their fig-tree's branch, its youthful verdure wearing,
Gives promise not more sure of future bloom,
Than Israel's wakening longings are declaring
The hour approaching that shall lead them home.

And oh! on Him their sins have pierced, relying,
The "cloudy pillar" of their onward track,
Saved by his mercy, ransomed by his dying,
May their Messiah lead his people back!

A nation's prayers, a nation's praises blending,
From Zion's hallowed height once more shall rise;
The contrite heart, the voice of faith ascending,
Shall give to God his best-loved sacrifice.

M. L.

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* Janeway's biography is published in a very cheap form by the Religious Tract Society, and is admirably adapted for usefulness.

Page for the Young.

A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

In an American city, a minister of Jesus Christ was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbour, was very unwell, near to death, and asked if he would not go in and see him.

"I hardly know what to do," said the pastor; "his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and, besides, are greatly opposed to the doctrines I preach. I fear my visit would not be well received."

"But," rejoined the wife, "when you were unwell, a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to go and see their son."

This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said: "This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, madam; and he should not be excited in any manner."

"Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?"

At first he hesitated, fearing the effects upon the child; but on second thoughts, he kneeled down at the bedside, and offered a few petitions in His name who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened attentively to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning the first intelligence which greeted him was that little Frank had died during the night.

The minister had become interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts.

She had two children. Frank was the eldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighbourhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, "Come, Alice, kneel down with us and say 'Our Father' before we go to bed." The child, bewildered by their words and kneeling attitude, said, "I do not know what 'Our Father' is." "Well, don't you want to learn it?" said one. "O yes," said little Alice; and, being an intelligent little girl, she soon committed to memory the form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since the Saviour first uttered it. The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him all about her visit, and beg him to learn "Our Father," and say it with her.

From that time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's prayer with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested. A few days before he was taken unwell, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand, and said, "Oh, mother, here is a beautiful prayer, will you let me read it to you?" It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the bed of her suffering boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time; but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew nigh. About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went up-stairs, and taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told her what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so much loved, and then, unasked, added:—

"Now brother lays him down to sleep,
I pray the Lord his soul to keep;
If he should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord his soul to take."

The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.

Parents! while you have your children with you, teach them to approach God in simple but heartfelt prayer. Dear young children! do you learn in the day of health to draw nigh to Jesus, and make known your little wants to him; above all, asking him for the gift of his blessed Spirit and a new heart. Oh, sweet will it be, if death comes to you suddenly and unexpectedly, to remember Jesus as the friend whose favour you sought diligently in the day of health.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XXI.

An oriental palace; a royal feast is spread; golden dishes and jewelled cups, with the rarest and costliest dainties, fill the board. A monarch, of dignified but stern aspect, is seated at its head, and by him a woman of rare beauty—his crowned favourite and queen. A youth of graceful aspect and ingenuous countenance hands the festal cup; but as he does so, the monarch is struck by a change in his demeanour, and with eager suspicion inquires into its cause.

XXII.

A confused and hurried flight. Painful consternation and deep sympathy are observable on the countenances of all; and a torrent of tears, followed by a loud chorus of lamentations, attest the feeling of all when their leader crosses the boundary line between the cultivated land and the desert. He himself appears deeply moved; but on the approach of some priestly figures, bearing the tokens of their sacerdotal office, he recovers his composure, and waves them back again, with dignified resignation to his own fate.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

DR. MARSDEN AND THE INVALID.

DR. MARSDEN'S STORY.

"Now for a season, if needs be, we are in heaviness through manifold temptation." These words pass through my mind as I sit pen in hand, trying to recall some passages in the history of Catherine Wells. Her father had been a friend of my youth, and when, years after, his widow and only daughter found me out in my professional capacity, I felt a pleasure in transferring my friendship to them.

Catherine, at the time this acquaintance was renewed, was a young and very beautiful girl. Among her circle of friends she bore the rather perilous distinction of a belle. No party or ball was complete without her; and flattered and caressed by all, she entered into the gaieties of life with an intense relish for their excitements and triumphs.

I remember one evening, when I called on Mrs. Wells, Catherine came into the drawing room full dressed for a ball. I am not one who usually remark that kind of thing, but the splendour of her dress, with her air of conscious beauty and superiority, surprised me.

"Where can Charles be?" exclaimed she, petulantly, after waiting a few minutes; "he is more than a quarter of an hour late." But at

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that minute Mr. Charles Weldon, a gentleman to whom she was shortly to be married, entered the room. His apology — and explanations for being late were, I thought, coldly received by the haughty young lady; but when she came to wish Mrs. Wells good bye, her countenance was bright as ever. "Good night, dear mamma," said she; "I am so glad to see you looking so much better. I can leave you with a clear conscience; but promise me not to stay up too late."

"No, no," said her mother, kissing her, "don't fear for me; I shall read till I'm tired, and then retire. But you must promise me one thing also, and that is, don't dance too much."

"Very well," replied Catherine, laughing; "I shall consider myself engaged to sit down for two whole dances. Will that do?"

"Dear child," said Mrs. Wells, looking after her daughter as she went out of the room, leaning on Mr. Weldon's arm, "she has such good spirits, and enters into every amusement so thoroughly. I often tell her to enjoy life while she can. There is nothing like making the most of pleasure in youth. Don't you think so, Dr. Marsden?"

I did not altogether agree with Mrs. Wells, and I told her so.

Now I dare say my readers will set me down as a cross, morose old man, who cannot bear the bright things of earth; but this is not the case. I love all that is good and beautiful; I love the sunshine, the flowers, the fields; and, more than all, I love to see youth and happiness together; but I would have that happiness drawn from pure fountains, not from the broken cisterns which pleasure — so called — supplies. I tremble for those whose hearts cling to the world for enjoyment, whose brightest hours are spent in the crowded ball-room, and to whose ears the flattery of their fellow-mortals is the sweetest incense. When I think of them I fancy I hear a voice repeating that solemn text, "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Soon after this evening of the ball, I went into the country for two months, and on my return, I found a note from Mrs. Wells, telling me her daughter was ill. She had caught a cold, lameness had come on, and she was confined to the sofa.

I speedily went to visit my patient, and found her much worse than I had expected. I tried remedies of various kinds, but weeks passed away and no improvement came; in fact, a dreadful suspicion had come into my mind that her complaint was of a nature that would give her months of intense suffering, and cause in the end, lameness for life. At first she was patient and calm. "I hope I shall soon be well," she constantly repeated; "I do so long for a good walk, or a merry dance again." But as time passed on, and the autumn and winter were gone, and she still grew worse, her temper became uneven and her spirits gave way.

One day I paused at the drawing-room door before entering. Catherine was sitting on the sofa, her face buried in her hands. On the table just beside her was a vase of exquisite camellias and a little basket of early spring violets, which filled the room with their delicious perfume. Books of all sorts and sizes were strewn about the table. The latest periodicals and the most fashionable novels lay in literary confusion, and one book had fallen on the floor, apparently just dropped from her fingers. Seeing she did not perceive my approach, I knocked at the door, and when she started up, I saw her face was wet with tears.

"I am so glad you are come, Dr. Marsden," said she, "for I have tired myself with reading, and was watching for your knock. I wonder I did not hear it."

"What are you reading?" said I, taking up the fallen book.

"Only one of Mr. ——'s novels. It is so tiresome. I know the whole plot from the first dozen pages. Just like the rest, nothing new in them. They do tire me so."

"Then why do you devote so much time to light reading, Miss Wells? There are many other books that would improve and amuse the mind at the same time. Will you allow me to select a few for you?"

"Thank you, but I fear they would not interest me: I weary of everything now. I have tried everything — reading, work, but all in vain. I do so long to leave this room and get out once more. Dr. Marsden," continued she, turning round almost fiercely, "can you tell me when this will end?"

"You must still have patience, Miss Wells. Every possible remedy shall be used, but the time of your recovery lies with a higher power than mine."

"I had such frightful thoughts just before you came in," said she, with a shudder; "they nearly drove me mad. I began to fancy how it would be with me if I should never be able to walk again. I pictured myself leaning on crutches, or being drawn about in a chair, and everybody pausing to say as I passed, 'There goes poor Miss Wells—she is a cripple.' If the bare idea distracts me, what would the reality do? I intreat you, Dr. Marsden, tell me the worst. How will this end?"

She spoke impatiently; and feeling at that

moment that I dare not answer her question. I drew my chair nearer the sofa, and entreated her to be calm.

"You will only injure yourself, my dear Miss Wells, by impatience," said I; "why allow your mind to dwell on such subjects? You will prevent the remedies we have applied from having a fair trial. You must be resigned and submissive to the will of your heavenly Father: he has been pleased to afflict you heavily, for what reason we cannot say, but doubtless for some wise purpose. When he chides, it is in love."

Catherine interrupted me with a sudden exclamation: "You cannot feel for me, Dr. Marsden; for when I ask you how this will end, you only talk to me of resignation. What would life be to me if I should never walk again! Sooner, a thousand times sooner, I would die. Death would be nothing to such a weary existence. Can nothing more be done for me?"

I had that very morning been speaking to Mrs. Wells on calling in more assistance, and I had named a very celebrated physician to her. I now mentioned the same subject to Catherine, and asked her if she would wish to see him.

"Oh, yes, yes, certainly," she exclaimed. "Let nothing be neglected; he may suggest or determine on something or other. I am willing to bear anything, pain or weariness, so that in the end I may recover."

The next day, accordingly, I had a long and important consultation with the physician, and he confirmed my worst fears. Poor Catherine would never tread the fields or the crowded streets again. What a bitter affliction for one like her! As I walked slowly home, many and many a fervent petition ascended from my very heart to heaven for her, that, through the mercy of her Saviour, she might at last learn to see and love the hand that mingled this sorrow in her lot. That night I retired late to my room, and, wearied out with the labours of the day, I began to think I might safely prepare for rest, when a loud ring at the hall door aroused me, and stayed my preparations. Mrs. Wells had sent a message that she wished to see me instantly. I started off at once, and found her in the deepest distress. "Oh, Dr. Marsden," said she, grasping my arm, "that poor girl has been driven to despair ever since she heard Sir David's opinion. A short time ago the nurse went into the room, and found her in such a state of excitement that we feared reason would leave her. She is now calmer. Will you go to her and see if there is any danger? Poor child! I would willingly suffer it all for her."

I found my young friend stretched on the bed with her face turned to the wall. She took no notice of me as I entered, and I stooped down to speak to her.

"Why have they sent for you, Dr. Marsden?" she said, in a low calm tone.

"They feared you had allowed your feelings to gain too much the mastery over you."

"I do not care," she replied, in an agitated manner. "I am weary of life, and long for death."

I felt deeply for the poor girl, whose grief was at once so bitter and undisciplined. "My dear young lady," I said, "you cannot have thought of what death is, or you would not so rashly court it. Only the Christian, who feels his sins are pardoned through the mediation of Jesus, can say truly, 'death is gain.' Oh, my dear child! you must pray for strength to acknowledge your Father's power in this. He afflicts you for your good, though you may not see it now. Look up, look up to him and pray for his grace to sanctify your afflictions, and that they may lead you to cling wholly to him."

Catherine did not reply, but I heard she was sobbing bitterly; and trusting her own reflections might be of service to her, I sat silently by the bed for some minutes. She turned her face round after a time, and asked, "Are you not gone yet, Dr. Marsden? I do not wish to detain you."

"I cannot leave you, Miss Wells, while you are so unhappy; I would rather stay here and talk to or pray for you."

A sob was her reply; but presently she held out her hand to me. "Forgive me," she said; "[illegible] and pray for me, that he may forgive me also."

Mrs. Wells had stolen noiselessly into the room, and we both silently watched there till we saw her poor weary eyes close, and her gentle natural breathing told us that, for a time at least, she had forgotten in sleep her pain and sorrow.

Some days after, I called on my patient just after breakfast, and found her dressed with more care than usual. Latterly she had remained entirely in her own room, changing to the sofa by day. After my first enquiries were over, she said, "They are going to help me into the drawing-room to-day."

"Do you not fear the fatigue and pain?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I must go there, for I have requested an interview with Mr. Weldon."

There was nothing in this to call forth a remark from me; but I saw her eye flashed as she spoke, and her lip trembled with repressed emotion. She drew her head up, too, in her old haughty manner.

"Mr. Weldon's examinations are going on in college at present, are they not?" said I, hardly knowing what reply to make.

"Yes, and that is the reason, they tell me, he is so remiss of late in his visits and enquiries: I

know what it is, though; he dreads being tied to a lame wife; but he need not fear that; all is over for ever between us now; he is free as possible, and I have desired this interview to tell him so."

I know not what passed at that meeting; but when Catherine was brought back, her face and brow were cold and white as marble. We laid her on the sofa, and it was several minutes before she could speak.

"You have told me of resignation, Dr. Marsden," said she at last; "I am willing to learn it. I am willing to learn all that is left for me, now health, and beauty, and love are gone."

"You must not speak so mournfully, Kate," said her mother, who knelt beside her, bathing her brows with eau de Cologne; "you will break my heart if you do. Think of what Dr. Marsden has so often told you, of real pure happiness, that nothing in this world, or even death itself, can ever change or take away."

Catherine pressed her closed eyes with her hands, but did not reply.

"Come, Kate, for my sake cheer up," continued her mother; "there are happy days yet in store for us."

"Do you know, Miss Wells," said I, in a decided tone, "that your mother has determined to leave this place as soon as you are able to travel?"

"Has she, indeed?" Kate replied, turning quickly round, her face slightly flushed, and her manner expressing more eagerness than I had seen for some time.

"Yes, Kate, Dr. Marsden has found out a delightful spot for us to retire to just near the coast; you know you are always wishing to be near the sea."

"That will be a great relief to me," said Kate; "I shall escape the hateful commiseration and curiosity I so dread; you know not how I shrink from meeting those whom I used to know under other circumstances; and then the sea-breeze might perhaps soothe and calm me. I am sure I shall lay for hours listening to it. But, dear mamma, are you in earnest? How can you manage about the house and furniture? I fear it will be a dreadful loss, and all for me, ungrateful and thankless as I am."

"Never mind that, Kate; it's all settled long ago; nothing is wanted now but your consent."

Mrs. Wells and I had arranged these little plans some days before, and we determined not to tell Catherine till she had no longer the choice of refusing. That morbid sensibility, that shrinking from notice, was, I felt assured, caused by ill health and depression of spirits; and nothing would tend to remove these symptoms so much as a total change of scene and interest. After this, I saw a great alteration in Catherine; her impatience seemed gone; she never spoke of the past, or alluded to former friends; all her thoughts seemed to centre in an intense longing to be away; but she never smiled or seemed to look forward to the future with hope. I could only talk to her, and bring her books that would serve to give a more healthy tone to her mind, offering at the same time a prayer that peace might at last arrive to her troubled soul. I felt convinced that she read the books I sent her, and one day I surprised her when she was surrounded by several of them. She had a reference Bible before her, and was evidently tracing out some point she wished to decide. When she saw me, her pale face flushed, and she made a movement as though she would conceal her occupation from me. She recovered in an instant, however, and said: "I have been taking your advice lately, Dr. Marsden, and find quite a new source of study open to me. What great research and attention it requires! I assure you I am beginning to take a deep interest in it."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, Miss Wells, and I trust the study may be of eternal profit to you. 'Search the Scriptures diligently' is a precept given by our blessed Lord: they never weary, my dear Miss Wells, for they tell of salvation and eternal life."

We had much conversation on these subjects before her departure; and when I stood at the train wishing her mother and herself farewell, she thanked me warmly, and with tears in her eyes promised in future to follow my advice.

Many years passed away, and at length circumstances required my presence in the very place at which Mrs. Wells and Catherine had gone to live. I was rejoiced at this, for I had often wished to see them again. They were not at home when I entered the cottage; but as I sat in the window, looking out on the pleasant garden, and thinking what a delightful retreat my friends had found a home in, a low gig drove round the lawn, and Mrs. Wells stepped out, followed much more slowly by Catherine. She was, as I expected, quite lame, and leaned on crutches as she came into the door and entered the room. Her face had no longer the brilliant colouring and animation of former days; but the expression was calm and contented, and her eyes were lit up with pleasure when she saw me.

"What a delightful surprise, Dr. Marsden! I have often and often wished to see you, that you might know how happy and grateful I am."

After the natural expressions of welcome

were over, we gathered round the social tea-table. Catherine had it placed in the large bay window, which opened on the garden; and while we sat there, the rich sweet perfume of the flowers came refreshingly in. I looked round on the cheerful room and on my dear friends, and could not help saying: "I never expected to see you both looking half so well; this place must agree wonderfully with you; do you still continue to like it?"

"Ah, yes," replied Catherine, "each day seems to make it dearer to us. You have no idea how much both mamma and I have to do. There are schools which we take an interest in, and people whom we visit. We seem to know everybody in the place, from the poorest to the richest, and they are all so kind; I can't think what makes them so attentive to us."

"You have found out," said I, returning her smile, "some of the pleasures that remain, when, as you thought, health, beauty, and love were gone."

"Oh, Dr. Marsden," said she, grave in an instant, "you remind me of a dark, dark passage in my life. I often think of it now, and pray that all those rebellious, wicked thoughts may be forgiven me. My whole heart was bound up in the admiration and applause of the gay world. I thought nothing was left when that was lost to me. I was ungrateful to you, to mamma, and to poor Charles Weldon, and bitterly and deeply have I repented of my conduct since."

I stayed several days with Mrs. Wells, and each one served to show me more completely the great and beautiful change that had taken place in Catherine's character. Without making a display of her religious profession, it was evidently a deep and all-important subject with her; she strove earnestly and unweariedly to perform what seemed her duty on earth, at the same time looking forward to a brighter inheritance on high. Many were the praises I heard on all sides of Miss Catherine's kindness and her benevolent heart. I visited her schools, and glanced over the books she had herself compiled for them. Surely, thought I, the north wind has brought forth the spices here; who would have expected such a bright and energetic nature to develop itself in her who at one time seemed only a slave of this world's pleasure?

I have finished my little story, and shall feel it has fulfilled its mission if it cause any one of my readers to pause and answer a question I will propose to them: "A hundred years hence, when everything you now love and value shall have passed away, which portion of Catherine's experience would you rather have called your own—which *state* would you rather have lived and died in?"

CHEERFUL GIVING.

It is ordained by Christianity that giving shall be both bountiful and cheerful. It does not satisfy the demands of our religion that we give; we must give much. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." This refers to the *amount* of gifts; but having decided that the amount must be unsparing, Christianity is not even then content; that unsparing amount must be given with a cheerful heart—"not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver." One of the oldest things in all argument is, that this passage is sometimes resorted to as a cover by those who claim liberty to give away as little as ever they please. Let them turn to the passage (2 Cor. ix. 5—7), and they will see that it is not left to them or to any man to decide whether giving shall be on a bountiful or a sparing scale. That it is not to be sparing, and is to be bountiful, is settled; and then a cheerful heart is commanded in addition. The two-fold requirement is a gift, not *sparing* as to amount, nor *grudging* as to feeling. One may cheerfully give a sparing gift who would grudge a bountiful one; and one who from "necessity," from pressure, or shame, gives a large gift, may grudge while he gives. Do not spare when you give, and do not grudge when you make sacrifices! This is the voice of a passage which some would fain use to cloak their unwillingness to make liberality a regulated and well-considered virtue.

A sparing, a bountiful, and a grudging giver may all be met with in your every-day life. You call on a wealthy gentleman, Mr. Close, for the Patriotic Fund. "Yes; it is a good cause, a great public occasion, every one ought to do his share; but really one has so much to do, one is always giving. However, I have great pleasure in giving my mite; you are perfectly welcome, gentlemen, to this trifle:" and he gives you a guinea. You modestly hesitate, tell him that much will depend on his example, and that, from his position, you had hoped for something considerable—say fifty pounds. "O dear no! I could never afford that. That is a subscription for a nobleman. I am very happy to give my mite; but I never thought of any sum like that."

From this sparing but cheerful giver you pass to another, Mr. Goode. He just hears you, and, saying, "Ah, poor fellows! little we can do to what they are doing!" puts down his name for a hundred pounds. This is neither sparing nor grudging.

From him you go to Mr. Sharpe. He hears your statement. "O yes! all the principal people are giving to it. One must do something respectable. Will you let me see your book, gentlemen?—What! Goode down for a

hundred pounds! I know why he did that. It was to be ahead of me, or rather to spite me; for he knew I would never be behind him. It is not the first time he has served me so; but I'm not going to let him stand before me for the sake of fifty pounds." And so he puts down a hundred.

Now, while this gift professes to be an act done out of consideration for others, it is really done out of consideration for himself; and while his hand was giving, his heart was grudging.

The greedy man who would grudge a large gift, but makes a merit of a small one; and the vain man who must stand high, even in giving, and grudges the price he pays for his importance, are equally far from Christianity. A bounty that reaches the point of sacrifice, and a heart-charity that rejoices in such sacrifice, can alone meet the call of the gospel.

It is ordained by Christianity, that our bountiful and cheerful giving shall be in proportion to our means. "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, *as God hath prospered him.*" Here the scale which regulates giving is decisively taken from the hand of impulse, fashion, or personal disposition. Whether our giving is or is not to be in proportion to the bounties of God to us, is no matter of debate. The principle of proportion is enjoined in the New Testament. But the passage decides nothing as to what application of the law of proportion is to be made. One who gives a hundredth part of his increase, observes a proportion as much as one who gives a tithe; and might plead that he was giving as God had prospered him, if he could find ground in Scripture for the belief that one-hundredth would be acceptable.

This scripture, "As God hath prospered him," forces us to ask, What *is* giving in proportion to God's gifts to us? If we seek an answer in the New Testament, everything seems to push up the scale to a proportion from which we nearly all shrink away. We find liberality in a rich man sanctioned up to "half his goods," as in the case of Zaccheus; and in a poor widow up to "all her living," as with the two mites. We find a whole church selling their property, and giving away without limit; and though that example is never enforced on others, it is never reproved. We find the church of Macedonia, in "depths of poverty," and also in "a great trial of afflictions," abounding in "riches of liberality;" and their record is written for the gratitude of all ages, that they gave "beyond their power." These early Christians who thus rejoiced to bestow, are melted to yet greater sacrifices by words so winning and so mighty as "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was *rich*, yet for our sakes he became *poor*, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

Turn where you will in the New Testament, in search of an answer to the question, "What is giving as God has prospered me?" you are surrounded by an atmosphere of fervid joy and love; solicited by a feeling of which the words are, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men;" and the deeds are every good work, distributing, communicating, making sacrifices with which God is well pleased: you are stimulated by examples of apostles forsaking all, individuals selling all, churches bestowing all, the deeply poor giving to the poorer, and, to crown the whole, the MASTER giving always, and storing never; and, in the end, giving himself a ransom for all.*

SECULARIZING THE SABBATH:

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF IT ABROAD.

The experiment of secularizing the Sunday has been tried abroad. Are the results satisfactory to continental nations? If serious men in France, Germany, and Prussia, were contented with their Sunday, we might think that perhaps our fears are groundless. But they are not content. On the contrary, pious philanthropists are doing what they can to restore the sanctity of their Sundays. In 1856 a conference of two thousand ministers and laymen was held at Stuttgard, to urge upon the German government to fulfil their duty as to sabbath observance. "Impartial men," they said, "are convinced that the extraordinary wealth of England, and its power, is a proof of God's blessing bestowed on that nation for its distinguished sabbath observance. Those who behold the enormous commerce of English harbours, manufactories, railroads, cannot see without astonishment the quiet of the sabbath day—millions of wheels in different manufactories standing still—two millions of children instructed in Sunday schools. Many evils are hindered by all this which we are not able to master." Some reformatory steps have been taken by the governments in Saxony and the kingdom of Hanover. In Bavaria, even a Roman Catholic bishop begged the government to protect the sabbath. Private individuals, too, are moving in the same direction. The proprietor of a large sugar manufactory at Cöthen, on the river Saale, wrote to his fellow-manufacturers to stop their works on the Sunday, strictly arguing that the fourth commandment is as binding as the eighth. "If we claim the right to break the fourth, and

* From "The Duty of Giving away a stated proportion of our Income," by the Rev. W. Arthur, A.M. London: Nisbet and Co.

desecrate God's day, others will claim the right to break the eighth, and tell us that property is theft." And just now, a new law has been enacted in Brunswick for the better observance of the sabbath and other holy days. All labour out of doors, and open traffic in shops, factories, and the like, are forbidden, except in the case of bad weather during hay or other harvest, when mowing, carrying, and so forth, may be carried on. All places of refreshment and noisy recreation must be closed until after forenoon Divine service. Exemptions may be accorded in special cases, such as work in smelting furnaces, traffic with public vehicles, railways, the post, and the like. This is something. At Berlin, too, all shops must be closed, and no sale, or exposure of goods for sale, is permitted on Sundays and high festivals, until after evening church service is concluded; that is, until about five P.M. Places of refreshment and recreation are open after morning service. Wagons, carts, and so forth, are not permitted to circulate after nine A.M.; and on passing churches, during Divine service, all carriages must move at a foot-pace, and in some cases are forbidden to pass. But, at the same time, no impediments are placed in the way of public recreation after the hours of forenoon Divine service. This, again, is a good beginning. Indeed, so palpably good, so rich in social advantages, is the religious observance of the sabbath, that attention has been drawn to it even in Paris. Nor can we doubt that the successful issue of this great struggle will give a fresh impulse to sabbath reformation abroad. A letter from one of the Indian bishops, full of solicitude about the sabbath movement in England, states, that if England's Sunday be desecrated, the sabbath day in India is gone! A little company of young English Christians met together in Switzerland for Scripture reading and prayer, that this country might preserve its Sundays. And the expressions of public opinion, in petitions to the legislature, considering the short time allowed, evinced an intensity of feeling which the government of the country always know how to interpret. Indeed, the eyes of the whole world watch, with unceasing interest, every movement which affects the Christianity of Great Britain.—*From "The English Sabbath," by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.*

GREEK LIGHT ON SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—*Matthew* v. 41.

"Him (Simon) they compelled to bear His cross."—*Matthew* xxvii. 32.

THE word rendered "compel," in the former of these passages, presented a lively image as well as a salutary lesson to the hearers of our Saviour, which comes with greatly diminished force to the plain English reader. The Greek word is derived from *angaros*, which is, without much change, the Persian title of a king's courier, or bearer of despatches—the posts, in fact, "on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries" of the book of Esther. The speed of these (originally) Persian couriers was quite proverbial; and the Greek historian, Herodotus, has told us how their journeys were accomplished. "As many days as are required to go from one place to another, so many men and horses are regularly stationed along the road, allowing a man and a horse for each day; neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor darkness are permitted to obstruct their speed. The first messenger delivers his business to the second, the second to the third, and so on, as the torch is handed about among the Greeks at the feast of Vulcan."

These men had the power of pressing horses, carriages, and even their owners, into the public service; and so the verb came to designate this power of impressing, as one of its principal meanings. The Romans, who adopted a similar mode of conveying intelligence, frequently imposed the duty of supplying posts on the Jewish people. This was felt so very burdensome, that when Demetrius was endeavouring to conciliate the Jews, one of the means he employed for this end, as Josephus informs us, was by promising to have them relieved of it. Our Lord, though he speaks of it as a grievance, teaches his followers a very different lesson. The members of his kingdom have to learn submission to the powers that be; and to show what spirit they are of, by no sullen and ungracious obedience to lawful authority, but by a cheerful readiness to do more than the strict letter of the law requires. "If any one," as some propose to render the passage, "shall impress thee (i.e. thy horses, etc.) for a mile, go with him twain." But as in the commandments, where the highest crime of the kind (e.g. killing, stealing, etc.) includes all lower transgressions of the same sort, so, in the present instance, by the choice of a word, which sets forth the most burdensome of state impositions, the word includes all services demanded by the state. And it is but an expansion of this that we find the apostle giving the Romans, when he says; "Render therefore to all their due; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour," (xiii. 7.)

The secondary meaning of the word extends to all service connected with the state, of whatever nature. The other passage, quoted above, is an example in point. They "compelled" Simon to bear the cross of Jesus; where no unwillingness is implied, but merely the fact of his

having been pressed on this occasion into the service of government.

II.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—*John* ii. 4.

Though the title by which our Lord addressed Mary seems to carry with it an air of disrespect, even a plain reader will see it to be only *apparent*, by remembering that in manifesting his sympathy for her, it was the same words which he employed on the cross. But the Greek term itself, as Mr. Alford remarks, was expressive of high respect, instead of reproach. It was with this title that princes addressed ladies of noble birth, and slaves their mistresses. Besides which, there is a further reason for this word being employed; the Lord declares his subjection to his earthly parents at an end, "and henceforth appears not as Mary's son, but as the sanctified of the Father, sent into the world."

"The shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked."

III.

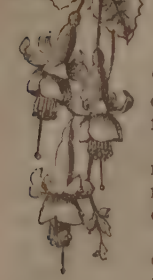
"The fiery darts of the wicked."—*Ephesians* vi. 16.

It is a common mistake to suppose that in this part of the description of the Christian warfare, there was no corresponding reality in Grecian military affairs. The Ephesians were well acquainted with the missile of which the apostle spoke. The "fiery darts" in Grecian and Roman warfare were, in their simplest form, merely arrows wrapped in tow and set on fire, which proved very destructive in sieges. (Herodotus, viii. 52.) Then we find a sort of fire-ball coming into use. It was composed of wood, from a foot and upwards in length; the head was armed with iron spikes, beneath which various combustible matters, such as hemp and pitch, were placed. These being set on fire, were hurled into the ranks of the enemy, or against the woodwork of a besieging party; and the spikes, entering into whatever they struck, burnt all before them. When Tamerlane, the great Tartar chief, besieged Damascus, we again meet with these "fiery darts," considerably improved upon. Mr. Porter, in his "Five Years in Damascus," thus speaks of them: "A species of arrow, having a hollow head of hard black pottery filled with Greek fire, was likewise much used, and did great damage both to the persons and property of the besiegers. . . The shaft was fixed to the mouth of the little vessel. Being brittle, they would break on falling, and thus scatter the fire around. They were the prototypes of the modern bomb." The expression "fiery darts," then, describes the desperate character of the assaults of Satan—the flaming darts which Bunyan makes Apollyon throw at Christian's breast; but which are warded off by the shield which Christian has in his hand, "with which he catches them, and so prevents the danger."

IV.

"Be content with your wages."—*Luke* iii. 14.

This was part of the advice offered by the Baptist to Herod's soldiers. The word rendered wages (*opsonia*) is simply a supply of food, which, in early times, was all that the soldiers received in return for their services. In process of time an equivalent in money was substituted for the supply of food. It is in this more general sense that the apostle employs the same word in 1 Cor. ix. 7. In that chapter he defends his rights as an apostle, by examples from common life, in which the labourer is considered worthy of his hire. His first example is the soldier, who is not expected to go a warfare, at any time, at his own personal expense. And in his second epistle to the same church he declares, (xi. 8,) "I robbed other churches, taking wages (*opsonia*) of them, to do you service.



HOW TO DO GOOD.

"Yes, but it is very hard to find out *how* to do good," said I to my friend.

"How to do good! Listen to me, and I will tell you how I managed to do a little the other day.

"I was crossing over late in the evening from St. Martin's-lane to Bloomsbury-street. Just as I got on the pavement, I saw a good many ragged lads—beggars, thieves, or both—standing in a knot, talking, laughing, and swearing. It was a damp, drizzling night, and I pitied the poor fellows, lounging there in their rags, and sin, and misery. I was just passing them, when one shouted some jeering piece of impertinence after me. Suddenly—I don't know why—I turned round and went up to the one who had spoken, saying, with the kindest voice I could, 'Did you speak to me, my boy?' No joke seemed to be ready, and he shambled a little away, muttering, 'No, sir.'

"A thought came into my head, and in a minute I stepped into the very middle of the dirty group, put my back against the wall, and said, 'Boys, listen to me, I have something to tell you—a sort of story.'

"They were all silent for an instant, partly from astonishment and partly from curiosity. I didn't wait, but before any one had time to begin any ribaldry, commenced speaking. If ever I prayed at all, I prayed then, that God would help me, and put words into my mouth. I used the plainest words I could, endeavouring to avoid, at the same time, mere childishness of expression. I told them, very shortly, how God had made and meant us all to be happy, and said they knew, and so did I, that hardly one of us *was* happy. I very often was not; they very often were not. That God still pitied and loved us, and still wished and tried to make us happy. I spoke in the most emphatic and earnest manner I could, every now and then stopping to tell them that this was no fancy; that God *now*, at this very minute, was longing and striving to save us from our unhappiness.

"Soon, to my delight, I saw that by the use of 'we' and 'us,' by avoiding merely addressing or preaching to *them* as a superior being, and by not speaking of guilt or sin, but of unhappiness, thus not seeming to find fault, I had caught their attention. They thought it was something of *common* interest I was talking about; and of unhappiness, poor lads, they knew only too much. I saw the opportunity, and went on: 'Now, boys, I want to tell you a true story, of *how* God has loved you, and me, and all of us—of what he has done for you, and me, and all of us.' And then, in the plainest terms I could find, I told them the story of the life, and sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ. Do you know, I hardly ever *felt* it, that old dear story, to be so utterly, so entirely true, so altogether *mine*, and for me, as on that rainy evening, telling it to dirty thieves on a dirty London pavement. I said nothing of punishment or of hell; I said nothing of how God could become man; I just tried to tell them how Jesus Christ, the Son of God, loved them and me, and came to die for us, and how men treated him on earth. Whenever I could, I used the words of the Bible, and the solemn scriptural language seemed to assist in enchaining their attention. As I told of how weary, and tired, and hungry he often was, how poor and humble he was, and how he went on through faintness, and weariness, and sorrow, trying and trying to do good to those who hated him, not a word or a sound interrupted me. Then, as the end came nearer, and I recounted the machinations of his enemies, and the cowardice of his few friends, endeavouring with all my might to make the last awful scenes *seem true* to them, I heard an occasional shuffle as one and another tattered figure pushed nearer (for even in this Christian land this story is new to multitudes) to hear how the good Lord had suffered for *him*. They listened with faces of awe, dirty enough, but solemn, to hear of the agony that made drops of blood roll down his face; and when they heard of how he died, hanging by nails on a wooden cross, because they were wretched and wicked, I heard, and God heard too, little vulgar sobs of uncontrollable emotion. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces, and their round eyes never moved from my lips as I told them that now, while I spoke to them, *he* was standing among us, and that he loved us just as much as when he died on the cross for us.

"I had finished my story, and no one said a word. Suddenly I said: 'Now, lads, he loved us very much, oughtn't we to love him? Who loves him? Let every one that wishes to love him hold up his hand. *I* do;' and I held up mine. They looked at one another; then one

held his up. A little mass of rags, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair, scarcely confined by an old battered hat, with no rim, held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching spectacle! One and another followed, till all the hands, just twelve in number, were up.

"Then I said slowly, 'You all wish to love him. Now, dear boys, hear what he says to those who love him: *If* you love me, keep my commandments.' A few words followed to show what this meant for *them*, and then I walked straight up to him who had first held his hand up, and, holding out mine, said: 'Shake hands on it, that you *will* promise me to try to keep his commandments.' Unhesitatingly the little black hand was put in mine, and I shook it hard, saying, 'God bless you.' So I went round to all.

"This done, I said, 'Where are you going to sleep to-night, lads?'

"'Don't know, sir,' chorussed all.

"'You can get a bed for twopence, can't you?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Have you had any supper?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Well, choose one among you, and I will give him three shillings, and that will get you each a bed and a penny loaf.'

"After a little confabulation, the biggest was shoved forward, and twisting his cap off, stood in a sheepish manner in front of me.

"'So, you are the honest one, are you?' I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. Then I gave him the three shillings, and said, 'Good night. Remember, no beer or tobacco; only bed and bread for each.'

"They had stood around me in the rain a full quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, without one jest or blasphemy on the passenger word. Every now and then a passenger had stopped, but had gone on again without disturbing us, it rained so hard. As to the three shillings, I knew they were safe. Mr. H. Mayhew once gave a professed thief, of about 13 or 14, a sovereign to change, letting him go out of the room to do it. In ten minutes the boy brought the twenty shillings. It had been put on his *honour*, and he was uproariously cheered by his brother thieves when he returned.

"About three weeks after this occurrence, I was going under St. Clement Danes archway. A little ragged-school shoe-black was kneeling at one side. After the customary 'Clean your bo—ots, sir?' to my astonishment he made a dive forward, and stood, chuckling and grinning with delight, right in front of me and the friend with whom I was walking. The boy's eyes were absolutely running over with pleasure; but I had not the dimmest notion who he was. There he stood, making respectful scoops with his hand, ducking and smiling at me in a way that was almost embarrassing; so I said—

"'Well, my boy, you seem to know me, and who are you?'

"'Please, sir, I'm Jack.'

"'Jack? Jack who?'

"'Only Jack, sir, please, sir.'

"All at once it flashed across me who the lad was.

"'I remember you now,' I said; 'have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love him, by obeying him?'

"'Yes, sir, I have, indeed I have,' he answered, with intense earnestness.

"Inexpressibly delighted, I stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by leaving him clean my shoes.

"'Can you read, Jack?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir, not overly well; but I can make shift to spell out a page.'

"'Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story I told you the other night?'

"No answer; but an odd sound, half a chuckle of inexpressible happiness, half a choke of emotion at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards. He did not know much, but if he had only learnt to say, 'Lord, remember me,' was there not a worse thief than he who was in no wise cast out?

"'I see you would like it, Jack; come to my rooms to-morrow, at half-past four, and you shall have one. Here is the address: good-bye.'

"'So you have been out into the highways and hedges, compelling them to come in, have you?' said my friend. 'Well, it was *sure* that Jesus Christ came to call to repentance.'

"Exactly at half-past four on the morrow, came one modest eager tap to the door. In walked Jack at my summons. He had been to some neighbouring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself as clean but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly, in honour of his visit. There was nothing romantic about him; he was very ugly; and had it not been for a humble, repentant, mutely-appealing look, would have been repulsive. *That* he was not to me, and so I shook hands with him, and said I was glad to see him, and bade him come and sit by me.

"'Jack, why do you want a Testament?'

"'To read about him you told us of,' said he, shortly.

"'Why do you want to read about him? because you love him, is it?'

"Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively. There was no hesitation, no doubt, about the matter—not a whit.

"'Why do you love him?'

"Jack was quite silent. His little ordinary features worked, his eyes twinkled. His soiled red-baized blouse heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break — ''Cause they killed him,' gasped poor Jack.

"It was with some difficulty I restrained my own tears. The fervent belief in the death of the Lord, the deep perception that it was for *him*, and that he did in no way deserve it, often hid from the wise and prudent, had melted this poor little wandering heart, as it never had been melted before.

"I let him cry till his sobs became less frequent, and then I read him some passages from St. John's Gospel, the one that seems peculiarly to suit the low, the poor, and the unlearned. Then I talked to him of what was filling his own heart, the exceeding great love of Jesus our Saviour, and of the happy home where he and I, by his great mercy, should fall at those blessed feet that were pierced for us, and tell him—try to tell him—a little of the love we bear him. Then I tried to show him how he could serve the Lord here, and repay him for the agony his sin had caused, by being a little missionary, and speaking for the Saviour in his life and acts and words, and striving to bring souls to the fountain where he had been washed. It was pleasant to see the boy's simple delight at the bare idea of serving the Lord that bought him, and to answer his eager questions about one thing and another, 'How shall I do here? What shall I say next?' There seemed no danger of half-heartedness or shame in him. Oh! would to God there were as little in older and wiser Christians, aye, in him who was trying to teach him.

"Then I wrote, or rather printed, his name, at his particular request, 'werry large,' in the Testament. Then I asked him if I should speak to the Lord Jesus with him and for him. We knelt down side by side, and in simple words, I prayed for help and guidance for this little ungainly lamb of the Good Shepherd in his dark and difficult pilgrimage. I think he followed me, and I was quite repaid by his simple thanks.

"A little more talk about his prospects, and we parted with a mutual promise that if he needed help, he would come to me, and he should get it.

"Have I seen the other eleven, did you ask? Ah, my friend, were there not ten cleansed, and where are the nine? And yet who knows but they also may have cherished memories of the story of Divine love to which they listened?

"Now, dear friend, do not suppose I mean to lecture you, or set myself up as an example; but let me answer your question, 'How can I do good?' I will give you, from such experience as I have had, four rules:—

"1. *Never* lose an opportunity, however unpromising, of striving to win souls. Every lost opportunity may be a lost soul.

"2. Think always, day and night, of what the Lord has done for *you*, and how much of it *you* deserved, and then you will not easily be ashamed to confess, or weary of working for him.

"3. Don't preach *morality*, don't *scold*. Don't preach *religion*. Simply and solely preach *Jesus Christ* and him crucified. Tell of him, as if you were (*as you are*) a dying sinner who had found life and love and glory, and would not rest without telling other dying sinners of your treasure, that they might make it theirs, and live.

"4. Lastly, don't preach at the wrong time and place, of punishment and guilt and hell. Why, these are bed-fellows with half your hearers. Preach the *love* of Jesus Christ. His voice calmed a raging sea—His love can melt and calm and wash a worse thing than that, a vile human heart—the heart of a thief on a cross, or the heart of poor little Jack, a thief in a London street."

Dear reader, I *tried* to take my friend's lesson to myself. Will not you?

HINTS TO SUMMER TOURISTS.

What a delicious and fragrant name this month of July bears on its spicy pinions! The very expectation of it has cheered us for weeks past, for it sends balm and perfume before it! It is the month of holidays—the universal emancipator. The tradesman has pined for it ever since the second breezes of spring came back, and fanned into life the recollection of homestead and meadow, and lane and river and wood. For the last month it has been in the dreams of boys and girls without number, who have counted the hours to its arrival, with all its luxuries of sea-side, pic-nic, or foreign trip. The man of busy brain has looked out of his city window many a time since midsummer turned, and has drawn encouragement in his toils from the brightening skies which have told him of fair weather for his furlough. And, indeed, all manner of persons, in every rank and occupation, have promised themselves additional joys in this summer solstice. For now-a-days public taste begins really to appreciate the divine provision for human gratification, and to avail itself of the boundless domain which nature's Author has all along intended that his intelligent creatures should enjoy. The bloom of flowers and the

softness of the sunny air are adapted to woo the heart of universal society. The delights which man finds among hills and dales, in sequestered groves or on mountain peaks, upon the broad ocean or by the wandering stream, are not the patrimony of the few, but a world-wide estate given to all people by their beneficent Creator.

And it is interesting to observe, not only the increasing desire for these recreations in the present day, but the facilities which that desire has produced. It is one of the most hopeful features of this age, that such a multitude of persons are enabled every year to regale themselves with the pleasures of travel. The influence of this habit upon the health, happiness, information and good feeling of the community is most advantageous; and the friendly intercourse thus maintained between various nations is undoubtedly designed, by the providence of God, as a powerful incentive to the preservation of peace.

In all likelihood, many of our readers have by this time completed their examination of the guide-book, formed their route by steam and rail, and river and mountain-path, and have nothing now to do but to start, with all the topographical notes they have gathered from handbook and journal to enlighten their eyes by the way. To-morrow, may be, you are off. Accept, then, our hearty congratulation on the pleasant prospect before you, and our earnest prayer that every desire and hope that you are cherishing, in consistency with the will of a gracious God, may be fully realised.

But *it is sabbath*—the Messiah's sabbath—the peaceful celebration of his rest from suffering, and his triumph over death—the hush of the world's voice while the silver trumpet of mercy breathes its gentle notes upon the ear of all men—the rehearsal of the everlasting anthem—the adorning of the church for her espousals with the Beloved—the preparation of the earth to receive its Lord. To-day, speech and thought and reading must be purely spiritual. It is life's noon. Both hands of our dial should point upmost. All activity should be heavenward. The anticipation of the morrow must not interrupt the sanctity of these hours. It is true that to extinguish all reflection upon an event so exciting as a departure, after only one night more, for lands where everything will be delightful for its novelty, is difficult. The immediate expectation of a foreign trip, though it has often been taken before, casts its image upon the mind almost in spite of all other associations. And therefore it cannot be supposed that the coming excursion will be far from thought even amidst the higher occupations of the day which George Herbert so truly and so beautifully describes, when he tells us that—

> Sundays the pillars are
> On which heaven's palace arched lies:
> The other days fill up the spare
> And hollow room with vanities.
> They are the fruitful beds and borders
> In God's rich garden: that is bare
> Which parts their ranks and orders.
>
> The Sundays of man's life,
> Threaded together on Time's string,
> Make bracelets to adorn the wife
> Of the eternal glorious King.
> On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
> Blessings are plentiful and rife,
> More plentiful than hope.

But are there not important *religious aspects* in which the summer tour may be most profitably viewed? It were earnestly to be wished that all who propose to travel would beforehand look at the matter in such a light, so as to store their minds with the spiritual suggestions and cautions of which it may easily be rendered most fruitful. At any rate it may be recommended that those moments of the Lord's day in which the thoughts of the tourist will most probably turn again and again to pleasures already arranged for, should be spent in a serious and prayerful consideration of some such points as the following; and it might not be amiss to recall them when far away from home, especially as each revolving sabbath marks the stages of the journey, and asks the wayfarer to pause and think.

Probably the simplest and most convenient plan will be to fix attention on two inquiries: *first, as to the special objects which a traveller should seek; and, secondly, as to what he should avoid.*

In regard to the first, it will be agreed by all sensible and conscientious people that something ought to be sought beyond the mere enjoyment or amusement of the hour. And every sound-hearted Christian will feel that he ought not to be satisfied with any advantage short of religious benefit. One of the things most naturally looked for by the excursionist is rest from the year-long tension of the mind. The increasing demand for mental effort in every department of modern occupation continually augments the longing of overstrained energy after diversion and recruital. He who has made us and loves us all has foreseen every consequence of those derangements in human life which age after age successively develops; and he has taught the instinct of man how to find a remedy. The love of travel, in the present era, is but the turning of society, under the guidance of a merciful God, to the relief which he has provided. Thus the faculties which might have been overborne by labour beyond endurance, or diseased by fatigue without respite, become refreshed by temporary freedom from care, and girded up by healthful entertainment. Nor is this all. Every physical power partakes in the renewal, and while force is stored up, information is extended.

Now here are benefits of a high order, good in themselves, and of great value to the community, as well as to the individual. But to satisfy true Christian principle, these must be consecrated to Christ. From the first moment of leaving his door to the time of greeting familiar faces again, as the Christian rejoices in the consciousness of reviving bodily and mental vigour, he should keep steadily before him the hope of greater efficiency in the service of his Master. We do not indeed recommend that the mind should be thrown back into accustomed channels by efforts to devise new plans for home exertion. This were to neutralize the object in view, by preventing that entire change of mental occupation which is so desirable. But the grateful purpose to use all fresh strength for Christ must never be allowed to slumber. It should be daily renewed as a sincere expression of the heart's loyalty and love.

Again, intelligent persons are always anxious to turn their annual trip to account by advancing their acquaintance with the world. The literary, the scientific, the poetic, and indeed all cultivated travellers, deem it worth their while to leave books, and laboratories, and studios behind, for the sake of the intellectual riches which may be gained from the contemplation of nature, and from the study of living humanity in new and varied forms; and the amount of intellectual resource which many do store up in this way is perfectly wonderful. Here, then, is another direction in which devotedness to Christ may be exercised. Let the Christian learn all he can from the scenes around him. Let him open both his eyes when he rambles by rocky shore, or floats on winding river, or labours up the mountain-side, or rests in glen and grove. Let him look thoughtfully upon people of foreign tongue whose dwellings he passes by, and note whatever may furnish interesting detail respecting the peculiarities of different families, or may serve to cast light upon the philosophy of man. By all means, let his holiday be a harvest for memory and imagination. But let him take care to pursue all this pleasurable profit under the influence of one ruling motive. Let every acquisition be sacredly regarded as so much additional qualification for a Christian's proper work in this world.

Moreover, he who has any earnest love to God and man will not fail to observe that wherever he journeys, there are fields waiting for seed, and souls wanting salvation. For all these, the simple gospel is the one thing needful, and it is most encouraging to perceive how generally the people of every country are prepared for it. Nothing is more likely to meet with acceptance than a word wisely and kindly spoken about Christ as the Saviour of sinners. The writer of these hints well remembers an illustration of this when wandering amidst the glories of a Swiss landscape. He happened to have at hand a French tract, written in a deeply impressive style, and exhibiting the power of Christ as a Saviour. It occurred to him that a few passages by the way-side might refresh his soul, and he was engaged in the perusal when a peasant came by, and offered the customary salute of respect. Thus the way was opened for an immediate attempt to do good. Some striking portions were read aloud, and a brief conversation ensued, which was brought to a conclusion by the parting of the two pedestrians for different routes. But never can time efface the recollection of that peasant's earnest look and hearty grasp, as he said: "Farewell! I shall not forget your words. You are my best friend to have told me such things. Farewell, and thank you, thank you!" It is a grave responsibility, but surely it should be welcomed as a blessed privilege, to live and travel in times when the whole world is made ready for the work of the evangelist. And why should not every Christian who seeks renovation in the sunny months of this eighteen fifty-six, seek also a soul for Christ every day of his ramble, so that all along his route there may be traced a beaming line of heavenly light—the pathway of many a believer to glory.*

It is true that we are urging deeds which imply the necessity of close attention to personal character. The work we plead for demands eminent spirituality and constant self-denial. There is no situation in which a godly person finds it more difficult to maintain thorough fidelity in the service of Christ than amidst the very opportunities we have described. But this is no excuse for failure. Rather let forethought anticipate the hindrances which lie in the way, with determinate resolution, by Divine help, to triumph over them.†

Now there are *snares* in the course of the tour which must be *sedulously avoided*. The commonest prudence reminds us that even on the highway where thousands pass in security, each one may possibly be surprised by an accident. And therefore the devout cannot fail to find reason for special supplication, every day, that a kindly Providence may preserve them from physical dangers. But if the body requires omnipotent

* We would strongly recommend travellers to provide themselves with a supply of tracts and useful books. They can *drop* the latter—if they have not the courage to offer them.

† It is recorded of the late excellent Spencer Thornton, that he was most solicitous when travelling to preserve his seasons for private prayer. While journeying in Switzerland, if he had to start with his party at six in the morning, he would rise for private devotion by four o'clock.

protection, much is the soul in hourly need of all the guardian influences, human and divine, which can be thrown around it. Its perils are like those which attend the traverse of the glacier, or lurk in the track of the avalanche. Its safety is a matter of life and death. A single slip may entail irreparable mischief. One base temptation may overwhelm in disgrace and wretchedness. Well may those who value eternal life, at every step of their progress, offer the prayer of the psalmist: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe!"

But the sudden terrors of ice and hurricane are not the only instruments of destruction which may arrest the steps of the cragsman. There is the fatal rarity of the mountain air when certain altitudes are reached, which exhausts the power of respiration and dissipates all vital energy. Seized by this, as by an irresistible charm, the strongest man has lain down in the snow-field and slept the sleep of death. [illegible] beauty, or novelty carry the mind off its usual balance, there is reason to apprehend that excessive diversion may put to flight all sober [illegible]. Thus the inner life, instead of gaining enrichment and power, becomes impoverished and paralysed. [illegible] this point. Not that gladness and exuberance of spirits are evils. By no means. Let elating influences be freely inhaled, and let the tourist, with open brow and joyous tone, send on the happy impulse. But let the pure and the corrupt be separated. Let it be remembered that joyousness easily degenerates into frivolity, and that any undue absorption in things created surely leads to estrangement from the Creator. Inward experience should be watched with discrimination, and wherever there is any consciousness of tendencies hostile to religious fervour, there the boundary must be marked, and the soul must hasten away from the [illegible] ground. It need hardly be added, with regard to the danger of spiritual coldness, "prevention is better than cure." If the Bible and prayer be well used, the fire will not go out on the altar.

Conformity to injurious example is another thing that should be avoided. Though there are many valuable lessons to be learned from the ideas and customs prevailing in sister countries, it is easier to follow the bad than the good; and it is to be feared that the extended international fellowship of the present day has its evils in this respect. We have no sympathy with [illegible] upon or suspects everything unlike the home-pattern. But in relation to many social questions, and to religious principles especially, it is of the first importance that the imitative propensity should be duly restrained. Narrowness and prejudice are at all times contemptible. But the most liberal and expansive intelligence is perfectly compatible with a firm adherence to the precept of inspired wisdom: "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

But enough. A most enjoyable and prosperous journey, "out and home," to all tourists! To whatever point of the compass you turn; whether taste incline you to adventure, or exploration, or repose; whether you love the [illegible] that glisten with everlasting snows, or delight in the lands of classic reminiscence, or cheer your heart's content in the sweetness of rural peace; may you not fail at length to find a [illegible] in that better country which is the inheritance of the holy!

COUNSELS TO ENQUIRERS.

THERE are, it is to be apprehended, not a few, who, having been for some time borne down the stream of dissipation in the indulgence of all their natural appetites, and who, having all the while thought little or scarcely at all about religion, become at length in some degree impressed with a sense of its infinite importance. A fit of sickness, perhaps, or the loss of some friend or much loved relative, or some other stroke of adverse fortune, damps their spirits, awakens them to a practical conviction of the precariousness of all human things, and turns them to seek for some more stable foundation of happiness than this world can afford. Looking into themselves ever so little, they become sensible that they must have offended God. They resolve, accordingly, to set about the work of reformation. Here it is that we shall recognise the fatal effects of the prevailing ignorance of the real nature of Christianity, and the general forgetfulness of its grand peculiarities. These men wish to reform, but they know neither the real nature of their disease, nor its true remedy. They are aware indeed, that they must "cease to do evil, and learn to do well;" that they must relinquish their habits of vice, and attend more or less to the duties of religion; but, having no conception of the actual malignity of the disease under which they labour, or of the perfect cure which the gospel has provided for it, or of the manner in which that cure is to be effected—

> "They do but skin and film the ulcerous place,
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."

It often happens, therefore, but too naturally in this case, that where they do not soon desist from their attempt at reformation and retrace into their old habits of sin, they take up with a

partial and scanty amendment, and fondly flatter themselves that it is a thorough change. They now conceive that they have a right to take to themselves the comforts of Christianity. Not being able to raise their practice up to their standard of right, they lower their standard to their practice: they sit down for life contented with their present attainments, beguiled by the complacencies of their own minds, and by the favourable testimony of surrounding friends; and it often happens, particularly where there is any degree of strictness in formal and ceremonial observances, that there are no people more jealous of their character for religion.

Others, perhaps, go farther than this. The dread of the wrath to come has sunk deeper into their hearts; and for a while they strive with all their might to resist their evil propensities, and to walk without stumbling in the path of duty. Again and again they resolve: again and again they break their resolutions. All their endeavours are foiled, and they become more and more convinced of their own moral weakness, and of the strength of their inherent corruption. Thus groaning under the enslaving power of sin, and experiencing the futility of the utmost efforts which they can use for effecting their deliverance, they are tempted (sometimes it is to be feared they yield to the temptation) to give up all in despair, and to acquiesce in their wretched captivity, conceiving it impossible to break their chains. Sometimes, probably, it even happens that they are driven to seek for refuge from their disquietude in the suggestions of infidelity; and to quiet their troublesome consciences by arguments which they themselves scarcely believe, at the very moment in which they suffer themselves to be lulled asleep by them. In the meantime, while this conflict has been going on, their walk is sad and comfortless, and their couch is nightly watered with tears. These men are pursuing the right object, yet they mistake the way in which it is to be obtained.

But the Holy Scriptures, call upon those who are in the circumstances above stated, to lay afresh the whole foundation of their religion. They call upon them, in the first place, gratefully to adore that undeserved goodness which has awakened them from the sleep of death; to prostrate themselves before the cross of Christ with humble penitence and deep self-abhorrence; solemnly resolving to forsake all their sins, but relying on the grace of God alone for power to keep their resolution. Thus, and thus only, she assures them that all their crimes will be blotted out, and that they will receive from above a new living principle of holiness. She produces from the word of God the ground and warrant of her counsel; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "No man," says our blessed Saviour, cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the true vine. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without" (or severed from) "me, ye can do nothing." "By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast: for we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

Let me not be thought tedious, or be accused of running into needless repetitions, in pressing this point with so much earnestness. It is in fact a point which can never be too much insisted on. It is the cardinal point on which the whole of Christianity turns; on which it is peculiarly proper in this place to be perfectly distinct. All men of enlightened understandings, who acknowledge the moral government of God, must also acknowledge that vice must offend and virtue delight him. In short, they must, more or less, assent to the Scripture declaration, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But the grand distinction, which subsists between the true Christian and all other religionists, (the class of persons in particular whom it is my object to address) is concerning the nature of this holiness, and the way in which it is to be obtained. The views entertained by the latter, of the nature of holiness, are of all degrees of inadequateness; and they conceive it is to be obtained by their own natural unassisted efforts: or, if they admit some vague indistinct notion of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it is unquestionably obvious, on conversing with them, that this does not constitute the main practical ground of their dependence. But the nature of that holiness which the true Christian seeks to possess, is no other than the restoration of the image of God to his soul: and, [illegible] with indignation every idea of attaining it by his own strength, he rests altogether on the operation of God's Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who cordially embrace the gospel. He knows therefore that this holiness is not to precede his reconciliation with God, and be its cause; but to follow it, and be its effect. That, in short, it is by faith in Christ only that he is to be justified in the sight of God; to be delivered from the condition of a child of wrath, and a slave of Satan; to be adopted into the family of God; to become an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ, entitled to all the privileges which belong to this high relation; here, to the Spirit of grace, and a partial renewal after the image of his Creator; hereafter, to the more perfect possession of the Divine likeness, and an inheritance of eternal glory.—*Wilberforce.*

Religious Intelligence.

June 25th, 1856.

In the domestic history of our own country, no event has recently occupied so much public attention as the trial and the awful end of William Palmer. We trust that his melancholy history will warn many against the crime of gambling, by which he was led on to the commission of murder. His case shows how the heart may be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and how a transgressor may pass into the eternal world with a lie in his right hand. The vain hope of obtaining a reprieve appears to have kept the sinner from making an ample confession of the crime which had been fully established against him, and to have produced the delusion that he might safely deny, before men, the guilt which he secretly confessed to God. In Palmer's case we are again reminded of the truth so faithfully addressed by Moses to the children of Reuben, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

We are called upon as a people to acknowledge that good providence by which our country has been preserved from the calamities that have fallen upon a neighbouring empire. The whole amount of the damage which the recent inundations have done to France has not yet been fully ascertained, but the destruction of life and property is most distressing to contemplate. A melancholy occasion has thus arisen for proving to our allies that we really sympathize with them in their sufferings and losses. We may hope that the seasonable liberality displayed will serve to increase the good feeling which the two nations now cherish towards each other.

With equal satisfaction, and with devout gratitude to Him by whom "kings reign and princes decree justice," we contemplate the decision at which our government has arrived in reference to the United States. All lovers of peace, and all wise and good men throughout the country, have heard with delight the announcement that the diplomatic relations, and consequently the friendly intercourse, between those two great countries are not to be interrupted by any of our recent differences. We may hope that the practical wisdom which has led to this decision will be exercised during any pending discussions of questions connected with that country.

On the 19th inst., a very interesting conversazione of the Reformatory and Refuge Unions took place at Willis's Rooms, under the patronage of the Earls of Shaftesbury and Chichester, and other distinguished friends of these most valuable institutions. During the morning, the rooms were open for showing the works of the inmates of our reformatories and refuges, comprising the productions of turners, blacksmiths, and carpenters; when excellent specimens were presented of iron-work, mats, tailoring, printing, needlework, wood-chopping, and shoemaking, all of which were inspected and highly commended by Prince Albert, and a number of the nobility. When it is remembered that the inmates of these institutions enter them with habits very unfavourable to industry, and that they are generally imperfectly, if in any degree, acquainted with a trade, it was very gratifying to witness the specimens of skill and industry which were presented. The Union, whose friends assembled on this occasion, has proved a powerful aid to those institutions which are formed with a view to the recovery of the neglected and degraded classes from the ignorance and crime into which they had sunk. By its means, the claims of the reformatories have been brought under the notice of parliament, and an important meeting has been held at the Mansion House, at which a fund was commenced, the produce of which was distributed at the conversazione. It is gratifying to find that the metropolitan reformatories, four in number, for adult males, have 217 inmates, and room for 163 more; that there are ten for boys, with 315 inmates, and room for 92 more; four for adult females, with 48 inmates, and room for 28 more; nine for girls, with 251 inmates, and room for 76 more; in addition to three shoe-black societies, which employ 135 boys, and the Westminster Refuge which employs 30. As showing how much good may be done and evil averted, without the expenditure of money, we may notice the interesting fact, that the Red Shoe-black brigade is now entirely self-supporting.

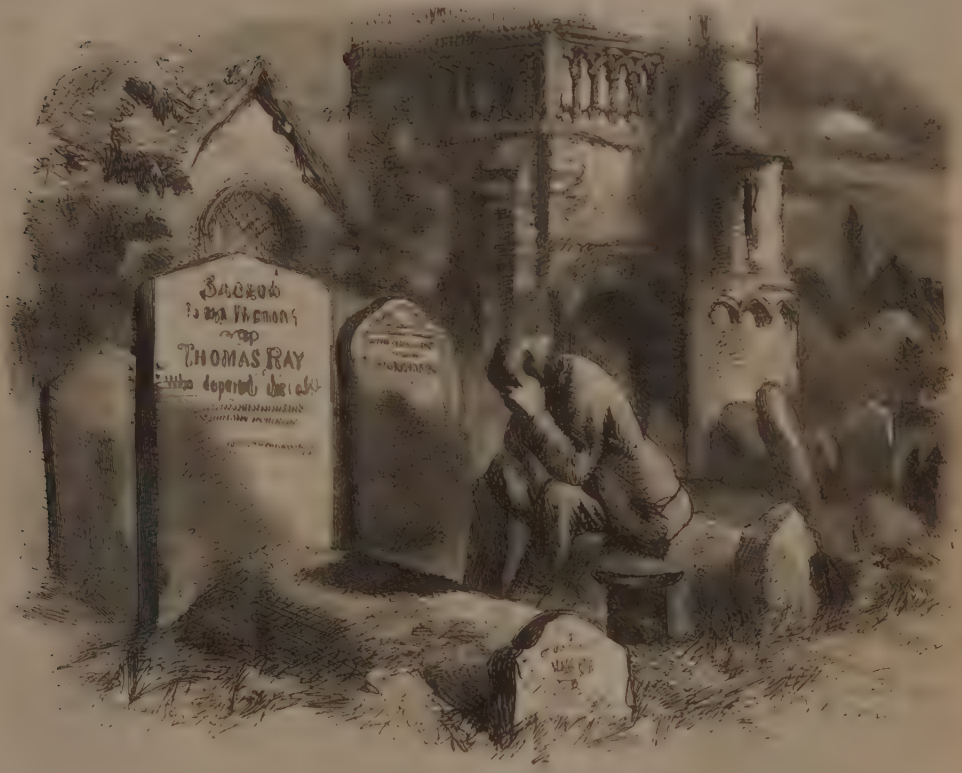
It is very gratifying to learn from the venerable Dr. D'Aubigne, and other Christian ministers who have recently visited us, that religious persecution appears to have ceased in France, and that our Christian brethren there can hold their meetings without fear of interruption. We had the pleasure of hearing from Dr. D'Aubigne, at a [illegible] given to him and his friends, a very interesting anecdote which does not appear to have been published, and is adapted to encourage us in the work of Scripture distribution. A colporteur in Marseilles gave a young soldier, who was just embarking for the Crimea, a copy of the New Testament, when he had the pain of hearing the man say, that he should find it useful to light his cigar. After many months the colporteur was pursuing his vocation in a village in the south of France, when he found the widow who kept the little cabaret at which he was staying, in great distress from the loss of her son, who had fallen in the Crimea. When he endeavoured to comfort her mind, and teach her the truths of the gospel, she expressed her surprise and delight at finding him utter the same words that were in the book sent to her by her dying son. She ran to fetch him the book, on seeing which the colporteur recognised it as the volume he had given to the hopeless young soldier at Marseilles. The first two or three leaves had been torn out, but on the inside of the cover the poor soldier had written, "At first despised—then read and believed in—then salvation!" Thus the widowed mother was not left to sorrow as those that have no hope, while this faithful labourer was encouraged to "sow beside all waters."

A very influential and important meeting has just been held at the residence of the Rev. R. H. Herschell, with a view of taking into consideration the best means of establishing an agricultural colony of believing Israelites in Palestine. The Bishop of Jerusalem, who was present, stated that a universal desire pervades the Jewish mind to return to the Holy Land, and that never at any period since the destruction of Jerusalem did circumstances seem so auspicious for the return of the Jews thither as at present.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



TOM RAY VISITING HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER I.—THE RAY FAMILY AND THEIR HOME.

Some years ago my father invited the son of a friend to spend his Easter holiday at our house. This boy was older than myself, he being about fourteen years of age, whilst I was only nine. Yet for want of one nearer his equal in years, I became his playmate, and accompanied him in his walks. I can say but little of his natural disposition at that time, except that I can remember, I thought him rather rough in his manners. This might be accounted for by my being, when young, timid, shy, and wanting in relish for many of the games which I saw other boys playing, and also by the difference of inclination which would naturally exist with the difference of our ages. From that time I learned but little of Tom Ray till several years had been added to our existence, when both were better able to form an estimate of each other's character. Of the leading events of his after life—of that part of it, at least, which was neither for his profit nor his honour, and of the change which followed, together with the means used to bring about that change—it is

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my intention now to write, promising enough to show his position and family.

Mr. Ray had been for some years, and still was at the time of which we are speaking, pastor of a congregation in a country town, and had placed his son to be educated in a school at B——, where he was at the time of our first acquaintance with each other. Shortly after the visit alluded to above, his father removed him to a school further away from our town, and thus our short-lived intimacy as boys was interrupted for many years; though, through my father's intercourse with Mr. Ray, I heard of his son's being apprenticed to a large firm, at a distance from home, in order to learn the business of a wholesale silk mercer.

I judged from what I heard my father say, that Mr. Ray was a man who exercised his paternal authority with discretion; and by a conversation which I well remember having heard between the two, that opinion was strengthened.

My father once had occasion to visit Mr. Ray on a matter of business, and I had the pleasure of accompanying him. It was early in May of the year in which I was fourteen years of age. Oh! how delightful to recall the joys of that season! It was the first visit I had ever made, except to relations, and the very first that had in it anything like a semblance to an excursion of pleasure. Railways did not then much in those days, so that journeys of pleasure were confined chiefly to the ranks of wealth and leisure. Imagine, dear reader, one of such an age as mine then was, strongly imbued with a love of the romantic and picturesque, and not led by the anxieties of life, just bursting from the unwelcome restraints of school, and with a fancy revelling in unheard-of and unrealizable scenes, riding through a country richly wooded and interspersed with streams; and you will understand in some measure what my feelings were, as now, upon the hill's high top, and now along the shady vale, I seemed to wing my way.

At the time when I accompanied my father to A——, the building in which Mr. Ray preached had become too small for the congregation; the members and their friends were therefore erecting another place of worship in New Town, where they had for a long time possessed a neat cemetery. The new building stood in the middle of this piece of ground, and at the right of it a house was being built for the residence of the pastor, at the back of which was to be a spacious garden, the ground having been given for that purpose by a wealthy and pious gentleman of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Ray's residence was in New Town, on the left of the cemetery, and facing the river, nearly in a direct line towards the church, of which, no building intervening, you obtained a nice view from the front of the house, as well as of the churchyard. The scattered tombs of the latter, and the venerable appearance of the former, were well calculated to impress the mind of the beholder with thoughts of a solemn nature; while the deep tones of the turret-bell —especially when night had spread her mantle of darkness over the face of reposing nature, reminded one that this transitory life was fleeting away with unchecked rapidity, and would soon be as the echoes which reach us on the evening breeze—once heard, then lost for ever.

We arrived at Mr. Ray's a little before tea-time; and after partaking of the refreshing repast of the hour, accompanied the good man to an evening service; but I can offer no opinion on the service, for I was then, as too many are in youth, uninterested in the things that belong to our eternal welfare.

It was on the evening of that day, after returning from public worship, that the conversation referred to above took place between Mr. Ray and my father, and from which I learnt that young Ray was not all his father could wish. I heard the latter say that he could not call him exactly a rebellious son, for while at home he was always obedient; but when not under immediate parental control, he was of too high a spirit to be dictated to. "When he was a child, I feared it would be so," said the father, "and resolved to curb him sufficiently for it not to be shown in my house, nor, if possible, anywhere else. I love my boy, and all my children exceedingly; but I allow none to be master or mistress here except myself and wife." Alluding to Tom, he added: "He is now my only son, though I have had two others, whom the Father of Mercies took to himself in their infancy. My three daughters are a comfort to us, and I hope will grow in spiritual wisdom as they grow in years."

A great deal more was said, from which I learnt that Tom Ray was of a roving disposition, and did not like the restraints of apprenticeship, though the authoritative letters of his father had hitherto held him in check. But not only did his father use authority—he did more, in which he was earnestly joined by his wife—he prayed continually for his conversion; and if the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," who shall tell the power of that prayer which unceasingly ascends to the mercy-seat of God from pious parents, who have offered their offspring to heaven's service from their very birth! The business which had occasioned our visit being settled, our stay was not prolonged beyond the morning of the second day after the one on which we had arrived at A——. I had no opportunity of personally learning anything further of the Ray family for two or three

years, as circumstances did not occur to throw me among them; and the friendship which existed between Mr. Ray and my father, and which had grown out of the vicissitudes of business, was, shortly after the above visit, terminated by the death of the former, who was called to his rest after an illness of a few weeks. Of this event we will give some particulars in our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.—RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTALITY.

Though the events to be detailed in this and the following chapters were not, for the most part, made known to me till some years after their occurrence, and not in consecutive order, yet I think it will be more interesting to relate them as they happened in order of time, rather than in the disconnected manner in which they came to my knowledge.

The acquaintance with Tom's disposition derived from the preceding chapter, will prepare the reader to understand how, after entering on his life of apprenticeship, and mixing with some who were decidedly gay, as the term goes, he became, so far as circumstances permitted, a rattling youth, and fully prepared for occupying in the future—should his means be equal to it—the position of a "fast man." Among those by whom he was surrounded, were men and youths of every shade of character, from the decidedly religious to the openly profane and profligate. The firm was a large one; and being a wholesale business, none of those employed were residents on the premises, except the apprentices, who lodged with the junior partner—a man in every way fitted to have the charge of youths. The apprentices were, of course, under considerable restraint; but all other assistants were at liberty to pursue the pleasures of their choice after the hours of business were over.

The first who became anything like a companion to Tom was an older apprentice, whose inclinations had long been towards the irregularities of youth, and who was sighing for the time to arrive when he should be more at liberty to do as he pleased. With this companion Tom learned to swear and to gamble; while at such hours as they were permitted to be out, they indulged in such amusements as their limited allowance of money enabled them to do. Of course, most of these practices were carried on in secrecy among the apprentices who leant to them, though at times it was impossible to disguise all from the master, with whom they resided. Of these irregularities on the part of his son, Mr. Ray had been informed, or, at least, of such as had come to the knowledge of his employer, and he had firmly, though affectionately, remonstrated with him, but without any real change being produced. There was an outward reformation in some things, but quite a sufficiency of visible evil to cause anxiety to his family.

Tom had been at his business about three years, when the mournful circumstances now to be narrated took place. Mr. Ray had preached his first sermon in the new place of worship on the Sunday previous to his being seized with his final illness, and little did he or his congregation think that that sermon would be his last; but so it was; for either from the excitement attendant on the building being finished and opened for divine service, or from over-exertion, or some other cause, he ruptured a small blood-vessel, which was not at first expected to lead to fatal results. However, in the course of a week his illness began to assume a serious aspect, and his son was sent for that he might see his father before his death, and receive his last exhortation. He came, but the old gentleman lingered longer than was at one time expected, so that Tom saw him frequently before his departure from earth, and seemed much affected by the conversation which passed between them. These interviews were of a solemn nature, and consisted chiefly of exhortations and warnings suited to the case of the son, and given with an earnestness which alone can be felt by a pious, loving, and dying parent.

Shortly before breathing his last, Mr. Ray called his wife, son, and three daughters to his bedside, and having thanked them all for their kindness during his illness, and pronounced his blessings on his wife and daughters, he turned his eye upon his boy, and said, in weak but solemn accents: "Tom, I bless you for your obedience to my personal commands, but I warn you before the great God, into whose presence I am hastening, that unless you repent of your sinful life, you will everlastingly perish. I have restrained you—I have warned you—I have advised you—I have prayed for you—and now—with my last breath—I entreat you—meet me—at the right hand—of God." He closed his eyes, and they thought his mortal conflict was past, he was so still, and his last words were so faintly and gaspingly uttered; but after a minute he reopened his eyes, and turning them to his wife, he whispered, "God bless you." Then looking upward, he exclaimed rather more loudly, "Peace, peace! come Lord Jesus," and so fell asleep.

It is unnecessary to record the grief of the family, or to reveal the events of their lives further than is desirable for showing the history of the son; I shall, therefore, not do so. After the funeral Tom spent a few days at home, and

mourned sincerely over his loss. His mother and sisters besought him to think seriously of his spiritual interests, and he promised to do so. The evening before his departure for the place of his business, he visited his father's grave, and wept tears of heartfelt sorrow, at the time honestly intending to lead a new life. His mind was deeply sensible of the solemnity of death, and he was at that season easily affected by the pathos of religious sentiments, which a moonlight night and the "place of graves" were calculated to render more solemn still; therefore in some sense appreciating the supposed melancholy happiness to be found in a so-called religious (I will not say Christian) life, he left his home for the place whither his occupation called him, with a resolve that he would pursue a course different from the one in which his past life had been running.

Arrived at D——, (the town where he was apprenticed,) he was received by his companions with such marks of sympathy and condolence as are customary among the worldly and careless. His master, being a man of serious thought, spoke to him in a fitting manner upon the late melancholy dispensation of providence; but anything which might have impressed his mind at the time it was addressed to him was not sustained by prayer in secret, so that when he again mixed with his associates he was the less able to bear up against the shafts of his spiritual enemy. In the evening, after business was over, his fellow-apprentices, and such of the assistants as were his usual companions, endeavoured to rouse him from his melancholy, saying, "Come, old fellow, cheer up; these bereavements are what we all have to submit to at one time or another; but business must go on, therefore it's no use growing dumpy."

This rallying, though given with a real desire of assisting him to greater cheerfulness, was not altogether suited to his feelings just then; for it was not only the death of his father that affected him; the dying exhortation of that good man was prompting memory to arrange in order before conscience, many of his old misdeeds which had occasioned the solemn warning that always presented itself to him as resting on the verge-line of time and eternity. This review of the past produced in Tom a desire for something different from his old course, but with this desire there was no humility, no repentance; it was simply a wish that he had not done many things that he had done, because the remembrance of them brought no happiness, in consequence of the fear of the future which accompanied it. Still there was no longing or attempt made to do those things which he had left undone, further than saying some formal prayers and going to a place of worship on the sabbath. In short, there was no sighing for a real inward change of heart, nor a seeking for it, else he might have been led to see how impossible a thing it is for man to obtain it without the operation of the Spirit of God. Tom's feelings were mere sentimentalism—a beautiful picturing of the various forms of virtue, and a melancholy yearning for solitude, accompanied for the time by a gloomy dislike to business.

With such feelings as these, Tom Ray went to his employment, and soon found that its activities had dispersed this romance of religion. But though in his feelings he became less "religious," as he would have called it, he did not immediately mix up with his former associates after the business of the day was over. This was not particularly noticed by them, as they thought it decent for him to show some respect to the memory of his departed father, and they yielded to his feelings so far as to accompany him for a short walk, without pressing him to join their more uproarious mirth. However, this was not of long duration, for as the period of the event which had been the cause of his change of feeling became more remote, so the resolution and inclination which this feeling had been parent to, grew weaker and weaker, till but a shadow remained on the memory of Tom to intimate that other than his usual course had ever been pursued. At last good resolutions were wholly overthrown by jest and drowned in revelry.

Oh! ye votaries of a sentimental religion, who become solemn and look demure when ye hear the pealing organ rolling its notes through the lofty aisle, and call it religious feeling; who weep at the singing of some plaintive anthem, and call it devotion and penitence; who avoid all amusement during the week which commemorates our Lord's passion, but who, in that which celebrates his resurrection from the dead, give yourselves up to unseemly revelry and excess of pleasure! oh, tell me, ye fasters for a day and gluttons for a week—ye repeaters of orisons but breakers of commandments—tell me, where is the spiritual or moral courage of the strength of a reed which your system ever implanted in the mind of any man, so as to enable him effectually to change his habits of life, and to stand invulnerably armed against the world, the flesh and the devil? Have not *doctrines* and *sentiments* served you in the stead of *principles* and *life*, and the form instead of the power?

RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

The sphere in which great men are found seems often to sever them from the sympathies of the multitude, pursuing as they do a course that only the few can follow; like the star, they are looked up to as "dwelling apart," and become

objects of admiration rather than models of character. Not that it should be so; for, if they be truly great, the spirit they breathe is the common property of all; the example of courage, skill, or patient love in the highest position may have its counterpart in the lowest. And what is thus true generally, is especially true of Christian men. All the servants of the Lord have a work to do. Some are called to the fight, some to the vineyard, some to quiet duties by the home-hearth. There are those who move in the van of the church militant, the martyrs and confessors of its faith, in whose lives heroism assumes its sublimest forms: there are those, whose prayerful labours in less troubled fields are crowned by results so vast as forcibly to reveal the power of God in human instrumentality; and both classes may appear to be far removed in their deeds above the compass of ordinary effort. But men of action or of thought everywhere are set as an example to *all* believers —both to those whom God shall choose to walk in their steps, and to those whom he shall appoint to a less arduous career.

It not unfrequently happens that an eminent man leads an ordinary life; what he does, shows vigour of faith, or, it may be, of genius, but does not take him out of the ordinary sphere: while he is doing what the many cannot do, he lives just such a sort of life as the many can live. If the quiet thought-work—shall we call it? which discloses his superiority could be forgotten, his outward conduct would have no unusual significance; but, viewed in its actual relations, it assumes importance, and becomes an object of imitation for all to contemplate, knowing that all may closely follow it. The late Dr. Wardlaw was very much a man of this kind. A distinguished ornament of the Scottish church, he was nevertheless a man of the family almost as much as of the pulpit or the study. His words were full of wisdom; and his thoughts, incessantly directed towards the highest ends, resulted in rare and fruitful achievements. Yet there were few remarkable incidents in his career, few extraordinary features in his inward experience; and to catalogue the journeys he made, the sermons he preached, or the books he wrote, would be but putting together the bones of a skeleton: a way so even in its tenor has indeed seldom been united to a round of duties so uniformly laborious. But as he presided at home, as he moved in the world, as he wrought for his God, the uniformity of his life—at the same time that it brings it down to the general level —becomes the proof of its consistency and singleness of purpose.

The lineage of a good man is of little practical importance; but it is curious to note that Ralph Wardlaw was a scion of the house of Stuart tracing his descent on his mother's side in a direct line from James v of Scotland.* His life of usefulness, however, was no remote reflection of their changeful fortunes, but in all respects a happy contrast. Others of his ancestors were distinguished by their piety, and of such associations he proved himself a worthy inheritor; like them, he contended for the faith delivered to the saints, and now he wears "the crown of righteousness," more to be desired than an earthly diadem.

Ralph was born at Dalkeith, in the county of Mid Lothian, on the 22nd of December, 1779; but—his parents soon afterwards removing—the years of his childhood and youth were spent at Glasgow. He was educated at the city schools, and from them transferred at an early age, according to Scottish custom, to the university. Among his fellow students was Thomas Campbell, and it is recorded to Ralph's credit that he stood in the list of poetical prizemen the same year that the young poet won his laurels for those celebrated "translations from the Greek" which are still thought worthy of publication with his maturer poems.

At what period Ralph experienced that great change of heart without which there is no salvation, is uncertain. His religion, to use a phrase of his own, was of "dateless origin and of imperceptibly gradual development." But the domestic influences by which he was surrounded were of the happiest kind, and, by the Divine blessing, prepared his mind for the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. A home hallowed by religion is one of God's own nurseries for his church; its very atmosphere proves often as healthful an agent in the formation of character as the spoken precept or lesson. Mr. Wardlaw, a man of more than usual intellectual culture, was so familiar with the New Testament in its original tongue that he used to have it read to him every morning whilst he was engaged in dressing. When Ralph had become a sufficient master of the Greek, he assumed the post of reader, and the observations to which the exercise gave birth sank deep into his heart, and became the germ of his future spiritual life. When, therefore, the young man had to decide to what sphere of labour he should devote himself, conscious of a regenerate spirit and stimulated by a holy zeal, he did not stop to settle unimportant questions, but gave himself at once to the work of the ministry. His father was hereditarily connected with the Associate Secession Church, which, on occasion of a controversy respecting the burgess oath, had assumed the distinctive name of the Burgher Synod.

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

Ralph accordingly, when duly authorised to become a student of divinity, entered the "Hall" of the Synod at Selkirk; and there for five sessions he diligently pursued the course prescribed. The ecclesiastical controversies of the day meanwhile attracted his attention, and suggested various questions to his inquiring mind. Religion at this period was at a low ebb in Scotland; the devout looked out upon "a valley of dry bones," and prayed for a prophet to prophesy, and the spirit from the four winds to breathe upon the slain that they might live. God heard their prayer, and in his own manner raised up men to summon the indifferent to repentance. Scottish congregationalism was not a movement hostile to the Establishment: it originated simply in the felt necessity of the times, and became a power in the land only by reason of the spiritual truths it proclaimed. The peculiar organization afterwards adopted might almost be called an accidental result. Through the agency of the brothers Haldane, the reviving influence spread far and wide, so that, notwithstanding much opposition in unexpected quarters, a numerous body of Christians soon arose to testify to the zeal with which they laboured.

The general aspect of this movement, combined with a long and conscious consideration of the whole subject, at length induced Mr. Wardlaw, in the year 1800, to forsake the church of his father, and associate himself with the Congregationalists of Glasgow, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Greville Ewing. When Dr. Lawson, his late theological tutor, heard of this change, the worthy old man was at first startled and pained; but after a moment's pause he said, "Well, it doesn't much matter; Ralph Wardlaw will make a good anything."

Edinburgh was the scene of some of Mr. Wardlaw's earliest pulpit ministrations; Perth, Dumfries, Glasgow, and many villages adjoining the larger towns were also visited. Very painful are the glimpses we get of the void he went to fill. There was great need of earnest, faithful preaching, and God honoured the word of his servant, permitting him to share largely in the work of reformation then begun, and this has since been gratefully recognised by all classes of Christians. Hearers then, as we fear too frequently now, were prone to judge harshly, dwelling critically on trifling details, instead of striving to sympathise with the aim of the preacher. The first impression of those who heard Mr. Wardlaw was not remarkably favourable. "We did not think much of him," was the comment of one who afterwards learned to revere and admire him. His manner was constrained, his enunciation monotonous. There is even a tradition that on one occasion he fairly broke down, and that being unable to recover himself, he had to retire while another minister finished the service.

At another time, he had been selected to preach a charity sermon. The building was crowded to overflowing; and whether it was the sight of the crowd that startled him out of self-possession, or one of those fits of tremor to which most preachers are occasionally subject, he lost all recollection of his discourse. He did not at that period use notes, and great was his alarm. The story goes that with no very pleasant feelings he was walking up and down the vestry, when an eminent divine of the day entered to bid him "God speed." He at once explained his position, and urged him to take his place. "No," said the aged saint, "no; go up, my son—go up, my son, and your Master will go with you." He, however, commenced the worship, to give the preacher a little time for meditation; but still his mind remained a blank; and not till he ascended the pulpit, and engaged in prayer, did the whole flash upon his memory; then, with great power, he delivered a most eloquent discourse. How many a man of undoubted talent has been thus tried at the outset of his career—perhaps to teach him to depend less on his gifts, and more on the Holy Spirit.

Faults, too, of a more serious nature were at first apparent, but these rapidly disappeared; for young Wardlaw was open to advice, and God never entrusts any work to a man without qualifying him for its successful discharge. "Ralph," said one of his brethren, after hearing him preach, "did you notice that poor woman in the duffle cloak that sat under the pulpit when you were preaching to-day?" "Yes, sir." "Well, my man, remember that people like her have souls as well as their betters, and that a minister's business is to feed the poor and the illiterate as well as the rich and the educated. Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well-composed discourse, and in that respect did you great credit; but there wasn't a word in it for the poor old woman in the duffle cloak." This was to the point; and from that time, never a "duffle cloak" went away without its word in season.

Several efforts were made by friends in different directions to secure his settlement as a pastor among them; but Providence pointed to Glasgow as the favoured spot. A chapel was erected for him in that city, and it was resolved that a portion of Mr. Ewing's church should accompany him to form the nucleus of a new cause. This step was completely successful; the chapel was soon filled; and in the course of a few years became too small, so that another and more commodious one had to be built to accommodate the numbers who flocked to his

ministry. The morning he devoted to the regular and continuous exposition of one of the books of Scripture; and in the afternoon he delivered a sermon fashioned after the ordinary model.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

The life of Daniel is one of the most fine embodiments of religious firmness with which sacred Scripture abounds. Tracing his history from youth to manhood, and attentively scrutinizing every step in his eventful career, we on no occasion find him deficient in that devout strength of character and noble consistency of life which, according to the teaching of inspiration, constitute the real hero. The courage which he exhibited in openly transgressing the royal statute that interdicted him from prayer for thirty days, was beautifully exemplified in the opening years of his life. Of the tribe of Judah, and of princely birth, he was at twelve years of age—as some imagine—taken a captive to Babylon. He was one of those who, on account of their beauty, accomplishments, and general ability, were selected to stand in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and while there came under the influence of the skilled Chaldee teachers. Commandment was given by the king, that Daniel, together with Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego should be put upon the choicest diet, and that the greatest care should be taken of their mental and physical training. But these youths, brought up under the influence of the Mosaic law, which prohibited certain meats and drinks, purposed within themselves not to defile themselves with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; and Daniel, as spokesman for the rest, requests that pulse and water should be given to them instead of the delicacies of the Babylonian court. The reader is acquainted with the result. At the end of the probationary period which Daniel had fixed, the countenances of the Hebrew youths appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat; and notwithstanding the instructions of the Chaldee teachers, they kept true to the faith in which they had been brought up, and God honoured them, and gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom.

Thus nobly did Daniel begin his life. We are not surprised to read of the honour and dignity with which he was speedily crowned; they naturally lie in the way of the youth who commences his career by giving himself to God, and by determining in his heart to obey the law of his Maker, rather than the commands of men.

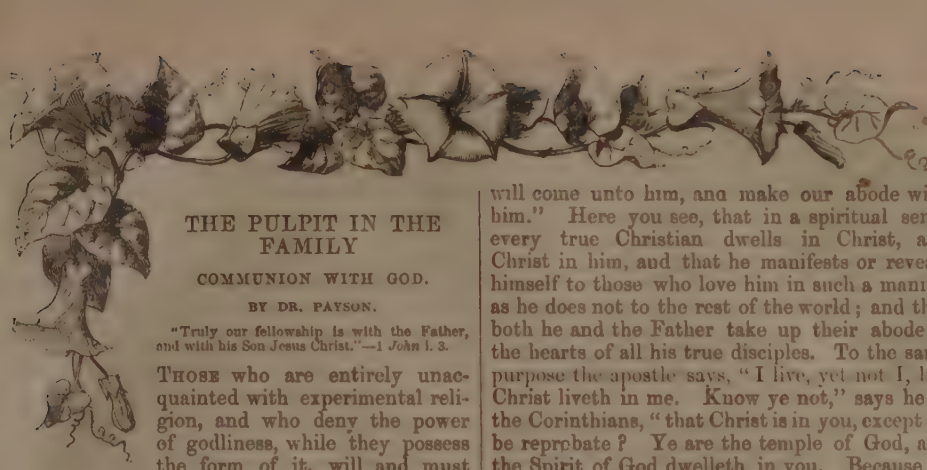
But the greatest proof of moral firmness which Daniel exhibited, was when the presidents and princes of the Babylonian kingdom conspired against his life. He stood between them and their ambition, and ere they could rise, it was necessary that his fall should be brought about by some means or other. Yet so excellent was he in spirit, and so free from fault, that they could not find any occasion against him, except they found it against him concerning the law of his God! Better testimony to Daniel's worth and consistency cannot be given than that which even his enemies were forced to yield: "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." The plot which was so maliciously concocted was so far successful as to render Daniel liable to an awful death. He could not serve God when it was safe for him to do so, and turn hypocrite the moment danger threatened. "When he knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." When such a bitter fate was awaiting him, might he not for a little while have been untrue to his religious convictions? Might he not have performed his devotions in secret, and thus have escaped the impending doom?

"It is natural to suppose," says the late Mr. Jay, "that some would press Daniel to yield, nor is it difficult to conjecture the reasons or excuses they would urge. Some would plead *loyalty*. The command was from the king his master, and in honour of him too; and would he disobey the order of his sovereign, and when his glory was at stake? Some would plead *usefulness;* his life was in danger, and it was valuable; what a loss would the world and the church sustain! But Daniel knew that we are to go on in the path of duty whatever we meet with; though lions roar in the way we must advance. We are not allowed to decline a command of God by reasoning from consequences. Some would have recommended *a plan of accommodation*. He could have withdrawn from the country and concealed himself for thirty days. He might have prayed inwardly and secretly, and thus have preserved his character and his conscience too."

Daniel made no excuse; he calmly went on in the path of duty, determined, in the strength of God, to endure its hardships as well as to enjoy its pleasures. Into the den of lions he was prepared to enter, rather than sin against his conscience and his God; and God again honoured him. In serene confidence, he sat among the savage beasts, their power to hurt was taken away, and the approbation of his Maker filled his heart with quiet gladness, as he spent the

livelong night in devotion and in prayer. His God, as the king had said, was able to deliver him from the lions, and did appear on his behalf.

In these days of civil and religious freedom, happily we are not exposed to the persecutions which threatened the sincere professor of religion in olden time. No den of lions yawns to receive us upon our bending the knee in prayer to heaven; we do not dread the rack, the stake, and the prison; yet, alas! notwithstanding all our freedom, a vast amount of moral cowardice unhappily prevails even amongst professing Christians. The opinions of the world, the maxims of society, and the sarcasm of the irreligious, succeed but too frequently in causing men to deny their Lord, and in throwing their piety altogether into the back-ground. Be it ours, to care more for the praise of God than for the honour of men. While many are taking a mere worldly standard of excellence, may we appeal to the law and to the testimony, and be satisfied only with the pattern set before us there. While many are trying to unite God and mammon in their so-called religious life, may we remember that ONE is our master. While many are afraid to confess the Saviour openly on account of worldly loss and disadvantage, may we esteem it our highest honour to be followers of the Lamb.



THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

BY DR. PAYSON.

"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."—1 John i. 3.

THOSE who are entirely unacquainted with experimental religion, and who deny the power of godliness, while they possess the form of it, will and must consider all pretences to communion with God as the effects of superstition and enthusiasm, the dreams and reveries of weak and deluded minds. When the profane scoffer, the cold-hearted infidel, the formal hypocrite, and the self-righteous moralist, hear the Christian conversing on these subjects, they are ever ready to exclaim, with a mixture of indignation and contempt, Thou art beside thyself; too much false religion has made thee mad! With the utmost justice and propriety, however, may the Christian deny the charge; for he is not mad, nor enthusiastic, nor superstitious; but speaks the words of truth and soberness. That communion with God, of which he speaks, and which constitutes his supreme felicity, is no fancied delusion, no enthusiastic dream, but a blessed reality; it is heaven begun in the soul, and is enjoyed in a greater or less degree by all, without exception, who will ever be admitted into the kingdom of heaven.

This is evident from innumerable passages in the word of God. The high and holy One, who inhabits eternity, condescends, as he himself informs us, to dwell with those who are of a humble and contrite spirit, to revive the heart of the contrite ones. "I will not leave you comfortless," said our blessed Saviour to his disciples; "I will come unto you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me: and ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you .... Abide in me, and I in you; for, as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him." "He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him. Judas saith unto him, (not Iscariot,) Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Here you see, that in a spiritual sense every true Christian dwells in Christ, and Christ in him, and that he manifests or reveals himself to those who love him in such a manner as he does not to the rest of the world; and that both he and the Father take up their abode in the hearts of all his true disciples. To the same purpose the apostle says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Know ye not," says he to the Corinthians, "that Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate? Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. Because ye are children, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father; and the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God." True believers are also represented as having already received the earnest and first-fruits of the heavenly inheritance, as rejoicing in Christ with joy unspeakable and full of glory, as walking in the light of God's countenance, as beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and as enjoying the communion of the Holy Ghost. The inspired writers invariably use the strongest expressions which language affords, when they would show the intimate union which subsists between Christ and his church. He is the Shepherd, and they are the sheep; he is the vine, and they are the branches; he is the head, and they are his members; he is the soul, and they are the body. It would be easy to multiply passages to the same purpose; but surely, if there be any meaning in words, enough has been said to show that there is a most intimate union and communion between God and Christ and all real Christians, of which mankind, in their natural state, can form no conception.

I proceed to show what this communion implies and in what it consists.

The original word, which is here rendered fellowship, and which is elsewhere rendered communion, signifies that reciprocal intercourse or communion which subsists between beings who are partakers of the same nature, whose moral characters are similar, and who mutually know and esteem each other. It is an observation no less just than common, that like rejoices in like, and where there is no likeness, there can be no communion. Thus, for instance, there can be no communion between the inhabitants of the water and those of the air; for what is life to the one, is death to the other. There can be no communion, in the proper sense of the term, between mankind and the brutal world,

because the former are endowed with reason, and the latter are not. It is the same in a less general sense, with respect to men of different ages, characters, and situations in life. The old cannot enjoy communion with the young in the pleasures of youth, nor the philosopher with the ignorant savage in the pursuits of the chase. The blind can enjoy no fellowship with those who see, in the beauties of vision, nor the deaf with those who hear, in the harmony of sounds. Unless persons resemble each other, therefore, in a greater or less degree, there can be no mutual communication of joys and sorrows; they cannot enter into each other's views and feelings, clearly understand each other's language, enjoy each other's society, or form an intimate, happy, and lasting union. But, on the other hand, when persons meet who resemble each other in temper, character, age, and situation, who love and hate the same things, and pursue and avoid the same objects, they readily unite, like drops of dew when brought into contact, and appear to compose but one soul in different bodies. Similitude, similarity of nature, of character and pursuits, must therefore be the basis of all true fellowship or communion. Hence it appears, that no creatures can enjoy communion with God and his Son but those who are partakers of his divine nature, who resemble him in their moral character, and who love, hate, and pursue those things which are respectively the objects of his love, hatred, and pursuit.

But in none of these particulars are mankind qualified to enjoy communion with God, while in their natural, sinful state. Once, indeed, they were like God; but, at the fall, they lost his Spirit, which originally dwelt in them; they lost his image and likeness, in which they were created; they lost all regard for his law, which was once written in their hearts; and became enemies to him by wicked works. Instead of pursuing his glory, they now regard only their own selfish interests; they have no desire to enjoy communion with him, nor any conception of what it implies; they do not even seek after God, but the language of their hearts is, "Depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways." In a word, their feelings, inclinations, and pursuits, are diametrically opposite to the laws and character of a holy God. Now it is too evident to require proof, that such beings cannot enjoy communion with God and Christ, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? or what communion hath light with darkness? or what concord hath Christ with Belial? As well might fire and frost form an alliance, as well might heaven and hell meet and mingle, as unrenewed sinners have communion with a holy God.

But very different is the case with respect to the true disciples of Christ. They are reconciled to God through the blood of his Son; they are renewed in the spirit of their minds, and have become new creatures. The law of God is written anew on their hearts, the lost image of God is in some measure restored to their souls, the Spirit of God returns to dwell in them, and thus again they become partakers of the divine nature. They are adopted into the number of God's children, and, according to the measure of grace given them, become holy as he is holy. They love what he loves, hate what he hates, and pursue what he pursues. Thus their natures and characters are made in some measure to resemble his; and a foundation is laid for the restoration of that ennobling, purifying, enrapturing communion, which constitutes the supreme felicity of all true believers, both in this world and in that which is to come.

This communion consists in a mutual giving and receiving, which is constantly maintained between God and the renewed soul, and which is carried on through the medium of the Lord Jesus Christ; who being head over all things to his church, and uniting God and man in one person, is qualified to discharge the office of mediator between God and his people. This is he, of whom Jacob's ladder was a type. By him all temporal and spiritual blessings descend from heaven to his people, and through him, all their prayers, and praises, and thanksgivings, come up for a memorial before God, being perfumed with the incense of his precious blood. In him all fulness dwells, and of his fulness all his friends receive, and grace for grace. As the sun is continually pouring forth a flood of light, and heat, and sweet attractive influences, on the planets, which harmoniously revolve around him, rejoice in his beams, and by reflection return them again to their source; so the Sun of Righteousness, whose riches of grace and glory are unsearchable and inexhaustible, is continually pouring forth enlightening, purifying, and life-giving influences, into the souls of believers, while they revolve around him, receive and rejoice in his beams, and return them back to him in grateful ascriptions of thanksgiving and praise. He gives himself and all that he has to his people, engaging to be their God, their Father, their Friend and Protector, and their exceeding great reward; and promising to love them, keep and guide them, even unto death; to watch over them as the apple of his eye, to gather them with his arm, and carry them in his bosom; to cause all things both in time and eternity to work together for their everlasting good. His people, on the other hand, humbly, gratefully and joyfully receive him, as their God and portion, and, in return,

give up themselves and all that they have to him, without reserve, as his people, engaging to love him, trust in him, worship him, to spend and be spent in promoting his cause, honour, and interest in the world. Various, and almost innumerable are the ways in which this communion with God is enjoyed by his people.

Christians enjoy communion with God in the works of creation. They contemplate the universe as a temple in which the most High sits enthroned—as a body, of which God is in a certain sense the soul; and as we love the bodies of our friends for the sake of the souls which inhabit them, as we are peculiarly pleased with the works of our friends for the sake of the hands which formed them, so Christians are ineffably pleased and delighted with the great work of creation because it was formed and is filled by their Father and their God. Being possessed of that faith which is the evidence of things not seen, and which brings invisible things to the mind with all the force of realities, they hear and see God on every side, and enjoy him in all the works of his hands. They see his power, wisdom and goodness, embodied and personified in the beauties and glories of creation, and feel that it is he who

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze."

They can

> "Look abroad through nature, to the range
> Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
> Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense,"

and triumphantly exclaim, "Our Father made and preserves them all."

The Christian enjoys communion with God in all the dispensations of his providence. He not only acknowledges, but feels and rejoices, that the Lord reigns, that all events are at his disposal, and that not a hair can fall from his head, or a sparrow to the ground, without him. He does not rest in second causes, nor ascribe the events which befall him to luck and chance, as mankind are naturally prone to do; but refers them at once to the great First Cause and last end of all things. With the eye of faith, he looks up and beholds his God, his Father, and his Friend, seated on the throne of the universe, working all things according to the counsel of his own will, and causing them to work together for his own glory and the good of his people. If he is chastised, he looks not at the rod, but at the hand that holds it; he knows that in faithfulness and mercy he is afflicted, and that though his afflictions for the present are not joyous, they shall, in the end, produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and work out for him an eternal weight of glory. When he is favoured with peace and prosperity, and his cup is made to overflow with blessings, he rests not in the streams, but follows them up to the fountain of goodness, from which they flow; and every temporal mercy which he receives is rendered doubly sweet by the consideration that it comes from his Father's hand, and is a new proof of his Father's love. Thus he enjoys communion with God, in all the common mercies and events of life; and his heart, like a fertile field which the Lord has blessed, brings forth in return fruit to the glory of God and eternal life, while his grateful language is, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

MISSIONS TO AFRICA.

THE TSHADDA EXPEDITION OF 1854.

The Niger expedition of 1841 will no doubt be fresh in the memories of many of our readers. Others, perhaps, may not have heard of it; or, not having felt any very particular interest in it at the time, may have permitted what they did hear or read to pass altogether from their minds. The command to "go forth into all the world, to preach the gospel to every creature," was one, it was deeply felt, to the full performance of which no really insurmountable obstacle could exist. The vast interior of Africa seemed, it is true, with the peculiar difficulties in the way of access to it, and with the deadly nature of its climate, to present barriers of a character so formidable as almost to render it an apparent exception to the otherwise universal rule. But then came the promise and the prophecy, (for it is both,) that "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," pointing out that seemingly impenetrable region as not excepted from, but rather specially included in, the Divine injunction—indicating *it*, in particular, as a field of missionary enterprise, from an occupation of which, however difficult of accomplishment, the most glorious results might be expected. Accordingly, when a mighty river-way into the far interior seemed to have been opened up by the discovery of the Niger—while at the same time the liberated and Christianised African slaves at Sierra Leone presented a native agency for the diffusion of the gospel among their fellows, upon which the noxiousness of the climate would probably have no effect—the hearts of Christian people exulted in the anticipation of a speedy and glorious triumph over Satan in this stronghold of his kingdom, and of beholding with their own eyes the fulfilment, as regards Ethiopia, of the sure prophetic word.

Such anticipations were doomed, however, in the first instance, to bitter disappointment. An expedition, consisting of three steamers, full freighted with all possible accessories for exploring the interior and for gaining the goodwill

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of the natives, crossed the bar of the river Nun, one of the tributaries to the Niger, on August 15th, 1841. On September the 5th, however, when lying off Iddah, fever broke out on board the ships, and day after day the flag half mast high, proclaimed that the work of death was going on. The malady continued to increase until two out of the three steamers had to return with their suffering crews to the sea; while the remaining vessel, the "Albert," proceeded up the Niger, until on the morning of September the 12th, only six of the Europeans on board were fit for duty, and before night had fallen some of these were unwell.

At length, on October the 4th, when it was found that all the engineers were ill, and only three of the European portion of the ship's company able to do duty, it was felt that to proceed any further would be a manifest tempting of the Mos High, and the "Albert" followed her stricken companions down the fatal stream, recrossing the bar of the Nun, on October the 16th. The atmosphere all the time was dry and apparently wholesome; the mornings were fresh and cool; and the deadly agency through which one after another were thus smitten down was unassignable to any particular cause or circumstance around or among them.

The Niger expedition was, therefore, regarded by the community at large as an utter and most melancholy failure; the idea of penetrating to the interior of Africa by means of its vast river roads was abandoned as impracticable, and its teeming population was apparently surrendered, without further effort, to the influences of a superstition still more destructive to their souls than their climate had proved to the bodies of their European benefactors. When, however, the Almighty has a purpose to accomplish, and a work to do, instruments and agencies both suitable and adequate will sooner or later be raised up. Out of the very failure of that calamitous expedition considerations were evolved in the minds of intelligent and faithful men, which were slowly to prepare the way for a second, and, as the event has proved, most prosperous attempt. It was noticed, in the first place, that both the liberated Africans and acclimated Europeans, such as the two missionaries, Messrs. Schon and Muller, who accompanied the expedition, continued healthy during all the ravages of disease and death amongst the others. It was further ascertained that liberated Africans were not only possessed of immunity from the deadly influences of the climate, but that they would be peculiarly acceptable to the natives as instructors, and, moreover, that when so employed they were exceedingly diligent and trustworthy. The grand fact of a universal readiness upon the part of the natives to receive instruction, both secular and religious, was also put beyond a doubt. In fact, the peculiar internal circumstances of the populous regions adjoining the banks of the Niger seemed to dispose them more favourably than could have been at all expected, for the glad reception of the peace which the knowledge of "the Lord of peace" diffuses —the liberty wherewith the Redeemer makes his people free. A haughty and warlike race, denominated Felatahs, or Foulahs—from the colour of their complexion, a yellow brown—were found not only to have themselves embraced Mohammedanism, but to have strongly imbibed the belief, originating in the alleged appearance and commission of the prophet himself to one of their priests, that they were designed to wrest from the possession of the Kaffir tribes the beautiful plains and fruitful valleys of Central Africa; to bring the Kaffirs themselves into subjection to the creed and followers of Islam; and were, moreover, authorised to put to death without mercy any individual who should refuse submission. Fearful was the carnage, the depopulation of towns and villages, the devastation of extensive and fertile districts, to which this strange fanaticism gave rise. The advent, therefore, of European vessels, freighted with the harbingers of peace and civilization, seemed as a visit from heaven to this suffering people; turning what under other circumstances might have been indifference, if not hostility, into joyous welcome.

These results, thus manifestly encouraging, were nevertheless, for many years, almost, if not altogether, lost sight of, amidst the depressing gloom which hung so darkly over the records of that unfortunate attempt. A solemn warning against any repetition of it seemed to be the one lesson of its history; and for thirteen years was Central Africa delivered over to the powers of darkness, both physical and spiritual, without a further effort towards its emancipation. Recently, however, the God who has all times and all hearts at his arrangement and disposal, stirred up the minds of those whom he had previously chosen and qualified for the undertaking. The "Pleiad," a large screw-steamer, was fitted out at the expense of government as an exploring vessel, and all the lessons which experience had so sadly taught by means of the former expedition were turned to the utmost account in her equipment.

On July 12th, 1854, the "Pleiad" entered the Niger. The Rev. Samuel Crowther, a native African, now a clergyman of the church of England, of whom our readers cannot but have heard, accompanied this, as he had the former expedition. His journal furnishes details which can scarcely fail to interest and gratify the reader. On August the 7th, the Tshadda, one

And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance
There's rest in his still countenance
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

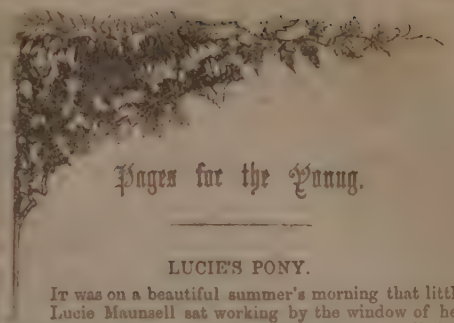
Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
Our kind Lord ordereth all things well!"

May those sweet lines soothe some heart-stricken mourner!

CHRISTIAN FIRST-FRUITS.

The habit of statedly giving first-fruits of all you receive, tends to prosperity, by the double force of a natural means and a Divine blessing. As a natural means, it works by promoting order and economy. One reason why many tradesmen fall is, that they do not in due time, and with sufficient frequency, ascertain precisely where they are. He who is *determined* that all his increase shall pay its first-fruits to the glory of his Saviour, must ascertain what that increase is. Again: one reason why many persons of fixed income are miserably before their means is, because they have never carefully apportioned to each branch of their expenditure its due share of their income. Were one portion held sacred, on which no claim whatever should touch, an efficient check would be set up against random living.

The habits of order and economy thus acquired would work together with the blessing which is assured to him who honours the Lord with the first-fruits of all his increase. That a man living steadily up to this principle will prosper, I have no manner of doubt. The very night before I left London, I asked a valued friend of mine who had adopted the principle of giving away a tenth in early life, and whom the prospering hand of God had raised from humble beginnings to a position of great and valuable influence, if ever he knew a case in which a man had set out on that principle, and *persevered in it*, and then failed in life. He answered, "Not one."—*The Duty of giving away a stated Proportion of our Income, by the Rev. W. Arthur.*



LUCIE'S PONY.

It was on a beautiful summer's morning that little Lucie Maunsell sat working by the window of her mamma's dressing-room. The apartment was small, but neatly furnished. Books and pictures there were in profusion. A pretty canary-bird sang sweetly, and fluttered its golden plumage in the bright sunshine; and through the opened casement were seen the smooth green lawn, the gay hedge-row, and the sparkling rivulet which danced along under the trees beyond. But though surrounded by so many beautiful things, Lucie just then looked far from happy. There was an expression of discontent and crossness upon her face, and now and then a tear would roll down her cheek and fall upon her lap. She drew out her needle slowly, and very often laid down her work to gaze idly through the open window. Thus occupied, she did not perceive that her mamma had entered the room, and was looking very anxiously at her frowning brow and pouting lip.

At length Mrs. Maunsell laid her hand upon the little girl's shoulder, saying, "What is the matter, Lucie? You do not seem happy this morning."

Now Lucie did not turn round and smile pleasantly, as children should whenever they are spoken to, but answered in a sulky tone, "How can I be happy, mamma? I have nothing to make me so."

"Lucie," said Mrs. Maunsell, gravely, "how much has your heavenly Father given you more than others! Have you not kind parents, many dear friends, and a beautiful home to live in? If, with so many blessings, you are not happy, I fear the fault must lie with yourself."

"But, mamma," said Lucie, "I mean that I have no amusement. Here I must sit so long every day at my work, while my cousin Emily can ride out on her nice new pony. Why have not I a pony? I am just as old as she is."

"First answer my question, Lucie," said Mrs. Maunsell. "If the affection of kind relatives and friends and the many precious gifts you now enjoy, have failed to render you happy, are you quite sure that the mere possession of a pony would be sufficient to do so?"

Lucie coloured, but did not reply, for she recollected how very often her dear papa and mamma had endeavoured to give her pleasure and gratify her every wish, and she felt very sorry for the selfishness and ill-humour she had just displayed.

Mrs. Maunsell noticed the change in her face, and stooping to kiss her, said gently, "Come, Lucie, though you cannot ride, we will have a walk together this morning; perhaps you may learn a better way to be happy."

Lucie ran off very joyously at the prospect of a walk, and was soon ready.

"Where shall we go, mamma?" she asked, on returning to the room.

"We will pay a visit to old Blake, my love," replied Mrs. Maunsell; "he has been very ill, and I wish to have some conversation with him."

The distance between the house and John Blake's cottage was not great, and as Lucie amused herself by gathering some of the pretty flowers which grew by the

wayside, time passed very pleasantly. As they drew near the cottage, they perceived the old man seated in a chair before the door. He seemed very ill and weak, and his head rested upon his hands. On a low stool at his feet sat a little girl, about ten years old, her head bent over a large volume on her lap, from which she read aloud to her aged grandfather. She looked up as the visitors entered the garden, and though her face was very thin and pale, there was a smile upon it, the brightest, Lucie thought, she had ever seen.

Little Nancy Blake quickly brought a chair for Mrs. Maunsell, and having placed her own stool for Lucie, stood quietly by her grandfather's side, listening attentively to the conversation which ensued.

"Well, John," said Mrs. Maunsell, "I am glad to find you so far recovered. Yours has been a severe illness.

"Aye, lady," answered the old invalid, "it was a sore sickness it pleased the Lord to send on me; but he never leaves us on a dark rough path without a lamp to guide or a staff to support us. I little knew what great reason I had to praise his name both night and day, until I was brought low under his hand."

"Our God is ever merciful to his creatures," said Mrs. Maunsell, "and even in the hour of affliction we may find cause for thankfulness."

"True, ma'am, true," replied old Blake. "When I thought how little I deserved, and how much I had, I wondered at his goodness to one so unworthy; for though I neglected him, he gave me a shelter for my grey hairs, and this little one to be the comfort and support of my old age." And as Blake spoke, he laid his hand affectionately upon the head of his little granddaughter.

"Nancy has been a good and dutiful child to you, John," said Mrs. Maunsell; "I sincerely trust she may be as devoted to the Saviour, who bids the little children come to him that he may bless them."

"God grant it, lady," responded the old man; "for what greater happiness could I desire in this world than to see her walking in his ways and keeping his commandments? But it grieves me to see her look so pale and sickly, for she don't run and play like other children, but gives all her time to nurse and care for her old grandfather."

"Oh, don't fret for me, grandfather," broke in Nancy, putting her arms round the old man's neck. "You know I have plenty of amusement when I sit and read or sing to you; and I could not be happier than I am, no, not if I had the queen's crown."

"God reward you, my precious darling," said Blake, while the tears stole down his cheeks. "May he give you a crown of glory, and a place among his redeemed in heaven."

After some further conversation, during which Lucie could not help being struck by the perfect contentment with their humble lot shown by the poor cotter and his little grandchild, Mrs. Maunsell took her leave, promising she would see them again very soon.

During the walk home, Lucie appeared thoughtful, and as she remained silent, her mamma at length said, "Well, Lucie, tell me what you think about our little friend Nancy."

"Oh, mamma," replied Lucie, "how I wish I were like her! She looks so good, and happy too."

"And what is it, think you, Lucie, which makes this poor child happy?" asked Mrs. Maunsell. "She has neither father nor mother, her clothes are very coarse and scanty, her home is humble, and her friends are few."

"I suppose, mamma," answered Lucie, "it is because she loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and does what he desires."

"You are right, Lucie," said her mamma; "the child who loves the Lord Jesus, and walks in his ways, depending on the aid of his Holy Spirit, will be happier than if possessed of all the fine things which this world can give."

"Mamma," said Lucie, after a short pause, "I know I have been very naughty; but if I ask God, will he not make me as good as Nancy?"

"Yes, Lucie, he bids us ask that we may receive; and you should pray every night and morning that he may change your heart, and make it the abode of his Holy Spirit."

"Well, then, mamma, I will pray very often, and ask God to take away my evil temper, and make me his own child."

From that day forth Lucie became a constant and earnest petitioner to the Saviour, that he would send his grace into her heart, and make her a holier and a better child; and the loving Jesus heard her prayer, for he loves to hear and answer those little ones who beg his blessing and guidance.

Very soon her friends began to remark the change which had come over her; she was no longer selfish nor ill-tempered, but kind and affectionate to every one, and in return every one loved her.

It was some weeks after her visit to the cottage, that she again sat at work in her mamma's dressing room; she sang cheerfully to herself, as she plied her task, or paused every now and then to caress her little canary, which warbled sweetly at her side. At length her mamma came in, and Lucie ran forward to show how much she had done.

"You are a dear, good child," said Mrs. Maunsell, kissing her affectionately; "and now I must tell you something which I am sure will give you great pleasure. To-morrow, you know, will be your birthday, and papa intends buying you a nice white pony, so that you may ride out when ever you wish."

Lucie clapped her hands with delight, and thanked her mamma over and over; but suddenly she paused, and her face became more serious.

"Well, Lucie," said Mrs. Maunsell, "are you not pleased at the prospect of having a pony of your own?"

"Oh yes, very much, mamma," answered the little girl; "but do you think papa would let me have anything else I like better instead?"

"Perhaps he may, my love," replied Mrs. Maunsell, smiling, "if your request be not unreasonable."

"Well, then, mamma," said Lucie, blushing, "you know how anxious poor Nancy Blake is to go to school. Would not the money which my pony would cost buy her some new clothes, and enable her to go to school as she wishes?"

"Certainly it would, my dear," answered Mrs. Maunsell; "but are you quite sure that spending the money in this way would make you as happy as the possession of the pony?"

"Oh, much more so, mamma," replied Lucie; "and now I will ask papa to let me have my choice."

Mr. Maunsell readily granted his little daughter's request, for he loved her very dearly; and when a few mornings after, Lucie caught sight of Nancy Blake, dressed in her new clothes, her face all beaming with smiles, on her way to the village school, she felt ten times more happy than if she had been cantering through the green lanes, mounted on her white pony.

Very pleased were her parents to see that their dear child had thus early learned the lesson of self-denial for others. Nor would they permit her generosity to go unrewarded, for some months afterwards, when she had almost forgotten that she had ever wished for a pony, a gentle little Shetland one was purchased for her by her loving papa; so that Lucie found, as many have done before and since, that when we sacrifice our enjoyments for the benefit of others, the kindness we have shown comes back in some unexpected blessing or comfort upon ourselves.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

READING THE LETTER FROM TOM'S EMPLOYER, ANNOUNCING HIS FLIGHT.

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSOLATIONS OF PRAYER AND FAITH.

We now change the scene to the quiet town of A——, where Mrs. Ray was living with her two eldest daughters. The youngest had gone to reside with a pious aunt, a sister of Mr. Ray.

The widow had been provided for by the prudent forethought of her husband, who had subscribed to an assurance society, for an annuity to commence from his death, should his wife survive him, and to continue as long as she lived. In addition to this, she was possessed of a little property, left her by her father some years previously; so that altogether she was, in a pecuniary point of view, very comfortably off. But the two daughters, not wishing in any way to be a burden on their mother, or, by the expense of their maintenance, to trench upon her comforts, had opened a school, and were prospering in their undertaking. One faithful, pious domestic ministered to them.

When Tom left his bereaved home, tearful eyes and anxious hearts followed him; and earnest prayers ceased not to be offered daily, through the only Mediator, for the conversion of that soul which had hitherto drunk so deeply

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of the world's miscalled pleasures, without, however, being able to satisfy its thirst for happiness. In the family devotions of each day, the distant one was remembered. In the recesses of her chamber, the widowed mother often wept before God, and sighed the prayer for her only son, "Oh! that he may live before thee!" In the private meditations of the sisters, a brother's name was by the Saviour heard coupled with the same prayer, "Oh! that he may live before thee!" In the earnest supplications of the pious domestic, too, was remembered the boy whom she had nursed, and whom she loved with almost maternal fondness; her cry also was in substance, if not in words, "Oh! that he may live before thee!"

How refreshed did the mourners feel after pouring forth their petitions to the throne of grace! how cheered to hope for their dear one's restoration to the image of God! how strengthened in their faith after having held converse with the King in his glory, and received his promises into their believing hearts! And they had need of it; for dark days were about to pass over them, and nights in which were to be seen no stars.

Oh, prayer, prayer! who shall count its value! who shall measure its power! It can do more than the introduction of princes; it surpasses the sign-manual of kings! The faithful, earnest prayer of a righteous man reaches the very throne of the Eternal, and introduces a worm of the dust to God! He that prays has become a friend of the King of kings, and brother of the Prince of peace!

After Tom's return from his father's funeral, his letters home were more frequent and serious than they had been previously; but in a short time the intervals between them materially lengthened, and the letters themselves were more brief and less grave. This caused great sadness of heart to his mother and sisters, and a corresponding earnestness in their applications to the throne of grace; and though faith was at times weak, and doubts would shoot up with great strength, yet Mrs. Ray seemed less disturbed by these doubts than her daughters did; for she would often entreat them to have confidence in God and trust on. She would cite the faith of Jochebed, Hannah, and others of Scripture note; and frequently would she point to the mother of St. Augustin, and say, "Shall I not pray and believe for the conversion of my Son! God being my helper, I will."

But notwithstanding her strong faith, Mrs. Ray was becoming really anxious about her boy. More than two months had now passed since they had received his last short note—it was scarcely worth calling a letter; and three letters very affectionately written had been sent to him in that time. The youngest sister shared these anxieties, as did their aunt likewise. A kind and encouraging letter from the latter had arrived opportunely at a time of deep depression, and had helped, under the blessing of God, to cheer them in their distress. The morning after receiving this letter, the pious mother was endeavouring, during the time of breakfast, to strengthen the faith of her fainting daughters by calling attention to their aunt's counsels, and also by telling them of her morning's meditation and prayer.

"My dear girls," she said, "the passage of Scripture I took for my consideration was the fourth verse of the thirty-seventh psalm. 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' While thinking on these words, and lifting up my heart to God, I seemed to have such an inward assurance that we should yet have to rejoice over the penitent one, that I could not help feeling quite thankful, as though the thing were already accomplished. Oh! then I felt that I could not doubt; and in that feeling I was happy. My dear girls, let us dwell much on the love of God in Christ, and we shall find our faith less wavering."

"Do you think then, mamma," said the eldest, "that Tom has become the recipient of saving grace? If so, shall we not be happy!"

"No, my child," was the reply, "I do not mean to say that Tom has commenced adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour; but I have such confidence in God's promise, that I look forward to our beloved one being washed, justified, sanctified, with as much certainty as though the fact were before me. I have a realization of Paul's words in Heb. xi. 1: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;' and if this is faith, why not rejoice in the possession it gives us! Let us 'rejoice with trembling' and 'pray without ceasing.'"

Just at this moment the knock of the postman was heard at the door, and a minute after the servant brought in a letter, the contents of which (as will be seen from its perusal) were not at all calculated to cheer the drooping spirits of the sisters, while they proved a severe test of the faith which the mother had just given expression to. It was from the gentleman with whom Tom resided, and was to the following effect.

"Dear madam—I am sorry to be the communicator of unpleasant intelligence, especially to one who has shown herself so fond a mother, and whose many sorrows I know will be multiplied by this letter. The fact is, that your son has been for some time exceedingly irregular in his conduct, and on one or two occasions very impertinent when spoken to on the subject. On Tuesday last he left my house after tea, and

I have not seen him since; and, having waited two days without hearing of him, I have thought it advisable to write to you. Should he come to your house, you would oblige me by endeavouring to induce him to return to me; and assure him that, for your sake and his late father's, I will not use the power I possess for punishing him. I have the honour to be, dear madam, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE M——."

When Mrs. Ray had concluded the reading of the letter, she passed it to her daughters, almost dropping it as she did so, and sat motionless with grief. The two sisters read the letter together, and upon finishing it burst into passionate lamentations. The mother appeared not to notice their sorrow for some time, till Phœbe, the domestic, came into the room, attracted by the noise of their crying: then looking up, she said, "Oh! may God's will be done!"

"Yes," sobbed the daughters; "but," added the eldest, "it is hard to bear."

"Oh yes, my child, it is," answered her mother, in evident bitterness of grief; "yet if we repine, remember it will be sin. This, truly, is a sore trial and temptation; I feel as though my heart would break. I cannot express my anguish. Oh! what has become of him?"

Upon the remembrance of Phœbe's being present, Mrs. Ray was recalled to a more composed state of mind; and collecting her thoughts as well as she could, she told her the contents of the letter, which caused the faithful creature to sob as loudly as they themselves had done.

After a little time, Mrs. Ray had mastered her first paroxysm of grief sufficiently to be able to direct the attention of those around her to the only source of real and lasting comfort. She acknowledged her own weakness, and the strong temptation which then beset her, inducing her to mistrust the loving-kindness of God, and to ascribe the confidence with which she had so recently been speaking to presumption, instead of faith in the promises prompted by the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

With streaming eyes, she added: "My dear children, and you, Phœbe, my faithful servant and friend, I feel this as a mother, but must through grace bear it as a Christian. Let me exhort you to do the same. Tears are human; but they do not necessarily weaken faith; even Jesus wept when about to perform what—judging as man judges—was his greatest miracle, the raising Lazarus from the dead. My boy is hewing out for himself cisterns of pleasure that will yield him nothing but slime! Would to God it were otherwise! that he were drinking of the river which makes glad the city of God! that he were rejoicing in the light of His countenance, whose smile is life, and health, and peace! But as it is different, let us pray more and more earnestly, that God would open his eyes to see the terrors of judgment written in his law, and then to see the wonders of love revealed in his Son. Though we know not where your brother is, we know he is not beyond the reach of God's vision, nor beyond the power of his grace."

"Oh mamma," cried the younger daughter, "I am afraid that he may be dead; and if so, what *shall* we do?"

"My dear children, I am tempted to think the same; but I have also a strong inward impression that he is alive. You know, my dears, God often gives great manifestations of his love before casting us into severe trial; and has it not been so, at least with myself, this morning? Let us receive that as a cordial sent before hand, and—

"'—— trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.'"

Then asking them all to kneel down, she poured out their wants before the throne of the all-hearing and all-answering God; and somewhat comforted, each proceeded to her morning's occupation.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER.

Leaving the afflicted family to their every-day life, with the addition of more frequent and more earnest prayer for the lost one, we turn back to follow the latter in his wanderings.

Tom's companions had been chiefly those of his own occupation, or others of a similar class; but two or three weeks before leaving his employment he had kept himself considerably aloof from his former associates. He also now visited other scenes than those he had been accustomed to; and this for the purpose of becoming acquainted with a different sort of life from that in which he had hitherto moved.

It will be necessary here to mention the point to which his roving disposition tended. He had determined on going to sea whenever he could get a fair chance of doing so. With this object in view, he had of late visited some of the lower class public-houses, in order to make himself acquainted with the modes of life extant among the people who frequent those places; and he had resolved, if need be, when he should leave his present position, to cast respectability of deportment to the winds, and to carve a way for himself. Of course he had not so great opportunities of seeing tavern life as he would have desired; but what few he had, he used with an eagerness that would have shone well if employed in a better cause.

If any should think it an inconsistency of

character, for one of Tom Ray's disposition to become so decided as to leave old companions for the sake of gaining a knowledge of this sort, I can only offer as an answer that I knew the person whom I describe well; and knew also from himself that he could and did do as I have said. There was energy and determination in him when an object commended itself to his mind, but when no particular purpose was in view he could be, and was, reckless.

Having by degrees removed from his bedroom all that belonged to himself—such as clothes, books, and other things of a portable nature, and sold them for as much ready money as he could get, he took his departure immediately after tea, on the evening mentioned in his master's letter, given in the preceding chapter. He pursued his journey with great energy, and with the assistance of a ride in a light cart that overtook him on the road, he managed to reach a small town about sixteen miles from D——; but before coming to this place, he had to walk again; for the cart left him at a spot about four miles from it. The walking this distance was not very difficult to perform, as he had ridden at least six miles, nor would it have been unpleasant had Tom's conscience been guiltless: for though the sun was down soon after six o'clock, yet the moon shone out very brightly. It was a beautiful evening, and the breezes of early autumn shook the withering leaves from the trees which bordered the road along which he passed. With the exception of the rustling of the trees, and the sound of his own footsteps, all was still; the sparrow had chirped its last note in the hedge by which he walked—the last rook had sailed over his head, to be rocked to rest in its lofty cradle—the village swains had retired within doors, to sup on their homely fare, and all around breathed quietness: but peace was not within the breast of our wayfarer: like a sea of foaming slime, his thoughts were tossed in dire confusion. The frown of his employer troubled him but little; but his departed parent stood before him with a countenance of rebuke; the tears of his mother and sisters now dropped like icicles upon his soul, now like molten lead they fired his brain. Conscience was not dead, though he had striven hard to stifle it, and the great adversary was lashing him by means of it to feelings of desperation.

At first, when left alone on the road, he would fain have turned back; but the lateness of the hour, and his approaching weariness, forbade it; so he hurried on, hoping to meet with something which would banish unpleasant thoughts from his mind. How comfortable appeared to him, as he now felt himself a wanderer and alone in the world, the light of the fires that anon shone through the windows of the cottages he passed, and yet how mockingly they smiled on him! There seemed to be no place there for him: he wanted something more exciting — something which would drown reflection: like the ostrich which thinks its danger past when it cannot see its pursuers, so did he wish to shut his eyes upon his misery, and forget that he was unhappy.

In this state of mind he arrived at the town before mentioned, and coming upon a public-house he entered it. Having purchased a small quantity of bread and cheese and called for some beer he began to dissipate his gloominess, and mix in the conversation of the company present. He slept at this house, and took his departure on the morrow in a carrier's van; and having gone a few miles by that conveyance, he again took to walking; and so by tramping it, with now and then a lift in some vehicle, he arrived in a week at B——.

But it is not our intention to follow him through all his mazy course; such a plan not being necessary for enforcing the lesson we wish this narrative to convey. We therefore forbear to recount the expedients by which he was continually striving to banish from his mind the recollections of the past: they were some of them merry enough in their nature, and ludicrous enough in their performance; but they were sinful and unsatisfactory.

After being in B—— four or five days, without obtaining a berth in any vessel, he began to grow desponding, in spite of the joviality in which he indulged himself. This feeling of gloominess was not at all lightened by the knowledge that his financial resources were daily approximating more and more to nothingness. The consideration of the state of his affairs brought to his mind the idea of renewing the friendship of our family; but in what character! He knew that the truth would not bear to be revealed to my father, and his wits soon feigned a tale which should serve him in the present extremity. He made a call, as it were, out of courtesy for the former kindnesses received in his school days, stating that as he had just concluded his term of apprenticeship, he had come to B—— to ascertain some particulars respecting a situation which had offered; but that as the principal of the firm and he could not come to terms, they had not closed. He said, too, that he had seen two or three other persons on the subject of a situation, and that he intended staying in B—— a day or two longer, to see what might turn up. Upon inquiry, he gave us to understand that he was lodging at an inn; and my father wishing to manifest the spirit of former friendship, invited him to make our house his home, while he remained in the city unprovided with employment. This offer was

gladly accepted, for he had but a very few shillings left.

He stayed with us nearly a week, every day going out, as was supposed, to seek intelligence about employment in his own business; but, as we afterwards ascertained, to stroll among the shipping, and seek employment there, as under-steward, or something of the sort; he cared but little, indeed, in what capacity he served, so that he could get to sea. During his stay with us, he did not hesitate to express his dislike to the business to which he had been apprenticed: and frequently, when my father was absent, he would freely declare to us youngsters his wish that he could get a berth on board some ship. This was not unknown to my mother, though she thought it best to keep it from the knowledge of my father, as she was aware that upon such matters as discontent with one's present circumstances, he would speak with severity; and, therefore, although she had lurking in her mind a feeling that there was something wrong in Tom's conduct, she could not guess what it was; and unless she were more certain, she did not like to rouse the displeasure of my father. She feared, indeed, that if Tom were in a wrong way, and my father should speak to him somewhat strongly without knowing precisely how matters stood, it might drive him to a worse course than his present one, whatever that was.

On the morning of the last day on which he was at our house, Tom told my mother that he had been expecting to receive money from home, but that it had not yet arrived; and that he should consider himself under great obligations, if she would lend him a few shillings: the loan would probably not be longer required than till next post-time. She did so; and he went out as usual, but did not return. This put us into a consternation; but our anxieties were subdued by my father's receiving the next morning a letter from him, in which he stated that he could no longer carry out the deception he had practised upon him, and thanked him for all his kindnesses. He acknowledged also his debt, and hoped he should be able to repay it. Indirectly he alluded to his having absconded from his apprenticeship; but added that he would soon be beyond the reach of pursuers, should there be any; as on the day previous he had engaged himself to a captain, and would be, by the time the letter reached my father, some way out to sea.

My father immediately wrote to inform Mrs. Ray of Tom's plans, rightly judging that a mother would like to know of her son's course, even though that son were an undutiful one. Two days after, a letter from Mrs. Ray informed us that she had received a letter from Tom, stating that he had sailed for the West Indies, and hoped to spend the chief part of his future life at sea. She spoke of her affliction as being very heavy to her; but said her burden was lightened by knowing something about the actual movements of her boy.

REAPING IN JOY.

From a little work just published, detailing the difficulties and trials of the early missions to New Zealand, we extract the following passage, which interestingly displays the joyful reaping that followed the patient sowing of divine truth in that field, by the venerable Marsden, the founder of the mission.

"At this time the evenings of all the missionaries at this station were taken up in conversations with the newly awakened. Sometimes twenty or thirty would come together for general instruction; others would come alone to talk more freely on their own personal salvation; and the different states of mind in the different inquirers gave good reason to believe that a real work of the Holy Spirit was being carried on in their hearts. Some would speak of their strong desire to give up their hearts to God; others confess with sorrow that as yet their desire was very weak; one mourned over the hardness of his heart, and another was rejoicing in the light that had visited his soul; while one poor man touchingly related to Mr. Davis the loss he had sustained in spiritual things by a visit he had lately paid to his heathen relations at Tauranga.*

"But while the missionaries were employed in this blessed but anxious and laborious work, they were suddenly called upon to mingle in a very different scene. The wickedness of the masters and crews of many of the vessels that visited the bay had very frequently led to quarrels and skirmishes with the natives; but at this juncture the more than commonly infamous conduct of the master of a whaler, then at Kororarika, stirred the passions of the New Zealanders to a higher pitch than usual; and as some of the people took part with the offender, it was determined to have recourse to arms. Kororarika was not more than two miles from Paihia, on the opposite shore of the little inner bay on which the settlement stands; and Tohitapu, and some of the peaceable chiefs, applied as before to the missionaries for their mediation. They lost not an hour in using their utmost efforts, and at one time hoped they had succeeded; but the feelings of some of the

* "One of the inquirers, in conversation with Mr. W. Williams, suggested that perhaps the difficulty he found in believing arose from his not being able to write; to which a friend of his standing by immediately replied, 'Writing has nothing to do with enlightening the heart.'"

chiefs had been too deeply wounded, the dispute broke out again, the country round Paihia was filled with parties of fighting men, an engagement took place, and the beach at Kororarika was stained with Maori blood.

"In the midst of this commotion, a ship was seen to enter the bay; she anchored near Paihia; and soon the word flew swiftly through the settlement, that Mr. Marsden was on board. This venerated name seemed to carry with it some soothing charm, and the news of his arrival inspired Europeans and natives with hopes of peace. Even the wild combatants of Kororarika felt its influence, and invited him to mediate between them. No abatement of physical strength, no fear of danger or fatigue, could hinder Mr. Marsden from responding to the invitation. He passed from the mainland to the islands, from the islands to the mainland, engaged in anxious negotiations; but with all his efforts it was many days ere he could succeed in allaying their angry passions, and in persuading them to cease from bloodshed.

"What a contrast during those days did the mission station at Paihia present to the eye and heart of this good man! Here was a body of more than a hundred natives, unmoved by the excitement going on around, to the astonishment of their fighting countrymen quietly pursuing their usual avocations, and though at times the fighting was almost close to them, never even leaving their work to go and see what was going on.*

"But a deeper joy filled the heart of this venerable servant of God, when, on Sunday the 14th, he met the congregation of Paihia. Here were assembled before him all the natives of the settlement, neatly dressed in European clothes; among them his eye especially rested on the quiet Pita, and his now subdued wife, on Taiwunga, now as fearless in the service of God as he had been in that of Satan,† and on the Christian children — the commencement of the Maori church, and the earnest, as he doubted not, of wide-spread future blessing. But Mr. Marsden shall tell his own tale. "The contrast," he writes, "between the east and west sides of the inner bay were very striking, though only two miles distant: the east shore was crowded with fighting men of different tribes, in a wild savage state; many of them nearly naked, and when exercising entirely so; nothing was to be heard but the firing of muskets, and the din and confusion of a savage military camp; some mourning the death of their friends, others suffering from their wounds, and not one whose mind was not involved in heathen darkness, without one ray of Divine knowledge. On the west side there was the pleasant sound of 'the church-going bell;' the natives assembling together for divine worship, clean, orderly, and decently dressed, most of them in European clothing: all carried in their hands the Litany and greater part of the Church service, and some hymns, printed in their own tongue; and their whole conduct and appearance reminded me of a well-regulated English country parish. Here might be seen, at one glance, the blessings of the Christian religion, and the miseries of heathenism, even in this present life; but when we regard an eternal world, how infinite is the difference!"

"Mr. Marsden and his daughter left New Zealand again on the 27th of May. The time had been spent in visiting the different settlements; in making arrangements for a new station at Waimate; in assisting and counselling the missionaries; in conversations with the natives; and in rejoicing at the bright prospects opening on the country. Often was he heard to exclaim, as it were to himself, "What hath God wrought for his own name's sake!" Well might he thus exclaim, when his thoughts recurred to that Christmas day, in 1814, when he first stood up to declare the name of Jesus to a multitude of fierce, untamed savages, at the Pa of Rangihoua; or to that memorable night, passed amid spears and merys on the shore of Whangaroa.* Slightly altering the words of the poet—

> "Had he not then for all his fears,
> The day of care, the anxious night,
> For all his sorrows, all his tears,
> An overpayment of delight!"

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* "We alone," writes Mr. H. Williams, "and our natives sit in the midst of all this commotion, without a single care or anxious feeling, though every tribe around is under arms, and ready for immediate destruction. The conduct of our natives is most pleasing, each at his own occupation during the day, and in the evening the greater part assemble, as usual, for spiritual instruction."

† "After his baptism, Taiwunga boldly rebuked sin in the heathen round, while his own submission to the will of God was very striking. A few months later, his children were taken ill: 'I am an obstinate child,' said the chief, 'and God is whipping me.'"

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

The principal writer of the sublime odes comprised in the book of Psalms was king David, from which circumstance the whole book is frequently ascribed to him, and called after his name. Solomon, however, and even Moses, as well as several other persons named in the titles, must be regarded as contributors. But the

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* The Southern Cross and the Southern Crown; or, the Gospel in New Zealand. By Miss Tucker. London: Jas. Nisbet and Co.

immediate author of the Psalms was God himself. Holy men of God wrote them as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost. This is evidenced by every circumstance connected with their composition, as well as by the sublimity and subject-matter of the Psalms. They were written among a people comparatively illiterate, a people despised by the learned Egyptians and Chaldeans, and held in contempt by the philosophical Greeks and Romans. They were written, also, at an early era of the civilized world's authentic annals, when Greece was a semi-barbarous country, and Rome was not in existence. And it must be recollected that the Jewish rabbis of every age, with few exceptions, were puerile in sentiment, destitute of taste, defective in morality, and superficial in knowledge. That the Jews, by their own unaided genius, could produce no composition so sublime in imagery, so graceful in diction, so pure in sentiment, and so fervent in devotion, is proved by the writings of their apocryphal penmen. Passages of considerable beauty may be found in their pages, but they rarely approach to, and never equal, the sublime compositions of the sacred Scriptures. The songs of Zion are, indeed, infinitely superior not only to the writings of the uninspired Hebrew writers, but to the masterpieces of the classic poets of Greece and Rome. Not one among them could have penned such a sublime passage as this—

> "He spake, and it was done;
> He commanded, and it stood fast"

To the sublimity of the Psalms of David, our best English poets, though not essentially Christian, have paid the profoundest homage, by drawing from them some of their most admired ideas.

The distinguishing characteristic of the book of Psalms is its devotional spirit. It teaches man how to approach his Maker, Sovereign, and Judge, through faith in a Mediator, under every circumstance in which he can be placed during his pilgrimage on earth. If he needs pardon for transgressions, there are words therein by which he can approach the footstool of Jehovah, and obtain the boon. If he has received mercies at the hand of God, there are ways by which he can express his thanks with grateful acceptation. If he has been delivered from snares and dangers which beset his pathway through life, there are strains by which he can record his deliverances "in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation." If he would stand before the world as a witness of God's faithfulness to his soul, there are burning thoughts therein by which he can make it known, not only "in the congregation of the saints," but "to all generations." And if he would appear in the character of a preacher of righteousness, it supplies him with an abundance of arguments and exhortations, by which he can endeavour to lead the sinner to the footstool of mercy. In a word, there is no grief, bodily or mental, in which comfort may be needed, no difficulty in which council is required, no evils man may have to deprecate, and no blessings which he may desire, whether spiritual or temporal, but he may find language in the Psalms suitable to his necessities, and to the feelings of his heart.

Not only is man taught in the Psalms to address his Maker in suitable language—in them God himself speaks to man; expounding his laws, his statutes, his testimonies, his judgments, and commandments, that the simple may be made wise, the eyes of the blind enlightened, the soul that is gone astray from him converted, and the hearts of those that fear his holy name made glad. Sometimes he speaks in them to the hardened sinner with the "voice of words" loud as that in which he uttered the law on Mount Sinai, and which made the astonished Hebrews "exceedingly fear and quake;" and sometimes he whispers blessings and rewards to the righteous in tones gentle as that "still small voice" which succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire on Mount Horeb, and on the hearing of which Elijah "wrapped his face in his mantle," and standing in the entrance of his hiding-place, waited with humble fear to hear what the Lord his God would say unto him concerning his rebellious people. The Son of God, also, incarnates himself in the Psalms; anticipating the fulness of time, and rehearsing the very language which in after ages he uttered upon the cross for the sins of the world; and the Holy Spirit as expressly foretels the glory of his reign, when "all kings shall fall down before him," and "all nations serve him."

"The book of Psalms, for its exquisite models of devotion, may be likened to Jacob's ladder, which was planted on earth, but rested on heaven, and on which the angels of God ascended and descended in the astonished view of the patriarch. Prayers and praises *ascend*, and blessings and benefits *descend*, by them, without intermission, to all those who are privileged to use their language as the medium of communication between them and their God. So was the Jewish church of old benefited by them; so is the church of Christ at the present day in a more extended sense; and so will it be till that awful hour when the angel, standing upon the sea, and lifting up his hand to heaven, shall "swear by him that liveth for ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are; the earth, and the things that therein are; and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there shall be time no longer." Nay, although the saints in glory will use more exalted strains than those

THE SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL, IN HIS OLD AGE.

of the "sweet singer of Israel," yet in their eternal happiness the benefits which they derived from them will be discerned throughout eternity. They are the prelude to that noble anthem which will be sung in heaven by "a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindred, and people," which, when this world and all its glory shall have passed away, will "stand before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

It is a pleasing reflection to the Christian during his pilgrimage on earth, that the Psalms of David were often upon the lips of his Redeemer in his discourses. Nor was it in public alone that our blessed Saviour dwelt upon this precious portion of holy writ. It cannot be doubted that in his solitary hours, whether in the loneliness of the desert, or on the sea-shore, or on the mountain's top, whither it was his wont to retire for the purpose of meditation and prayer, that the things concerning himself in them were often the themes of his thought and the language of his heart. The Psalms, indeed, acquire a high value from the acknowledged use which our Saviour made of them by interpreting many portions, which primarily referred to David, into predictions concerning himself, and would seem to justify the opinion of a pious writer, namely, that "there is not a page in the book of Psalms in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding him." Certain it is that the Psalms are, as one of the early fathers writes, "a complete system of divinity for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian church."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

PART II.

THE Christian enjoys communion with God in his word, read and preached. To the sinner the word of God is a sealed book. He may read and he may hear, but he cannot understand it; for its contents are in a great measure foolishness to him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned, and he has no spiritual faculties to discern them. He understands no more of the Bible than a man born blind would understand an elaborate treatise on light and colours; for the god of this world has blinded his eyes, and he is justly left under the power of this spiritual blindness, because he will not sincerely seek for the enlightening influences of the Divine Spirit, nor embrace Christ as a prophet to instruct him.

From those who thus proudly trust to their own wisdom, God hides the great truths of his gospel, and reveals them to those who, like babes, desire the sincere milk of the word that they may grow thereby, and receive them with the meekness and docility of children. To such Christ opens the book and looses the seals. He also takes away the veil from their hearts, and opens their eyes, that they may behold wondrous things out of his law; and thus enables them to receive his word, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God. In this word he speaks to their very souls with the most astonishing majesty, authority, clearness, and energy; displays to their view the inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge which it contains, leads them to the unfailing streams of joy and consolation which flow from his gracious promises, sets before them the glories and beauties of his own character, and the wondrous plan of redeeming love. By his Spirit he applies it in such a manner to their hearts and consciences as their several wants and circumstances may require; and thus comforts, animates, reproves, instructs, and counsels them, no less powerfully and effectually than if he spake to them by a voice from heaven. He causes it to become bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, cordials to the faint, medicines to the sick, oil and wine to the wounded, consolations to the distressed, strength to the weak, rest to the weary, and armour, both offensive and defensive, to the Christian warrior, and light to those who sit in darkness. In short, the Christian finds in the word of God something suited to every want, sorrow, and temptation, and therefore, like David, he esteems it more than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and considers it as sweeter to his taste than honey or the honeycomb.

Again, Christians enjoy communion with God and his Son in the public exercises of religious worship. Christ has said, that where only two or three are gathered together in his name, there he is in the midst of them; and this assurance his people find, by blessed experience, is still fulfilled. He meets with his people on these occasions to bless them, moves their hearts by his Spirit, and thus causes them to burn with a holy flame of affection and desire; manifests himself unto them as he does not unto the world, and enables them, though they perceive him not with their bodily senses, so to contemplate him with the eye of faith, as to realize his presence with them, and to rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He also dwells in them all as one soul in different bodies, and thus draws and unites them together in the bond of peace and charity, and enables them to exercise that holy love for the brethren, that blessed union and oneness of spirit, which they ought ever to feel as members of the same body. Then they in some measure find that petition of our Saviour answered, which he offered up in his last prayer: "I pray that all who believe on me may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; I in them, and they in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Thus they enjoy, at the same time, communion with each other, with their Saviour and their God.

Lastly, Christians enjoy communion with God and Christ in the exercise of private meditation, prayer, and praise. As children, they have liberty of access to God at all times; and their prayers cannot fail of an answer, because Christ ever liveth at the right hand of God to spread out their cause, and make intercession for them. In his name they may come to God with more freedom and confidence than they could come to any earthly friend, and pour forth all their sorrows into his bosom, spread all their difficulties, perplexities, trials, and temptations before him, and cast all their cares upon him, knowing that

he careth for them. Wherever they are, or however employed, whether they are at home or abroad, in the house or by the way, in society or in solitude, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, they may still feel that God is with them; still enjoy the most delightful meditations on his character and perfections; still be employed in raising their hearts to him in prayer and praise. To assist and encourage them in the performance of these duties, God is sometimes pleased to pour out upon them a Spirit of grace and supplication, to assist their infirmities, and make intercession for them with groanings which cannot be uttered. He sets forth Christ crucified before them, enables them with the eye of faith to look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn and be in bitterness for their sins; to lie at the feet of their offended but compassionate and long-suffering Saviour, and wash them with the tears of sincere contrition and repentance; while they loathe and abhor themselves for their pride, coldness, selfishness, and ingratitude, and repent as in dust and ashes.

Lest, however, they should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow, God is pleased, at other times, to revive and strengthen their fainting spirits with the cordials of his love. He sends down the Spirit of adoption into their hearts, whereby they are enabled to cry, "Abba, Father," and to feel all those filial affections of love, joy, trust, hope, reverence, and dependence, which it is at once their duty and their happiness to exercise toward God. By the operation of the same Spirit he shines into their minds, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, opens and applies to them his exceeding great and precious promises, makes them to know the great love wherewith he has loved them, and reveals to them those unutterable, inconceivable, and unheard-of things which he has prepared for those who love him. He also shines in upon their souls with the pure, dazzling, melting, overpowering beams of celestial mercy, grace, and love; displays to their enraptured view the glories and beauties of him who is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; and gives them to know the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Thus he gives them as great foretastes of heaven as their feeble natures can support, fills their souls to the very brim with all the fulness of God, and makes them understand that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

On the other hand, the happy Christian in these bright enraptured moments, while he is thus basking in the beams of celestial light and splendour, forgets the world, forgets himself, forgets his existence, and is wholly absorbed in the ravishing and ecstatic contemplation of uncreated loveliness, glory, and beauty. He contemplates, he wonders, he admires, he loves, he adores. His whole soul goes forth in one intense flame of gratitude, admiration, love, and desire; and he longs to plunge himself into the boundless ocean of perfection which opens to his view, and to be wholly swallowed up and lost in God. With an energy and activity unknown before, he roams and ranges through this ocean of perfection and glory, of power and wisdom, of truth and justice, of light and love, where he can find neither a bottom nor a shore. His soul dilates itself beyond its ordinary capacity, and expands to receive the flood of happiness which overwhelms it. All its desires for earthly happiness are dried up, and it no longer inquires, "Who will show me any good?" The scanty, thirst-producing streams of worldly delight only increase the feverish desires of the soul; the noisy, tumultuous transports and fancied raptures of the enthusiast, the visionary, and fanatic, which proceed merely from the fervour of the passions and affections, soon die away and leave no fruit behind; but the tide of joy which flows in upon the Christian when he thus enjoys communion with God, is as full, as constant, as unfathomable, as the source from whence it flows. No language can do justice to his feelings, for his happiness is unutterable; but with an emphasis, a meaning, an expression, which God only could excite, and which none but God can comprehend, he exclaims, in broken accents, "My Father, my God! whom have I in heaven but thee, and what can a miserable worm of the dust desire beside thee?"

Thus, my friends, have I endeavoured to describe the nature of that communion with God which, in a greater or less degree, every true Christian enjoys. But how weak, how cold, how imperfect the description! how wretchedly inadequate is earthly language to give a just representation of heavenly things! But you, my Christian friends, who have tasted the happiness of communion with God, you know what we would say, could language be found; and to your own experience we must refer you for clearer ideas on this interesting subject. Your own hearts must supply the deficiency.

To some of you I doubt not that the preceding observations must appear enthusiastic, foolish, and absurd. Nor is this matter of wonder or surprise, for the things of the Spirit have long been foolishness to natural men, and ever will be, till they are enlightened and taught of God. And unless you have been thus taught and enlightened, unless you have tasted, in some degree at least, the happiness of communion with God and his Son Jesus Christ, you are still

strangers to true religion, still unprepared to be admitted into the heavenly mansions. In communion with God most of the happiness of heaven will consist; and unless you are capable of enjoying this happiness here, you must be incapable of enjoying it hereafter. You may have a name to live, but you are really dead; you have the form of godliness, but you can know nothing of the power of it until you experimentally learn what it is to have fellowship with those whose fellowship is with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

However foolish or enthusiastic the idea of such a kind of communion with God as has now been described may appear to some, yet there are others who know, yea infallibly know, that it is a blessed reality, and that it affords such a happiness as the world cannot give nor take away. To such we can say, Happy, yea, thrice happy is your lot. If you really enjoy communion with God, though but in the smallest degree, your names are written in heaven; a harp, a crown, and a mansion are prepared for you, and though at present your communion with God is frequently interrupted by clouds and darkness, yet the time is fast approaching when you shall behold with unveiled face the glory of the Lord, and be perfectly transformed into the same glorious image, and enjoy an indissoluble union, a most perfect, intimate, and uninterrupted fellowship with God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. Seeing, then, you look for such things, give all diligence to maintain a daily and hourly intercourse with the heavenly world. Let your thoughts, your affections, and your conversation be in heaven; draw near to God, and he will draw nigh to you, and cause his face to shine upon you. Like Moses, live much upon the mount with God in prayer; and then, like him, you will cause your light to shine before others, and adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour. We naturally copy the manners, learn the language, and imitate the example of those with whom we associate; and if we have our fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, we shall gradually become conformed to their image, and the world will lose its power, offering its temptations and spreading its snares in vain for those who have been renewed in the spirit of their mind. Consider, then, the infinite, astonishing condescension of Jehovah; consider what manner of love he has bestowed upon you, that you should be called the sons of God, and be admitted to friendship and communion with him; and let this incite you to make every possible exertion to glorify him by bringing forth fruit unto God. And let not those who are hungering and thirsting after communion with God, but who enjoy it only imperfectly or interruptedly, suddenly conclude that they know nothing of religion. The path of the just is as the rising light, faint and almost indistinguishable at first, but gradually advancing to the perfect day. Christ will not despise the day of small things. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Be of good courage, therefore, wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thine heart.

Finally, whatever our character and pursuits may have hitherto been, let us all, from this moment, resolve to make God our chief good, and seek communion with him as our only happiness. Without this, there is indeed no happiness, either in this world or that which is to come. Without this, man is no better than the brutes that perish; for it is this alone which dignifies, exalts, and purifies his nature. This is the happiness for which he was made. This is the happiness which was prepared for him. O then seek this happiness, and no longer exhibit the preposterous sight of rational, immortal beings cleaving to ashes, earth, and dust, chasing eagerly bubbles which elude their pursuit and burst ere they can grasp them, while they neglect heavenly and divine things, and leave their never-dying souls to perish.

RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

PART II.

At the beginning of his ministry, it was Mr. Wardlaw's custom to preach extempore; at a later period he read his discourses, but with such an exquisite modulation of voice that an effect not less than that of oratory was produced. But with him everything was subordinated to the one desire of "winning souls" to Christ. This from the first was the main end at which all his preaching aimed; he thought no personal sacrifice or effort too great, if he could be made instrumental in the conversion of sinners, or the building up of believers on their most holy faith. He endeavoured on all occasions, while striving to elevate the thoughts and tastes of his hearers, to come within the range of the understanding of *all*; and it was a fixed principle with him *never* to preach a sermon in which the grand doctrine of a free salvation through atoning blood was not so announced that no one could depart and say he had not heard the gospel. Brief the statement might be, but it was always plain, decided, faithful; and the thought of having in any measure failed in this respect produced the bitterest anguish. That he rarely, if ever, did fail is the united testimony of those who sat under his ministry for many years. It was his wont, as he unfolded the message of mercy in affectionate and pathetic

strains, to plead with sinners to be "reconciled to God." "I am a believer," he would sometimes say, "in the omnipotence of love;" adding: "Drawing sinners with the words of love is God's usual way of bringing sinners to himself; it should be ours in seeking to bring sinners to God." Under the influence of this feeling he sought to present the great doctrines of the gospel in the most attractive light—showing their adaptation to the wants of the fallen world, and to the claims of the righteous and Eternal Judge—endeavouring to remove erroneous conceptions, to subdue prejudice, and gain for the truth at least a calm and thoughtful hearing—his motto being, "We persuade men."

With this deep sense of the importance of his own commission, he rejoiced in the successes of his brethren, never permitting any petty jealousy to obscure his admiration of their excellencies. No preacher could have a more lenient critic in his congregation than Dr. Wardlaw; if the gospel was preached in a simple unpretending manner, he could never tolerate severe remarks on minor failings. He had a word of praise for every one who could possibly deserve it, and in this respect was both a reproof and a pattern for that pseudo-catholic sect of "sermon hunters" which flourishes so widely in our large towns—men who, in their exclusive love of "stars," are too often betrayed into the dangers of the night. Amid many defects, he generally discovered *something* to approve, and would kindly caution fault-finders not to forget their own failings, or, it might be, their own superior advantages.

For many years Mr. Wardlaw attended most conscientiously to his duties as a pastor, visiting his people systematically. Notwithstanding the diversity of his engagements, much time was devoted to this, and the zeal with which he laboured was such, that he was not unfrequently known to walk four or five miles into the country, visit some eight or ten families, and then walk back to a late dinner. He often also preached in the surrounding villages; and there are few places about Glasgow that have not their reminiscences of the young minister of Albion-street, preaching at cross-roads, in fields, barns, schoolrooms and kitchens. A regular station of his for many summers was the top of Balmanno-street, where, on sabbath-evenings, mounted on a chair, he proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ; nor were his labours unrewarded, for an attached congregation was speedily gathered round him. Of his early church, it is worthy of remark, a considerable proportion were weavers from Bridgeton. On Sunday mornings, these people were accustomed to meet, to "go up" together to Albion-street, and in the same way to return. Their departure caused quite a sensation in the quiet village; and as they passed might be heard the remark, "There goes Wardlaw's brigade." Only one of the "brigade" remains now—frail and deaf. Almost the last visit the doctor made was to this old man. Deafness prevented much conversation; but there was the affectionate look, and the warm grasp of the hand, and perhaps a reflection on the time when, fifty years ago, the weaver lad and the young pastor first met. On his rising to depart, the old man said, "Will you pray, doctor?" "No," was the reply, "pray yourself for us both; for you know, Alexander, I can hear you, but you cannot *now* hear me."

In 1818, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Mr. Wardlaw by the theological faculty of Yale College, Connecticut. The reputation which obtained this reward, continuing to extend, brought also fresh responsibilities, and demands for still severer labours. As early as 1812, he had accepted the office of theological tutor to the Glasgow Theological Academy, and he continued to render efficient service to it, gratuitously, to the end of his life. There were now innumerable sermons to be preached, and speeches to be delivered, on all sorts of special occasions, and in places far apart. He was frequently summoned to the metropolis, and at such times never failed to win regard or veneration; he would return by a circuitous route, his presence being gladly welcomed wherever he went; and these extended tours, while they added greatly to his influence, gave fresh vigour and new joys to his spiritual life. But it was in the study, after all, perhaps, that Dr. Wardlaw shone the brightest. His knowledge, his talents, and all his gifts, were sanctified; he had got that wisdom which is "the principal thing," and she was as "a tree of life" to him, under which he loved to sit, gathering that he might give. Devout and earnest himself in the pursuit of truth, he was ever ready to communicate his convictions, that they might be tested, and, if sound, accepted by others. From time to time, therefore, he was called to take part on the field of controversy; and even those who differ most from his opinions must admit that he defended them as one who had the interest of religion at heart, more than his own individual honour. No personalities, however fierce, could allure him into unbecoming language. His humility was his safeguard, for it was deep, and based on too strong a sense of his own unworthiness before God, to allow any feelings of selfish complacency or intolerance in his intercourse with others. When at the height of his popularity, the poorest cottager was as much at home in his presence as the man of learning or wealth; and in all his domestic relations, even as regarded the servants of his house-

hold, there was the same subdued, courteous demeanour. He seldom used the language of command, but rather spoke as one requesting a favour; and he never had anything done for him without some expression of thanks. What was thus habitual could not be shaken off in the public arena. In all his words and writings there breathed the spirit of St. Paul's glowing language: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

At different periods, Dr. Wardlaw discussed a wide range of theological and doctrinal subjects, either in sermons, pamphlets, or more lasting books. The Socinian and sabbath questions occupied a large share of his attention; in the anti-slavery agitation he was scarcely less conspicuous; and in many a debate elicited by some incident of passing moment, he proved himself a ready logician. In every controversy his aim was truth, not victory. "We are very apt," he would sometimes say, "to deceive ourselves, but I think I may say that truth is what I supremely desire. The man who shows me an error does me a kindness. I feel that I can thank him for it." And the Bible was the touchstone by which he tested every doctrine. To the voice of the heavenly Oracle he bowed at once; and when it was heard to speak, there was no more doubting. One word of Scripture was to him worth volumes of the most elaborate speculation. He could "reason high" with most men on all the mysteries of nature and of God; but it afforded him little satisfaction, and he would fall back with child-like faith on the simple yet sublime statements of revelation—feeling, to use his own words, that "there is the same kind of mental greatness in disdaining the teaching of Omniscience, as there would be in disdaining the support of Omnipotence." This conviction of the paramount claims of the Bible gave importance, in his view, to *every* doctrine it contained. He knew how to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential in the matter of salvation; but he held that to the individual Christian it became a duty to investigate *everything*, as far as light was given him to understand the inspired record.

In 1833, Dr. Wardlaw was chosen to deliver the first of the series of "Congregational lectures" in London; and his course, delivered with great success, was afterwards published under the title, "Christian Ethics; or Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation." Whatever he did, great or little, he thought worth doing well, and did thoroughly, "with all his might."

In addition to these multifarious engagements, he found time to contribute to several of the evangelical magazines, and to cultivate even his poetical powers. His verses, though devoid of much originality, exhibit a refined taste, and great facility of expression. If not a poet, the spirit of poetry was in him, blending with lofty devotional feeling. When amid the grander scenery of his native country he did not gaze merely to admire or wonder, but to *adore;* and his bosom would swell with deep emotion as he thought of the lavish munificence that encircled rebellious man. His own thoughts were full of God; and viewing God in Christ, as he surveyed the glories of his creative power, there was a thrill of holy joy—his heart responding to the language of his favourite Cowper, which he often quoted:—

> "'His are the mountains, and the valleys his;
> And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
> With a propriety which none can feel
> But who, with filial confidence inspired,
> Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

Nothing could be more beautiful than to see this man of many labours seated by the household hearth. His generous, unselfish temper admirably qualified him for his arm-chair there; and religion—that melancholy, moping thing as some suppose—made him cheerful as well as wise in filling it. He had married at the commencement of his ministry, and was blessed with a large family. The sunny brightness of his piety made his the happiest of domestic circles. In an instant he could forget his pen and books, and relax into familiar conversation. Love, purity, dignity, elegance—all reigned where he presided. For instruction or amusement he was equally ready; and it is recorded of him—reminding us of Dr. Watts, whom Johnson compliments as "at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year"—that he delighted in taxing the ingenuity of his little ones with charades, in the composition of which he was exceedingly dexterous.

Many efforts were made to tempt the doctor away from Glasgow. The independent colleges of the south sent repeated invitations, and offered to him, either as principal or professor, positions not only more lucrative, but more influential. To Hoxton he was invited in 1817; to Rotherham twice in 1828, and again in 1833; to Springhill in 1837; and to Lancashire in 1842; but in each case, after a prayerful consideration of the reasons urged on behalf of his removal, he decided in favour of remaining with his early and ever-affectionate charge. Nor when pointed out, in 1828, as one eminently qualified to fill the chair of mental and moral philosophy in the London University, did he

give any countenance to the suggestion. On the 16th of February, 1853, the church over which he had been first ordained completed the fiftieth year of its existence, and he the fiftieth year of his oversight of them in the Lord. Sermons were preached, and a festival assembly gathered to commemorate the event, and it was resolved to raise a monument to perpetuate his name and worth in the city where he had so long and usefully laboured. A large sum of money was accordingly collected, and a building afterwards erected in a destitute neighbourhood to be used as an educational establishment, bearing the name of "The Wardlaw Jubilee School and Mission House." Meet and happy ending to such a career! Not many months after this celebration, Dr. Wardlaw's health began visibly to fail. As the summer advanced, the symptoms became increasingly alarming and his sufferings severe. So deep was the interest he continued to take in the work to which he had consecrated his days, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to take that ease which his condition demanded. He persisted in attending public worship, and only three weeks before his death he presided at the Lord's supper. "That afternoon," says an eyewitness, "few will forget, as in an audible whisper he spoke of the love of Christ, his sufferings, and the glory to be revealed. It was the parting scene with a church that loved him second only to the Chief Shepherd; and in no more appropriate way could an aged pastor bid adieu to his people. 'I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.' After singing a hymn, he pronounced the benediction, and then his work there was done." He was only able to perform one other act of official duty, when the last scene of all came to close his peaceful history. "On the Thursday following," writes his biographer, "he met the students of the academy, and read to them two lectures in course on the wisdom of God. It was with difficulty he got through this duty. His sight frequently failed him as he proceeded, and again and again he took off his spectacles, and wiped them, as if the impediment arose from them, not witting that the shadows of eternity began to stretch themselves over him. When his lecture was finished, he said, 'Gentlemen, next Thursday we shall go on to consider the Wisdom of God in Redemption.' That purpose he was not permitted to accomplish. It was the will of the Master that he should go up and contemplate that grand theme amid the perfect light of the heavenly world, and under the immediate teaching of the Author of redemption himself. After this, his sufferings became very severe. His agony oftentimes was such that tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shrank from subjecting his friends to the pain of witnessing what he endured. But amid all, he was calm and self-possessed, and his faith failed not. His soul centred on the cross as the basis of his hopes, and his lively expectations ascended to the throne as the consummation of his joys. When death overtook him, and the powers of nature were fast giving way, the words that were murmured over those eloquent lips on which hundreds had delighted to hang were such as these: "The Lamb—the Lamb slain for me—the Lamb in the midst of the throne—what a glorious prospect! I shall see and be with the Lamb." And so he died, strong in faith and love, and with no shadow on his bright and happy spirit.

It was the 17th of December, 1853, and he was within a few days of completing his seventy-fourth year. A great multitude assembled at his funeral; ministers of all denominations, magistrates, professors of the university, hundreds of the citizens of all grades were there, to do honour to the memory of one whom they regarded as "an ornament to their city, and a bulwark of their common faith." But what are the regretful praises of men, the silent, sorrowful honours of the Christian's departure, to the entrance "abundantly ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" Happy he who, closing a life of unostentatious labour, goes followed by the loving lamentations of his associates, to the rewards of his God—who, living, is "a burning and a shining light"—and, dying, is caught up to be one of that great "cloud of witnesses," which, bathed in heaven's own glory, and beyond the reach of earthly tempest, casts downward for all time its bright reflection of the grace and power of our Redeemer.

YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLHAM.

Earlham was the residence of the late excellent Joseph John Gurney. In the subjoined account, by one who when young paid a visit to him, an interesting glimpse is given of the loving and gentle spirit that ruled in that household.

"Activity of benevolence, *practical* kindness, seemed to me to be the ruling spirit of Earlham. I did not hear much of great schemes, but I saw much of real acts of charity; and these recollections, on that account, are both pleasant and profitable. The whole household seemed imbued with the same happy feeling. As I sat pondering on how little *I* had ever done, and making in my inmost heart, first excuses, and

then resolutions, I caught sight of some lady's maid, or upper servant of the family, cheerfully crossing the scarcely-tracked path, amidst the drifting snow, on some errand of mercy to a poor neighbour. I have forgotten many and many a sermon and lecture on the duty of benevolence: but one little act of self-denial has remained in my memory for a long course of years. * *

"One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil-speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish indignation against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in the world to know how much mischief a child's inconsiderate talk may do, and how frequently it happens that great talkers run off the straight line of truth. I was talking very fast about some female relative, who did not stand particularly high in my estimation; and was proceeding to give particulars of her delinquencies, failings of temper, etc., to the amusement, I suppose, of one or two of my hearers. In a few moments my eye caught an expression, in that of one of my auditors, of such calm and steady disapprobation, that I stopped suddenly short. There was no mistaking the meaning conveyed by that dark, speaking eye; it brought the colour to my temples, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked very gravely:—

"'Dost thou not know of any *good* thing to tell us of?' I did not answer, and the question was more seriously repeated. 'Think, is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?' 'Oh, yes, I know of some good things certainly, but—' 'Would it not have been better then to relate those good things, than to have told us that which must lower her in our estimation? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the *evil?*' 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' thou knowest.' * * *

"It was our custom every morning—that of Miss Gurney and any little visitor she might have with her—to go before breakfast into the room adjoining her father's dressing-room, and recite certain portions of Scripture, either of our own choice or his selection. There was a particular appropriateness in the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, which, on the following morning, I was desired to read, and afterwards to commit to memory. There was no comment made on what I read. It was unnecessary; the reproof was felt even to the shedding of tears; but the kind voice and silent caress soon spoke love and peace, and I was comforted. 'A word spoken in season how good it is.' * * *

"Children are so observant of inconsistency in those who reprove, that had I ever found my mentor guilty of the sin of uncharitableness, I should not have failed to put it down in the note-book of my heart; but I can truly say that the force of that beautiful precept was never weakened by a contradictory example. I never heard a censorious word pass those calm lips, nor knew a cloud of unworthy suspicion to darken his bright trusting hope of the best of every one. Most eminently was that grace his, which 'hopeth all things.' Every one who has visited Earlham must have been impressed with the superior tone of conversation there; with the absence of scandal and small talk; and when persons, rather than things, were a little too prominent in the discourse of the juniors, how ingeniously and yet how kindly has the subject been put aside, and some other matter of innocent interest introduced in its stead.

"Such was the home of Joseph John Gurney as it appeared to a child. Clouds there were, doubtless; from human frailty and infirmity it was not entirely exempt; but few Christian households display a happier scene of concord, consistency, and holiness, than that which we have just visited."*

Poetry for the Young.

THE DOVE.

O LISTEN to that gentle dove,
Far in the depths of yonder grove:
It seems to tell a piteous tale,
In that low supplicating wail;
Perchance of one with cruel breast
Who came to rob it of its nest,
Then bore away his feathered prize,
Regardless of the mother's cries:
Fresh recollections of its woes
Awake, in each new strain that flows,
And for compassion make appeal,
To all who have a heart to feel.
The nightingale, with louder songs,
Bewails his capture and his wrongs,
And tells his sorrows far and wide,
Till ev'ry echo has replied.

God's children, like this patient dove,
Yield to the chast'ning hand of love;
While deep within their suff'ring breast
All murmurs are, by grace, repress:
No angry words their griefs disclose,
In gentle prayers they pour their woes,
And by the Spirit's soft control,
Restrain the anguish of their soul;
For pity they prefer no claim,
But ask for help in Jesus' name;
And for their dear Redeemer's sake,
God hears the contrite prayers they make.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

* From "Reminiscences of a Good Man's Life," by H. R. Geldart, whose father, the late Simon Martin, was one of Joseph John Gurney's partners in the Norwich Bank. It was originally printed in the "Monthly Christian Spectator," and has since been published in a separate form.

Page for the Young.

WHAT THE LITTLE SEA-WEED TAUGHT.

It was about twelve years ago, and summer-time, that I saw a young mother and her three little sons strolling on the sea-shore. On turning to tell the children to look at a little boat just sailing in, the mother showed a pale but calm and sweet face. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and the simple roll of white cap told that she was a widow, and that these little lads trusted to her for future training.

After awhile she sat down on the beach, with her youngest little boy Frank by her side. He, too, looked delicate, for he had been very ill, and it was for his sake principally that they were now at the seaside; and when he put his face close to hers, and looked up at her, she almost feared that her little flower might soon fade on earth; but she prayed that if so, it might blossom in heaven.

"Mamma," said the child, "if God had taken you away like dear papa, I think I must have died, when I was so very ill. Loving you seemed to keep me alive."

A gentle pressure of the tiny hand within hers, and a look of love, was the mother's only reply. Oh, do you not hope that this loving mother and child may long be spared to each other?

Herbert and Willie now came up, and threw themselves on the beach near by. Herbert, the eldest, a boy about ten years old, with rich brown hair, and eyes expressive of intelligence and good humour, had been trying to throw stones so as to make them dance on the waves (making ducks and drakes he called it) till his arm ached, and his face looked red with heat. Willie, with his laughing blue eyes and sunny looks, had been watching a little crab crawling along, and trying to hide itself in the wet sand. Willie had several times pulled it out of its hiding-place, and made it crawl a little further. He was just meditating to slip it into his pocket, and take it home to put in his museum, for Willie was quite a naturalist in his way; and the old tea-chest, which had been converted by him into a museum, was the receptacle for a great many curiosities. But his mother had taught him never to destroy the life of, nor to injure, any animal he wished to examine; so after a while he left the little crab, hoping to meet soon with a dead specimen, which he might keep.

They now all sat together, watching the little waves tipped with foam, as they rolled in one after the other.

"Look, mamma," cried Willie; "do you see that little bit of sea weed in the wave now turning? When it is left on the beach, I'll have that to put in my museum."

They all looked. The little sparkling piece of red weed floated in; but before Willie could stoop for it, it was floating back with the wave.

"Perhaps we shall see you again, little weed," said he.

Yes, the next wave had caught it up, and there it was, sparkling as before; but again it just floated in, and was drawn quickly back with the stream.

"I shall not wet my feet after you any more, but sit down and rest," said Willie; and as he spoke, the little weed again showed itself in the curling wave, rolling up and back. The children now eagerly watched when a fourth time the little weed rode gaily in, and returned; and Frank fairly clapped his hands, and cried, "Bravo, little seaweed!" when a fifth time it came, dancing in and departing as before. The next wave came, and the next, and the next, but where was the little weed? Gone—quite gone. The children missed the little red thing, and Frank, looking very grave, said, "Oh, little weed, I fear we shall never see you again." Neither did he, for the little weed was drawn back into the ocean, where perhaps it is lying now.

While the children sat silent, still hoping to see their little friend once more, their mother said, "That little weed seems to have whispered a lesson to me." Then the children turned towards their mother, for they loved to listen to the lessons she had often given them from birds, and flowers, and other beautiful things.

"You have heard this wide, deep sea compared to eternity—that which was before you were born, and will be after you are dead? Well, thinking of it as an emblem of eternity, of what then does the little weed floating for a few minutes on its waves remind us?"

"I think you mean it as an emblem of us boys, mamma," said Herbert.

"Yes," said Willie, "and each fresh wave that brought it in and carried it back was like one of our years."

"But I am glad," said Frank, "that my birth-days do not come so quickly as the little weed's did. I should have no time between."

His mother smiled, and said: "I see, my dear children, you are prepared to read the lesson which the little weed has prepared for you. It is an emblem of your lives and mine. From the depths of the ocean it sprang, floated upon the shore with a few brief waves, and soon was seen no more. We are now being cast upon the shores of time. We gladly hail the return of each succeeding birthday, but we do not know when the last may come. The little weed looked very bright and sparkling the last time we saw it; but the waves rolled on, and it was gone. Such is life, in all its beauty and uncertainty. The birth-day comes round, but the beloved one for whose sake we used to welcome it has gone hence. Still there is one great difference between the little weed and ourselves. *Your* remains as it came; but if ours be but a short life, there is in it *growth* and *progress*, a record of which we shall bear back with us when it is ended. God has given to each of my little boys a living, never-dying soul. What we call *life* is the *preparing* time for that soul. As Frank said just now, he has the *time between* his birth-days. It is for this that we shall have to account. You remember dear papa?"

"Oh, mamma," cried the children, "how could we ever forget him?"

"When he knew that the last wave of time had come, and that he must soon enter eternity, was he happy?"

"Dear mamma," said Willie, "I shall never forget his calm, happy look, so full of love to you and us."

"Do you know what made him happy?"

"Yes, mamma; he said, 'I thank God that I was led to give my heart to Christ in my youth, and to spend my life in the service of my Saviour.'"

"Yes," said Herbert, "and I shall never forget it; he said, 'My children, if you would be happy through life, and in the prospect of death, begin to love Christ while you are young.'"

"May you each be led to follow your dying father's advice, my children, for be assured that the true end of life is living to the glory of God; first, by giving your hearts to him in early youth, and trusting in him as a Saviour; and, then, by devoting your lives to his service, doing everything as for him. But it is time that we were thinking of returning, as the air begins to feel rather chilly."

So saying, they turned their steps towards home, where we must take our leave of them for the present.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE ON DECK.

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER V.—THE VOYAGE OUT.

The ship in which Tom had sailed was not set apart entirely for merchandise; it generally carried a few passengers also. On the present occasion the latter numbered more than usual, and as they were of a genteel class, the vessel carried in her crew a first and second steward. Through the introduction of a companion whom he had chosen since his arrival in B——, Tom had made friends with the first steward, who was a steady man, though not a decidedly religious one. Yet he was actuated by kindly feelings; and finding from Tom's conversation that there was something respectable about him, and that his intelligence and manners seemed likely to fit him for the post he sought, he spoke to the captain of him, and the second steward's berth being as yet vacant, the captain and Tom met and came to an agreement the day before sailing.

"Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" The very seriousness which Tom would have fled from, had the choice between it and frivolity been placed at his option, was now con-

tinually before his eyes. The captain of the ship was a man fearing God, and walking, so far as man could judge, "in the commandments of the Lord blameless." He was one who had dared to be religious when occupying an inferior position on board ship, and at a time when the presence of slave-holders and their subordinates, together with an ungodly captain and crew, was calculated to scatter the religion of a less earnest man to the winds. This man, who, in the presence, and often in opposition to the expressed wishes, of wealthy and worldly men, steadfastly assembled his crew morning and evening, with those of the passengers who would join, for reading God's word and prayer; who had lost many opportunities of worldly advancement through his adherence to the cross of Christ; and who had children of his own too, whom he had learned to command as well as love, and whose word was expressed only once, either to command, to promise, or to threaten; this man was now Tom's ruler, in a far stricter fashion than he had ever experienced before. A feeling of offended pride sprung up in Tom's breast when, for the first time, after he was duly installed in his new office, he was spoken to with authority; but he had prudence enough to keep the emotion under.

The first steward was very kind to him, and showed great patience in teaching him his duties, which he soon learned to discharge to the entire satisfaction of the captain and passengers. But there was one thing which during the voyage grieved the captain very much; and that was, the evident pleasure Tom felt in waiting, as much as he could, on the passengers when they were gaming in their state-rooms. Of course, no kind of gambling nor any game of chance was allowed in the cabin; the captain's authority there was paramount, and his word was law; but in the passengers' own private berths they were at liberty to do as they pleased; and into those places was it that Tom would be invited by them occasionally to participate in their pleasures. Their making thus free with one in Tom's position will not appear as a condescension remarkably great, when it is remembered that in education Tom equalled all, and surpassed most of them. Accompanied, therefore, as these qualifications were by what is called good companionship and a proper amount of respect, they secured for our hero the consideration of most of the gentlemen passengers who were travelling without ladies.

There was also another vice to which Tom was addicted, and that was profane swearing. This was a grief to the captain; for though when it was thought that he was near, the swearing was suppressed, yet at times he could not fail to hear something of it.

But leaving this general view of the state of society aboard the "Elizabeth," we must, in order to show the leadings of the Omnipotent and magnify his grace, detail some of the particulars of the voyage, and of the life of Tom during its continuance. We begin with the departure of the "Elizabeth" from B——.

The river down which they sailed ran through a valley, whose sloping sides, dotted with villas and cottages, formed a most picturesque scene; and though Tom was rather busy when they hauled out of dock, he managed to have a glimpse of the enchanting picture which burst upon his vision. The time was morning—a golden autumnal morning; the glorious sun had, for an hour or more, shone above the horizon, and now its cheering beams fell slantingly on the right bank of the river, making the whole scene appear more like a stupendous panoramic picture than a reality. The ringing of church bells at a village about a mile from the river, and the noise of children's joyous voices near the water (it being a local holiday), seemed to confer a passing honour on the departure of the ship's company from the homes of their hearts.

Homes of their hearts! Was it so with all? There was one on board that ship who could not say, "I leave the home of my heart behind me." He had estranged himself from his family; he had neglected a living father's advice; he had disregarded a dying father's exhortation; he had slighted the anxieties of a fond mother and loving sisters; he had absconded from a good employer; he had behaved meanly and dishonourably to a friend, upon whom he had no claim; he had left the land of his fathers, and knew not whether he should ever return; nay more, he had, by the reckless tone of his farewell letter, added another pang to the heart of her who had given birth to him; he had scorned, too, the leadings of Providence; he had not desired God, but defied him; and, now all these reflections worked on his mind, and produced a gloomy feeling of depression which it required a violent effort to shake off.

When fairly out at sea, the voyage proceeded for some time without any particular incident, further than that the captain embraced an opportunity of speaking to him on the manifest interest which Tom took in gaming, and advised him to think of other and better things. At the same time he pointed out the evil and danger of swearing. The advice was received respectfully, though coolly, and with evident dislike.

On the evening of the sixth day after leaving port, when the "Elizabeth" was in latitude 46° 30′, and longitude 10° 15′ or thereabouts, the north-eastern breeze which had been bearing them gallantly along towards the island of Madeira, ceased, and for a short time something

like a calm ensued; but just as the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing from the horizon, a light wind was felt from the west, and on looking in that direction, there was seen a small thin vapour rising as it were from the sea. A minute or two later, and a dark cloud obscured the stars that had begun to peep through the twilight. The crew saw what was coming on, and the captain appearing on deck gave orders to prepare for a storm. Most of the passengers felt anxious, and the ladies were nervous at the prospect of approaching danger. The feelings of Tom, too, were not to be envied at this moment. The moon rising in the east revealed the black clouds, which appeared like mountains rolled through space by giant hands. Darker and more dismal grew the night, and stronger rose the dreaded wind; while all hands were engaged in reefing, and making other preparations for putting the ship in order so as to outride the storm. This task was not completed when the wind burst upon them in sudden and powerful gusts, and the heavy rain, descending in streams, thoroughly drenched the crew upon deck. Presently a squall caught the ship aback, carrying away the fore-top-mast, and putting everything in confusion. Then was heard the murmur of distant thunder, and the lurid glare of the lightning began to spread itself in quivering flashes along the horizon. Each moment seemed to bring on an increase of tempest, till in a short time the hurricane was raging in all its fury—a faint picture of that convulsion which shall one day shake the mountains to their centre; and cause "the elements to melt with fervent heat."

This was the season for quailing hearts; and as the appearance of the night brought anxieties, even to some who had seen similar storms before, it is no wonder that among those whose first voyage it was, there was scarcely one that was not impressed with the idea that the light of day would never more shine upon him. Among such was young Ray, whom terror would have probably stupefied had not his duties demanded activity and employment. As it was, he was kept fully alive to the perils of the night, and rendered wretched by the thought of what its issue might be. Oh, what would he have given to be then near his mother and sisters! When away from the sight of others, he could not refrain from tears and cries to God for mercy, though his ejaculations were rather the wailings of despair than the prayers of penitence. His imagination was picturing to him all the horrors of an undone eternity, when, seeing the captain about to descend to the cabin, he thought he would venture to speak to him, to gain, if possible, some comfort or advice; but as he turned to follow him, a gust of wind gave the ship a lurch, throwing him flat on the deck. At the same moment the lightning flashed forth with dazzling gleam, while the angry thunders roared in quick succession, putting all except those thoroughly accustomed to such scenes, in a state of alarming excitement.

The blow which Tom received in falling rendered him senseless, and he was taken in that state to his berth. After a little time he came to himself, but not being in a fit condition to be on deck again, he was doomed to lie in pain and inactivity, a helpless auditor of the awful sounds around him. So continuous were the flashes of lightning, that at one time for a short period there was scarcely any cessation, even for a moment, of the appalling illumination by which his berth was lighted. With equal continuity the artillery of the clouds gave forth its voice like the crashing of rocks, so that the noise thereof seemed to make the ship tremble as though about to be rent asunder, while the rolling of the infuriated sea sounded like the growlings of unknown monsters imprisoned in the unfathomed caverns of the ocean. Amongst the rigging, too, the wind raged like the ravings of maniacs, screaming and whistling in frantic fits. Tom's thoughts on that night made his conscience-stricken spirit recoil within him, and forced the perspiration from every pore of his body. Oh! the horror of such a scene to a guilty soul!

Tom expressed to one of the crew, who occasionally looked in to see how he was, a wish that the captain would come and speak to him on the subject of religion; but the duties which then devolved on the commander forbade, of course, his attention being given to anything beyond the preservation of the ship and the lives of those on board. After the storm was in some degree abated, however, he kindly spoke to Tom and to others who had expressed their fear of death, cautioning them that unless their impressions were followed up, their present warnings would be only sources of accumulated guilt.

The storm lasted, with different degrees of fierceness, till morning, by which time Tom had considerably recovered the effects of his fall. When all danger from the tempest was past, and things were got a little straight, the captain called all hands aft, and the morning being bright and sunny, he invited the passengers to join in thanking God for their preservation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "during the night you were, most of you, if not all, in great anxiety for your lives; nay more, many of you were fearing death, for I heard you cry to God for mercy. The cause of alarm is past, and we need no *extraordinary* exertion of God's power to keep us in safety, and therefore we require no *extraordinary* supplication to him for his aid; but there

are two lessons that come home to us, and one of them especially at the present time. The first is, we ought *always* to live in a spirit of prayer and devotedness to God; not when in sickness or in danger only, but when in safety and in health. The other, and that which is especially our duty now, is, that we should thank our heavenly Father for blessing our efforts to save our ship and our lives. I have, therefore, as is my custom after extraordinary mercies, called my crew to prayer and thanksgiving, and I hope you will join us."

They all consented, and the mate, at the request of the captain, read the 107th Psalm; after which the captain earnestly thanked God for his late mercies in sparing them amidst so great dangers, and as earnestly prayed for their future safety; very emphatically also did he pray for the salvation of all on board.

When they arose from their knees, there were many wet eyes among the company; but how many were the tears of godly sorrow is not permitted to man to know: by the Omniscient alone was that discerned. We are sure that all did not change their manner of life from that moment, for among those who did not was Tom Ray. A few days caused his alarm to wear off, and he was again as heedless of eternal things, and as pleased with his old ways, as ever. The captain spoke to him of his fear of death when in the storm, and alluded to his early training (for a little of Tom's history had transpired during his fright); but his words only brought to the face of the young steward a blush, which soon receded like vapour.

Ah! if his mother and sisters could have seen him then, methinks the latter would have been ready to despair of his salvation; and the faith of the former would have been sorely tried, if not overthrown. Hitherto all had failed: a dying father's warning voice, and then that father's death; a mother's tears and entreaties; his captain's rebukes, and the raging storm; all had found him, and each had left him worse than he was before. See him now; he is not content to be careless of his soul, but is endeavouring to persuade himself that religion is a farce, a sham, a delusion. He would willingly have treated it all as hypocrisy, had not the remembrance of his family prevented him. That clung to him in spite of himself. His mother and sisters were truly religious; his father had been a teacher and exemplifier of the precepts which he taught, and had died in the confidence of Christ being his Saviour; this confidence, too, had made him a better and a braver man in the certain and near approach of death than his son had been when only a probability of death being in prospect presented itself.

Oh! young man, who art striving to stifle convictions within thee, by calling all religion hypocrisy, turn from the paths of the deceiver and acknowledge the truth! Admit that thou hast a principle within from whose accusations thou shrinkest with dread; that in endeavouring to calm thine own conscience thou hast made false charges on others; that the principle within points to a hereafter, and thou art afraid to meet it. Thou knowest in thy heart that thou hast made these charges against the people of God because thou art unwilling to be like them. Turn, oh turn, then, at once, for thou art standing on the brink of death and of judgment! Turn, for thou canst not disbelieve the future thou fearest! Turn, and be a happy man, and confess Christ thy king, while he holds out the golden sceptre of mercy to thee! Turn, for why wilt thou brave the power that, sooner or later, will crush thee irretrievably, unless thou submittest in humble penitence! Oh! turn from thy evil ways and live.

But to revert to our narrative. Both the captain and the mate endeavoured on several occasions to lead Tom to serious conversation, but he as often evaded the subject of religion. So matters continued till they arrived at their place of destination, one of the West India islands; and nothing further worthy of record in these pages occurred during the remainder of the voyage, which was completed in the usual time.

A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

(IN THE LANGUAGE OF SCRIPTURE.)

MAY I, O Lord, be renewed in the spirit of my mind. A new heart do thou give me, and a new spirit do thou put within me! Make me partaker of a divine nature. And as he who hath called me is holy, may I be holy in all manner of conversation. May the same mind be in me which was also in Christ Jesus! May I so walk, even as he walked! Deliver me from being carnally minded, which is death; and make me spiritually minded, since that is life and peace! And may I, while I pass through this world of sense, walk by faith, and not by sight; and be strong in faith, giving glory to God.

May thy grace, O Lord, which hath appeared unto all men, and appeared to me with such glorious evidence and lustre, effectually teach me to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly. Work in my heart that godliness which is profitable unto all things; and teach me, by the influences of thy blessed Spirit, to love thee, the Lord my God, with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my mind, and with all

my strength. May I yield myself unto thee, as alive from the dead; and present my body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable in thy sight, which is my most reasonable service. May I entertain the most faithful and affectionate regard to the blessed Jesus, thine incarnate Son, the brightness of thy glory, and the express image of thy person. Though I have not seen him, may I love him; and in him, though now I see him not, yet believing, may I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and may the life which I live in the flesh, be daily by the faith of the Son of God. May I be filled with the Spirit, and may I be led by it; and so may it be evident to others, and especially to my own soul, that I am a child of God and an heir of glory. May I not receive the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby I may be enabled to cry, Abba, Father. May he work in me as the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind, that so I may add to my faith virtue. May I be strong and very courageous, and quit myself like a man, and like a Christian in the work to which I am called, and in that warfare which I had in view when I enlisted under the banner of the great Captain of my salvation.

Teach me, O Lord, seriously to consider the nature of my own soul, and to set a suitable value upon it. May I labour not only or chiefly for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to eternal life. May I humble myself under thy mighty hand, and be clothed with humility; decked with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. May I be pure in heart, that I may see God; mortifying my members which are on the earth, so that if a right eye offend me I may pluck it out, and if a right hand offend me I may cut it off. May I be temperate in all things, content with such things as I have, and instructed to be so in whatever state I am. May patience also have its perfect work in me, that I may be in that respect complete, and wanting nothing.

Form me, O Lord, I beseech thee, to a proper temper towards my fellow-creatures. May I love my neighbour as myself; and whatsoever I would that others should do unto me, may I also do the same unto them. May I put on meekness under the greatest injuries and provocations; and if it be possible, as much as lieth in me, may I live peaceably with all men. May I be merciful, as my Father in heaven is merciful. May I speak the truth from my heart, and may I speak it in love; guarding against every instance of a censorious and malignant disposition; and taking care not to judge severely, as I would not be judged with a severity which, thou, Lord, knowest, and which mine own conscience knows, I should not be able to support.

I entreat thee, O Lord, to work in me all those qualifications of the Christian temper, which may render it peculiarly acceptable to thee, and may prove ornamental to my profession in the world. Renew, I beseech thee, a right spirit within me; make me an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no allowed guile; and while I feast on Christ as my passover sacrificed for me, may I keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Make me, I beseech thee, O thou Almighty and unchangeable God, steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in thy work, as knowing that my labour in the Lord shall not finally be in vain. May my heart be tender, easily impressed with thy word and providence, touched with an affectionate concern for thy glory, and sensible of every impulse of thy Spirit. May I be zealous for my God, with a zeal according to knowledge and charity; and teach me, in thy service, to join the wisdom of the serpent with the boldness of the lion and the innocence of the dove. Thus render me, by thy grace, a shining image of my dear Redeemer; and at length bring me to wear the bright resemblance of his holiness and his glory, in that world where he dwells; that I may ascribe everlasting honours to him and to thee, O thou Father of mercies, whose invaluable gift he is, and to thine Holy Spirit, through whose gracious influences I would humbly hope, I may call thee my Father, and Jesus my Saviour. Amen.—*Doddridge.*

Life's Closing Hours.

FELIX NEFF.

CHAPTER I.

Few perplexities in life are greater than those which arise from finding oneself on a strange shore, the language of which is unknown. In the month of May, 1823, there arrived in the city of London from the continent, a young man, aged about twenty-five, of plain and foreign appearance. He knew only the address of the late Rev. Matthew Wilks, to whom he had been directed. On presenting himself at the house of that gentleman, who was to inform him of a lodging where French was spoken, he was made with difficulty to comprehend that the master of the house was from home, and his ignorance of the English language rendered all farther communication impossible. Driven thus into the streets, he wandered for miles about England's huge metropolis in utter ignorance of what he was next to do. At length he saw a

door which bore upon it amongst other terms the word *France*. As he was about to knock, he perceived a well-dressed man passing by, and he mentioned to him his desire of being conducted to a French hotel. The stranger led him to a church, and thence into the vestry, where he was furnished with a paper intreating any passer-by to direct him to the nearest French sanctuary. By such means he reached, at length, the French church in Bishopsgate, and was, by the Rev. M. Scholl, its pastor, cared for and accommodated. He soon found himself in the midst of friends, and became an object of interest and kindness to many, already advertised of his worth.

This young man was Felix Neff, whose apostolical labours were even then beginning to be eminent, and have since gained him a name in the very highest rank of pure and sublime Christian devotedness. He was born in Geneva, in the year 1798. His early advantages were not distinguished; but he possessed good natural talents, undaunted courage, and an irrepressible desire to live for the noble object of usefulness to others. His first employment was that of a nursery-gardener. But he was soon diverted from this occupation, and in the year 1815 he entered the army. Here he speedily attained the rank of sergeant. He gained also in this situation that ability to command, and that superiority to bodily suffering, which formed conspicuous features in his subsequent character. About this time he became the subject of a decisive spiritual change. The earnest study of the Bible made him acquainted with the God of the Bible, and with the methods of sanctification taught in that holy book. His devout prayer was, that God would manifest himself to his heart. So intently did he study the Scriptures, as to make for himself a concordance to the Bible, whole chapters of which he could repeat, and much of his time was spent in writing commentaries upon the sacred volume. Such tastes were not very congenial to the habits of the sphere in which he moved, and his displeased and jealous comrades and superior officers lost no time in informing him that he was fitter to be a clergyman than a soldier. Such was his own conviction, and, after uniting himself to a Christian society at *Bourg de Tour*, he resolved to consecrate himself to the work of a missionary of the cross. According to the custom of the churches around him, he became a kind of probationer, undertaking many sacred duties, among which were preaching and the visitation of the sick, and labouring under the superintendence of more experienced pastors. His work lay in the cantons of Neufchatel, Berne, and the Pays de Vaud. After labouring for two years in the Swiss cantons, Neff was invited to give aid to a pastor of Grenoble, in the contiguous district of France. Neff found religion here at a low ebb, and whilst the spirit of controversy was active, vital piety was almost extinct, and the coldness of rationalism or religious indifference pierced his very soul. From Grenoble he went to Mens, in the department of the Isère and in the neighbourhood of the High Alps, where he spent his subsequent life. Here his activity was incessant. No considerations of distance or inconvenience prohibited him from work. He went from village to village, carrying the gospel with him, and often spending his evenings in teaching sacred music to his catechumens, whilst he availed himself of the opportunity to instil into their minds more important religious instruction. He was eminently humble and tolerant of criticisms made upon himself, but most impatient of all attempts to restrain him from labour. He was a most rigid economist of time; a constant visitor of the sick; and remarkable for the patience and gentleness with which he instructed the ignorant. As to opposition in the cause of God, he anticipated it as a part of his lot: "You seem to be still ignorant," he wrote to a friend who complained of similar trials, "that thorns will prick, that fire will burn, and that the disciples of Jesus are hated by the world. You would fain, by means of human prudence, pass through the drops of rain without being wet. Look unto Jesus! Be not a man of little faith!" His exertions in the neighbourhood of Grenoble and Mens were attended by extraordinary results, and left a powerful impression among the inhabitants.

In this manner Neff made proof of his ministry, and demonstrated his remarkable capacity for the sacred office after which he aspired. But when the time arrived for his ordination, he found that subject to be encompassed with the greatest difficulties. He could not seek ordination from the Genevese consistory—for his religious views and theirs were at issue upon the most essential doctrines of the Bible; he could not without much pain join the seceders from their communion; and he could not obtain an appointment from the Protestants of France without submitting to the process of naturalization. In this dilemma he placed himself in correspondence with the Continental Society, and received ordination in England. In search of that ordination he had come to this country at the period referred to in the commencement of this paper.

Immediately after this event, Neff returned to Paris. But his connexion with England was in many respects disastrous, as it gave rise to the suspicion that he was an emissary of this country, intent upon political objects. It became necessary for him after all to undergo

naturalization in order to rebut the calumny. Soon after his return to France, he made his way to the High Alps, the future scene of his extraordinary labours.

The spot amidst which Neff exercised his ministry was full of striking sublimities. It was high up among the most imposing and elevated mountains of Europe; amid valleys, the sides of which almost met each other, whilst the foaming torrent or the glittering glacier wound their way from the eminences above; passes cut at incredible expense of time and labour through the living rock; mountain-tops, covered with snow; districts, whose fertility was confined to a few well-watered hollows; a temperature for the most part exceedingly low, where piercing winds carried with them the intensest cold, whilst upon some of the localities the sun never shone during eight months in the year; such were some of the characteristic features of Neff's pastoral charge. This land of the chamois and the wolf, which, if it lay in the march of Hannibal, as tradition asserts, must have presented greater obstacles than any other part of his passage, was Neff's scene of labour, and when the choice of it was offered to him, he did not hesitate to prefer it to the laughing fields and genial sun of Languedoc. But his difficulties were enormous. The inhabitants of the Val Fressinière were in a condition little removed from savage life—existing in squalid misery with their cattle, exhaling an offensive odour, and strangers to the use of linen. Yet these beings are the descendants of the ancient Christians of Gaul. In these mountain fastnesses the persecuted Albigenses and Waldenses sought retirement from the storm of fury which burst around them, and the dark caverns and blood-stained rocks still remain to attest the severity of their trials. In many of the districts around, the inhabitants were ignorant of all science—even of that of medicine—the women were in the lowest degradation, and great moral corruption reigned, especially where the Roman Catholic religion prevailed. The spiritual destitution of the inhabitants is easily to be inferred from their outward condition. Many seemed sunk so low as to be incapable of receiving the truths of the gospel; and gambling, dancing, drinking, quarrelling, and profanity were in some quarters disgracefully abundant. Neff's district comprehended seventeen or eighteen villages, not clustered near each other as they are wont to be in populous vicinities, but separated widely, and by barriers which would to many have appeared impassable. Between some of them the severest mountain passes intervened—passes to cross which the tourist remembers as an event in his life. The length of Neff's "parish" from east to west was sixty miles as the crow, or rather the eagle, flies; but practically eighty miles, as it was necessary to consult the possibilities of transit. The district had seldom known the services of a regular pastor. A son of the well-known Oberlin had indeed laboured among them, but he had speedily fallen a victim to the severities of the situation. The following description may be taken as a specimen of some of the external difficulties amidst which Neff's work was carried on.

"Early the next day I had intended crossing the Col, but before daybreak a thunder-storm arose. The weather continued very bad till eleven o'clock, and the mountain was already nearly covered with snow. Towards noon the weather cleared, and I was anxious to set off, but was advised not to do so, the snow being a foot deep upon the mountain. I could not believe this; besides, I was anxious to preach the next day at Dormilleuse, where I was expected; I therefore took a guide, and a bottle of Provence wine, and each of us armed with a large stick, we proceeded towards the mountain. At first the road was tolerable, but by degrees we got into the snow, which deepened as we ascended. The sky again clouded over, the snow fell thickly, and we were in a moment enveloped in a dense cloud. The air being calm, I opened my umbrella, and though there was no track, we knew the road so well that there was no fear of our losing the way. Arrived at the foot of the mountain, the road was a little better. We sat down under a rock to drink a little of our wine; and then set forward upon the steep and rocky ascent. It requires the pen of a poet to describe this awful and magnificent scenery. We were knee-deep in snow; a storm of hail driven by a sharp wind accompanied the repeated claps of thunder and the rolling of the avalanches falling from the highest rocks; the lightning flashed above and below us; while drifts of snow threatened to overwhelm us. At last we reached the Col, where we found the snow three feet deep, and the wind insupportable. I then dismissed my guide and pursued my way. I continued rapidly to descend, still up to my knees in snow. A fog arose, and I could just see the points of the rocks gilded with the rays of the sun. I then sang a few verses of the Te Deum, and quickening my pace, I discovered the tracks of some sheep, which I followed, until I reached a better path."

Thus, pursuing his path of duty over high and snow-covered peaks, or through dark defiles, where enormous fragments are continually rolling down from the heights above—now crossing a bridge of pines loosely laid over a tremendous chasm—now forcing his way through passes where lives are constantly lost, and

where the piercing wind scattered the snow flakes before his eyes—sometimes residing for a season in districts at the utmost possible remove from civilized life—always destitute of

AN ALPINE STORM.

family endearments and a permanent home—Neff prosecuted his apostolic labours. Not unfrequently the roar of avalanches disturbed the devotions of his congregations. The worshippers who had come to listen to his instruction journeyed home amidst ice and snow, lighted only by pine-torches, or by wisps of straw, while sometimes their path was by means of steps cut in the ice of some frozen torrent. But what Neff felt more than all the external dangers by which he was surrounded, was the cold-heartedness of the people. "Your coming among us," said one of the inhabitants, to a temporary predecessor, "is like a woman trying to light a fire with green wood. She fans the flames with her breath till she is nearly exhausted; but as soon as she goes away the sparks die out." Neff realized the striking picture. "O," the good man would say, "God is my witness that, could I but see only here and there some grains of the good seed springing up, I should rejoice; and these dreary mountains would be to me as Lebanon and Carmel."

AN ALPINE WATERFALL.

WHAT IS ETERNITY?

"SUPPOSE," says an eminent writer, "some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the human eye, were to carry this world by its tiny mouthfuls to the most distant star the hand of God has placed in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years are required for the performance of a single journey. The insect commences upon the leaf of a tree and takes its little load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out upon its almost endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away, it arrives back again to take its second load. Oh, what interminable ages must pass before the one leaf be removed! In what period of coming time would the whole tree be borne away? When would the forest be gone? And when would that insect take the last particle of this globe, and bear it away in its long, long journey? Even then, eternity would but have commenced. The spirit then in existence would still look forward to eternity, endless, unchangeable, illimitable, rolling before it. Oh! the mind sinks down perfectly exhausted with such contemplations. Yes! our existence runs parallel with that of God. So long as He endures, so long shall that flame which he hath breathed into our bosom glow and burn; but it must glow in the brilliance and the beauty of heaven, or burn with lurid flame and unextinguishable woe!"

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

I.—TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there; and both Jesus was called and his disciples to the marriage."

The individuals who formed the group assembled on this occasion appeared to each other, and to the rest of the company, very differently from what they appear to us, we having the knowledge of their later history. The subsequent brightness of their place in the annals of Christendom sheds a radiance over every event of their earlier days, however insignificant; and we see them here, not as they were, but as they were becoming. We behold the fruitage of the tree in the sapling—the exploits of the hero in the child.

Our knowledge of Jesus is of the like order. As we see him in some oriental-looking house, in a large apartment, with the great water-pots arranged, and the usual furniture of eastern life and the common accompaniments of a marriage festival—the bride, the bridegroom, the friends, and the attendants, with the master of the feast, all dressed in holiday-costume; as we see him here, the grandest personage in the picture, we see him not as the people saw him—not as the disciples saw him—not even as his mother saw him. We see him as, by the full revelation of the Spirit he was declared to be—the Lord of life and glory, the Son of God, the only-begotten of the Father, the Incarnate Word, the founder of the church, the adorable Redeemer, the worshipped of all ages since in every land.

"And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine."

What was the object of Mary's remark, "they have no wine," is not explained; yet it would seem, from her subsequent direction to the servants, that she expected some wonder at his hands, although at present he had wrought no miracle. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" was his question in reply. Our Lord's calling his mother "woman" involves nothing of the disrespect which the sound expresses to an English ear, any more than the application of the same word to her by him on the cross, when it indeed sounds most touchingly—"Woman, behold thy son!" After all, "*woman*" is one of the most beautiful and dignified of names. Emphatically and feelingly pronounced, it is the most sacred of appellations. Christianity has redeemed it from all dishonour, and Christ might well use it in addressing his mother, the *beau ideal* of a woman. But the words which follow are startling—"What have I to do with thee?" The question implies that Mary had made some suggestion that he should supply the deficiency of wine—an act involving the exercise of miraculous power. It is a question certainly indicating that he considered she had stepped beyond the proper bounds of interference. Whatever obscurity there may be resting on the words in their application at the time, they are surely seen to be full of deep meaning when studied in connection with the history of after ages. The notion now entertained over a great part of Europe is, that the Virgin intercedes with the Son—that she comes between Christ as a judge and man as a sinner, and turns away his anger—that she comes before him to obtain by her matchless influence, the bestowment of favours on behalf of mortals. For ages the reverence paid to her rose higher and higher, till now she is enthroned beside her Son, and is worshipped with a homage which, however distinguished by learned schoolmen from the divine worship due to Christ, rivals and even *out*-rivals it in many an Italian and Spanish heart. Churches, altars, pictures, images, liturgies, prayers, hymns, all bear witness to the place, so deep, so broad, so high, which she holds in the thoughts and affections of Romish Christendom, as the mediatrix and chief advocate in heaven. Is the question of Jesus no protest against this? We walk into foreign cathedrals, dedicated to "Our Lady," and see multitudes bowing before her shrine, entreating of her to intercede with Christ, and we ponder the words, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" We see, what is more touching, the rude peasant and his wife and children bowing down before her effigy, and entreating her aid and help, and we think over the enquiry, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" The utter condemnation of all Mariolatry is there. What does the question teach us, but that *that* Divine Son will not yield to any human mother's bidding; that it is not by what she may propose and ask, that his infinitely wise conduct is to be regulated; that she, as his mother, has right neither of dictation and command, nor of mediation and request. Were it not for the notions which have grown up respecting the Virgin, it would be difficult to

tell what could have been the practical use of such a record. Only as a strong counteracting force intended to check a superstitious tendency, only as a safeguard against the worship of Mary, can we account for its insertion.

Our Lord's adding, "Mine hour is not yet come," might at first sight seem to indicate that the manifestation of himself, by miraculous signs, was yet far off; but most commentators interpret it as meaning, that just then, while the wine was only wasting, and was not wholly spent, was not the time for his interference—that there must be a waiting space until all was exhausted. Divine help will come in when all human resources fail: according to the old adage, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Nor can we help particularly noticing the strong faith of Mary in her Son. Though repulsed, she goes on believing, like another woman, also a mother, but far different in condition and circumstances. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." The words imply that she, through faith, saw treasured up in her wondrous Son superhuman might—that she discerned, under his form and fashion as a man, a mysterious fulness of power and grace—that she felt he had a right to command whatever he pleased, since there was lodged in him that wisdom which could say nothing amiss, and that godlike energy which could support and justify and accomplish every behest. That he is worthy to be obeyed, that he is infinitely qualified to give law to men, that every word of his comes with just authority, is a conviction which lies at the bottom of all right sentiments regarding Christ; and what the mother of our Lord said when he was on the point of "showing forth his glory," is an exhortation worthy of being continually repeated by us one towards another, in reference to him who is ever standing among us, and submission to whose revealed will cannot fail to be followed with richest blessings. Here is one whom we may implicitly trust, whose every syllable of command is love, who has perfect reasons for all his precepts, who never bids us do anything that will be useless and vain, who can make fruit to spring out of what we may deem barren stocks, and can turn common water into rich and generous wine.

The circumstances connected with the miracle were such as to preclude all collusion. These vessels were not wine-jars, in which remaining sediment might tinge the water, and make it look like wine. They were not prepared specially for the purpose, but were there at hand on the spot, arranged for a very different use. They had not been filled before the feast began; but the process of pouring in the water went on in the presence of the company, rendering it impossible that anything beside could, unseen, be introduced. They were not filled up by the disciples of Jesus or any party employed by him, but by the servants of the house, who knew well that it was pure water they had poured in: and the change of the water was perfect—a real transubstantiation.

"And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." And, as has been well observed, the man here uttered a deeper truth than, probably, he was aware of at the time; for not only in common things do men put the best first—making show of the fairest, and hiding the worst to the last—but it is the way with the world in its larger dealing, in its treatment of those who trust it in their life-long story. The best is first; the sweetest is first; the strongest is first; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worst. Nothing is left but lees; the blossoms have been goodly, but the fruit is bitter or insipid. Not so is it, however, with him who wrought this miracle. His gifts, like those of nature, grow richer and richer every hour. He makes autumn more beautiful than spring; the ripe experience of the Christian more satisfying than the earlier produce; the end the best of all; death better than life; heaven than the church; and the bridegroom's feast above better than the holiest banquet held below.

> "Who but a Christian, through all life,
> That blessing may prolong,
> Who through the world's sad day of strife
> Still chant his morning song?
> Ever the richest, tenderest glow
> Sets round the autumnal sun,
> But there sight fails; no heart may know
> The bliss when life is done.
> Such is thy banquet, dearest Lord;
> Oh give us grace to cast
> Our lot with thine, to trust thy word,
> And keep our best till last."

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory: and his disciples believed on him."

The purpose was to manifest his glory. There had been manifestations made respecting him before, as when a star in the east guided the wise men to the place where he was, and they poured forth at his infant feet their gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh; and as at his baptism, when the Spirit descended like a dove, and lighted on him; but now he manifested forth *his own glory* himself. The others had been

manifestations of light and glory pointing him out, approaching his presence, falling on his person, circling round his brow like stars; but this was a manifestation of the Sun of righteousness himself—the very light, the true light; not light merely helping us to see, but the outburst of that which needs nothing for the beholding of it except its own radiance. Here we have a kind of transfiguration of Christ; the inner glory shines out from beneath the mantle that covers it. His act is the medium of revealing his Divinity, like his raiment afterwards on the mount, when it became white and glistening.

His glory now appeared in a manner presaging and prophesying the character in which it should always appear. His supernatural work was ever a flowing out of love; not like the wonders of Moses, who turned water into blood, and smote the Egyptians with boils and blains, and sent locusts over the land to consume it, and enveloped the country in darkness. These miracles of Moses were of a piece—miracles of righteous judgment—of Divine displeasure. And so Christ's miracles were of a piece; the turning of the water into wine being the first of a series, which embrace the healing of diseases, and the multiplying of food, and the turning of the shadow of death into the morning. Flowers of rich and fragrant beneficence were ever springing up in his path. This first was the fit harbinger of the summer which he was to spread around him.

His glory was so displayed, too, as to manifest a contrast between himself and John the Baptist, who appeared in the wilderness clothed with camel's hair—a solitary man, stern and severe—to break up the fallow ground, to warn men to flee from the wrath to come. Unlike his predecessor, the Lord himself here appears at a marriage feast, sanctifying social, domestic, and conjugal charities—sealing with a stamp of Divine authority the nuptial bond—setting a benediction on the gathering of the solitary into families. In ages afterwards came some transgressing far beyond the bounds of the Baptist's austerity, adopting the habits of oriental ascetics, and rivalling the superstitions of the Brahmin. They gloried in the practice of the most disgusting self-mortifications, and made it the honour of their religion, which they misnamed Christ's, to live not only in celibacy, but in solitude, among rocks, in miserable caverns and cells, and on the tops of pillars. Now, as the worshipper of the Virgin Mary is rebuked by Christ's words on this occasion, so are the ascetics of the Romish church (and indeed all ascetics—men of every form of religion who dishonour the natural in their pretence of glorifying the spiritual) rebuked by Christ's act at this marriage entertainment.

His glory was displayed in the sanctifying of common things. It was not by some dazzling sign, some capricious act, something to amaze and make men giddy, something to flash and blaze and pass away amidst cries of astonishment and murmurings of wonder; it was not thus that he manifested his glory, but by the quiet transmutation of earth's most cheap and common element into a source of festal enjoyment, such as what in every age has been provided for friends on occasions of rejoicing. It is ever the blessed work of Christ, through his gospel and Spirit, to sanctify common things; to ennoble the common relationships of life; to dignify its common pursuits; to hallow its common associations; to add grace and beauty to its common acts, words, feelings and experiences; and so to turn the waters of human life into the wine of his heavenly kingdom.

His glory was manifested in the result, not in the process. The water came out wine, and there was the wonder; but *how* it was turned into wine no one saw or knew; and thus far the miraculous was like the natural, for though you see the grapes growing on the trees, you cannot tell how the globular vessels get filled with the grateful juice; you cannot explain the whole chemistry going on in soil, root, branch, in wood, earth, water, air, so as that out of this laboratory there every year comes the bountiful vintage. And thus far, too, the supernatural in earthly things is like the gracious and spiritual, when souls become changed, and men are converted, and the worthless become precious. There is the result, as plain as day, but the mode of producing it lies deep hidden among the secret things of God, even as did the transubstantiation of this water.

Nor can we end these reflections on the manifesting of his glory, without hinting at the thought, that on an earlier occasion, when tempted in the wilderness, after his baptism, to turn stones into bread for his own necessities, he would not so use his miraculous power. He would not encourage self-seeking, even in such a way as that; he would reserve the manifestation of his glory to another moment, when it should minister to the enjoyment of others; when it should be seen, not merely in meeting needs, but in affluent bountifulness; in the bestowment of what would give pleasure and create joy, and that too, not on account of any solicitations even of his mother, but from the spontaneous benevolence lying as an exhaustless fountain deep in the depths of his own heart.

The result was that "his disciples believed on him;" that is, their faith was confirmed. The miracle did not generate their faith, but rather nourished it. A fulness of conviction now possessed their minds. They were better prepared than they had been to forsake all for Christ.

They had professed themselves disciples; now they were ready to become apostles.

His miracles attested the Divine mission of the teacher. They demonstrated that he who worked them came with a superhuman authority. So Nicodemus regarded them: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." It was impossible to be in the presence of Jesus, on this occasion, without feeling that he was at least an accredited ambassador from heaven. The miracle he wrought was as the visible signature of the Almighty to his acts and words. It said in effect, "Hear ye Him." And by establishing his mission, it indirectly confirmed his *sayings*. Immediately relating to the person who spoke, it, by that means, proved the truthfulness of his speech. This is the way in which we should regard the argumentative worth of a miracle. Miracles connect themselves with the messenger, and through him with the message.

The evidential force of the miracles of Christ, thus regarded, comes into application to the mind in two ways.

First, it may confirm a faith already created, as it did in this instance. A person may say of the gospel: "Here in its teaching are sentiments consonant to reason, commending themselves to one's spiritual consciousness, and so meeting one's religious wants. The gospel does fit in with my necessities marvellously well. The mercy it proclaims, the love it exhibits, appear to me in my sinful lost estate most touching. This redemption is the very thing suited to my soul. And now these miracles recorded of the Author of the gospel, these things he did, show that he came from God; they are the illuminated credentials of a celestial teacher, and thus they come in to confirm my religious convictions. My convictions founded on the idea of the suitableness of the gospel, are deepened by the idea of the supernatural warranty imparted to the message of the gospel, by the glorious works of its living oracle."

Miracles, as wonders, may begin the work of religious thoughtfulness. They may arrest attention and arouse inquiry. So they seem to have influenced Nicodemus. They put him upon coming to Jesus. And when he came to Jesus, he heard from him revelations worthy of the wonders that had inspired his curiosity. The physical phenomenon led to the deep religious truth. It is a course of experience not uncommon. We can suppose we hear a man saying, "These miracles are very striking. These facts have a great deal in them. Surrounding the person, proceeding from the power, brightening the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, they show him to be a wondrous being. What has he to say? What do these miracles cover? What has this extraordinary personage to disclose? I will enter his presence, and I will devoutly interrogate this Holy One. I will inquire of this Messenger from the Lord of Hosts, this majestic Monitor and Counsellor, who calls himself the Son of God." Are any individuals now reading these pages, passing through such a course of thought? Then come to Him. You are beginning to have faith in his office and character: go on to have faith in all he teaches. Come and study his gospel. You will find it, from beginning to end, worthy of the wisdom and love to which it is ascribed. And faith in his office, character, and instructions, will produce faith in his person as the Divine Mediator, "who gave himself a ransom for many," who "came to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE OSSIFIED HEART.

The following case, extracted from Dr. Calamy's "Life and Times," appears to us one of the most affecting incidents of the kind on record. It exhibits the tremendous consequences of permitted sin upon the conscience and character, and the ossification of heart which is often symptomatic of those who, having resisted their own convictions, fall under the awful sentence, "Let him alone." The latter part of the narrative, too, displays very powerfully the pernicious consequences of undue indulgence, and the limitations which parents should set to their prayers for their children's lives. To every young man the lesson here read is a frightful warning. Beware—beware of the first steps in evil.

Dr. Calamy speaks in this narrative of a son of the person with whom he lodged during part of his ministry in London.

"My friend, Mr. Thomas Reynolds, and I, lodged together in the family for some time, when we lived at Hoxton Square, before we were housekeepers. The son (referred to in our introduction) was at that time confined, and the letters that came from him were shown us. They had often in them high strains of seeming penitence, that rather appeared forced and affected than natural and genuine, and signified very little, because he presently returned into like wickedness as before, as soon as he had capacity and opportunity.

"This son had been the darling both of father and mother, and the latter had set her affections upon him to that degree, that when she found him instead of a comfort prove an heart-breaking cross and a monster of wickedness, it overset her, and was the occasion of a melancholy madness, in the height of which she frequently attempted to dispatch herself. More than once

was I a witness to affecting passages of that kind, that proved troublesome both to Mr. Reynolds and me, and were at length the occasion of our removal altogether out of the family.

"Some time after, the poor woman actually did dispatch herself. The wretched son, though he well knew he was the original occasion of it, was not at all suitably affected, but rather ran into greater lengths of wickedness. At length, having a great fancy once more to go to sea, he, on purpose to get money out of his father, seemed inclined to become very sober, and applied himself to Mr. Samuel Pomfret, the minister, with whom his father was well acquainted, and so insinuated himself into that good man, that he began to have great hopes of him, persuaded the father to rig him out for a sea voyage, and in the meantime lodged him in his own house, was exceeding kind to him, and took abundance of pains with him in a way of instruction and good advice. But the poor unhappy youth, being engaged in a gang of ill company, upon their instigation, the very night before he was to set sail, made poor Mr. Pomfret a sorrowful requital for all his kindness, and robbed him and ran away, and was pursued and taken, and committed to Newgate, and in a little time convicted and condemned.

"The Lord's day after his condemnation, when he was to die on the Wednesday following, the father came crying to me as I came out of the pulpit, earnestly requesting that I would go along with him that evening to see and discourse with his unhappy son in Newgate, that I might afterwards be the better able to judge how far it might be advisable for him to interpose to get him a pardon; nay, whether he might do it allowably, and with a safe conscience. This was far from being a desirable office, and yet being much urged and pressed, I knew not how to refuse it, and accordingly went, without any one but the father in company.

"When we came to Newgate, we were carried into the chapel, and the young man was brought to us, in a chain, and the father and son and I sat down together. I found the young man very stiff and sullen, exceeding captious with his father, and ready to snarl at him at every turn, and warm in his resentment of several things that had passed.

"I freely told him that this was very unaccountable and unbecoming; and that I was heartily sorry that he was not better disposed, and otherwise employed, when his condition was so very lamentable, and he had such melancholy prospects before him. He told me it was entirely owing to his father that he was so unhappy: for that he might easily get him a pardon, if he would but part with a little money; but he said that was his god, and that he cared not what became of any that belonged to him, so his money was but secured. I told him that sort of carriage was, in my apprehension, far from being likely to encourage his father to do anything for him; and that I had not the least word to drop in his favour if he held on in that strain; but that if, on the contrary, he would freely humble himself and fall upon his knees before his father, earnestly and importunately beseeching him to forgive all his past provocations, and also to beg of God to forgive him; and would solemnly promise that if his life was but spared he would make it his endeavour to live to some good purpose, and in such a manner as that he might be a comfort and blessing to the family; upon these conditions, I took upon me to engage he should have a reprieve on the Wednesday following; and did not know but that if he behaved himself well afterwards, that reprieve might be followed by a pardon.

"He returned me an answer that perfectly amazed me in these words: 'Sir, I scorn anything of that nature, and had rather die with my company.' This, I must confess raised my indignation, and I freely told him, that such sort of talk fully convinced me that he had not duly considered what death was, nor was aware of the consequences which, in his case, would follow upon it. I asked him if he really believed that his soul would survive his body, and that if he left this world without true repentance, he must as certainly be for ever miserable as he was then living; and that the wrath of God was as intolerable as it was inevitable. He told me, with tears trickling down his cheeks, that he most firmly believed all this, and yet found his heart so hard and unaffected that nothing of this nature would move it.

"His carriage plainly discovered a peculiar senselessness. For in the midst of this serious discourse between him and me, he, on a sudden, turned to his father, and said, 'Sir, won't you come and see me at the tree?' At which the old man was so much moved, that he broke out into a flood of tears, and ran to the other end of the chapel, wringing his hands and taking on most lamentably at his wretched hardness of heart.

"I told him that I could not see how his father could interpose, in order to his being spared, unless he discerned some ground to hope that if he was spared he would grow better. He told me frankly that for his part he had no hope of it; nay, he was rather satisfied he should grow worse and worse. . . . . I told his father that were I in his case, I should have a great regard to the advice of his uncle, Dr. Jekyl. That gentleman, as I was afterwards informed, was actually with him at that time, and among

a great many other questions proposed, asked him whether or not, in all the time he had been confined in Newgate, he had ever bowed his knees to the great God. Upon which he freely owned that he had not, and that he thought it to no purpose to attempt anything of that kind.

"On the day upon which this peculiarly unhappy youth was executed, I spent several hours with the father and the rest of the children in his chamber. A very melancholy day it was, though an instructive one. I went to them about eleven in the morning, and coming into the chamber, found the father lying upon his bed, and the children sitting round him. After some discourse, both to the father and the children, I put up a prayer with them, suitable to the awful occasion, begging that so startling a dispensation of Divine Providence as that was, might be remarkably sanctified. . . . . Both father and children seemed not a little affected.

"At length, between one and two o'clock, the father, on a sudden, broke out into a violent fit of crying, and all the children fell to crying also, in a manner that was most affecting. Then I asked the father what the occasion might be of the agony I observed he was in? Upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he told me the following memorable story.

"'Sir,' said he, 'when this wretched creature, that I now count myself a miserable man that I ever was a father to, was a very young child, and our only child, my wife and I were so fond as even to dote upon him. It pleased God then to visit him with a fever, and we were not satisfied with using such means as were within our reach, in order to his relief, looking upwards for a blessing upon them, but we thought that our lives were bound up in his, and were apt to imagine we should be perfectly undone if we should lose him. Upon which I was earnest with God to spare him. One evening particularly, as I was praying in my family, I was more than ordinarily importunate with God to continue him to us, and ran into some expressions that discovered an indecent earnestness.'

"He added that a good Christian woman, a country friend, then in the family, took particular notice of it, and freely reasoned with him, and as he was, one time, rising from his knees, charged him home with an immoderate vehemence of spirit, and told him that he seemed to carry the matter so far that she dreaded the consequence. Whereupon he told her that it was not possible for him to help it. She gave it him as her judgment, that it was better and safer, and much more becoming, to leave the matter to an infinitely wise God, who knows the end from the beginning, than for such weak creatures as we to pretend to be positive and peremptory, as to any events that fall out that we have concern in. His answer was, that he could not bear the thoughts of losing his child, of which he apprehended there was great danger. She desired him to consider how little he knew what that child might prove if he should live to be a man; and how unreasonable, therefore, it was in him to pretend to say that he could not bear the thoughts of losing him. The poor father, in the agony of his spirit, made answer, '*Let him prove what he will, so he is but spared I shall be satisfied.*'

"'This,' said he, 'I now see to have been my folly. For through the just hand of God, I have lived to see this wretched son of mine a heart-breaking cross to them that loved him with the greatest tenderness, a disgrace to my whole family, and likely to bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to my grave. I read my sin very distinctly in my punishment; but must own that God is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.'

"As I could not but be much affected with such a passage as this myself, so have I often told it, at such times as I have been called to visit parents that were in sore affliction and distress of spirit for the loss of their children, while they were yet young. I have several times observed that the telling it has had a good effect, and helped to compose, silence, and quiet, notwithstanding the aptness of most parents to hope well as to their own children, what wretched crosses soever they many times find the children of others prove to them."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

35. What one word is said in Scripture to include the whole law?

36. To what does the Bible compare a word fitly spoken?

37. Can you show from Scripture how God regards those who oppress the poor?

38. What is a nation's greatest glory?

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XXIII.

A VERDANT and well-wooded country, with many a fountain of fresh springing water; near to one of which is an encampment of soldiers. Another army approaches, and passes by, led on by hundreds of its native aristocracy. In the rear, the royal standard is displayed, and a monarch of candid and benevolent aspect is seen holding converse with a young hero of attractive though foreign appearance. Suddenly jealousy seems to inflame the visages of the aristocratic vanguard, at the favour thus shown to a stranger and, angrily accusing him of treacherous designs, they demand his immediate dismissal. Perplexed and annoyed, the king for a time defends his young ally, but is eventually compelled to accede to the demand of his imperious nobles.

Pages for the Young.

WHAT THE LITTLE SEA-WEED TAUGHT.

PART II.

In a quiet little village stands a pretty cottage. Vines and honeysuckle almost cover its walls, while monthly roses and jessamines make quite a bower of its little porch. There is a large old-fashioned garden, too, containing long borders of flowers, enclosed with espalier apple and pear trees. On one side is a sloping bed for strawberries, and further on, a large cluster of raspberry canes. A thick hawthorn-hedge forms a capital retreat for the nests of hedge-sparrows, blackbirds, and linnets; while a pair of goldfinches every year built in one of the lofty pear-trees. Besides, there are beehives, with glass boxes on the top, so that the bees can be seen busily making their comb, and filling it with honey. Altogether, this is a very pleasant garden and cottage, and you will not be surprised to hear that Mrs. Penrice (the widowed mother) has chosen it as her residence.

It was a lovely May morning. The birds in the old garden were trilling their little songs. The sunshine seemed to be bringing out all the varied hues of earth's young green, as Mrs. Penrice stepped out of the verandah. But Frank was before her: and hearing the door open, he appeared from the further end of the garden, where he had been gathering a bunch of flowers; and running up to his mamma, flung his arms around her neck, saying: "My birthday, my birthday, dear mamma! You must wear these flowers for my sake; I am eight years old to-day."

His mother looked with beaming eyes and grateful heart upon her little son; and indeed the change made by the three years that had passed since we last spoke of him, would have done you good to see. Instead of being delicate and puny, he was now all health and spirits; his cheeks were plump and rosy, and he had grown almost a head taller.

"Take a birthday kiss in return, my darling boy," said his mother, "with my best wishes for your happiness throughout this year, and as many as God sees fit to grant unto you."

"And now, dear mamma, just one turn round the garden before breakfast. Everything smells so fresh and sweet. Look at my apple-tree; the buds are just shading the pink, and the pear-tree is full of blossoms. Ah, little bee, I see you flying away from the crown imperial with quite as much honey as you can carry!"

After "just one turn" they went in to breakfast. But where, you will ask, were Herbert and Willie? They were at boarding-school, for they were getting too big for the village day-school, and their mamma was determined to give them every advantage in education, knowing that spending money in this way was much better than laying it up for them afterwards; because with a good education they would soon, from their own exertions, be able to become independent. At the same time she impressed upon their minds that they must *exert themselves*, if they were to reap lasting benefit from the instruction they received, and that they were accountable to God for all the talents they possessed.

Frank fetched a little vase, and put his mamma's flowers on the breakfast table, and very cheerful they made it look.

Presently the postman's knock was heard, and Mary brought in letters.

"Master F. Penrice, I declare!" said Frank; "and another for me too!"

Yes, there was a birthday letter from Herbert; kind, and loving, and hopeful for the future, and with good advice too, for Herbert had begun to feel the happiness of a true Christian, and, amidst the temptations of school life, his earnest desire was to serve God. And so he wrote to his little brother on these subjects [illegible] and Frank sat with the letter in his hand a long time, reading it over and over again, for Herbert had said something about the little sea-weed. Then came an account of Herbert's studies; how he was trying to gain a prize, how much he liked French, and was hoping to talk it almost like a Frenchman when he came home, and how he longed for the time when Frank would be able to join them at school. Both Frank and his mother agreed that Herbert's was a very nice birthday letter. Then came dear merry little Willie's letter, full of all his pleasant little news. He concluded his letter by saying that he should think of Frank on his birthday, and only wished that he might come and spend it with him.

"Dear Willie," said Frank, when he had read it, "how his letter makes me love him! It is just as if I were taking hold of his arm and talking to him."

"That is the true art of letter-writing," said his mother, "which Willie seems to have acquired without knowing it. But it is just nine o'clock; so fetch your cap and run off to school; and as it is your birthday, you may ask your master to excuse your attendance this afternoon, as I dare say you would like a stroll in the country with me."

"Thank you, mamma, indeed I should," said Frank, running off with his bag of books slung across his shoulder.

The morning seemed rather long to Frank; but he gave himself diligently to his studies, for that first day of his new year had not been begun without earnest prayer. He had committed his future course into the hands of his heavenly Father, and had chosen him to be the guide of his youth. This it was that made Frank happy, and helped him to get through his tasks, which appeared that day to be more than usually trying and difficult. His long-division sum seemed as if it never would prove. But at last he did manage to get it right without asking for help, and he felt quite cheered on taking it up, to hear his master say: "I have been watching you, my lad, conquering your sum; only go on to conquer every difficulty with as much determination and perseverance, and you will make your way in the world."

At length came twelve o'clock, and with it the usual bustle of clearing away books, slates, &c., getting caps, and preparing for the play-ground. Frank gave his mother's message to his master, whose consent to an afternoon's holiday was cheerfully granted, accompanied with the wish that Frank might have much enjoyment; so nothing remained but to run home. Dinner was soon over, and mamma and Frank set out for their ramble.

"I thought of going," said she, "to Ellough Hill, through the plantations, and home by Worlingham."

"Oh, mamma, how delightful! that is one of my favourite walks. I have a basket and trowel ready, in case we meet with any rare flowers."

They soon turned into a meadow, gay with daisies and buttercups, with here and there a cowslip. A lark was at that moment warbling its little song over their heads.

"Stand quite still, Frank, and look up."

Frank did so, as well as the sun would allow him. The little bird as it sang gradually came lower and lower, till at last it seemed to remain still for a moment, and then suddenly dropped like a stone upon the further end of the meadow.

"You have never seen a lark's nest, have you, Frank?"

"Never, dear mamma."

"Let us walk quietly towards the place where you saw the lark descend; I think its nest is there," said his mother.

They did so, Frank hardly able to keep from running, in his anxiety to see the nest. Presently up sprang the bird almost at their feet, and in a little hollow of the ground was the nest, neatly made, and lined with hair and dried moss. In it were five little speckled eggs. Frank would like to have taken the eggs out to examine them more closely; but mamma said if he did, the bird would find it out and forsake the nest. "Look at them now," said she, "and in a few days we will come again and see if the young ones are hatched."

They soon reached Ellough Hill, which I must describe to you. There must have been once a very high hill, for the road has been cut through it, leaving on either side steep shelving banks, which were now covered with [illegible] running up and down, across and aslope, which seemed made on purpose for little children's convenience and delight.

Mamma climbed up one of these, and sat down in a [illegible] rambled about and picked flowers to his heart's content. Presently he came running up to say that he had found a very curious flower. He had never before seen one like it. It was something like an orchis, with a little fly drawn on the blossom.

"Oh," said his mother, when she had looked at it, "that is a fly-orchis, so called because the blossom is so like a fly. It is not a common plant in this country, though I have found one still more rare, which resembles a bee, and is called the 'bee-orchis.' In tropical countries there are some beautiful specimens of the same class, which resemble butterflies."

"How I should like to see them, mamma."

"You shall read about them, my dear; for a knowledge of the works of nature helps us to understand the goodness and benevolence of God. These beautiful flowers, which God has scattered with such profusion over the green earth, are given us, as says the little piece you have been learning:—

> 'To whisper hope, to comfort man,
> Whene'er his faith is dim,
> That who so careth for the flowers
> Will much more care for him.'"

"Although I am not a man, mamma," said Frank, "flowers often comfort me; they are so beautiful. Jesus loved flowers, did he not? I think they were a comfort to him, for they were always ready to look cheerful and kindly upon him. Sometimes I think I am too young or too small for God to care about; but when I walk along and see the flowers, and all brought out so fresh from the dirty-looking earth, I think that God will be sure to take care of me, if I ask him to do so; and so flowers help me to pray, mamma."

"That," said his mother, "is making the best use of these beautiful messengers of God. Now, let us walk on, as your basket is nearly filled."

The plantation towards which they turned their steps was about a quarter of a mile further; Frank ran forward to open the gate. It contained a variety of trees. Just then the horse-chestnuts were the most conspicuously beautiful, being in full blossom. The fir-trees almost equalled them in appearance, being clad in a veil of the lightest and brightest green. Frank and his mother, when they reached the middle of the wood, stood still to listen to the chorus of birds that was going on over their heads. Frank could distinguish the notes of almost every bird that he knew, from the full tones of the thrush to the merry "chirp, chirp" of the little blue titmouse. All the birds seemed to be giving Frank a birthday song and a welcome into the wood.

There was here and there a patch of primroses; but it was for bluebells that this wood was famous, and they grew so thickly that Frank hardly knew where to begin to pick, especially as the afternoon was nearly spent, and mamma talked of returning. However he soon managed to fill his basket.

"I want to call in at Smith's cottage as we pass, Frank," said his mother, "to tell them to send for some soup to-morrow."

On entering, they found Mrs. Smith very sadly, and obliged to keep her bed, while John (a lad about Frank's age) was keeping the baby quiet. John was a good handy boy, she said; she was loth to keep him from school, but she could ill spare him. The two younger ones were at school; though, since her husband's illness last winter, they found it hard work to spare the weekly pence to pay for his schooling.

Frank was an attentive listener to all this; and when they had taken their leave, he said: "Mamma, I have been wishing that I could begin the year with doing something that would be useful to others; would you object to my spending part of my weekly pocket-money to pay for John's schooling?"

"Certainly not, my dear," said his mother. It is a great pity that the poor lad should lose present advantages, as he will soon have to give up his whole time to labour in the field.

Frank and his mother began now to feel rather tired; but they were hardly prepared to find that it was seven o'clock when they reached home. However, they found tea all ready, which greatly refreshed them.

"Well," said his mother, "has this been a pleasant birthday to you, dear?"

"Indeed it has, mamma: I shall often think of this happy day. How kind God has been to spare me through the past, and to give me health and strength to enjoy my birthday."

"Yes, my dear child, each returning birthday ought to be a season of grateful remembrance for the past, and of confidence in God for the future."

"Mamma, do you remember the little sea-weed?"

"Perfectly well, my dear child."

"I often think of the lesson it taught me, mamma. God has now given me another wave of time."

"Strive to use it to his glory, my son. And now I think it is time for you to go to bed, as you begin to look very tired."

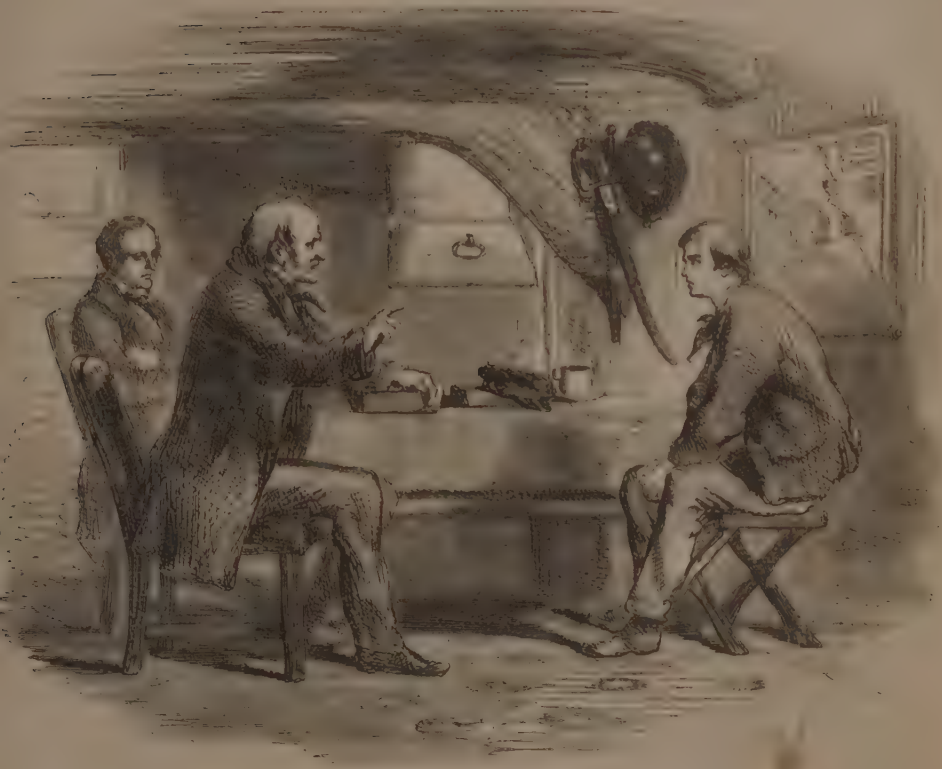
"Good night, dearest mamma," said Frank, "it was you that helped me to enjoy my birthday."

When Frank went into his room, he found a neatly-bound Bible, with gilt edges, directed to him, and on it a note from his mother. This note would be too long to copy, but you may be sure it contained good advice. On opening his Bible, he found a pretty marker put in opposite the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Little Frank lay awake thinking for a long while that night; but at last he fell into a sweet sleep, where we must again take our leave of him for the present.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE CONFERENCE IN THE CABIN

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER VI.—CONVICTION.

On the Sunday after their arrival at the island, the steward, who always attended a place of worship on the sabbath when he could, persuaded Tom to accompany him, though his compliance was yielded with some manifestations of dislike; but as his superior had been very kind to him during the passage, Tom could not easily refuse. They went to a chapel where the minister, according to previous intimation, was to preach to young men. The text chosen was that in Ecclesiastes xi. 9: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The preacher, in enlarging on the many temptations to which a young man is exposed, among many other things, mentioned just that state of mind in which Tom Ray then was—a desire for infidelity; and so clearly did he describe Tom's feelings, that it made him somewhat uncomfortable, half fearing that the minister had been told of him. But when the last

part of the text was dwelt upon, his discomfort was turned to terror; for with solemn words and an earnest and affectionate manner, the preacher enlarged upon and enforced the words—"But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." This sentence so fastened itself on Tom's mind that, do what he would, he could not get rid of it during the whole of the following week. He endeavoured to busy himself more than was necessary, in order to drive away the thought of what he had heard; but in spite of bodily and mental activity, a sound, as of his own voice, would come rushing through his mind, bearing along the words, "God will bring me into judgment!" He would sing and try to be more merry than ever, but at every pause the dreaded words came thundering on his soul, "God will bring me into judgment!" His nights were almost sleepless; he would lie in deplorable misery, and try to argue himself into the belief that it was an absurd weakness of the brain, that his nervous system was out of order, and, finally, that it must be all nonsense; for what proof was there of the reality of those things of which he had heard? "I do not," he would exclaim, "I will not believe such old woman's foolery." Turning on his side, he would next seek calmness in sleep; but as forgetfulness was stealing over him, a solemn whisper would creep on his inmost heart, breathing the words, "God will bring me into judgment." And when at last sleep did overpower his weary frame, dreams of the most awful kind disturbed him, while some being seemed to speak as from the tomb, "God will bring thee into judgment."

One night he endeavoured to drink freely, [illegible] in vain; he was more miserable than ever. In this wretched state he passed the week, unwilling to the last to yield.

When asked on the next Sunday, if he would go to chapel, he said, with an oath, "No; I am not going to hear a fellow who can do no better than work upon the feelings of people as though they were a parcel of old women and children—not I."

The first steward asked him if he would like to go to any other place, but he would rather not; although, after a great deal of pressing, he said, "If I go anywhere, I'll go to church; for perhaps there will be better singing there than anywhere else, and the parson will have more politeness than to talk a lot of frightening noisy words to the people." So he agreed to go.

It was in the afternoon before tea that Tom consented to accompany the first steward to church in the evening. Now the captain had a custom of singing, with the mate, and any of the men who would join them (and there were always some, though none were forced), a hymn after tea, before going to a place of worship on shore. On the afternoon of which we are speaking the hymn selected by the captain was the one commencing:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The hymn, and the tune to which it was sung, were both well known to Tom, he having learned them in his childhood; and as he stood on the deck (for he had not joined the singing), he was, as it were, irresistibly attracted by the melody; and getting as near as he could to the cabin without being noticed, he caught also the words, and in spite of himself mentally followed both them and the tune. The effect this incident had on Tom would have been visible to his shipmates had they had time to observe him before he left for church. The alarming words which had been impressing him all the preceding week [illegible] not driven from his mind; but others were added:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

These words were continually rising to his lips as he silently walked with his companion to church. The steward noticing his unusual [illegible] asked him if he were ill; to which he answered, "No; but I am rather thoughtful." Little more was said as they continued their way.

The whole service was gone through most impressively, so that Tom, what with the feelings produced by the hearing of the hymn on board the ship and the devout tones of the minister, forgot to notice that the singing was of the simplest and most homely character. Had his frame of mind been such as it was when he consented to go with the steward to church, doubtless he would have been in a state of disappointment and vexation; but a change was taking place under the influence of One, concerning whom we are about to speak more fully.

The clergyman who preached was a man of piety and deep earnestness, added to which he possessed a fine full-toned voice, which in itself commanded attention. When he deliberately and with emphasis pronounced his text—"Quench not the Spirit"—a sensible tremor ran through the frame of the second steward; and as the preacher opened up his subject, touching on the different ways in which sinners quench the Spirit of God, Tom's interest partook almost of the nature of excitement, so much so, that his companion again asked him if he were ill. But when the minister set forth a similar state of mind to that in which the young man had been during the past week, and clearly showed that that was a quenching of the Spirit, he could no restrain his tears; he felt that he had indeed been trying to quench the Spirit of God. H

attempted no longer to persuade himself that his intellectual powers were deranged, or that his nervous system was affected; but from that time acknowledged to himself and to God that the Holy Spirit had been striving with him. The prospect of the terrible doom which awaits those who quench the Spirit filled his soul with awful alarm and grief. Now he not only dreaded the punishment of eternal misery, but felt himself a monstrous wretch for so long defying the God of mercy. The sins of his life, one after another, rushed upon his memory without his bidding, as if they would sink his soul to the darkness of perpetual night. "Oh!" said he to himself, "how base has been my wickedness to one who has been striving to make me holy and happy like himself! What shall I do?"

It was not a mere sentimentalism, produced by external causes, acting on the sensitiveness of his nature, which now affected him, but the operations of the Holy Spirit, whose it is to convince the sinner. Mark the difference, dear reader, between the present and former religious feelings of our young friend. Formerly he had merely a vague dreamy sentimental emotion; now he was absorbed in grief for his ingratitude to the God of love. He did not bewail his danger so much as he mourned his sin; his prayer was not so much that he might be saved from hell, as that his sins might be forgiven, that he might be released from their guilt and power, and that he might feel the love of God abiding with him. Reader, have you thus felt?

On his way back to the ship, Tom spoke to his companion of the burden he felt, and of the wickedness which had produced it; but the steward, poor man, was not the one to guide him, though he spoke to him kindly, and expressed a hope that he "would turn over a new leaf."

"Yes," answered Tom, "I want to do that; but how can I? I feel as though I could do nothing but there will be sin mixed with it. I remember learning, when a child, this text—'For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing.' What then can I do? Oh!" he sighed, more to himself than to his companion, though his voice was audible, "What is meant by *living* faith?"

To this the first steward made no reply; he had listened with great attention to the sermon, and felt there was something in religion which he did not yet know. This led to reflection on his part, and, I may add, eventually, though not immediately, to conversion.

CHAPTER VII.—PEACE OBTAINED.

At the evening prayers of the crew the captain observed the dejected appearance of Tom, and questioned him as to the cause. The latter acknowledged that he was indeed unhappy, and would very much like to converse with the captain, or any one who would talk to him about religion. The captain was rejoiced to hear this from the young man, and expressed his willingness to enter upon such a conversation directly prayers were over, if Tom were so disposed; and asked if he had any objection to the presence of the mate. To this he had none; so after the crew had left the cabin, the three sat down to a conversation, the results of which will only be fully known in that world where instruction will be no more needed, but where all the inhabitants thereof will be endowed with a perfect knowledge and love of the Saviour; and where the blessedness arising therefrom shall endure for ever and ever.

"Oh, sir," said Tom, "I no longer doubt the truth of the Bible and what it teaches, though I have lately been endeavouring to persuade myself it was all a deception. But this conviction of the truth of religion has rendered me miserable. The sermon I heard last Sunday alarmed me; but it also enraged me; for I determined not to be frightened by what I called, in my wickedness, the ravings of a hypocrite. The judgment was present to my imagination during the whole of last week; but I swore at myself for being a weak coward, and continued in the same state of mind till I heard the hymn you sang this afternoon before going to chapel. Directly I heard the tune, I knew it from having learned it in my father's family and congregation when a child; and, drawing near enough to listen to the words, without attracting your attention, I recognised a hymn which was almost the first I ever learned, and, in spite of myself, I followed you in my mind. While I was walking to church the first two lines were continually rising to my lips, and completely checking my late stubbornness. At church the clergyman preached from the words—'Quench not the Spirit,' and so pointed out my state of soul that I feel I have been trying to do this great wickedness."

This had been spoken with many sobs; but now he could go no further, and burst into passionate grief and tears, exclaiming, "It's too late! too late!"

After this paroxysm—during which the captain and mate were offering silent prayer for their guidance and his comfort—had subsided, the former spoke, saying, "The Spirit does not wound to kill, but to cure; for 'a bruised reed shall he not break, and a smoking flax shall he not quench.'"

"Ah, sir," answered Tom, "I remember many passages learned in my youth; but you don't know one half my wickedness." He then

told them of his early education, his father's occupation, his death and the exhortation then given; he spoke of his master's rebukes, and of the prayers and entreaties of his mother and sisters, and of the wilful resistance he had offered to all. "And," he added, "my conduct during last week was worse than all; for I braved God's Spirit, and how do I know but that I have committed the unpardonable sin?"

The mate asked him which he felt most, the dread of hell, or the absence of God's favour. His answer was, that the chief thing burdening his mind was, that he had been so ungratefully wicked to One who had shown him nothing but love, and he was afraid that he had done this too long.

"Do you," said the mate, "feel that you would like to be the servant of God?"

"I do," he answered; "but I fear he will not receive me."

"Yes, yes, he will," exclaimed the two, "if you come to him through Christ." The captain continued, "You need not, my dear fellow, alarm yourself to despair with the thought that you have sinned away the day of grace; for what says Christ? 'No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.' And again St. Paul says, 'It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' Now if you feel a desire to be God's, that desire cannot have arisen in your mind by any other means than by the working of God's Holy Spirit. If you have nothing but a dread of future punishment, I do not say that God is certainly working in you. He may, or it may be only a human fear; but if you feel a desire to be like Christ, a wish that you were his, then, though you feel no comfort from it, depend upon it it is God's work; for 'no man can come' to Christ without the drawing of the Father, and 'it is God' himself 'who worketh in you,' even 'to will and to do of his good pleasure.'"

Tom, who had been an eager listener, sat for a minute or two in deep thought, and his instructors deemed it proper not to disturb him. At last he said with some earnestness, "Thank you, sir, and thank God too for enabling you to explain this to me. I feel a hope that I have not gone beyond his mercy; but how am I to know that he does forgive me? Do you think he will before I have proved my sincerity?"

"If he does not, he never will," replied the captain. "God does not leave it in our own power to purchase salvation, or to prepare ourselves for forgiveness. It is but a childish idea to hope for pardon on condition of a promise of future obedience, or to ask a parent to prove us and then forgive. When a criminal sues the king for pardon, he does not plead for a trial of the sincerity of his sorrows; for he can give none while he is in prison; and he cannot leave the prison till he is pardoned. No; he pleads some real or fancied merits, or grounds of pardon already existing, either in the circumstances under which his crime was committed, or in the existence of an acknowledged redemption fee. So it is with the salvation that is of God; we can never prove ourselves worthy; neither can we prove our sincerity without his aid; and his pardon we cannot purchase. God does all from infinite mercy, for Christ's sake. Here are the merits the sinner must plead; and it is the glory of the thing that the merit is *real*: we need not speculate about it, fearing it may be only a fancied merit; it is a *real* one: for Christ died 'the just for the unjust to bring us to God,' and he is called Jesus, because he saves his people from their sins. Christ himself also says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' If we were required to make ourselves fit in any degree, where would be the truth of that text, 'I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing?'"

"I remember that text well," said Tom, "and that has puzzled me, to know how I can be forgiven, and yet have nothing good in me."

"I do not say there is no good thing in you, when you are seeking forgiveness; for then God is working in you to will and to do of his good pleasure. But this good working of his Spirit is no ground or merit upon which to ask forgiveness; much less can man *prepare himself* for pardon; for if we could *prepare ourselves* in some particulars, why not in all? and if this were the case, then there would be no mercy: for we should have purchased our own redemption, and Christ would have died in vain. In a word, we must repent of all sin, and beg God to forgive us, for the sake of Jesus Christ; and then exercising a living faith on Jesus, we get pardon and justification."

"I see, I see," cried the penitent, "there is no hope but in Christ. But I am so wicked: and I don't know what 'living faith' is. I have heard the phrase often; but never troubled myself to know its meaning: and now I want it, I cannot form a clear idea of it."

"Do you believe there is a God?" asked the captain. "Do you believe his word the Bible? Do you believe his Son Jesus Christ came on earth and died for man, that man through him might be saved?"

"I believe all these things; and that there is a heaven for the holy, and a hell for the wicked."

"Do not even the devils believe all this?"

"Yes."

"They do, and tremble; for this only requires a faith of the intellect, and does not influence the lives of those who do nothing more than

believe this. But a living faith, which is always accompanied even in its earliest and feeblest stages with hatred of sin and desire to forsake it, is a cleaving to Christ, freely set before us in the gospel as able and willing to save to the uttermost all who truly come to him. It implies also the submitting of our souls to him as our Lord and Master, to be henceforth ruled and governed by him. This faith is the fruit of the Spirit of God, generally given in answer to fervent prayer; it is followed by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, calming and comforting the soul, shedding abroad the love of God, and constraining us out of lively gratitude no longer to live to ourselves but to the Lord who bought us."

"I understand something of the difference between a dead and a living faith; though I cannot say I fully realize the happiness of its possession yet," said Tom; "but my sight is clearer; I know what to pray for."

"Let us pray for clearer light," said the captain; and all three knelt, while the two established Christians, in turns, prayed that God would lead his returning child into the fulness of the liberty of the sons of God. When they arose from their knees, Tom expressed himself as almost feeling a trust in his Saviour, and being commended to God by his superior officers, he retired for the night and slept but little; spending his time in earnest breathings after the "faith which worketh by love."

In the morning he met the captain with smiles mingled with tears; he said he felt a confidence in Jesus, though it was a weak one; yet it made him happy—happier than he had ever expected to be; and begged an interest in the prayers of himself and the mate, that he might be kept from falling.

From this time Tom Ray, in answer to continued and fervent prayer, obtained stronger and increasing light, and, though having much to bewail in secret, walked blamelessly before men. His first care after tasting of the "good things of the world to come," was to write to his dear mother and sisters; but on inquiry he found that no ship would be leaving for England before his own. This grieved him; for he now longed to give happiness to his friends. As it was, he wrote a long letter at his leisure, in order to post it immediately upon arriving in his native country.

About four weeks after this great change the "Elizabeth" set sail on her return voyage, and had a tolerably good run home. As they were nearing England, Tom told the captain that he should have liked to sail with him again; but that having absconded from his master, he felt it his duty to return and serve out the time he owed him. This declaration pleased the captain much; for it showed the genuineness of Tom's change: but it was no matter of surprise to him (the captain); for he had very closely observed Tom during their stay in port at the West Indies, and while they were on their passage home, and had come to the conclusion that he was a true penitent over whom the angels had rejoiced, and upon whom God was smiling with Fatherly love; for every action of the young man now spoke of Christ formed in his soul, the hope of glory.

COMPOSURE IN THE HOUR OF DANGER.

AN AMERICAN INCIDENT

"On a very cold morning in February, 1831," says Grant Thorburn of America, the well known original of "Laurie Todd," "we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, well packed, in a stage with wheels, besides a very neat coach which held only four. We afterwards were transferred to a Jersey vehicle. It began to rain, and when we reached the next stage, to change horses, we looked like moving pillars of salt; our hats, cloaks, and storm-cloths being covered an eighth of an inch with ice transparent. Here we were placed in a covered box with runners, the cover being white wood boards, placed an eighth of an inch apart, without paint, leather, or canvass. The rain descended, and snow came; our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another.

"Among our passengers was a young woman who, from her appearance, might have seen seventeen summers. Having finished her education in New York, she was returning to her friends in the West. Most of the day there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio; a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and eyes. Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants in the new settlements, remarked, that wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, sober, and circumspect than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This remark drew forth the tongue and the learning of our young whiskered companion. He had been to college, and was studying law in New York; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the bible of Mahommed than the Acts of the Apostles. He said death at the worst was

only a leap in the dark. But ah, this leap in the dark! We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that our courage, in a few minutes, would be put to the test. It had rained all day, the road got bad, and the driver said he would take to the river: the passengers, one and all, remonstrated to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water, the driver drank rum. Our fears arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as the ice was covered two feet with water. Fear was now on every countenance. I looked on our farmer; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with fear. I asked what he thought? He said it was very unsafe, and very imprudent. I looked on the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket. While I watched the effect of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a little red book; she opened it, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut the book and replaced it in her basket, she turned her face towards the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. I looked on the young man; he trembled in every limb. This leap in the dark had taken him by surprise; he was like one without hope,—while she, placing her slender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages, with her hand took a grasp upon the skies, 'bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl.'

"We arrived at Albany by sun-down. The young woman and I put up in the same hotel. Supper being ended, we took sweet counsel together till 10 P. M. I asked to see the little red book. Its title was, 'Daily Food for Christians; being a portion of Scripture and a Hymn for every Day in the Year.'* I asked what portion pleased her so much when we were dragging in the water? She pointed to the text for that day in February—it read: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.'

"Returning the book, I said, 'There be many who say the Bible is all delusion.' 'They may call it what they please,' she replied; 'but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life.' I now learned that this young lady was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, surveyor general to the State. She was married, in April, 1835, to Dr. Grant, of Utica; a few weeks thereafter they sailed from Boston for Constantinople, as missionaries to the Nestorians in Persia; and there she died, January 4th, 1839, aged twenty-five years."

* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

THE DELUGE.

Deeply striking and impressive is the silence of Scripture, as to the social events that were transpiring on the earth at the time of this awful visitation. The mind of each reader is, in consequence, left to fill up the outlines of the picture. How far the American writer whose description, we give in the subjoined passage has, or has not invested the subject with fresh interest by his amplifications, we must leave others to decide.

"When the patriarch with his family entered the ark, the door was shut in the face of the world, and Noah sat down on the strength of a single promise to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun perhaps rose in undimmed splendour and mounted the heavens. Deep within the vast building Noah would hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds might come on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those who expended their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of a universal deluge, the idea was preposterous that such a helmless, helpless affair could outride a wrecked world. Thus day after day might pass on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood, to the world a welcome shower. The farmer, as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gaiety, or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds, till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valleys nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then what fierce struggles there were for life among them. The

mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters, the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point, while the living mass slowly crumbled away till the last disappeared and the swift water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, declaring that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered, least of all the mountains. To drown the world it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. Oh, what scenes of vice and shame and brutality and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city, and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by.

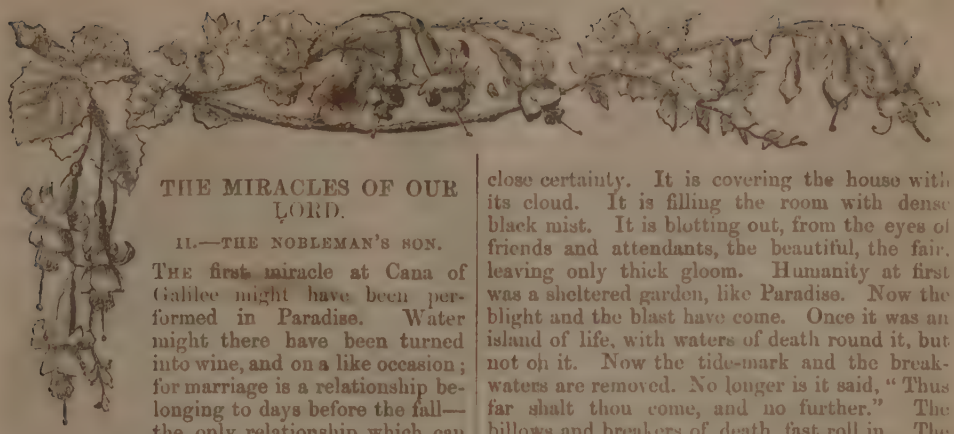
"But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far distant roar, faint but fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled all the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer and louder and more terrible it grew, till men, forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering, "The flood! the flood" —and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach, losing itself like a limitless wall in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests and crushed cities and uptorn mountains, that fell one after another under its awful footsteps, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable, indescribable. '*The fountains of the great deep were broken up.*'

"But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with their cities, cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the remains of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxury of twenty centuries strewing the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves in the track of some forest stream.

"But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements no further overflow and chaos of all things there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep: one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed: one spirit whose serene trust never shook: for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The patriarch's God ruled that wild scene, and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Upborne on the flood, the heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid-heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long-protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an uptorn hill, as borne along by the resistless tide it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the unbounded bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight. To a spectator what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as if extinguished for ever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable, but the sea never rolled that could extinguish the star-like beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion.

THE DELUGE.

"Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters [illegible] swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood. now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard on the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce pantings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burial and was sprouting again in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo, the earth was at his feet, but how changed. Cut into gorges which showed where the strong currents swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world, and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him," as "friend talketh with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo, God's signet ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shone as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken."



THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

II.—THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

THE first miracle at Cana of Galilee might have been performed in Paradise. Water might there have been turned into wine, and on a like occasion; for marriage is a relationship belonging to days before the fall—the only relationship which can be traced up to that date, for masters and servants, parents and children, rulers and subjects, pastors and people, are names which belong to times after man's apostacy. Marriage is a beautiful relic of a state of things more holy and blessed than that in which it now appears most holy and blessed; and in its honour there might have been in Eden some transmutation of the meaner and lowlier forms of earthly things into richer and higher. But the miraculous cure of the nobleman's son could not have been performed in Eden, for there were no diseases there to be healed. The second miracle introduces associations far different from the first. Joy, purity, innocence, belong to that marriage banquet; but sorrow, disease, and sin are the facts brought out when we come down to Capernaum to the nobleman's house.

"There was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son; for he was at the point of death. Then said Jesus unto them, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die."

Here is nature deranged. Here are evils to be removed. Here is an anguish approaching death. "Sir, come down ere my child die," are words which reveal a very different want from the words, "They have no wine." Here is a human being suffering. Here is human life threatened with premature dissolution. Here is one dying, and that too ere he has lived out half his time.

This was not the state of things in Paradise. Death, so far as humanity was concerned, there appeared in the distance as a possibility, the turning of which into a fact was conditional. It was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand; but here, by the side of this sick-bed, death looks a close certainty. It is covering the house with its cloud. It is filling the room with dense black mist. It is blotting out, from the eyes of friends and attendants, the beautiful, the fair, leaving only thick gloom. Humanity at first was a sheltered garden, like Paradise. Now the blight and the blast have come. Once it was an island of life, with waters of death round it, but not on it. Now the tide-mark and the breakwaters are removed. No longer is it said, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." The billows and breakers of death fast roll in. The nobleman's house is only like every other house that has been standing for some years. There may have been marriages there, and births there. There is sure almost to have been sickness there. The family of the noble is no more exempt than the family of the humble. The porches of Bethesda with the sick lying under them are typical of all regions inhabited by the human race.

Disease has a moral cause. With death it entered into the world by sin; so disease with death has passed on all men, for all have sinned. Disease, too, has a moral meaning. It points to its cause and illustrates it. Sickness is the shadow of sin. It is a source of pain; so is sin. Its mischief grows; so it is with sin. It is the forerunner of destruction: it is the same with sin. Sin is worse than disease; the cause is worse than the effect; the substance is worse than the shadow. Sickness in our homes, and our hospitals in our own country, is ten thousand fold surpassed in terribleness by that of which it was born and bred, and by which it still lives and grows—sin! What are weekly returns of boards of health compared with the returns of human wickedness and crime, human vice and sin, men's offences against men, men's offences against themselves, men's offences against God!

The returns are going in every day, every hour, every moment, and are being recorded in a book silently kept; not published periodically, but to be published all at once at last. That great report! My readers, you are entered in the list in some way, for the world is a moral hospital—getting worse or getting well. There are headings at the top of the columns. Sin is eating into your soul, or you are getting rid of its power—which? You are getting weaker for good, or stronger for good—which? You are conscious of deterioration or of improvement—which? On the one hand you have more and more pain or insensibility of conscience; or on the other hand you have more and more ten-

derness, purity, and peace of conscience—which? None are so well as they may be: none are so bad as they may be. Some are sinking into the death of hell; others are rising into the health of heaven. Which are you? Scripture, providence, sabbaths, ordinances, are medicines: are you taking them? not merely looking at and recognising them, but actually applying them, according to their nature, to your souls?

He who restored the nobleman's son is still the restorer of the children of men. As he brought back this young man from the gates of the grave, so now he brings back men's souls from the brink of destruction. As he restored his physical nature to health and soundness, so he restores our spiritual nature. As he repaired the evils done to the body, so he repairs the evils done to our souls.

But while we see here, under a veil, Jesus the healer of souls, we must not pass by without grateful notice of the fact that he was a healer of bodies. The outer as well as the inner truth is full of consolation. Disease depresses; sickness afflicts the spirits. Surely the hearing of this history in a sick chamber, must convey rich streams of strengthening comfort into hearts weighed down with the burden of disease, and must still the throbbings of soul anguish, whatever it may fail to do for the body. Though, if there be truth in the remark of an eminent physician, that "the serenity, tranquillity, and resignation of the truly Christian mind, in moments of danger and during attacks of acute disease, will often do more to sustain the powers of life, allay unnatural excitement, and facilitate recovery, than any physical stimulus we may administer," if faith and hope be among the best medicines, then, even the body may be benefited through the contemplation of such a [illegible] Christ's care and regard for the lower as well as the higher nature of man; indicating, as it does, [illegible] that he may be confidently looked to, to bless remedies employed in harmony with his own wisely maintained laws.

In connection with the first miracle at Cana in Galilee, we noticed the strange reproof administered to Mary, seeming to discourage intercession, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" It appears to say: "My miraculous agency must not be sought; it is exercised with a sovereignty which cannot be influenced by petition; it moves in its own high orbit, far beyond the reach of others to touch.' If that history stood alone, it would puzzle us, more than it does now, apart from the history of Christendom's corruptions. We see what is the obvious reason for the check and the record, even that they be a protest against the Mariolatry of mediæval and modern times. We also see from the narrative before us, that it was not meant to cast any slight on intercession properly exercised and regarded. This second miracle thus guards us against the misapprehension of the first.

If there be one lesson more plain than another in the face of this incident, it is that the Lord heareth prayer. Christ's life is full of incidents pointing to that lesson. In how many instances does a petition from the needy precede the bestowment of help. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find," may be put as the running title over the pages of the miracles. "He spoke a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;" and for this same end he seems to have acted this wonder. Certainly the saying, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," carries in it a tone of reprehension and rebuke; it is levelled at that disposition to seek after signs for their own sake, which was so characteristic of the Jews. Yet it implies something more cheering. While it cannot be deemed a depreciation of miraculous works, it indicates that a sign and a wonder was just coming forth which would mightily minister to faith.

And if under one form more than another prayer is here set forth as mighty, it is in the form of intercession. Prayer here obtains a miracle not for self, but for another. The hand is put forth to get a blessing and in the same moment to give it. Prayer *must* embrace intercession. We are all so connected with others, that it is impossible not to pray for them as well as ourselves. This history is a wonderfully strong encouragement for us to intercede for each other. Do you want something parallel in modern times? Here it is—Melancthon is on a sick-bed. He is fast sinking, on the point of death. His friends are kneeling round him. One is administering a cordial to the parched lips of the bended head. All are in terror and dismay. Luther, shocked at the sight, exclaims, "God forefend! how has the devil defaced this Organon!" Then turning to the window, he pours out fervent prayers. "Our Lord God must needs hear me, for I brought to his remembrance all the promises about hearing prayer that I could repeat from the Scriptures, so that he must needs hear me, if I were to trust his promises." Thereupon he takes Melancthon by the hand, and says, "Be of good courage, Philip; thou shalt not die. Although God has cause to slay, yet he willeth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live. Has he not received to himself the greatest sinner on earth? much less will he reject thee my Philip, or suffer thee to perish in sin and sorrow. Therefore, trust in the Lord, who can kill and make alive again." Melancthon revives

enough to express his wish not to be called back to earth; Luther replies, "No, my Philip, thou must serve our Lord yet longer here;" and fetching some food, forces the unwilling Melancthon to take it with a threat, "Thou must swallow, or I will speak the ban over thee." Melancthon, after his recovery, declared that he could truly say that he had been called back from death to life; and if Luther had not come, he must have died.

This is one instance out of many of Luther's strong faith in the power of prayer. He said once, as Mathesius tells us, "I have prayed our Philip, and my Kate, and Master Myconius out of the jaws of death." And in the "Table Talk" he says: "No one believes how effectual and mighty is prayer, and how much it can bring to pass but he who has learned it by experience and proved it himself. This I know, that so often as I have prayed fervently, with utter earnestness, I have been richly heard, and have received more than I asked. God has indeed sometimes tarried, but he has come notwithstanding."

Thus we have a modern instance tallying with the ancient one; the natural becoming very like the miraculous. In some cases how thin is the dividing line. How often do events now seem to lap over into the supernatural; reckoning on our faith and prayer to follow hard after God, even to the very bounds, and as judged of by sense, beyond the bounds of possibility.

We have not reached to the innermost, and to some hearts the sweetest and most precious, kernel of the story yet. It is the record of a parent's prayer. "Sir, come down ere my child die." Some fathers and some mothers who may read this, know the anguish of a heart so burdened. They can sympathise with this nobleman in his journey from Capernaum to Cana. They go with him, mile after mile, reading his sorrows and his fears, and his hopes, and they can measure the intense force of his supplication at the journey's end. Look up from him to that nobler One whom he addresses, and hearken to his words, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." Is it not meant for those who have children? Is it not meant to encourage them, to strengthen them in prayers for them?

Next to Christ's intercession with the Parent of all, there is nothing like a parent's intercession with Christ. We would say to parents: "Was the lesser evil removed in this case? Will you not then believe (you who are taught to expect the greater from the lesser) because the Giver here delights most to give the larger gifts—Will you not believe that the greater evil, that of spiritual sickness and death, will be removed from that son for whom you pray? Will you not believe, as Augustine's mother did respecting her son for thirty years, that there is hope for your boy? It may seem all dark; but go on praying. Prayers in the deep, starless nighttime of sorrow, when you cannot see God, when he seems to hide his face, come loudest, come nearest to his ear. Are the hearts you pray for very hard? He to whom you pray has said, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground"—upon that spiritual soil which is like the parched, baked earth, cracked and gaping with heat. Are the objects of your intercession almost, or as you would say, quite dead? There is one who can make them spring again as grass, as willows by the watercourses. Do not despair, get comfort from the story of the nobleman's prayer for his son.

In the effect of the former miracle at Cana, we see the connection between miracles and faith; how faith in the case of the disciples at the marriage feast was confirmed by a miracle, even as in the case of Nicodemus it was awakened by miracles. Here, too, we have the connection obviously traceable. Indeed the words, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," point that way. A grand purpose of the narrative is to unfold a biography of faith; to open to us the heart of this nobleman, that we may see in it the life of faith: see its birth and its growth, its weakness and its power, its lower and its higher actings. And, first of all, you observe, he comes to Christ simply to ask for his son's healing; and that healing he supposes can be accomplished only by Christ's coming down from Cana to Capernaum. His notion is that Christ's power is bounded by his bodily presence. How different is he at first from the centurion who believed that space had nothing to do with Christ's power; that it was all one, whether he were bodily present or no. "Come down, sir," is what this man says at first. The centurion's faith is beyond the nobleman's at the beginning; but the nobleman's soon becomes like that of the centurion. Its growth is wonderful, like a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of seeds, and then becomes a great tree. Presently, when our Lord said, "Go thy way; thy son liveth"—when he thus asserts his power over the distant as over the nigh, the man's faith stretches to the breadth of that great fact. "The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him." Fix your thoughts on the growth of this man's faith; how it starts up to a heighth and a vigour that encourage the man of infirm faith to exercise what he has. Here, as in everything else, "to him that hath shall be given." Faith gets strength by going. It grows as it moves. Try it. Exercise it. It is like the muscle of the arm, or the wing of the bird.

The man has believed that Jesus can heal at

a distance, and he goes home sure of the healing. As he is going down, the servants meet him, and tell him, "Thy son liveth."

Having come for a temporal good, and got it, a spiritual good follows: "Himself believed, and his whole house." But he had believed before. This, however, is something beyond his first faith. It includes the strengthening of it, no doubt; but it includes something more, even the lifting up of his faith out of a humbler to a nobler sphere—out of the circle of objects natural to the circle of objects spiritual. In him, whom he had first come to, as a temporal Saviour, now he believes as an eternal Saviour. He believed in him now in a deeper and more blessed way than he did before.

One moral of this miracle seems to be, that what we call absence and distance make no difference to Christ: that his Divine power and godhead work anywhere and everywhere; that it is all one, so far as the result is concerned, whether men were then living in the places where he was seen at the time, or whether men are now living where his visible shadow has never fallen. The fact is that, after all, he was at Capernaum as well as at Cana, that is, he was Divinely there. The miracle being wrought, as all his miracles were, by his own power, it must have been so. And full of truth for the strengthening of our faith is this most wonderful and mysterious fact. It is the very thing for men to whom an unseen Saviour is proclaimed. The human form of Jesus Christ is now in heaven; but still he pours healing virtue on the souls of men on earth. Did the nobleman's son at length behold his healer? What must have been his joy, what intense interest must he have felt in the anticipation of that interview! We shall, at length, behold our Healer. We shall see him in heaven, who cured us on earth. We shall! "Whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Life's Closing Hours.

FELIX NEFF.

CHAPTER II.

In pursuit of his heaven-directed errand, Neff endeavoured to civilize the people; taught them to build aqueducts for the more regular supply of water; suggested to them improvements in the cultivation of the potato, to many of them the principal article of food; stimulated them to build schools and churches by that habit of command which his soldier-life had taught him; and stooped to give instructions in the humblest form, all this, too, at the same time that he was carrying on the most unwearied pastoral labour.

After much seed-sowing and long waiting, Neff beheld the fruit he had hoped for, and some of the illustrations of the power of his teaching were very affecting. In one quarter (Dressmières) great sacrifices were made to purchase religious books; and many of the inhabitants went without salt to their provisions to obtain this spiritual luxury. Revivals of religion gladdened the aching heart of the pastor. Those who at Neff's coming scarcely knew their right hand from their left became distinguished for advances in piety. Sunday schools were multiplied. The pastor's travels were sometimes prolonged by the number of persons who stopped him for purposes of spiritual improvement, and his arrivals at some of his principal stations partook of the nature of an ovation. In one of his letters he says, in reference to an interesting visit of this kind, "All the people seemed to give themselves up to reading, meditation, and prayer; the young people especially appeared animated by a holy spirit, a heavenly flame was apparently communicated from one to another. I had scarcely thirty hours rest during this week. . . . Even the rocks, the cascades, and the ice, seemed inspired with life, and offered to my eyes a less dismal and gloomy prospect than formerly."

But scarcely had Neff begun to contemplate the results of his exhausting labours when the hand of death was on him. His delicate frame was little able to contend with the severity of the climate in districts which during the winter season scarcely see the light of the sun. In 1828, he perceived his strength decay. The pains he suffered were only relieved by abstinence, and his fatiguing journeys required a more generous fare. A sprain incurred by crossing the path of an immense avalanche contributed to render all pedestrian excursions burdensome. Unable on one occasion to proceed, some of Neff's pupils came to visit him, and the experience they gained of the trial taught them what their pastor had so long undergone for their sakes. They had to pass through snow ten feet deep; and many had their feet so frozen by the extreme cold as to be in not a little danger. Neff felt that his own period of labour was drawing to its close. Indeed what constitution could long endure such exertions, with such variations of temperature, alternating between crowded hovels where respiration could be scarcely supported, and the mountain top, across which the most cutting winds of winter were often blowing. Yet, though he had a presentiment of his coming end, nothing would induce Neff to relax his exertions so long as they were possible. But his struggles

were vain. At length he felt his need of medical aid—a thing not to be gained in the High Alps, and found it necessary to remove to Geneva. During his descent, he preached and visited, and received everywhere delightful tokens that in sacrificing himself for God's service, he had fulfilled no useless errand. It had not been in vain he had fortified his spirit against taunts and injustice; that he had spent whole nights in prayer to God; that "the zeal of God's house" had consumed him. He gained some of his reward in the strong emotions and tears of his converts at his removal, and more in the affecting proofs of their attachment to the gospel afforded after he was gone, and made known to him by their letters. Neff's affection for his poor mountaineers was unimpaired by absence. "In spirit," he wrote, "I often revisit your valleys and long to be able again to endure cold and fatigue; to sleep in a stable on a bed of straw, in order to proclaim the word of God. But in all things may His will be done. Amen."

Neff was ordered to the baths of Plombières, which he reached by easy stages, and where he, with characteristic order, began a course of sabbath evening preachings, a regimen little adapted to his reduced condition. He was soon compelled to return to Geneva. In a letter written at this period he describes himself as "suffering little, sleeping little, being almost unable to eat, drink, write, walk, or even reflect for a long time together; in short, being incapable of enduring the least fatigue." "It was most heartrending," said one of his friends, "to behold him thus pale and emaciated, his large eyes beaming with an expression of fortitude and pain; covered from head to foot with four or five woollen garments; submitting in silence and with the greatest calmness to the application of the moxas, (burned upon the part affected,) a painful operation, which was constantly repeated; suffering hunger; counting the hours, and at last venturing to take something, then waiting with anxiety till the food, such as it was, should digest, and thus passing all his days and nights during a long succession of relapses, and of physical prostration, which we sometimes looked on as a relief."

During all this time his thoughts were continually among the scenes of his past exertions. "My mind wanders," said he, "as in a dream over the High Alps and the Trièves. My heart accompanies it in its progress, and finds itself, not without emotion, in all those places, where it has experienced so many delightful sensations; especially where it has beat for the conversion of poor sinners, and where I have been in the society of precious souls, eager for the word of salvation." "As to myself," he says in another letter, "I have every reason to believe that my task is finished; I wait, until by means of trials and afflictions, the Lord shall accomplish within me that work of patience which must be perfected; and may he then take me, how and when he pleases, to his eternal rest." It was a striking feature of Neff's latter days that, so far from regarding himself with any complacency and looking on his desire for activity in the cause of God as an excellency of which he might boast, he regarded it as a weakness against which he was called to combat.

In March, 1829, he had become so weak and emaciated as to perceive that his latter end could not be far distant. His alpine friends wished to send a deputation from them to visit him; but to this journey Neff would not consent, considering it too expensive for their means. Nor would he even receive a sum of money (400 francs) which was his due. "This," he said, "no longer belongs to me; it is intended for the missionary of the Alps;" and he sent it back to be employed accordingly. During this time his faith was most lively, and his expressions were most edifying. "Christ is all loveliness. If you are employed in preaching the gospel, beware of labouring to be seen of men. Oh, how much I have to reproach myself with in this respect. My life, which others thought so well employed, has not been a quarter of what it ought." His anxiety was very great for his aged mother, who sustained him in his last hours, and before whom he assumed a composure of manners which his real state scarcely justified.

But nothing was so beautifully descriptive of the man as his last letter. It exemplified "the ruling passion strong in death." It was written to his distant friends, and was traced in characters scarcely legible—by his own dying hand.

"Adieu, dear friend André Blanc—Antoine Blanc—the Pelissiers whom I dearly love—Francis Dumont and his wife—Isaac and his wife—Aimè du Loix—Emilie Bonnet, Alexandrine and their mother—all—all the brethren and sisters at Mens. Adieu, adieu. I ascend to our Father in perfect, perfect peace. Victory, victory, victory, by Jesus Christ! FELIX NEFF."

His last night was agony. He was often convulsed — sometimes nearly suffocated — at times almost insensible. Once, however, when a friend expressed his sorrow at his sufferings, he turned his eyes (rendered large by emaciation) on the sufferer with a look of inexpressible affection. Next morning — his last.—he seemed engaged in prayer, and was doubtless realizing his own expectation. "I shall soon, very soon be with my God."

On the 12th April, 1829, he passed away from the final conflict.

Pages for the Young.

WHAT THE LITTLE SEA-WEED TAUGHT.

PART III.

It was a bright and lovely day in October of the same year. The leaves were red and golden, and sometimes when we [illegible] golden brown and crimson grapes. Here and there a few still remained on the vines, and the sunshine had departed, and taken its place the golden and brilliant beams began to rest on the west. Then, a few [illegible] shadows, and [illegible] and [illegible] bowered in vine-leaves, that the blind was drawn closely down.

Presently a coach stopped at the gate of the old house, and from off the roof jumped two lads, whom we recognised as Herbert and Willie, though much grown and altered, since we last saw them. Taking their small portmanteau, they walked hurriedly towards the house and entered. There was the same sense of loneliness within as without. A bright fire was burning in the parlour, but no one was there to enjoy it. In a few moments their mother was found, and Willie, [illegible] "Mamma, is dear Frank worse? Is he even—must my darling brother die?"

Poor Willie could say no more, but Herbert, with more self-control, turned away to shed silent drops of agony.

After a few more words of comfort, their mother said: "You had better now take some refreshment after your long ride, and when you feel refreshed, Frank will be glad to see you: he knows you are come. I will now go back to his room."

Reader! you too would like to enter the chamber of the sick child. On a little bed in the room, to which the white curtain belonged, lay the boy, supported with pillows. His rich brown hair still hung in wavy curls as it used to do, but pain and suffering had sadly changed the form of that lovely little face. Still if the hand of health had faded from that countenance, there had come in its place a peaceful radiant light, which betokened more of heaven than earth, and told that it was fadeless.

About two months before this, Frank had been seized with sudden inflammation of the lungs. Medical skill had succeeded in allaying the inflammation; but when the patient looked for returning health and strength, the hectic flush, and constant cough told plainly, and the physician confirmed their fears, that [illegible] in a rapid decline. Through the golden days of September, the child had been able to walk out in the [illegible] round the old garden; but now his strength was [illegible] and it was his own request that his mother's [illegible] the two brothers should come home for a [illegible] time with him. "I do want to see Herbert and Willie," he said to his mother, "and I know they will be glad to see me." Frank's mother knew that the two brothers had also been [illegible] Frank's recovery, so that their hearts were very full of [illegible] their home.

Herbert and Willie had entered their brother's room. They were quite quiet, though at the sight of Frank's [illegible] came into Willie's throat, which almost [illegible] would burst. Poor little Frank! after having just kissed his brothers, he closed his eyes and appeared [illegible] as if [illegible] all his strength. So they sat down by him. Willie having [illegible] his head [illegible] his. The [illegible] too, was there. In a few minutes Frank opened his eyes, and sat looking at his brothers, and when Willie kissed his hand he said: "I am so glad you are come; I love to look at you. Last night, when I had a fit of coughing, I thought I should never see you again. I wanted to tell Herbert to [illegible] but I am going to Jesus. Mamma [illegible] me to love Jesus, and then you, dear Herbert. Since I have been ill, I have had your birthday-letter under my pillow. It seems as if God had told you that he was going to take me this year, for you will think of me, just like [illegible] when the next were coming, but I shall not be here. But," said Frank, after a pause, "your poor friend of sea is precious, as a little shell that Jesus has saved and carried into his own bosom."

That evening Frank asked to be left alone with Willie, and very much together they sat long. When Willie came out of the room, he held in his hand the Bible which had been Frank's last birthday present. It was now his. Long Frank seemed to grieve the day after his brothers came, so as to be able to talk a great deal to them; and it was he who [illegible] by the happiness in the prospect of death, that they were prepared to part with this dear child, for the angel was already making ready his summons.

The whole family had assembled in Frank's room. It was a lovely [illegible] the autumnal sun was just setting, and Willie had been reading aloud the 14th chapter of John. His mother, upon whose bosom Frank leaned, gently repeated—"In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

"Yes," said the child, "for me; there is room for the little ones. Mamma, you will meet me there."

One smile, one look of love to her who had trained him for heaven, and her work was completed. The child was there. The little drooping form still rested on her bosom; but the *spirit*, the *[illegible]* rested on the bosom of its Saviour. Happy child! Happy, though heart-stricken mother!

All those who have been called to part with a beloved

child or brother, can enter into the feelings of the mother and her two remaining sons. Their's was heartfelt grief. Frank, the darling, youngest-born, of that happy family had now left them, and everything around seemed to recall to them their loss. His little bed-room was full of mementoes—his books and his desk. I must not forget to say that on opening the latter, his mother found a little parting gift directed to each of them. His mother's packet contained a beautiful lock of hair, cut off by himself, and a little piece of red sea-weed. On the paper was written, "I never forgot what the little sea-weed taught me.—FRANK."

There was also a packet directed to Herbert, containing the remainder of Frank's money, which he wished Herbert to take care of, and use for the little boy that Frank was putting to school. Looking over that little desk was indeed affecting work; still the more they saw of Frank's private thoughts and heart, the more certain they felt that he was happy, and this comforted them.

Herbert and Willie staid till they had seen little Frank's body laid in the quiet grave, and then their mother (though she would have liked their society) felt that for their good, they must return to their studies. After they were gone she missed her little companion more than ever, and sometimes in her hours of solitude she almost wished to join her loved husband and child in heaven. But she felt that her work on earth was but partly done. A mother's energy, a mother's prayers, were required to train her other two boys, and she returned to every-day duty cheerfully, though never forgetting little Frank.

Many years have now passed since little Frank died. The mother still lives at the old house and garden. Herbert has become a noble-hearted Christian man. His days are spent at a large commercial house in the city; but every evening finds him the solace and companion of his widowed mother. Willie, too, has left school, and is preparing for the medical profession. His mother often has very nice letters from him. Willy says he wishes to be a Christian, but finds it so difficult; let us hope that ere long his good mother may have her prayers for him answered.

Young readers, my tale is ended. The sparkling sea-weed and the dying child say, in the same tone, that life is uncertain. But from the death-bed of the child echoes back that glorious word, "Immortality"—a life beyond the grave. Both these truths concern you. See to it that each of you spend the few brief waves of life allotted to you, in preparation for a *certain* and an *enduring* state of existence, and that you come to Jesus now; that you put all your trust in him, and ask him fervently for his Holy Spirit, to renew your hearts and to make you holy and happy.

BE WISE TO-DAY.

TO-DAY is added to our time,
Yet while we sing it glides away;
How soon shall we be past our prime,
For where, alas! is yesterday?
Gone—gone into eternity;
There every day in turn appears;
To-morrow—oh! 'twill never be,
If we should live a thousand years.
Our time is all to-day, to-day,—
The same, though changed; and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
"To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise."
Then wisdom from above impart,
Lord God, send forth thy light and truth,
To guide our feet, inspire our heart,
And make us Christians from our youth.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Religious Intelligence.

AN ineffectual attempt has recently been made to engage the influence of the House of Commons in favour of an amended version of the Holy Scriptures in our language. This proposal, which led to much discussion, was submitted to Parliament on the 22nd of July by Mr. Heywood, with a view to obtain a royal commission, consisting of "learned men well skilled in the original languages of the Holy Scriptures, and conversant with modern Biblical scholarship, to consider such amendments of the authorized version of the Bible as have been already proposed, and to receive suggestions from all persons who may be willing to offer them, to point out errors of translation, and such words and phrases as have changed their meaning or become obsolete in the lapse of time; and to report the amendments which they may be prepared to recommend." The arguments in favour of this measure failed to produce any impression on the honourable members, and the motion was withdrawn after a few observations in reply by Sir George Grey. The party by whom this revision is demanded is ex-

and there is too much reason to fear that a proportion of them desire a new version in harmony with the views of Socinian translators. Christians of all denominations who "hold the Head," and men of the most profound scholarship, who are able to judge of the faithfulness with which our translators have performed their work, are satisfied with the version we possess, which requires no amendments to furnish us with the mind of the Spirit in all things pertaining to salvation.

The views of Parliament and of all people of sound discretion throughout our country, in reference to this important question, were expressed by the Home Secretary, when he said: "It was a most important subject, and one which it would be improper to touch without their having the sanction of public opinion. So far from the public giving any such sanction, they had viewed the motion of the honourable member with considerable alarm, and therefore they ought not to go into the matter rashly. No doubt there might be errors in respect of some words, whose meaning might have been changed since the translation was made; but, as a whole, he was sure he spoke the general opinions of the Christian community when he said that it was owing to the accuracy, and beauty, and the general adaptation of the text for all classes, that the holy Scriptures have that respect with which they are received in this country. They ought therefore to be careful lest by any interference on their part they lessened that respect."

We claim the sympathy of every Christian lady for the much oppressed class of milliners and dress-makers' assistants, in whose behalf a meeting has been recently held in Exeter Hall. That meeting, held under the presidency of Lord Robert Grosvenor, and addressed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Oxford, and other Christian philanthropists, has placed the case of our white slaves before the public in a manner calculated to claim speedy redress, wherever their tale of suffering is heard. We hope that the faithful remonstrance of the Bishop of Oxford will be read by those at whose doors a large share of this guilt must be laid. "A very con-

siderable part of the suffering," says the bishop, "to which these young women are exposed, must be traced directly to those in the higher ranks of life, who thoughtlessly order what must be at once supplied, although in the supply of it the very thews and sinews of the producers of the work are sacrificed. It is for flower-shows, balls, and other entertainments; it is for the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer's sun; it is for such things as these, that your sisters and daughters are to be offered up at the shrine of this modern Moloch in the valley of abominations." These evils are not to be overcome by legislation; "the remedy is to be found in the quickened moral feeling of the nation, and by bringing an enlightened public opinion to bear upon them."

Many faithful Christian ministers of various denominations are becoming increasingly alive to the importance of preaching the gospel to the large congregations that may be assembled in the open air. At the important meeting of the Open-air Mission recently held in Exeter Hall, and addressed by clergymen, dissenting ministers, and devoted lay-preachers, addresses were delivered with a view to guide and encourage those who are engaged in this arduous but most useful branch of missionary labour. One of the speakers, who urged the duty of making known the gospel to the people assembled at races, stated that there were 118 race-courses in England, and that twenty-thousand might be taken as the average number of persons assembled at the haunts of idle sport and dissipation. He stated from his own experience that, singular as it might appear, it was also not difficult to find many purchasers of the Scriptures among these crowds, and that on a single Saturday evening 150 copies of the Bible or Testament were paid for by people congregated at a race.

In very satisfactory proof by the testimony of the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, and of the well-known Dr. Cahill, that the efforts made to extend the knowledge of the gospel among the Roman Catholics of Ireland are being followed with a large measure of success. Strong statements are made by these authorities as to the extent of this missionary work, and the damage it is inflicting on their church. On the 8th of June, Dr. Cullen, the Romish archbishop, issued a "Pastoral Letter on Proselytism," in which he lays aside all concealment, and gives a list of the varied instrumentalities which he says are working for the destruction of the church of Rome, and at the head of which he places "The Irish Church Mission Society." Dr. Cahill is so sensible of the manner in which Protestant missions are now telling on his flock, that he has thought it well to address to the Lord Lieutenant a letter of complaint. So great is the alarm of the Romish hierarchy in consequence of the success of the humble Scripture reader and the Protestant schoolmaster, that persecution of the most daring kind is employed against many of the converts and inquirers in Dublin. The schools have been the special objects of attack; the children have been waylaid and beaten, the missionaries have been assailed with stones in the street, and it has been necessary in several instances to seek the protection of the police. Our brethren who are thus earnestly contending for the faith assure us that the powers of Rome in Ireland are now drawn forth in battle array, and that the Irish church missions are placed in the forepart of the battle. We hope their appeal to this country will meet a prompt and liberal response.

It is very delightful to observe the extensive circulation of the word of God in the neighbouring empire of France. Amidst all the superstition, infidelity, and political excitement to which that land is constantly exposed, the Bible is quietly making its way, by the persevering toil of the colporteur, who carries his sacred treasure from town to town, penetrating into the most retired and rural districts. It appears that during the quarter just closed, the distributions amounted to 2755 Bibles, and 18,897 Testaments; and the following instance will show how the good seed often bears fruit to cheer the heart, and awaken the gratitude of the sower. One of these faithful labourers in this work relates that having in his journeys come to a small hamlet consisting of only six houses, he thought he would call at the house which had the best appearance. On the threshold stood a female advanced in years, who was throwing corn to the fowls in the farm-yard. Our friend went up to her in a respectful manner, and with one hand offered her a New Testament, and with the other a Bible; on seeing which her countenance brightened up. She immediately drew from her pocket a kind of whistle, which she blew, when several persons came out of the large house; all the doors of the other dwellings opened, and in a few moments about thirty men and women surrounded her. His apprehensions, which were at first excited, were speedily allayed, when this aged woman addressed him and said:—"My friend, it was only necessary to see what you have in your hands to be certain that you are a worthy man; one of those servants of the living God who devote their life to the distribution of his word. It was through one like you that this good word came into my hands; and since its entry into my house, the blessing of heaven has rested on me in a manner beyond what I am able to express. All these you see around me are either my children or my grandchildren and their servants. They have, as you can observe, built their dwellings around my farm; we thus form a little village all to ourselves. May the Lord grant that we may all very soon with but one heart unite to serve him! . . . . There are several among us who have chosen the good part, and as they unite with me in praying for those who have not yet entered on the good road, I feel sure that the latter will, sooner or later, become real Christians." This pious woman appears never to have heard the name of Protestant; she certainly did not know its import. The religion to which she belonged was that of the New Testament—the contents of which she said "go to my heart, and although I have no one to explain matters to me, I can understand all that the Lord Jesus Christ says."

We have the gratification of learning that Sweden is furnishing many indications of divine light and life. Religious tracts are very extensively circulated, and the distributors, who are described as men of earnest piety, speak to the people with simplicity and fervour of the great truths of the gospel. Tract societies are now in vigorous operation in the leading cities and towns, in Stockholm, in Christianstadt, in Jonkoping, and other important centres of influence, whence the truth is streaming into the extensive regions around. Very delightful meetings of the tract societies are held in some of the churches; colporteurs are sent forth furnished with thousands of tracts, and numerous Sunday-schools are opened. Some of the meetings held by those who are thus earnestly engaged in the work of the Lord are said to resemble the gatherings for the revival of religion in Scotland in the last century. The persecution directed against the promoters of this good work affords presumptive evidence in favour of its genuineness. In Stockholm it was resolved to form a society, to prepare and instruct suitable men to undertake the work of colporteurs. This excellent project has for the present been defeated, in consequence of one of the colporteurs having been summoned to the Civil Court, and sentenced for having read out of Luther's writings to some people who were assembled in a private house, and engaging with them in prayer and praise. We believe that the men who are endeavouring to convey the word of the Lord to their Swedish countrymen are too numerous, and too much in earnest to be turned aside by any persecution the enemies of the truth may be able to raise.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE MOTHER LEANING ON THE ARMS OF HER DAUGHTERS.

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE EFFECTS OF GRIEF.

WHILE Tom is making his way over the broad ocean towards home, we will take a peep at his family located in their old house at A——. The reader will remember that Mrs. Ray had received information of her son's going to sea from his own communication, forwarded to her on the day of his setting sail from England. The intelligence of his absconding, and the knowledge of the line he had struck out for himself, were overpowering to his mother's frame and spirits, though not so to her faith. I cannot say but that at times her confidence respecting her boy was of a more trembling nature than what she had been wont to experience; yet faith she had —a mighty faith—one that wavered more from the infirmities of the flesh than from the misgivings of the spirit. There was a verse of a hymn which she frequently repeated with strong emphasis, when labouring with doubts, and from it she derived comfort and strength. It was:—

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

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We remarked above that the knowledge of Tom's conduct had overpowered his mother's frame: it was indeed so. After receiving the letter of Tom's employer, given in a former chapter, she showed evident signs of a breaking constitution. A general weakness pervaded her body, and a melancholy sadness subdued her spirits. Her wonted smile seldom beamed, and when it did, it was soon exchanged for a sigh. The fire of her dark eye had ceased to glow with its former brilliancy, except when fanned by zephyrs from beyond the skies. Her ear, formerly so quick, now failed to enjoy the melodies that had cheered her brighter years. Her hair which had long been sprinkled with the snows of time, whitened faster and faster. Her once erect figure stooped more with the weight of grief than with that of years. Her careful hands ceased to tend the flowers they had planted. Her active feet pressed the accustomed paths no more, save on the sabbath morn, when, leaning on the arms of her daughters, she trod the courts of God. And even this she did not long; for her weakness and depression increased with every day's return; till in a few weeks she bade farewell to the out-door world for ever.

Her daughters watched her anxiously, and desired her to have medical advice; but to this she objected, as being a useless expense. She said: "My strength fails me; but I shall not die yet; I am assured of it. I am very depressed in mind at times, and this affects my body and weakens it; but I feel no pain: I need no [illegible] balm of Gilead and strengthens my faith. Pray for me, my children, and oh! forget not your brother. He will be brought in yet."

Though confined to the house, Mrs. Ray did not keep to her bed till within a short time of her death, and often during her imprisonment would she, from her window, look on the signs of the seasons, as shown in the face of nature, and exclaim, as she watched the varying hues of the foliage, when autumn yielded to the reign of winter, "How like me! I wither as they wither!"

Yes, the face of nature did, to some extent, resemble her. The flowers had disappeared—the leaves fell slowly at first, and then came rushing winds which carried them off by thousands, till at last the trunks were bare; then as the angry blasts increased in vehemence, did members break from their parent stems, and some of the trunks themselves give way when shaken by the rustling currents. So was it with Mrs. Ray. The [illegible] had brought on the [illegible] of life, and with it the decay of some powers and the weakness of others: and now the convulsions of mental anguish, coming as it were with hurricane ruthlessness, had left her almost bare of those natural graces and active habits which so well fitted her for the wife of a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

But nature presented other features for contemplation and comparison. The grass that clothed the fields lost not its verdure, nor the ivy on yon tower its ceaseless green. How did these picture the immortality of the Christian's love! How did the latter seem to be a type of this saint of God! Weak in itself, it clung to its strong support, and grew towards the skies!

Although Mrs. Ray spoke on all ordinary matters with a listnessness that was afflictive to the sensitive feelings of her daughters; yet there were two topics on which all the former animation of her nature showed itself; they were the love of God in Christ, and the salvation of her son. On these points, however, her conversation was not so connected nor so detailed as formerly. Her indifference to the affairs of life materially increased as time wore on; but the state into which her mind had passed on religious matters seemed stationary; which was a source of great comfort to her children, when they perceived her increasing mental weakness on all other [illegible]

But morning and evening family worship was now held in Mrs. Ray's bedroom, for she [illegible] enough to breakfast with her daughters; and while the latter, each in her turn, conducted the exercises of devotion, their mother would fervently respond with an earnestness that surprised them; and often after all had retired to their slumbers, and when sleep fled from her eyes, would this holy woman be drawing strength and consolation from Him, who is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Often amid the solitude of night, when stillness brooded over the haunts of men, or the tempest, like a frantic giant, lashed all nature in its rage, would smiles and joy and perfect calm reign in that chamber of affliction. Oh! who shall paint the scene where angels minister to saints! How much more unable then, am I to portray the glory of the King descending to converse with one, who was so soon to cast her crown before his throne! I will not dwell on this; but hope that you and I, dear reader, may, in the season of approaching dissolution, experience the same blessed privilege.

Mrs. Ray, though daily growing more feeble as regarded her mental powers, showed no particular decrease in her bodily strength after her first prostration till Christmas was past. In the first week of the new year there was a manifest change, and without consulting their mother the sisters called in medical advice; but such advice was now useless, and would have been equally so if it had been procured earlier; for

the burden of the mind was consuming the body. The gentleman whom they consulted told them at once that their mother would never rally again; but that she might live months yet, if supplied with nourishing things, though there was the possibility of her not surviving many weeks. He advised that all arrangements of a secular nature should be made at once, so that nothing should harass her if she were suddenly to grow worse. However, as all that he thus recommended had been done, no anxiety existed on that score; but the sisters thought it right to call home the youngest daughter, who, it will be remembered, was living with her aunt at a distance from home.

It was well they did this, for early in February their mother took to her bed never again to rise. It was deemed desirable that she should not be left alone at night; so her daughters shared the labour of watching one to whom they were so strongly attached by the ties of nature and the bonds of Christian love. During these times it was that they heard such holy, heaven-ward aspirations from her trembling lips, as that the remembrance of them aided mightily, through God's blessing, the onward, upward course of their spiritual walk in after-life.

One great source of comfort to her children was, that on the same day on which she took to her bed, her intellect became more clear on all those matters on which they had any desire to speak to her. And what were those matters? All her secular arrangements were made, therefore they required not to speak of them; but they wished to hear more from her of the hidden life of the heart, concerning which they had, for years, held sweet converse; but which of late had been kept considerably more within her own breast. Now something of the fire of her earlier energies began to burn within her, radiating on all around; she warned of temptations, and sorrows, and trials; she pointed to the comforts of prayer, and faith, and hope, and love; she exhorted to holiness of life and continual trust in God through Jesus Christ, for all the blessings needful for this life and for that which is to come.

Respecting Tom, she spoke one day as follows:—"I had hoped to see your brother before I died, and to have given him my farewell invitation to Jesus, in whose kingdom I feel I shall soon sit down. I had hoped to thank God on earth for the salvation of my boy being made known to me; but it does not appear to be the will of my heavenly Father that I should possess more than faith respecting such a blessing; and," she exultingly cried as well as her weakness would allow her, "I possess that faith. My dear girls, pray on, believe still: for your brother shall sit down with those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Here her physical strength failed her, and she was obliged to pause, while tears in abundance flowed from every eye.

Some time after, she called them together again, and continued—"Tell Tom, when you see him, (for I shall never see him again in this world, though I think you will,) tell him how I loved him—my darling boy! Tell him I prayed for him while in the land of prayer. Tell him my hope, my trust, my joy was Jesus! Tell him of my home eternal in the heavens. Tell him that while here I wept over him; that now I weep no more, but rejoice in one eternal day. O my dearest children, who have strengthened my hands, and soothed my sorrows, love him, love him, love him, and do your utmost to win him back to God!"

There was another pause for a short time, during which Mrs. Ray appeared to be enduring a strong mental struggle. At last she said, "My darlings, I have said all I have to say about your brother. It has cost me a severe struggle for some days to bring myself to say my farewell to him; however, I have done so now, for all that is left me of time must be spent in immediate communion with him whose I am now entirely. I do not bid *you* farewell yet, because I shall have time to do so before I shake off this tabernacle; but now I have done with prayer respecting all things earthly. I have prayed for *him* and I know my prayer will be answered. I have prayed for *you* and I know I am heard. And now, my dearest ones, my stay with you will be but short; therefore all our future converse must be of heaven. For that, and that alone, do I now pray."

She motioned, and they left her to enjoy alone the sweet communion of the Holy Ghost, while they unitedly prayed for strength and comfort, to support them in the affliction of their approaching separation.

DR. JOHN KITTO.

PART I.

A BRACING thing it is to contemplate a persevering and successful struggle with difficulties. We feel ourselves grow stronger, and we become more hopeful regarding what we can do and endure when we follow the course of a man who, though laden with all our infirmities, it may be with greater, has nevertheless conquered circumstances, overcome what appeared insurmountable obstacles, and by dint of strong-hearted toil and courage, has fought his way to a position of usefulness and honour. Though ours may be but the common labour and struggle of an ord-

nary life, the paths of which are tolerably smooth, we are inspirited by this display of extraordinary vigour in a career of extraordinary requirements. And if we are led by the spectacle to examine whether our own lives, which in their quiet flow admit of as true heroism as any other, are as well and worthily filled up as is possible for them—whether in their inner and their outer aspects they are as truly noble as they might be made—we shall not have read the story in vain.

It is also very cheering to watch the workings of God's providence in shaping the course of a good man's life. Over every man, whether recognised by himself or not, that providence extends, "about his path, about his bed," in his outgoings and incomings; and a useful study it is to note the operations of the Divine hand, alike in the great concerns of states and the minute affairs of individuals. But it is the good man's life which furnishes the most delightful practical exemplification of this doctrine, and it is his heart alone which can truly rejoice in it. And oh! how he does exult in the assurance that the very hairs of his head are all numbered. He need not feel overburdened by the cares of life's voyage, for "his Father is at the helm." Nor need its perplexities distract him, for has he not the promise that if he acknowledge the Lord in all his ways, He will direct his steps? How quieting to the anxious heart to know this! How it enables the Christian to bear what else would be overwhelming in the responsibilities of life! We are not required to walk by the light of our own unaided wisdom;

> "There is a Providence that shapes our ends
> Rough hew them how we may."

If we seek direction in a humble and devout spirit, it shall assuredly be given us, and acting aright, so far as we can judge, we may quietly leave results with God, knowing that although the effects of our past actions are now beyond our interference, they are under the absolute control of him who is all wise and all mighty. And by the same wise and good Being are fixed all the conditions of our lives. It is not chance which has inflicted its evils or given to us its blessings; it is One who can turn into blessings what is now painful, and who will surely do so in the case of each one who puts his trust in him. Of manful struggles and of providential guidance we have a fine example in the history of John Kitto.

In the year 1819, a lad of fifteen was received into the Plymouth workhouse, wiled in, for the youth had a resolute will and an unquenchable love of liberty, and a residence in the workhouse was by no means to his taste. Poor boy! life was opening sadly and hopelessly enough for him. He had not even the ordinary chances of a pauper boy, for he was totally deaf. What could the future contain for him save a life of penury and dependence and a beggar's grave? So all might well think who saw John Kitto on that dreary November day, when with bitter anguish he found himself confined to the precincts of "the hospital of the poors' portion."

Yet the little fellow had a history already. Within the circle of his fifteen years he had thought, and felt, and suffered, and enjoyed much. His had not been the dull, leaden, stolid sameness of privation and degradation which made up life to most of his compeers in this home of the destitute.

John Kitto was the child of parents the beginning of whose married life had been surrounded by circumstances of much promise. The father, an intelligent mason, had, while yet very young, worked his way by talent and industry to the position of a master builder. The mother united good sense and vigour of character to the sweetest feminine gentleness and affection. All seemed to point to a future of comfort and respectability. But that fell destroyer intemperance seized the father, and he and his were speedily made to feel how hard the ways of transgressors are, not to the actual offender only, but also to all connected with him. Their eldest child, John, born at Plymouth on the 4th of December, 1804, was taken in charge by his maternal grandmother when he was four years old, and thus escaped, during the earliest period of his boyhood, the evils of a drunkard's home. Mrs. Picken was a sensible and affectionate woman, and she and her grandson were eminently happy in each other. The period he spent with her remained ever after in his memory as a green oasis in the dreary tract of his youth's trials. The boy was of a thoughtful, rather than a playful disposition, and the sedentary life which he led with his aged relative was not unpleasing to him. With much content he sat, girl-like, needle in hand, by her side in her cosy little garret, and with more than content, with high delight, he listened to her stories. Very pleasant too were their walks in the green fields, and with earnest heed the gentle boy heard the aged woman talk of the love and kindness of our Father in heaven. How far Mrs. Picken's religious lessons went we know not. A reverence for the Scriptures and for the house and servants of God she certainly did instil into the boy's mind.

Presently Johnny discovered that stories were to be got in other ways than by listening. He learned to read, and in the shop of a certain Mrs Barnicle he found penny books whose fascinations were to him far more potent than those of sugar stick or tarts. And so eager is he to increase his means of purchase, that he makes an essay

in authorship himself, writing a story and embellishing it with a painted picture, for a younger cousin, whom he finds desirous to expend a penny on a story-book. Thus commenced John Kitto's career of authorship.

Mrs. Barnicle's wares soon gave place to more solid mental aliment. Old book-stalls and the shelves of kind neighbours were eagerly resorted to, and a purchase occasionally made, so that by the time the boy had counted his dozen years he was the possessor of about as many volumes. Amongst these were an old Bible printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the poetical works of Spenser and Young. And that he read after a studious fashion is shown by the fact that he had already made copious and careful indexes of his books. The Pilgrim's Progress was of course an early favourite of the boy's; but one is more surprised to read that some other less attractive works of the old divines were also studied by him.

A sad change had in the meantime taken place in Johnny's circumstances. His dearly-loved grandmother had lost her little property, and both were obliged to return to the home which the elder Kitto's drunkenness rendered a miserable one. The little lad's school-days were over. These had been short enough, extending only from his eighth to his eleventh year, and greatly interrupted by indisposition, chiefly in the form of violent headaches. His acquirements, when he left, were confined to his being "a tolerable reader, an indifferent writer, and a worse cipherer." Many of his days are now employed in assisting his father, who is again a journeyman mason, or in nursing the group of little children at home, while his mother goes out charing to get them bread. Yet he is not without his enjoyments. There is a closet at the top of the house, very small, very dingy, very naked, but it contains Johnny's collection of curiosities and his books, and at night, at least, it is all his own. It was his study, his first study, and many happy hours were spent there. "Often since," writes his biographer, "when sitting in vast libraries, musing in carpeted studies, or traversing seas and deserts, his thoughts wandered back to the 'vernal fancies' and fond hopes which gave a lustre to those dingy walls, and made them glow as with visions of paradise." Nor is he forgetful of those serious facts with which boys at his age usually care little to be familiar. One of the furnishings of his closet is a "memento mori" in the shape of a dog's skull, which is so placed as that his eye shall rest upon it whenever he awakes from his night's slumbers.

Thus passed the boy's days till he had entered his thirteenth year, when an event occurred which left its dire stamp upon him for life. On the 13th of February, 1817, while assisting his father in repairing a house in Battle-street, Plymouth, he fell from a height of thirty-five feet on a stone pavement in the yard below. He was taken up in a state of unconsciousness, which continued, with the single interruption of a few minutes, for a fortnight. As he began to recover he attributed the total silence around him to the kind consideration of his friends for his weakness. Soon after, however, having asked for a book which he had borrowed just before his fall, he was surprised to see his friends look at each other and then at him, with an air of perplexity, when at length one of them took a slate and wrote the desired information upon it. "Why do you *write* to me?" exclaimed the poor sufferer; "why not speak? Speak! speak!" Again there was an interchange of looks and seeming whispers. The fatal truth could no longer be withheld. Again the scribe took his pencil, and wrote in characters but too legible, "You are deaf."

Never more to hear the accents of love and kindness—never more to listen to the voice of instruction—never more to rejoice in the grand or the sweet music of nature's many tones—was it not a sad destiny? But the mercy which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, mitigated in the case of this poor boy the first agony of the tidings. His weak state rendered silence pleasant, and before all hope of the restoration of his hearing was lost, the calamity had become familiar to him. The seeming calamity we should say, for John Kitto afterwards acquired the blessed knowledge that all things worked together for his good.

Eight months passed ere his health was fully re-established, and then the deaf boy, being considered unfit for any employment, was permitted to roam at will. How kind the Providence which had already led him to love books. They now became his friends more than ever, and his hours were spent either in reading or in procuring the means of doing so. Manifold were his shifts to get the pence necessary to pay for his "library" literature, or to add a little to his own book store. He painted pictures and sold them, wrote neat labels for shop windows and waded in the briny sea-beach at ebb time to gather bits of rope and yarn or iron, the sale of which brought a few pence. Scantily clothed and scantily fed, the boy was pressed by some of the hardest ills of life, but cold and hunger could not extinguish his love of knowledge, or subdue the indomitable perseverance with which he sought to attain it.

It was, then, no common lad who had entered the Plymouth workhouse. He already exhibited a marked idiosyncrasy. "I was never a lad;" he writes in his workhouse journal. "From

the time of my fall, deprived of many external sources of occupation. I have been accustomed to *think*, to find sources of occupation within myself; to think deeply; think as I read, as I worked, or as I wished. Hours on hours I have stood aloof from other boys, and, with folded arms have retired within myself, and lost all sense of externals in the airy regions of fancy and of hope. I have walked hours in the most lonesome lanes I could find, abstracted in melancholy musing."

Nor were the most important of all subjects excluded from these musings of the deaf lad. The great change from death unto life does not appear to have yet taken place in the soul of John Kitto, but there is a seriousness about him which it is pleasing to contemplate. Private prayer and the reading of God's word were fixed habits with him, and when his sensitive spirit turns from the contempt with which his fellows treat him, he seeks comfort in the remembrance of God's mercy and love. "And why am I thus treated with contumely?" he writes. "Because I am—unfortunate! And does misfortune render me inferior in thy eyes, O my God? No, for thou hast said, thou art no respecter of persons. Thou hearest alike the king on his throne and the beggar on his dunghill. Though man treats me with contumely, thou wilt not be less merciful. Pardon my doubt, which had dared to prescribe limits to thy mercy, and endue me with resignation to kiss the salutary rod with which thou (I dare almost say it) chastisest me. . . . I fear I am deplorably ignorant in religious matters."

We hear frequently of unfeeling workhouse authorities. John Kitto had a different tale to tell—a tale of kind consideration and judicious sympathy. From Mr. Roberts, the governor, he received permission to go out occasionally in the day time, and at length to sleep in his own dear little study at home. When this friend had left he found another in Mr. Burnard—all honour to his name—who remained a fast friend of Kitto's through life, and is the only survivor of his early benefactors. Kindly and wisely did this gentleman care for the poor boy. He lent him books from his own library, suggested subjects, chiefly Scriptural, for composition, and in a kindly spirit examined his performances. One day he made a proposal to the youth which filled him with delight. It was to write a set of lectures to be read to the boys in the house. "What!" soliloquizes the lad, as with elated step, and rubbing his hands with glee, he paces the court, "I, John Kitto, to write lectures to be read to the boys! Mr. Burnard seems to think me competent to it, too!"

Thus did the Lord's care and mercy surround the poor lad. But that mercy had not yet done with trial, and bitter trial, as a means of good. When Kitto had been about a year and half in the workhouse his grandmother died. She was his dearest friend, and he sorrowed for her with a great sorrow. "Gone for ever," he writes, "that is a word of agonizing poignancy. Yet not for ever—a few short years at most, and I *may* hope to meet her again; there is my consolation."

The entire term of Kitto's workhouse life extended over four years, save a few months. During the first part of this period he was employed in making list shoes. After two years had passed he was apprenticed to a shoemaker of the town named Bowden, and removed from the house. This was a terrible episode in Kitto's career. His master was a tyrant, and not only cruelly overworked the poor lad, but also subjected him to personal violence. His sufferings were dreadful. Yet such was the ardour of his devotion to mental pursuits, that though obliged to work sixteen, sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, he tore from "needful rest," time enough to enable him to make such progress in study as astonished himself in the retrospect. "It somewhat moves me," he wrote in after years, "to look back upon that poor boy in utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathise, and to pursuits which none could even understand." After a few months his friend Mr. Burnard appeals on his behalf to the magistrates, and he is released from his engagements to Bowden, and once more finds a home in the workhouse, where for another year he is sedulously employed in perfecting his knowledge of shoemaking.

But Providence is preparing the way for other work. His evidence in the Bowden case, given in writing "astonished the bench," and attracted attention to the lad's abilities. Circumstances afterwards brought him more particularly under the notice of Mr. Harvey, an eminent mathematician, who with other gentlemen determined that the youth should have an opportunity of cultivating his talents and turning them to useful account. A subscription was raised for him, he was removed from the workhouse, boarded with Mr. Burnard, and permission obtained for him to spend his days in the Plymouth library, which he designates his second study.

But amidst the exciting hopes of this period another care, happily for John Kitto, forces itself on his attention. Intellectual progress is a good thing, but what is it in comparison with the concerns of the never dying soul? With a growing sense of the overwhelming importance of spiritual things came a growing dissatisfaction with himself. Under date April 2nd, 1824, he writes in his journal: "I am in a state which I cannot exactly describe. I become every day

more sensible of my own neglect of the duties due to the Almighty, and of my offences against his commandments. I have not that due sense of his mercy, his love, and his benevolence, which I ought to have. I do not form a proper estimate of the vanity of human life and the contemptible nature of human pursuits, compared with those of a spiritual order. I have not that overwhelming sense of my own vileness and moral worthlessness which I ought to possess, nor have I that elevated and lively faith in Jesus Christ without which everything else is of no value. It is true, that I believe Jesus to be the Son of God, that he existed with the Father from all eternity, and that it is only through his atoning blood that we can hope for mercy and forgiveness; I believe all this, but this *theoretical* faith I feel to be utterly insufficient, unattended by practical results, and these practical results I do not experience. There is certainly much error within me, independent of that willful neglect of inspired truth which makes me fall far short of what I ought to be. I know nothing that my own efforts are competent to, and I cast myself entirely on a Mediator, and on Mediation only, I can hope for salvation. That Mediator is Jesus Christ; through him I may obtain mercy and pardon, and his righteous blood can wash away my sins. But I do not feel myself sufficiently grateful to him, having sufficient faith in him, sufficiently desirous of living only for him, and to him, or feel him absolutely necessary to me."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

GOING A SECOND MILE WITH A VIOLENT MAN.

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—*Matt.* v. 41.

We learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of travelling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plow to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demands for one stage's "vehiculation," to go willingly a second time.

EASTERN BAKERS AND BIRDS OF PREY.

"In the uppermost basket there was of all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."—*Gen.* xl. 17.

In all eastern countries, commencing with Syria and Egypt and finishing with China and Japan, there are open air vendors of the necessaries of life, who perambulate the streets from morning until night-fall. Bakers in particular are to be seen, with trays and even three baskets upon their heads; one containing bread, another baked meats, and a third cakes and other confectionary. This method of hawking about eatables is evidently of very ancient [illegible] where the poorer classes come into cities daily in search of employment, sometimes from villages many miles distant, this affords a great and cheap convenience to labourers, whole groups of whom are to be [illegible] according to their respective means; for some have been at work since daybreak, others have got employed later, and there are some few only [illegible] their means vary, and must be adapted to their meals. The baker having disposed of his stock in hand, goes home to his master for a fresh supply. The labourers retire to the nearest shady tree, and, with a pitcher of cold water, enjoy their frugal repast.

In India, owing to the intense heat of the climate, the kitchens and bakehouses are all detached buildings: the very smell of fire would be insufferable during the prevalence of a land wind; hence it often happens that the servants, whether it rain or blow, have to bring the tiffin (lunch) or dinner a considerable distance before placing it on the table; and, to avoid journeying backwards and forwards, they are supplied with large baskets which will hold several dishes.

Rain and wind, however, are not the only enemies that bakers and servants have to contend against. Owing to the prejudices and superstitions of the Brahmins and Hindoos, kites, crows, and other large birds of prey have so much increased and grown so audacious that they often prove terrible and expert thieves. The Brahmin kites, in particular, commit sad depredations. Possessed of very keen scent and eyesight, they keep wheeling in idle circles, almost out of view in the skies, until espying something good, far away below them, they make one fell swoop, and are off with the prize before one has time to look around.

I remember in India, once going out into the shady side of our large compound, or garden, with a large piece of bread and butter in one hand and a book in the other. Suddenly I was terribly alarmed by a violent flapping about my head and ears; my cap fell off, and the book was flung

A KITE BEARING OFF A COOKED FOWL FROM THE BASKET OF A SERVANT.

several yards away. When I recovered, I found I had lost my lunch, which an impudent kite was enjoying far away beyond reach, uttering its well known nasal cry, "*kee-ong*," as though in ridicule or defiance. That lesson I never forgot as long as I was in India; it was a mercy my eyes were not poked out with its powerful wings, or the flesh torn away from my hand.

These kites are a terrible pest to poulterers, carrying off and devouring chicken after chicken under the very nose of those who are guarding them. Kites and crows, if the windows be inadvertently left open, will fly into a breakfast room; and, whilst the former purloin whole joints, the latter are even more mischievous, eating up butter and fruits, and carrying off silver spoons to hide in their nests. The accompanying engraving gives a good representation of a kite in the act of bearing off a cooked fowl from the basket of a servant, who is taking his master's tiffin across the compound. Notwithstanding the weight of the fowl, and the hooting of the two spectators, he has made good his prize, and is off with it. The man has neglected to cover the basket.

These illustrations will throw light upon the head baker's dream, as communicated to Joseph. Perhaps, too, without unnecessarily straining the passage, we may adopt farther the explanation of some old divines, and draw from it an illustration of the vain thoughts and worldly follies that so often, like the fowls of the air alluded to in our Lord's parable, consume the seed of divine truth lodged in the hearer's mind. May we remember that no doctrine, however good, that we read or listen to, is safe from being despoiled by the wicked one, until it has been *reduced to practice*. Then it is beyond his reach.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

III.—THE WIDOW'S SON.

NAIN is nowhere mentioned in Scripture, except in connection with this miracle; but its site is known to have been by the south border of Galilee, near the Jerusalem road, not far from Nazareth. Travelling there a few years ago, Bartlett remarks: "On the southern side of the mountain, above Shunem, on a little acclivity above the plain, was a cluster of white houses, which, on inquiry, I found to be called Nain, the village where our Lord restored the widow's son to life. It lies but little out of the road, yet few travellers ever deviate so far. If any place, however, could tempt a traveller from the beaten track, it is this; and we turned our horses into the narrow bridle path, leading through the rustling corn-fields, up to the gentle acclivity on which the village stands. We found, as we expected, nothing of the slightest consequence. Nain resembles any other of the humbler villages of Palestine—a few flat-roofed houses of white cement, before the doors of which lies, upheaped, the corn gathered in from the exuberant plain around. A few peasants, little accustomed to the sight of strangers, gazed on our cavalcade with surprise. Women peeped out of the hovels, and a company of bright-eyed children followed our movements with eager curiosity; starting back, half in play half in fright, when we happened to turn round and look at them. There was nothing beside. The village is now what we have every reason to suppose it was in the time of our Saviour—a small place where every joy and every sorrow that befalls a member of the little community, is sympathized with by all the others. It was easy to figure the whole of the villagers following, with genuine sorrow, the poor bereaved widow to the grave of her only son, when they encountered the Lord of life and glory, as he ascended on foot, with his disciples, to the obscure hamlet from the neighbouring corn-fields; to picture, in short, the whole transaction, and all the feelings which it called into action among this secluded circle. We were as happy to have turned aside to Nain, as if we had discovered the site of some ancient city."

The interesting writer from whom we have quoted, speaks of Nain as if never anything more than a village: so far as the size and population of the place are concerned, doubtless he is correct, though probably the numbers there now are fewer than they were. But we must not overlook the evangelists calling it a "city." That term in the Bible does not express the modern idea attached to it. "A city" was simply a place fenced or walled in. The wall might be of very slender make, yet sufficient to defend a few peasants and their cattle from the wolf or the robber.

"Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her."

The manifest sorrow of death belongs to survivors. In this case we see it in the chief mourner, and "the people of the city," who were with her; and that humble train more touchingly tells of the sorrow which comes in the wake of death, than could the most pompous obsequies of those times: just as now, a coffin borne on a few poor men's shoulders, with two or three couples behind, clothed in the humblest badges of grief, slowly walking along the pavement, softens the heart, and excites the sensibilities, as is never done by the plumed hearse, with its proudly caparisoned horses, the mourning coaches, the empty carriages, the heartless undertaker, and the useless mutes.

This was a sorrow that has occurred a thousand times since. It is a sorrow of the nineteenth century as of the first.

Look at the modern counterpart. A favourite author, describing an old country church he visited some years ago, observes: "The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven.

"One sunny morning I watched two labourers who were digging a grave. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating, the toll of the bell announced the funeral; they were the obse-

quies of poverty with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the poorest materials, without pall or covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased, the poor woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running, hand in hand, and shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner. The service over, the poor woman knelt down at the head of the grave. There lay the coffin, with the inscription, 'George Somers, aged twenty-six.' The mother's withered hands were clasped as if in prayer, and I could perceive, by the feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive emotion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

"On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter. 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'he was such a comely lad; so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents. It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheerfully supporting his old mother to church; for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's.'"

That poor Englishwoman's sorrow may well be coupled with this poor Israelitish woman's sorrow.

Death is as full of mystery as of sorrow. To minds of thoughtfulness and sensibility it is ever so. Most demoralizing is the effect of a hard, coarse familiarity with death, when the solemn mystery of it vanishes, when the death of a man comes to be no more thought of than the death of a dog. Against such a state of feeling, or rather such an absence of feeling, the long-established rites of sepulture, the honours paid to a corpse, are a wise protest. It is terrible when the dead have no reverence paid them by the living, and we know nothing which evinces a more utter demoralization than the facts brought out on "a special inquiry," a few years back, "into the practice of interments in towns." Thence it appears, how many of the lower classes, through the retention of a corpse in a room crowded by miserable human beings, regard it with a familiarity that breeds desecration. All the salutary feelings of awfulness, on the sight of a lifeless human frame, are gone. They have gazed upon it so perpetually, they have grown so intimate with its terrors, that they no longer dread it, even when it attacks themselves; "and the heart which vice has deadened to every appeal of religion, is at last rendered callous to the natural instinct of fear."

But in speaking of the mystery of death, we allude not so much to the body, as to the soul. There, in that is no mean mystery, no shallow secret for thought to work upon, how the wonderfully constructed body, late so active, so full of an inward activity, the activity of the blood, of the brain, of the muscle, and of the nerve, should now be totally inert, within as without: the mightier mystery is about that substance which was in the body, though not of it; a tenant of the house, but no part of the house; not the altar, but a fire on it; not the temple, but what was meant to be a priest therein. In [illegible] and all feeling. It was thought itself, feeling itself. It never ceased thinking—never ceased feeling. It was awake all the while the body was awake; it never slept when the body slept. There it was, with the eye for a window to look out on sights, and the ear for a door to let in sounds, and the tongue for a trumpet to give intelligence; and now the window is shut, and the door is closed, and the trumpet lies useless; for the watchman is gone—the vigilant, untiring watchman; and [illegible]. In him the human personality centered, not in the mass of flesh and bones, sinews and skin which encompassed him. *He* was the man, not *it*. And he lives—where? how? How [illegible] he at present, as compared with his former manner of life, when he did everything through the organization of the body, through the ministry of the senses? How do disembodied souls, where they are, perceive the outer universe, receive impressions, convey ideas, and reciprocate affections?

Among the most secret of secret things are the answers to these spiritual questions. God puts them in under lock and key. We shall never know them till we ourselves form a part of the world of spirits.

[To be continued.]

THE MARTYRS OF PARIS.

It is impossible to visit the city of Paris at the present time without admiration of the superlative and ever-increasing attractions of that remarkable capital. Every resource has been taxed to add to its magnificence: and it probably is at present the most richly decorated metropolis in Europe. Its palaces, its gardens, its churches, its broad and handsome streets, its rich and varied architecture, invest it with attractions peculiarly its own—attractions which render it the boast of the French people and the wonder of other lands. But whilst the mere traveller

is lost in rapture at the survey of Paris, the moralist looks upon it with feelings less indulgent, and does not fail to observe many livid spots of moral corruption from which he turns with a shudder. Nothing is so conspicuous in Paris as the almost total absence of spiritual religion. Those brilliant gaieties are not for God; those sabbath amusements are not for God; and it is to be feared that he is very imperfectly worshipped even in the temples professedly consecrated to his glory. The Lord's day has no reality in this metropolis answering to such a name. Its value is beginning to be increasingly felt; even the Roman Catholic clergy are, many of them, most zealous for its better observance; the visitant can mark considerable improvement over what was visible a few years ago. But though many shops are shut on that day—especially in the newly-erected streets—Sunday is still the favourite day for giddy amusement or sensual pleasure. No part of Paris lacks the sign of the cross; but where in Paris is the Saviour?

Let the visitant try to procure in Paris a religious book—Protestant books do not, of course, abound in a Roman Catholic capital—but let him try to purchase any beyond the most conventional formularies of religion, and he will be struck with the force of a sad conclusion. If the supply of such reading indicate the nature of the demand, religious books are a luxury in which the Parisians indulge exceedingly little. No wonder at consequences which are on every hand apparent.

Yet Paris has had its confessors—its brave Christian confessors. Its religion has not been always the paltry, flimsy, outside, meretricious thing it is now. We propose, in a few papers, to represent the progress of spiritual religion at the time of the Reformation, even in the gay capital of France itself.

Now-a-days the sojourner at Paris may, from the Champs Elysées, reach the Place de Grève, on which the Hôtel de Ville is standing, by a broad, unbroken and most magnificent street—the Rue de Rivoli. It was not so formerly. Heretofore a narrow and circuitous street led to the Hôtel de Grève, for so was designated the building which preceded the Hôtel de Ville. The structure had been, in the time of Philip Augustus, a royal palace. The wide esplanade in its front was a spot appropriated to public executions. Many a drop of precious Christian blood was shed there. It was the Smithfield of France. Hence the souls of outraged martyrs ascended to heaven.

All who are familiar with the history of the Christian religion know that France had, from early ages, a large share in the contests for vital and spiritual religion. Who has forgotten the touching story of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne, coupled with the names of Pothinus, Maturus, and Blandine? Who remembers not the history of the Albigenses? But in northern France the religion of Christ had not only to sustain a combat with ecclesiastical intolerance, but a still severer one with wide-spread licentiousness. Over the former it might in the end and with difficulty have triumphed. The latter—such is the weakness of the human heart—proved too much for its powers of resistance.

In the sixteenth century, before the influence of Luther had extended to France, the doctrines of the Reformation had begun to be taught in that country. That movement was, in fact, a kind of spontaneous combustion, engendered by the corrupt and pernicious and fermenting errors of the Romish church, and bursting out simultaneously in many different quarters. Two men were specially distinguished in the rise of the French reformation.

About the year 1510, Paris, then eminent above all the cities of Europe as the seat of letters, reckoned among its professors a diminutive, mean-looking man, who, though of low origin, possessed a power and eloquence which attracted the students of the university, and rendered him extremely popular. The name of this professor was Jacques Lefèvre. His department was theology. In teaching divinity he did not hesitate to instruct his pupils from the Bible itself. His gentle, genial, and playful manners, rendered him a favourite teacher. Yet Lefèvre was "a good Catholic"—frequent at pilgrimages and devout in the external observances recommended by his church. He was, moreover, a firm believer in the spiritual authority of the pope, whom he regarded as a kind of incarnate Deity.

Among those whom a desire of study brought to the capital of France was a young man named Guillaume Farel, a native of Dauphiné. A mysterious sympathy seems, from the first, to bind him to Lefèvre, though greatly older than himself. Farel joined his companion in his superstitious worshippings. "I had a pantheon of my own," said he, "in my heart, and so many intercessors, saviours, and gods, that I might have been taken for a popish register."

In his zeal for his religion, Lefèvre studied with great devoutness the lives of the Romish saints, and was desirous to present, in a new and improved form, their legendary histories. But this occupation proved too much for his sense and sincerity. He became disgusted with the farrago of spiritual rubbish thus brought under his notice; with

> "—— eremites and friars
> Blue, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,"

and to relieve his mind began to study the

epistles of St. Paul. In the course of this investigation, the doctrine of justification by faith burst, like a light from heaven, across his dark and bewildered mind. What he apprehended he taught. The sensation excited by the new doctrine was great. One of the first recipients of Lefèvre's new views was Farel, who forthwith began the study of the Scriptures for himself. It is a peculiar promise made to the sincere seeker of truth that that truth shall be made known: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." After many struggles, Farel and Lefèvre found their way and learned the doctrines which contradicted all they had ever believed till now. The two men, thus firm friends, began to drink together at the fount of heavenly wisdom, and to exhibit all the marks of a Divine regeneration. During this process, and by their means, the topics which constitute the cardinal points of salvation were propounded, discussed, and received in the schools of France. This was about the time when Luther was yet in Rome, expressing dissatisfaction with the morals of the Vatican. When afterwards the religious conflagration, excited by that reformer's doctrines, blazed all around the contiguous countries—when Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and even Spain itself felt the flame—it was not wonderful that France, thus previously prepared, should have caught with not a little energy the extending influence.

The new contagion extended to the French court itself. Margaret de Valois, duchess of Alençon, afterwards queen of Navarre, the sister and favourite of Francis I. (then a prisoner at Madrid,) felt the force of the religious movement in her inmost heart, and avowed herself on the side of the Reformation. Among others who followed her example, was Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, Budæus, so celebrated for his learning, and even Petit the king's confessor. It is lamentable to think that some of these sacrificed in a greater or less degree their convictions, and that Margaret was not always able to maintain her perfect constancy, whilst others lapsed altogether. Briçonnet, enlightened by the doctrines of the Bible which he had learned from Lefèvre and Farel, began to awaken to the responsibilities of his spiritual functions. He visited his diocese, making strict investigation into the opinions and practices of his inferior clergy, and destroying images of saints. He established at Meaux a school for the better education of ministers. He was ardent and impassioned; but he was young and versatile. His conduct could not fail to awaken opposition. The enemies of the cross, excited by the hold which the truths of the Reformation had taken on the minds of the people, compelled Lefèvre and Farel to retire from Paris. Margaret, deprived of her advisers, showed signs of vacillation and timidity.

All the light of the new reformation seemed now to be concentrated at Meaux, whither, to avoid the storm of impending persecution, Lefèvre and Farel had retired, and where they were engaged with Briçonnet in making known the truths of Christ's religion. That town (celebrated afterwards as the residence of Bossuet, the vigorous defender of the papacy,) is the granary of Paris, which it furnishes with corn and flour by the communications of the river Marne. It is the centre, accordingly, of a large agricultural population, among which the doctrines of the Reformation spread with great rapidity. The Gospels were translated into the French tongue; were read extensively in the families of the inhabitants; and constituted the subject of general conversation. The villages around the city caught the spiritual contagion, and "the diocese," we are told, "seemed to be irradiated with an image of the renovated church." All this was too much for the bigoted ecclesiastics of Meaux, who were deeply offended with their bishop's zeal; and they hastened to invoke the aid of the highest tribunal of France—the Sorbonne.

To the Sorbonne, accordingly, the high ecclesiastics of Meaux referred their new embarrassments. It was submitted to them to determine respecting the doctrines proclaimed by Lefèvre and Farel, and adopted by the bishop. Was the doctrine of justification by faith without works in accordance with the standards of the Romish church? Was the Bible of greater value than the traditions of ecclesiastical history? Was the denunciation of those who held benefices, without fulfilling corresponding duties, to be tolerated? Were the enormities of begging friars to be made the subjects of mocking ridicule or of grave reprehension? And was it to be borne that the bishop himself should side with men who were loud in their invectives against what they denominated papal errors?

The suspicions of the Sorbonne were already excited. Its professors had previously declared the doctrine of Luther to be heretical and blasphemous, a fit case for the fire and sword. They were not therefore reluctant to pronounce sentence on this new occasion. Differences had already arisen between the Sorbonne and the Parliament of Paris—that is between the Roman Catholic clergy and laity—upon these questions. The university was resolved to assert their superiority. The court sided with the Sorbonne.

Before this tribunal Briçonnet was arraigned. He knew the truth; but he wanted the moral firmness to maintain it. At first he defied the doctors, and addressed them in terms of vehe-

ment accusation. Yet like Peter he denied his Lord; and unlike Peter did not repent. He was heavily fined and sent back to his benefice—a silenced and disgraced man. How hard it sometimes is to remain true to the doctrine of Christ in the face of severe opposition! Yet special are the rewards promised to those who, faithful to Christ and his gospel, maintain their integrity. What have not such heroes done for the church and the world! "The noble army of martyrs praise thee!"

But the processes for silencing the craven bishop did not extinguish the zeal of his followers. One day, whilst his trial was pending, there was found upon the door of the cathedral of Meaux a placard, declaring the pope to be anti-Christ, and prophesying that God would destroy him with the word of his mouth. An inquiry was instituted respecting the offender, ascertained to be Jean Leclerc, a carder, who had profited by the instructions of Farel and Lefèvre, and become an open expositor of Scripture. He was regarded as the minister of the Protestant church at Meaux—he had taught from house to house; his zeal was unbounded; and his enemies were proportionably bitter. The Franciscans were specially enraged at this daring mechanic, and requested that he should be terribly punished, as an example to those who should strive to unsettle men's minds from orthodox doctrines.

Accordingly Leclerc was imprisoned and brought to trial before the eyes of that very Briçonnet from whom he had learned the doctrines for which he was now called to suffer. His sentence was severe. What part the bishop bore in pronouncing it we do not know, but his must have been a dreadful agony of heart and conscience. Yet it does not appear that he dared to offer any remonstrance. Leclerc was sentenced to be beaten with rods through the streets for three days, and afterwards to be branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron.

The cruel sentence was duly executed. Leclerc was haled, bound, attended by a large crowd, through the streets, which were stained by the blood of his scourging. This was done three days, and the procession on the last day stopped at the place of public execution. The iron was heated; it was impressed on the forehead of the martyr, who, with invincible resolution, uttered not the slightest cry. One voice alone—it was the voice of Leclerc's mother—broke the stillness. It uttered with a startling voice, "Jesus Christ and his insignia for ever!" (*Vive Jesus Christ et ses enseignes!*) The cry struck all present with astonishment. The crowd opened to let the heroic mother pass. Even the monks were stupified at so unexpected an occurrence, and offered her no injury. The heroism was worthy of the best days of Christianity. It was not the only time in which a pious mother's lips have exhorted her children to play the man. After the execution of the sentence, Leclerc retired to Brie, and afterwards to Metz (not then a part of France), for future service and for future sufferings. At Metz, in conjunction with a doctor of theology named Chatelain, Leclerc loudly proclaimed the gospel, and it found its way into families of the highest rank. But the zeal of Leclerc exceeded all restrictions of conventional prudence. A great holiday occurred, when the inhabitants of Metz were accustomed to make a pilgrimage to a chapel about a league from the city, there to worship the various images, one among the rest of the virgin and of other saints. The processions were formed with all the pomp familiar to those who have witnessed similar observances. When the multitudes reached the chapel, what was their dismay, and what their indignation, to find that the images they had expected to see were, like that of Dagon of old, defaced and dethroned. Suspicion fell on Leclerc, who at once acknowledged and gloried in the deed.

He was condemned to be burnt alive. He was so, with the most agonizing additional torments. His right hand was cut off; his nose was torn away by red-hot pincers; his arms were broken; his breasts mangled and burned. But amidst all these savage torments Leclerc repeated the words of the psalmist—"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands, etc. O Israel! trust thou in the Lord," etc. The effect of his calmness was paralyzing to the persecutors, and convincing to the spectators. At last Leclerc's mangled body was consumed by a slow fire. The enemies of the cross had exhausted upon this bold, but somewhat rash man, their whole resources. Leclerc was the proto-martyr of the Reformation in these parts.

The spiritual vulture had tasted blood. Other scenes soon followed. One of the "Meaux Lutherans," as they were termed, a disciple of Lefèvre, was Jaques Pavannes, a native of Boulogne. He was brought before the Sorbonne, charged with having written against purgatory, the worship of the saints, and holy water, and was condemned to be burned alive on the Place de Grève. This young man, imprisoned for heretical doctrine, had been persuaded by the fear of punishment to recant his Christian profession; but his fall had excited in his mind a feeling of grief and dejection which nothing could relieve. "There is nothing for me now," he said, under the influence of these emotions, "but a life of bitterness." Notwithstanding his retractation he was condemned to die. At the stake he recovered his courage, spoke of the Lord's supper, and boldly confessed the truth he had denied. He suffered with words of truth upon his

lips. A doctor of the church, referring to his death, and to the avowals which had preceded it, said, "I wish Pavannes had not spoken, even if it had cost the church a million of gold." Pavannes was the first martyr in Paris, as Leclerc was in France.

Thus, even in this metropolis of gaiety and sensuality, God had his witnesses!

BREATHINGS AFTER GOD.

"Abounding therein with thanksgiving."

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of this text is found in the following meditation of Doddridge:—

"O my God! thou art my hope, and my help my glory, and the lifter up of my head; my heart rejoices in thy salvation. When I set myself to converse with thee under the influence of thine Holy Spirit, a thousand delightful thoughts spring up at once; a thousand sources of pleasure are unsealed, and flow in upon my soul with such refreshment and joy, that they seem to crowd into every moment the happiness of hours, of days, and of weeks.

"I praise thee, O Lord, for this soul of mine, which thou hast created, and which thou hast taught to say, and I hope to purpose, 'Where is God my Maker?'* I bless thee for the knowledge with which thou hast adorned it. I bless thee for that grace with which I may, with humble wonder, say thou hast sanctified it, although, alas! the celestial plant be fixed in too barren a soil, and does not flourish to the degree that I could wish. I praise thee, my God, for that body which thou hast given me, and which thou preservest as yet in its strength and vigour, capable not merely of relishing those entertainments which thou grantest to each of its senses, but, what is, I hope, to me far more valuable, capable of acting with some vigour in thy service. I bless thee for the ease and freedom with which these limbs of mine move themselves, and obey the dictates of my spirit, I hope, as guided by thine. I bless thee, that the keepers of the house do not yet tremble, nor the strong men bow themselves; that those who look out at the windows are not darkened, nor the daughters of music, or the instruments of speech, brought low. I bless thee, O Lord my God that the silver cords are not loosened, nor the golden bowl broken; for it is thine hand that braces all my nerves, and thine infinite skill which prepareth those spirits that flow in so freely, and when exhausted, are recruited so soon, and so plentifully. I praise thee, for that munificence with which thou providest for my daily support; for that various table which thou spreadest before me, and for the overflowing cup which thou puttest into my hands. And I praise thee, that these bounties of thy providence do not serve, as if were to upbraid a disabled appetite, and are not like messes of meat set before the dead. That no relaxation of the nerves weakens my strength, so as to render it incapable of digesting my food, nor cankers torture my mouth, so as to render it incapable of receiving it. I bless thee, that I eat not my morsel alone, but share it with so many agreeable friends; that my affectionate wife, and my lovely children, and my hopeful and grateful pupils, are with me like olive plants set around my table. And I thank thee for so many friends who are capable of serving me, and so many whom I am capable of serving; and by conversing with whom, through the liberality of the former, I know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. I thank thee for a heart that can feel the sorrows of the necessitous, and a mind that can, as in this day, make it my earliest care and morning refreshment to contrive for their relief. For this also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts. Thou awakenest my spirit to seek the way; thou graciously pointest it out, and I humbly hope that thou wilt crown it with success.

"And now, O my God, what shall I say? what, but that I love thee above all in the power of language to express. While I feel thy sacred Spirit breathing upon my heart, and exciting these fervours of love to thee, I cannot doubt of its influence, any more than I can doubt of the truth of this animal life while I exert the acts of it. Surely, if ever I knew the appetite of hunger,—my soul hungers after righteousness, and longs for a greater conformity to thy blessed nature and will. If ever my palate felt thirst,—my soul thirsts for God, even the living God! and for a more abundant communication of his favour. If ever my weary body knew what it was to wish for the refreshment of my bed, and longed for rest,—even so my soul, with sweet acquiescence, rests upon thy gracious bosom, O my heavenly Father, and returns to its repose in the embraces of its God, who has dealt so bountifully with it. And if ever I saw the face of a beloved friend or child with complacency and joy, so I rejoice in beholding thy mercy, O Lord, and in calling thee my Father in Christ. Such thou art, and such thou wilt be for time, and for eternity. What have I more to do but to commit myself to thee for both, and leave thee to choose my inheritance, and order my affairs for me, while all my business is to serve thee, and all my delight to praise thee. My soul follows hard after my God, because his right hand supports me. Let it still bear me up, and I shall still press forward. Amen."*

* Job xxxv. 10.

* See Doddridge's "Sacramental Meditations;" published by the Religious Tract Society.

Pages for the Young.

WALTER'S WISH.

Walter Grahame had always lived in a town, and only knew something of the beauties and enjoyments of the country from his mother's [illegible] the pleasures of which she told him, until he grew restless and discontented at being unable to obtain them. Nearly all his schoolfellows spent their summer holidays out of town, and Walter thought it very hard that he must pass all the bright long days in the heat and dust of the city, while other boys were enjoying the fresh cool breezes, and delicious fragrance of scented hayfields, orchards, and gardens. His mother kindly tried to make him forget his disappointment, by doing all she could to amuse and divert him in the town; but Walter seemed determined not to be happy, and continued to lament and complain, as if enduring a real misfortune.

Mrs. Grahame was much grieved at the envious discontented spirit which Walter had of late perpetually shown. He was always wishing for something out of his reach, and fancying every one better off than himself. His mother endeavoured to show him the sinfulness of such feelings, explaining to him that murmuring and repinings because we cannot obtain all that others enjoy is a real sin in the sight of God, and that such a spirit, if not checked, would increase until it made him completely miserable. She tried to make him feel how many blessings and comforts he enjoyed which were denied to others; and Walter sometimes felt almost ashamed of his discontent while he listened to his mother; but he soon forgot all she had said to him, and perhaps the next day fell into the same fault again.

The fact was, that Walter did not feel it to be *sin*, and therefore made no real effort to overcome it. He also fancied that he could conquer it at any time, little knowing that his own strength was perfect weakness, and that every day's delay only increased the difficulty of the task. He forgot that faults, like evil weeds, grow stronger every day, and harder to be rooted up, and thus he had allowed one opportunity after another to pass unimproved, till at last this great fault became so completely a part of his character, that he continually fell into it without being aware of it. A sad lesson was, however, in store for him, by which he learned more of the dreadful consequences which may follow from a single wrong wish, first indulged and then gratified, than he could have gained by any warnings or instructions.

One morning, on his return from school, his mother called him to her, saying: "Walter, I have had a letter from your uncle Eustace; he is coming here to-morrow on business, and begs that you may return with him to spend the vacation at Rookwood Priory."

Walter's face grew radiant with joy. "Oh, mamma, mamma, how very delightful; and will you let me go?"

"Yes, my dear; and I trust you will enjoy yourself as much as you expect."

"But you will go too, mamma?"

"No, Walter, I cannot leave home at present; but that is no reason you should not go."

Walter's joy was for a moment damped; his uncle, aunt, and cousins were all strangers to him, and he was a shy boy, and naturally shrank from encountering by himself so many unknown [illegible]. His [illegible] his disappointed look, and kindly said: "Your uncle will be here for two or three days, Walter, so you will have time to get acquainted with him."

"Yes, mamma," replied Walter, slowly; "but I wish you were going."

"That cannot be, my dear, so do not think any more about it. Our greatest pleasures in this world generally have something to render them imperfect, and we must be content to make the best of them."

Walter did not speak; he had obtained at length the pleasure for which he had so ardently longed, but he did not feel sure that it would afford him all the enjoyment he had fancied it must bring. This little drawback, however, after a while seemed to disappear, and Walter became reconciled to the idea of paying his visit alone, and the remainder of the day was spent in talking over all the delights of [illegible] weeks to be spent in the country.

Early the following morning, Mr. Eustace arrived. Walter rather shrank from meeting his stranger uncle; but the kind smiles and affectionate greeting soon told him he had nothing to fear; and before the end of the day, Walter found that he could talk as freely to his uncle as if he had known him all his life.

The joyful moment at last arrived when Walter took his seat beside his uncle in the railway carriage, and in a short time the dusty crowded streets were left far behind, and he found to his delight that he really was in the country.

Mr. Eustace said at last, after what seemed a very short time, to Walter: "Here we get out; the train will stop directly. I see Herbert has the carriage ready to meet us."

A bright-looking boy, about Walter's own age, sprang forward, and was introduced to him as his cousin. They were soon driving rapidly through shady lanes and green corn-fields, and Walter felt as if he could scarcely contain his enjoyment. Presently they stopped at a curious-looking stone lodge.

Herbert jumped down and opened the gate, and they turned into a magnificent avenue of lime-trees, the branches of which met so thickly overhead, that only a ray of sunlight now and then struggled through. Walter thought it beautiful, but very long, and he felt glad when the house came in sight at last, which was a curious old-fashioned building, such as he had seen only in pictures.

The carriage stopped, and Walter's heart beat fast, his aunt and three cousins stood on the steps. Herbert sprung from the seat behind, and assisted Walter to alight. Mrs. Eustace very kindly kissed his forehead and shook hands with him, saying she hoped he would enjoy his visit. Walter thanked her, and looked timidly at his cousins, who were introduced to him by name. Constance, the eldest, was nearly grown up, and looked very good-natured Walter thought; Herbert, whom he had already seen, was rather older than himself; Flora and Alice were twins, merry, laughing little creatures, so alike that Walter fancied he should never know the difference; they were between six and seven. Walter

stooped down to kiss them, and thought he should like to have such sisters. His uncle and aunt treated him so kindly that he soon began to feel at ease.

Herbert was very glad to have a companion during the holidays, and Walter soon lost his shyness and began thoroughly to enjoy himself. Rookwood Priory was indeed a beautiful place, standing in the midst of a large garden full of fruit and flowers, and surrounded by orchards, woods, and fields. The house was large and old-fashioned; there were wide halls, and long passages, and winding staircases, which much amused Walter, and afforded plenty of space for merry games on a rainy day, when the old walls often rang again with the joyous laughter of the happy little group, as they chased each other through the dim echoing galleries, or played at hide-and-seek in the unused apartments. But pleasanter than all to Walter were the long bright days spent out of doors in the woods and hayfields. The country was so delightful to him that he thought he should never grow weary of its various enjoyments. The society of his cousins was also a great treat to him. There were long rides with Herbert over the hills, and expeditions in search of mineralogical specimens for Mr. Eustace's cabinet. There were fishing excursions, which soon made Walter an expert angler, and perhaps amused him more than anything else.

For the first ten days of his visit, Walter was so happy that he never once wished for anything out of his reach, and the thought had crossed his mind: "If mamma could see me now, she would not say I was discontented;" and he so far deceived himself as to fancy his great fault was overcome, when in reality he had taken no pains to conquer it, and it was only slumbering in his heart, waiting for an opportunity to break forth. He quite forgot that there was no merit in being satisfied when everyone took pains to please, and to make him as happy as possible, so that there was really nothing to excite a feeling of discontent; and that the only real proof of having conquered his besetting sin, would be an endeavour to submit cheerfully when disappointed in his wishes. But Walter thought not of these things; he trusted in himself, and forgot to watch and pray, so that when the temptation came he fell.

The moment of trial was nearer than he supposed, and came at the time when he least expected. His cousin Flora had taken a great fancy to him, and also chose him for her companion and friend in their walks and games. She was a sweet, merry little creature, with long sunny curls and bright laughing eyes, and Walter soon grew as fond of her as if she had been his sister. He was not an unamiable boy, and always tried to gratify her pretty playful fancies. Among Walter's pleasures, perhaps the greatest were the evening rambles through the woods, accompanied by his uncle, who, when he had time to join the little party, was always welcomed with shouts of delight. He could teach them amusing games; he also knew such charming and instructive stories, to which Walter listened with unwearied interest; and the evening walk seemed to have lost its enjoyment when not taken by his uncle's side.

"Papa is busy," said little Flora, one evening; "he can't come yet; but he will try to come by-and-bye. Please, cousin Walter, will you walk with me? I want to tell you something."

Walter had been hurrying on to overtake Herbert; but at the sound of Flora's pleading voice he paused, though rather unwillingly. Slipping her little hand in his, she went on: "You know, cousin Walter, next Tuesday is my birthday, and we all choose our own pleasure then; and I should like to give a tea-party in my bower, and papa and mamma, and Constance, and Alice, and Herbert shall all be ladies and gentlemen come to see me, and I want you to help me, Walter, will you?"

"That I will, Flora dear," said Walter, kindly; "only tell me what I can do."

"Come and see my bower the first thing; you've never been so far;" and the happy little girl skipped before him to lead the way.

Soon the spot was reached. It really was a pretty bower, and Flora listened with sparkling eyes to Walter's admiration.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed; "just the place to drink tea in on a bright summer's day."

"It is very pretty," replied Walter; "but I think I could make it look much prettier if you would let me."

"Could you?" said Flora, thoughtfully; "what would you do?"

"I would dress these pillars with evergreens, and hang festoons of roses all round in front, and I would spread a carpet of moss on the floor, and put some sparkling stones and pretty shells inside. You cannot think how nice it would look."

"Oh, Walter, that will be the very thing!" exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands with delight; "and will you do it for me, dear Walter?"

"I will try," replied her cousin; "and you must help; we will go to-morrow, and look for some pretty stones. I know where to find them."

"Oh, how charming!" cried Flora; "but please, Walter, don't tell anybody, I want to surprise them all."

He promised, adding: "Now, Flora, we had better go and look for my uncle; it is growing late."

Flora made no objection, and they walked on together. They soon came in sight of the little party; but Mr. Eustace was not there. Flora skipped away to join her sisters, but Walter walked slowly on. He was an ingenious boy, and thought with pleasure of the surprise as well as gratification which he determined to give Flora. As he was searching in the hedge for a particular wild flower, of which he knew Constance was in want, to add to her collection, his eye was suddenly caught by some bright scarlet berries growing considerably above him. Walter mistook them for some kind of fruit, and fancied they must be very delicious. With great difficulty he climbed up the bank, sufficiently high to touch them, and was just in the act of grasping a large handful, when he was stopped by a hand laid on his arm. He started, and turning round, saw his uncle behind him.

"Stay, Walter!" exclaimed Mr. Eustace, "do not touch those berries."

"Why not, uncle?" exclaimed the astonished boy, slipping down from his uncomfortable position.

"Because, my dear, they are deadly poison; had you eaten only a few of them, you must have died. Never again think of tasting anything that grows in the woods and hedges, until you have learned its nature. Many persons have lost their lives by doing so. But I thought I had warned you of this before."

Walter, startled and humbled, confessed that he had forgotten the caution.

"Then you must try to have a better memory for the future," said Mr. Eustace, kindly; "I dare say you will not forget this lesson."

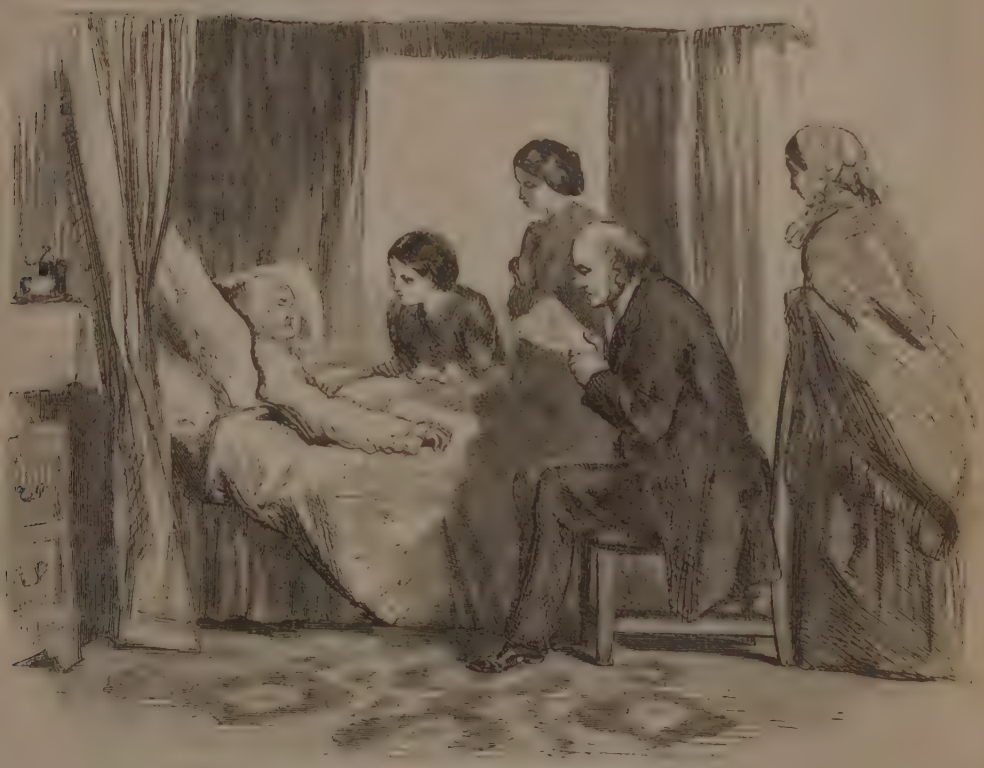
Walter hung his head and remained silent. They were quickly joined by the rest of the party, and the short remainder of the evening passed as usual. Walter's momentary shame was soon forgotten, and the warning which he had received, made, alas! but little impression. The next few days were spent almost entirely in Flora's company, and employed in the decoration of her bower. The little girl had entreated her brothers and sisters not to follow her, or to walk in the direction of her bower, as she had a great surprise for them all, to be seen on her birthday; and willing to gratify her, they all gave the required promise.

A WISE SAYING.—If "do as you would be done by" were made the "common law" much less parchment would be used.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



THE MINISTER BREAKING NEWS OF HER SON TO THE DYING MOTHER.

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER IX.—THE ANSWER OF PRAYER MADE KNOWN.

On the same day on which the affecting farewell, mentioned in the last chapter, had been delivered by Mrs. Ray, to be conveyed by her daughters to her son, the "Elizabeth" arrived again in England, at the port from which she had sailed a few months previously.

As soon as he could leave the vessel Tom's first care was to post the letter which he had written to his mother, partly in the West Indies and partly on the passage home, and in which he had stated, as concisely as he could, all the leading circumstances of his life, from the time when he ran away from his place of apprenticeship till the period of his conversion, of which he wrote with great humility and diffidence. As the letter was of considerable length, and the reader is already acquainted with the particulars of his career, there will be no necessity of inserting it here. I will only give the concluding paragraphs. They ran thus:—

"And now, my dearest mother, can you forgive your wicked rebellious son? I can offer nothing as a recompence, but I ask you to let me enjoy your love once more. I fear you will

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think my repentance will not be lasting. I cannot say that of myself it will be, but, by God's grace, I am resolved to live to his glory, and bring forth fruits 'meet for repentance.'

"Give my love to my dear sisters, and tell them I now really love them, though I have been very, very unkind to them. I cannot say more, my heart is too full; but I hope to see you in two or three days at most."

Having posted his letter, his next business was to visit my father's house, pay his debt, and apologise for his great rudeness and dishonourable conduct in behaving as he had done when he was last with us.

My father at first received him with marked coolness; but after having heard his explanation, and seen the earnest simplicity with which he expressed his contrition, he warmly invited him to make our house his home as long as he stayed in B——, yet advising him to repair to his mother as soon as possible; since from the last accounts of her which he had received, he did not think she could live long, if she were not dead already. This information filled Tom with poignant grief, and we could get from him little more than self-reproaches for being the cause of his mother's illness. He would have started homewards at once had there been any conveyance, but it was too late to get one, and he had therefore to stay till the morning. His anxiety now was to know what chance there was of his letter reaching its destination, and he discovered on inquiry that it would do so some time the next day, as he had posted it by the train which left in the afternoon. This was a source of some comfort to him, for he hoped that, if he did not, his missive at least might reach his parent before her departure from earth.

Having ascertained the time of starting on the morrow, he repaired to the ship, and explained to the captain and the steward the need of his speedy departure for home. They at once settled with him, and then, making his arrangements with all expedition, he returned to our house for the night.

When taking leave of his Christian friends on board the "Elizabeth," both he and they were unable to restrain signs of the emotions which were working within them. Before leaving, the captain handed him a letter addressed, at his request, to his master from whom he had absconded, in which he (the captain) respectfully urged that Tom should be permitted to fulfil his term of apprenticeship; assigning as a reason that he believed him to be decidedly a changed youth, and that he knew him to be desirous of making a just recompense to all whom he might have wronged.

During the evening Tom narrated to us the leadings of providence since he had left B——, and we spent a very profitable evening; though with the joy of the returning prodigal there was mixed the sadness of one who felt that he had caused an irretrievable calamity to his family, by shortening the days of a fond mother.

On the following morning he took his departure for the quiet town of A——. It was one of those bright and partially warm days which we sometimes see towards the close of February, and which seem to announce themselves as harbingers of approaching spring. The coach which conveyed Tom away from B—— did not take him quite to A——; it left him at a town about twelve miles from the latter place. From the point at which the coach stopped, to A——, there was only an omnibus, or rather a van conveyance, and this did not arrive till about seven o'clock in the evening. After leaving the coach he had an hour to wait before the van started; and though the time was partly occupied in taking some refreshment, yet the hour seemed two, so eager was he to be on the road home. At last the driver took his place, and the van was on its way, bearing our young friend, full of anxiety and impatience for the accomplishment of the journey; and had he but known the exact state of affairs, he would have been, if possible, doubly anxious, for death was rapidly twining its chilly mantle around the body of his Christian parent.

Tom's letter had reached its destination about ten o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Ray had passed the previous night without any marked change in appearance or feeling further than an increasing desire, yea, a longing for her eternal mansions in the skies; but yet she was so weak, and so unwilling to hear of anything about the world or the things of the world, that her eldest daughter, who had taken the letter from the servant opened it to read it herself; as soon however as she saw from whom it was, she called her sister and aunt, (who had come to stay with them,) and read the contents to them. I shall not attempt to describe their joy; it was great and holy, and such as the "heirs of the kingdom" only can feel. Their mother was dozing, and they could scarcely be restrained by their aunt from rousing her; however, yielding to her judgment, they knelt down and, with earnestness of heart, made their thanksgiving to Him who had answered prayer and honoured faith.

When their excessive joy was a little subdued, a serious question suggested itself to their minds, "Who shall break the news to our parent?" Their thoughts first turned to their aunt, as the most fitted for such a duty; but she thought it would be better to ask Mr. Jones, their friend and pastor, to undertake the task. This was agreed to, and that gentleman being

called on by the aunt, (who explained some of the circumstances,) he consented to attend immediately and remain till Mrs. Ray should be ready to receive him.

As soon as Mrs. Ray was awake, she was told of Mr. Jones's being in the house waiting to see her. This she was pleased to hear, and desired that he should come to her room.

Upon her saying, in the course of the conversation that ensued between them, that she had felt more joy than usual in meditating on her approaching happiness, he answered: "It ought to be so; for not only should we be more desirous of being with the Saviour, as we reach nearer the heavenly Canaan; but often God in his goodness vouchsafes marked mercies to cheer us on the way."

"Yes," she answered, "I have had many marked mercies; and I take it as one very great one that while my body grows weaker and weaker my mental energies grow stronger and stronger."

"That must be indeed a great source of comfort to the dying Christian," returned the pastor; "but there are more marked mercies than this granted sometimes; more marked because of the unexpectedness of the events, and the interest which is attached to them, by those who are quitting the scene of struggle and anxiety."

"What do you mean?" was her reply; for an idea seemed to flash upon her mind that her friend was alluding to something of special interest to herself. After a moment she added, "Do not trouble me with thoughts of worldly matters." Then she closed her eyes, and both were silent till she again manifested her readiness to join in conversation. After a short pause Mr. Jones said, that he did not wish to trouble her with things of this world; but he had something to tell her, belonging to matters of eternity, which would interest her and increase her joy.

"Oh! tell me at once!" she said, "is it about my boy?"

As she had herself touched upon the subject of which Mr. Jones was desirous of speaking, there was no further need of disguising or delaying his communication: so he told her that a letter had been received from her son who had arrived in England, and might be expected soon to be with her; and that it contained such news as would show her prayers to be answered. At this intelligence a new strength seemed to animate her, and raising herself a little she eagerly asked for the letter. Mr. Jones upon this called the family in, and at their request read the letter aloud; for the daughters and their aunt were so agitated that neither of them could undertake the task. During the reading, one would scarcely have imagined the voice of Mrs. Ray, as she gave vent to her feelings of gratitude and praise to be that of a sick or dying woman, with such strength were her words expressed. At its conclusion, her face beaming with rapture, she blessed and thanked the Almighty for the great and signal mercy with which she had been crowned, and exhorted them earnestly to trust in him. She added that she had never for more than a moment doubted but that Tom would be saved; though of late she had ceased to hope for a knowledge of his conversion reaching her before she should depart from them. "It is true," she added, "my faith has been sometimes very weak; but in answer to prayer it was strengthened."

Addressing her daughters more particularly, the dying mother further said, "A few days ago I desired you to bear my farewell to your brother, if you should see him again; which I fully believed you would. I must now change that message. He has asked me to forgive him all that he has done unkindly to me. Tell him, I had forgiven him long ago, though he knew it not. Now I should like to leave him a sign of that forgiveness."

Then asking for a pen and ink, she wrote on the cover of her small Bible, with trembling fingers, "Tom Ray; with his dying mother's love." "Tell him," she added, as she handed the volume to her eldest daughter "how much I loved him, and that I wrote his name with my dying hand; that it was the last thing I ever wrote; and that that volume which had been so comforting to me, through many years of my pilgrimage, is my parting gift to him."

Here she paused as though to gather strength; but it came not. She sank back, and for a few minutes they thought the final struggle was at hand. Opening her eyes, however, she motioned to Mr. Jones that he should pray. He did so, and then took his leave, requesting them to allow him to call on the medical attendant, and desire him to see their mother as soon as possible. They gladly availed themselves of his kind offer, and in a short time the professional man was there; but found that he could do nothing, for Mrs. Ray was evidently within a few hours of death. They asked if he thought there would be any chance of their brother's arriving in time to see her before she died, if they wrote for him at once. The answer was "No; I will not hide from you, that it is not possible for her to live, unless by a miracle, more than five or six hours at the very longest; her time may be even much shorter than that."

When the medical man had left, they all returned to the chamber of approaching death, to look upon the beloved one, who was so soon to leave them. Neither of the daughters could be persuaded to quit the room during the whole afternoon; they sat and watched, and prayed, and wept.

Evening was now approaching fast; it was

within an hour of sunset, and there was but little air stirring. The leafless trees looked brighter in their poverty, as the mellow tints of the western sky fell slantingly upon them. As you turned from the bed, where the dying sufferer lay, to look forth on the face of nature, you could not fail to be struck with the accordance of the external world with the important event so soon to take place in that chamber. Everything was calm and suited to the circumstances of the dying Christian. Mrs. Ray was as tranquil as the external scene; all her anxieties were ended—all her hopes realized—all her prayers answered—and now, as the luminary of day gradually sank in the grandeur of a golden sky, so the strength of the sainted woman waned, a smile now and then beaming across her countenance, indicating the intensity of her inward joy; till just as the last ray from the west fell on the window, she faintly said, "Jesus," and her soul was free.

SYMPTOMS AND EFFECTS OF RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.

It is a sure symptom and sad effect of spiritual declension, when the means and ordinances of religion have lost their power to interest us, and to excite their wonted fervours in our breasts. They are not openly departed from, or even systematically neglected. Backsliding in heart makes not itself known to its subject, or to others, by any great and specific change in the conduct. But let the individual examine himself as to the habitual state of his mind in the performance of the duties of piety, and he will soon be aware of the serious and ominous change that has come over him. Let him think of the perfunctory manner in which God is now worshipped in the closet and the family. What preparation of thought and feeling is there for the exercise? What calling upon God, and stirring up of himself to take hold of him in it? Alas: none. There is no correspondence between the postures of his soul and those of his body in that worship. The knee is bent, but the soul is not bowed; the eye is lifted up to heaven, but the spirit lies grovelling upon the earth; the voice preserves its tones, but the heart is not in unison with them, and answers not to them so as to make any melody in the ears of the Most High. The animating spirit is withdrawn, but the carcase of duty is still presented as though that would suffice.

No wonder that the same spirit of listlessness accompanies him to the public exercises of religion, and deprives them of efficacy. When the fire of devotion is not kindled on the altar of the heart in secret duties, the individual is ill prepared to join with those who are worshipping God in public, with joyous spirits and consentaneous voices. His presence is not wanting in the assembly of the saints, and little or no difference from others is perceptible in his behaviour. His eyes are fixed upon the preacher, and his ears seem to be drinking in the instructions that flow from his lips. But in the meanwhile his imagination is wandering to the ends of the earth, without any effort to recall it to the present subject or to check its wanderings, and collect and concentrate his attention on the representations of invisible and eternal realities that are passing before him. Like Gideon's fleece, therefore, he remains under the "droppings of the sanctuary, unwatered still and dry." As he came without preparation for receiving benefit, so he departs without carrying any away with him; probably much the worse for the train of thoughts indulged. What made no serious impression at the moment, is not retained for any future service. His memory is like a leaky vessel, which, when the supply ceases, is found to have retained nothing of what had been communicated.

He may endeavour, and often does endeavour, to account for this change by alleging one in the means themselves: but it is not so. The truth proclaimed is the same that it was, and of the same power and authority: the ordinances have lost none of their significancy, nor the administrator of them any of his skill or fervour in the adaptation of them to the cases of the attendants. But the auditor has lost his susceptibleness of impression and earnestness of desire after the kind of good to be derived from them. An appetite is wanted in him, not food at his Father's table. The heart that was once soft and impressible has cooled and become hard. "Your ears," says God, "are dull of hearing." What a contrast to the fervours of his piety in the early stages of his religious course! Then he hasted with cheerful feet to the sanctuary: his sabbath seasons were counted the sunny spots of life's journey: and, both in the anticipation and the review, possessed an undying charm. But now, though the landscape remains the same, the enlivening sun is withdrawn, and its scenes fail to inspire any pleasure. As to growth in godliness it is out of the question.

The spiritual zest is lost, or greatly enfeebled, and his taste vitiated, so that the most appropriate nutriment is unsavoury and unsatisfactory. The provision of God's house is no longer of any benefit to him. He hungers and thirsts not after righteousness, and is not filled. He has left his first love, his works have not been found perfect before God. Such a state is full of admonition to him that is conscious of it; and his plain duty is to rouse up his soul to anticipate

the issue to which all this tends. The voice of the Spirit calls him to be watchful, and to strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die.

The absence of divine consolations is also to be reckoned, as a sure effect of these aberrations. The question was asked of Job—"Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Small they never can be in the estimation of those who have once enjoyed them. They are an exhilaration of soul, with which no other excitement of which our nature is capable can be compared. The joy of the Lord is not a mere emotion, but an element, in which the soul is bathed, and in which its powers of judgment, thought, and reflection—of excursive contemplation, and boundless anticipation, have all their gratification and enlargement. The angels in heaven know no higher good than a full measure of this joy. Alas, that it should be experienced but in such scanty portions by the worshippers of God on earth, and that even these should be forfeited by the waywardness, neglect, and indiscretion of those who have once been favoured with them! Yet so it is with the individuals whose case we are considering. They read in the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, of the delightsomeness of God's service. Rivers of pleasure are said to flow from his presence into the souls of those who wait on him. The joy of the Lord is their strength. The love of God is shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them, and their countenances are made to glisten with its refreshing influence, while the odour of it is diffused in their conversation. If then we know nothing of these joys, or having known them, feel them suspended, and their place occupied with frivolous vanities, or the illusory joys of sense—if while we see other Christians conversing on the things of God with the liveliest emotions, telling of the raptures of their communion with him, or sounding them forth in notes of praise, we can take no part with them, but stand aside as mere listeners or spectators, what must be the conclusion, but that we have, by our untowardness, departed from the Lord, and caused him to hide his face from us? And though in the buoyancy of our natural strength and spirits, and the evenness of our worldly circumstances, the absence of these superior joys may not be painfully felt, yet in the ills of life that may await us, and the changes to which our whole nature, and all the circumstances that surround us are incident, what shall we do without their enlivening support and solace? Though the Lord give us the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet if he be present with us, the wilderness of our soul will possess a fountain of invigorating streams within it, and spots of verdure that can suffer neither blight nor decay, will appear like oases in the desert. But if He who should be the comforter of our soul is withdrawn, because offended with us, it will be a wilderness indeed—a land of darkness, and drought, and of the shadow of death.*

CHRISTIAN LETTER WRITING.

How useful has the kind, judicious, well-timed letter of a Christian friend frequently proved! The author of "The Listener," and many other good books, traces her first serious thoughts to such a letter, written by one who was too timid to trust herself to speak of these things.

Another who has since been permitted to bear her grateful testimony to her Saviour, and write little books in his name, concerning the faith which she once denied, thankfully ascribes her conversion to the same cause. She had written something which the world called clever; and it might have been clever, but it was unsound and unscriptural. Nevertheless, there were many found to praise it; and many were the letters, full of commendation, which she was continually receiving.

One day, a kind friend, to whom she had been showing some of these, said hesitatingly; "I should like you to see the letter which I have just received about your little work; but I am afraid lest it should vex you." The curiosity of the young authoress was roused, and she never rested until the letter was in her own possession. It was from a clergyman, to whom her work had been shown. The words which particularly struck her in it were these:—

"Your friend may be all that you describe; she may be very amiable and talented; but, poor girl! I am afraid that she is not a Christian—that she does not believe in Christ."

The young authoress said little; but she asked leave to keep the letter, and she has it now. We have seen it many and many a time; and the paper is faded, and worn, and blotted with tears. The words which she had read fastened upon her mind, and haunted her day and night, until she was mercifully brought to confess their truth and faithfulness, and learned at length to know, and believe, and put her whole trust in the merits of her Divine Redeemer alone. That letter was one of the most powerful instruments used by the Holy Spirit to bring her out of the darkness and error of Socinianism, to the glorious light of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We should never write a long letter without a little word of Christ. M'Cheyne is said to

* From Leifchild's "Christian Experience."

have had a busy skill in dropping a word for his Master upon all occasions. He wrote few letters in which the name of Jesus was not mentioned, or something of his spirit breathed forth. Writing to a member of his family, he says: "The Tay is before me now like a resplendent mirror, glistening in the morning sun. May the same sun shine sweetly on you; and may He that makes it shine, shine into your heart, and give you the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

We know one who never wrote the commonest letter without prayer. "If we think of it," said she, "it is a very solemn reflection that these silent witnesses either for good or evil may remain to influence others long after we ourselves are laid in the grave." Her words have come to pass since then, and her letters are preserved and read over with tears. There is scarcely one in which she does not allude to heavenly things: "It seems so natural," to quote her own words, "both to write and speak of what we love."

Wilberforce, addressing sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, says, "I do not like to conclude my letter without one serious word." Oh, if we could all remember to think thus, how much more useful we might become. Writing to those we love, in distant places and at distant intervals, it is impossible to calculate what may have come to pass since we last addressed them, or how much in need they may stand of our affectionate counsel; and, above all, of being reminded of better things.

It is interesting to remark how frequently a letter will arrive at the exact moment when most required, and as if God had put it into the writer's heart to send it just then, and what to say, as doubtless he often does. A letter has ere now arrested us when about to do what we ought not to have done, or reminded us that we were leaving those duties undone which we ought to have fulfilled.

We heard once of a Christian letter being put into the hands of a young girl, while in the very act of trimming a ball-dress to wear that evening at a county ball. "I went all the same," said she, "but it haunted me continually, so that I could not take pleasure in anything; and I date from that night, and from the blessed effects of that letter, the gradual weaning of my heart from worldly things to Christ."

We once saw a little packet carefully sealed up, and labelled, "Letters received from a friend, during sickness." "They were more than medicine to me," said the possessor; "so full of comfort, so full of Christ. I used to lie with them under my pillow. I would not part with these letters for their weight in gold." The letters of those we love are indeed of priceless value; especially when the One Name is written therein. Some one has called the letters of a judicious friend, her "silent monitors." A religious letter is an unspeakable blessing in the time of affliction.—*Isabel; or, Influence.* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

RELICS.

"LITTLE children, keep yourselves from idols!" (1 John v. 21.) The "beloved disciple" knew the force of his own meaning when he closed his epistle with these earnest words. He knew the natural tendency of the human heart to cling to the seen, the tangible, the temporal, instead of to the unseen, the spiritual, the eternal! He was speaking to the "little children" of all ages and of every age, from one year old to three score years and ten, from the first century to the nineteenth century, when he thus besought them to "keep themselves from idols." In the light of the Spirit, which showed him things to come, he may have foreseen that ere long the fond and doating heart of the "child" would be looking around for something visible to which it might cling, now that the beloved Lord and Master was gone out of sight. He would foresee that the "child" would think that he could not dispense entirely with his pleasant toys, declaring that they did not distract his attention from spiritual things, but that they in reality aided him to fix his too vagrant mind on the unseen objects of faith and love. Nay, says the apostle, but this will prove to you a grievous snare: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

If John, under the teaching of the Spirit, felt the need for this exhortation at the early hour when he wrote, very emphatically may we feel its importance in this nineteenth century, and especially when travelling in southern Italy. The "children" of that glowing climate are naturally so ardent in their affections, so open to impressions from without, as to make them cling with peculiar fondness to anything like a memorial, a keep-sake of the departed. You can scarcely pass along the dusty high-ways, or follow some little tempting by-path bordered by myrtle and laurustinus, or climb up some rocky stair-case amongst the purple Apennines, without coming upon some evidence of this passionate instinct.

Here there is a white-washed monastery, perched high, like a hawk's nest, upon the steep edge of a spur of the mountain range which overlooks the luxuriant plain with all its wealth of orange and lemon groves. The bridle-path has long been winding and twisting about amid vines festooned from tree to tree, or amongst

rocks through whose crevices the aloe slowly forces its way to meet the sun. The tinkling of a little bell is heard as you approach the convent gate, and an old Franciscan monk is waiting to waylay any passing traveller. His coarse ragged serge dress, bound round the waist with a common cord, his bare and soiled feet, his repulsive face with its sensualised expression, are but a sorry illustration of that "beauty of holiness" which he professes to set forth. A young Neapolitan girl, mounted on her donkey, above her panniers of juicy melons, or ripe figs, or great purple grapes, comes winding slowly up the steep path. The old Franciscan approaches her, holding up some pretended relic of a saint, enshrined in an ornamented case. With a great amount of gesticulation, and with much earnest ejaculatory talk about the preciousness of the relic, (a finger, a shred of clothing, even a tooth, perchance taken at random from the Catacombs,) he promises his "dear daughter" some great good to her soul, if she will render homage to the little saintly relic. The girl reverently bows down her broad sun-dyed forehead, and presses her lips to the pretended relic, while she drops a small coin by way of acknowledgment into his open palm. Poor old man! pity if thou art thyself deceived: far, far worse if thou art saying in thy secret soul, "Have I not a lie in my right hand?" Poor young girl! it is pity that those bright dark eyes of thine are blind to the things which belong to thy peace. But far worse is it for him who blindeth thee, and then telleth thee that thou seest. Oh, for one ray of gospel light to illumine thy darkness! It would show thee that the Christian has *one* true relic, and one only—the word of God, and that this is not to be treasured up as a spell, but to be reverently, earnestly, prayerfully studied and laid to heart.

Let us take another scene: a young girl complained to me, one day, that she had been suffering dreadfully from tooth-ache. "Had not she better have the offender extracted, then? Or would she like to try the effect of some palliating remedy?"

"No! ah, no! many thanks! but she would go to that blessed shrine high up on the hill side, the shrine of the dear mother of God, (*Madre di Dio*) and there she would pray her to grant her relief. And, oh! there were so many offerings hung there, thank-offerings from the faithful, whose prayers and vows had been heard by the most blessed Virgin. Margarita had been most certainly cured, and why might not she?"

It is on a very slender capital that these little shrines commence business, and yet they carry on a very thriving trade in the superstitious credulity of the many. An extremely slight show of verification is all that is asked to prove the historical identity of the relic which is supposed to impart sanctity to the shrine.

The number of relics which we encounter in Italy is perfectly amazing. We will not stay to describe the "Santa Scala" at Rome, up which crowds of devotees painfully labour on their knees, which is said to be the identical staircase which led to Pilate's judgment hall, and which is declared to have been brought from Jerusalem by the empress Helena, mother of Constantine. Neither will we expatiate on a revered fragment of wood which is treasured up in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, and is stated to be a part of that table around which was enacted one of the most affecting and memorable scenes in our Lord's history—his last supper with his sorrowing disciples. Nor need we speak of the immense quantity of wood, here and there, which claims to be the imperishable substance of the "True Cross." These are some of the more distinguished objects of relic-worship on which has been poured forth the idolatrous love of the poor deluded souls who are seeking for *any* substitute they can find for pure and spiritual religion. Most of the countless mass of relics in the Romish church appertain to very subordinate characters—many of them to pretended "saints" whose very existence is a myth, a legend. And yet on such paltry rubbish as these, thousands of immortal beings have been content to lavish that adoring love which is due to God alone.

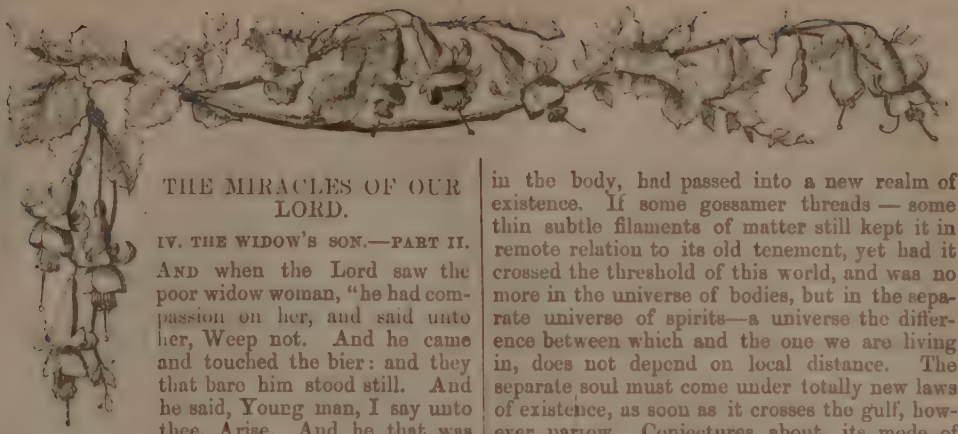
This is an old weakness, an old temptation of human nature—so old that the emperor Theodosius the great in the year 386 passed a law which forbade the people to dig up the bodies of the martyrs, and to traffic in their relics. The system of relic-worship, which afterwards became so lucrative to the church of Rome, appears to have originated in a very early practice of assembling in the burying-places of the martyrs, for the purpose of carrying on religious exercises in a spot consecrated by so many touching memories of victorious faith and undying love. Soon it was thought that those devotional services which were held beside the graves of saints and martyrs possessed a peculiar virtue, a lofty sanctity of their own. Rich shrines and splendid churches were presently erected over the tomb; relics were begged, bought, or stolen in order to enrich distant altars, and at last St. Ambrose, in the fourth century, refused to consecrate a church unless it could boast a relic as an essential element of sanctity. Then began pilgrimages, processions, offerings, miracles; the powers of evil were supposed to shrink instinctively from the presence of every hallowed talisman, every blessed amulet, every precious spell, which could be referred to the person or had taken part in the history of any saint, old or

A NEAPOLITAN PEASANT GIRL KISSING A RELIC.

new. Relics were now held to possess a self-defensive power. If wicked hands dared to touch them it was believed that they would wither away; if presumptuous men dared to remove them without priestly license, they would be struck dead. At the close of the sixth century pope Gregory the great, the real founder of mediæval papacy, was trafficking largely in "hallowed" remains. He writes to the empress Constantia that if the chains of St. Paul would yield any of their precious iron to the file, which they often refused to do, he would transmit them to her: that the gift was small, but that miraculous power was inherent there. He himself transported from Constantinople to Rome "an arm of St. Andrew," and "the head of St. Luke."

By an easy transition, that sanctity which attached to relics was transferred to the persons of their official guardians, the Romish clergy, who now, supposed to be dowried with supernatural powers, with the inherent holiness of priestly office, with command over the souls and bodies and homes of the living, and over the souls and bodies and abode of the dead, sat on the high places of the earth, and held in their hands the false keys of heaven.

We might dilate widely upon a theme so full of instruction, so instinct with solemn warning. But enough has been said to supply a mournful commentary on the affectionate exhortation of the "beloved disciple," with which we began, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"



THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

IV. THE WIDOW'S SON.—PART II.

And when the Lord saw the poor widow woman, "he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak."

First of all, here is a miracle on the body. The inanimate corpse was restored to sensibility and action. There was an epitome of all Christ's other miracles upon humanity in this. The blind received sight, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the lame walked, the withered was restored, the unclean was cleansed; he who had fallen under him who hath the power of death, was delivered. It was a healing and a making whole, and a purification, and an exorcism, all at once. And all by a word. "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." That was enough. There was no effort, no striving, not even a prayer. A simple command did it. "Elias," says Massillon, "raised the dead it is true, but he was obliged to stretch himself on the corpse of the infant in order to restore it; he breathed, he contracted himself, he agitated himself; one can see that he was invoking a strange power, that he was calling from the empire of death a soul that would not hear his voice—that he was not of himself the Lord of death and of life. But Jesus Christ resuscitates the dead as he performs the commonest action—he speaks as a master to those who slept the long sleep; and one perceives that he is indeed the God of the dead as of the living, never more tranquil than when he is doing the greatest things."

And there is here a miracle on the soul as well as the body. The Jews had some beautiful but strange dreams about death, and fancied that the spirit lingered for a while near its tabernacle, that the bonds were gently loosened, that gradually the entanglements of the flesh gave way, and then the spirit soared to its new home. They generally buried their dead very early — within twenty-four hours of death. According, then, to their ideas, the spirit of this young man might not be far off the body, might still be hovering near the bier.

But even, if it were so, the spirit, not being in the body, had passed into a new realm of existence. If some gossamer threads — some thin subtle filaments of matter still kept it in remote relation to its old tenement, yet had it crossed the threshold of this world, and was no more in the universe of bodies, but in the separate universe of spirits—a universe the difference between which and the one we are living in, does not depend on local distance. The separate soul must come under totally new laws of existence, as soon as it crosses the gulf, however narrow. Conjectures about its mode of existence, whether Jewish or Christian, are vain. Thus much we know, this man's soul had become a disembodied one. It had entered the invisible country. And Jesus called it back. At his word not only did the door of life in the body reopen, but the former occupant was, at once, again on the threshold, and within the familiar dwelling place.

Jesus Christ here showed his lordship over the realm of souls as over the world of bodies, over mind as over matter, over the unseen as over the visible. His miraculous power was not hemmed in by the shores of this island of existence on which he then stood. He held a rod mightier than Moses'—a rod that swept the ocean of immensity all round. From that great deep he could bring back the spirits lodged there.

And the mighty strength here shown was the strength of love. It was power instinct with mercy. It was mercy clothing itself in power. How human love walks through the world clothed in weakness! What a feeble arm it has! How often it can do no more than weep! There was plenty of human love following this young man to the grave—plenty of love in that train of mourners—plenty of love among the "much people of the city that was with her," but it was love without power. They could weep with the widowed childless mother, but they could not make her cease to weep. It is ever so. To recur again to the modern instance of the poor widow previously quoted. "As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation. 'Nay now, nay now, don't take it so sorely to heart!' She would shake her head, and wring her hands as one not to be comforted." And so this poor

Israelitish Rachel weeping for her child, in bitterness for her first born, for her only born, would have heeded little any advice from the Nain people however tender and wise. But now there is crossing her path another kind of love than human—love clothed with power—love that can make itself felt in rich consolation—love that can drop like heaven into the heart. "Woman," he says, not in idle words, "weep not. And he came and touched the bier. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." And that great mighty being, with his heart of love, yea, infinite love, carrying that power, still walks over this earth invisibly, meeting funerals, visiting death-beds, speaking to poor widows, consoling those that weep over their dead sons.

Again, the merciful power of Jesus in this case carried a blessing into the experience of the son, as into that of the mother. It would be a low view of the miracle to suppose that the son was brought back from the other world simply for the consolation of the mother. Doubtless his own good was contemplated in this signal wonder. Had the young man been possessed of that best life before, had he been a spiritual not a carnal man? Then, we can conceive of his coming back to this world being for the purpose of his receiving here a fuller measure of spiritual life, of his discharging here some new form of spiritual service, of his undergoing here some new form of spiritual discipline, necessary according to the deepest laws of God's universe, for the increase of his gifts and his honours and his enjoyments there. Had he been doubly dead? Was he in the strongest of all senses, redeemed from destruction, was he literally a brand plucked from the burning? *then* was the miracle to him an exercise of saving love, going beyond its common range.

"There came a fear on all." As the great gates of eternity opened and a prisoner came back—as the secret spring of animal sensation, consciousness, and activity, which had ceased to be, came into existence again—they must have been startled to a degree transcending our imagination. "And they glorified God," and thinking, perhaps, of Elijah and Elisha, and their restoring of the widow's son and the Shunammite's son, in a manner we have seen inferior, they said that, "a great prophet was risen among them." They exclaimed, "God hath visited his people." They linked with this great wonder the remembrance of former wonders. It was a loftier miracle than they had ever thought of, but there were lofty ones already raised, and on the tops of those they stood to look at this. The recollection of their Elijahs and Elishas prepared them for the recognition of Divine love and power, manifested in and by the Son of God.

The mystery of death wraps up another mystery—the mystery of sin. Men die because they are sinners, and between the cause and the effect, there is a connection not only of power but of resemblance. As human death is the fruit of sin, so also is sin like death. Nay, it is in a very true and awful sense, death itself. It is the parent, the fountain, the root form of death, out of which every stream and branch of human death springs and grows. Sin is death, according to the Bible, and natural death is not merely a poetical and rhetorical figure of sin, it is the proper and natural expression and sign of it. "Dead in trespasses and in sins" is a representation, the fulness and truth of which we do not sufficiently see, because we do not sufficiently consider the solemn words, though we are ever repeating them. Human death, not the death of a beast, marvellously illustrates spiritual death. "The dead man carried out," helps us to understand the condition of the dead soul which some of our readers are constantly carrying about. There was insensibility in that man to certain things around him, to the gates and walls, to the cornfields and the trees, to the blue sky and the golden sun, to the fanning breeze, and the singing birds. They were all to his eyes and ears, as though they were not. Yet had that man sensibility after all. The soul which Jesus Christ brought once more into the body, was conscious; it retained its thinking power, its sensibilities had not perished. So the dead man was in a double state, at once sensible and insensible. All dead men may be said to be at once sensible and insensible, if we grasp within the idea of them both parts of their nature. And a soul dead in trespasses and sins is also, at one and the same time, sensible and insensible; sensible in part, insensible in part; sensible to some things, insensible to others. The soul has two sides, one next *this* world, one next *that*; one next time, one next eternity; one next its fellow man, one next God. The outer-side of the soul, the bodily carnal side, that which touches the world and time and our fellow-creatures has feeling enough. The inner-side of the soul, the spiritual the celestial, which touches eternity and God, is paralysed in death. The soul, in reference to its highest interests is like a dead body; the soul, in reference to its lowest interests, is as keenly sensible as a naked spirit. Mystery of death, mystery of sin, how they accord! How one-half of the sinner's nature lies in the excitement of sensibility, and the other half slumbers in the black shade of insensibility! Spiritual death is natural death transposed, inverted.

And, again, the mystery of the miracle points

to another. It leads us, even more obviously, to think of the resurrection of bodies than of souls. He who now roused the young man from the bier more easily than we can raise ourselves from the bed, will, at the last, multiply this miracle, and make ten thousand times ten thousand more such, yet mightier and more wonderful. "I believe in the resurrection of the body," is the holy catholic faith of every age, the faith taught by Jesus, illustrated by his miracles embodied in his own rising and ascension, proclaimed with wonderful clearness by his holy apostle Paul. As soon as Christianity came into the world, an apostle sung, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It has been the song of holy Christians ever since, sometimes in fainter, sometimes in stronger notes, when they have seen friends put into their graves, or when they have looked into their own. Death makes nature feel solemn. Christian faith adds to the solemnness, and blends with it a pure joy. It makes a Christian funeral a solemn triumph.

And then, as our thoughts follow the funeral to the grave yard, Christian faith teaches us to write over it, "God is love." "This is God's field."

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's acre. It is just,
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"God's acre! yes that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they have garnered in their hearts—
Their bread of life, alas no more their own.

"Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

"Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

"With thy rude ploughshare death, turn up the sod
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow."

DR. JOHN KITTO.

PART II.

WHILE John Kitto was eagerly engaged in study in the Plymouth library, and his friends were discussing plans for his future course; his unseen Guide was opening up an unthought-of path for him. At this period there resided in Exeter a dentist of the name of Groves. This gentleman heard of Kitto and saw some of his letters, which so interested his benevolent heart that he made the deaf youth a handsome proposal in connection with his own business. It was accepted, and Kitto removed to Exeter. The temporal advantages of his position there were considerable, its spiritual advantages very great. Mr. Groves was a man who lived near to God, and in intercourse with him Kitto's interest in religious matters grew warmer and deeper. Referring to his spiritual progress he says, in a letter to his friend Mr. Woollcombe, "This much at least is certain, that I every day become more sensible of the vital importance of religion, and the mere nothingness of the world and the things of the world. Every day 'the beauty of holiness' is more apparent to me, and daily is the conviction increased in my mind, that the ways of Christianity are 'ways of pleasantness' and its paths are 'paths of peace,' and most earnestly do I pray that my measure of grace may be sufficient to enable me to pursue those ways, and to walk in those paths continually.

"I begin to think very differently on many subjects from what I once did. I formerly imagined that many of the pursuits of this world, and the things by which most men are so deeply interested, might easily enough be reconciled with Christianity. But I now see very clearly that all things are vanity and vexation of spirit, which do not tend mediately or immediately to God, or have not Christ and the final happiness of mankind for their object."

To Mr. Burnard he writes: "You must be sensible from the tone of my letters, both to yourself and those which you may have seen of mine to other persons, that the John Kitto you will see is rather a different person from the John Kitto you have seen, and I am sure you will rejoice with me when you understand that this is not a mere alteration of the external manners or appearance, but an alteration most deeply felt in the heart, and entering into every feeling, every passion of the mind, insomuch that I should now be disgusted with much in which I once delighted, and many things are now most pleasant and delightful which once were indifferent to me."

About this time Kitto's first work was published, by subscription, and well received. It was a volume of essays and letters. The scheme was more that of his friends than his own, though to be an author was an early and abiding object of his ambition. He relates a dream of his workhouse days—whether a sleeping or waking one he leaves his correspondent to judge—in which, being touched by the wand of the angel Zared, he found himself the occupant and owner of a comfortable study, well filled with books, and in a conspicuous position were placed several volumes of which he was the author, while on the table lay letters addressed to him, from different parts of the world. He lived to have his boyhood's dream completely fulfilled. And its realization was a blessing, because he

had from an early period learned to desire usefulness above all things, and to seek the influence of a public teacher that he might devote this influence to the highest purposes. "If I were asked," he writes from Exeter, "how the happiness of mankind can be most effectually promoted, I would answer by Christianity. I mean not nominal, but real and vital Christianity. . . . Be *this* in future, then, my object, as a literary character, and if this object should be in any degree attained by any thing I may be enabled to write, say, or do, I shall esteem my honour and my reward greater than any which scientific or literary distinctions could confer."

Happy as the young man was in Exeter, he had not yet found his resting place in his life-work. He had many weary steps to tread, many trials to endure, many depressing hours to pass through, ere he had the consciousness of being "the right man in the right place." Mr. Groves having determined to give himself to missionary work, his business at Exeter was relinquished, and for his deaf friend he obtained admission into the missionary college at Islington, that he might be taught the art of printing, with the view of being employed at the presses of some of the foreign mission stations. Mr. Groves charged himself with part of his friend's expenses, and for some time promised well a promise, however, which was not to be fulfilled. Kitto's connection with the Church Missionary Society extended, in all, over three and a half years, the first two years of which were spent in London, the remaining time in Malta. While in London a difference, which led to a temporary separation, occurred between Kitto and his employers, on the ground of his devotion to literature being considered incompatible with a thoroughly vigorous discharge of his duties as a printer. A similar difference occurred at Malta, which led to his withdrawal from the work altogether and his return to England. His friends disapproved of his course in connection with this matter, nor did he hesitate to acknowledge in after years, that a measure of blame did attach to him, though he conceived there were mistakes also on the other side.

To this period belongs a romantic but in the end a very sad episode in the printer's life. Kitto's affections were of the warmest kind, and he had early resolved to seek, as soon as circumstances permitted, the solaces of domestic life. If the wisest men frequently err in the difficult business of wife choosing, we need not wonder that one who was deprived of a chief faculty in judging of the characters of others should have been deceived. And in fact it does not appear that he was very cautious in making his selection. A pleasing face seen in a public assembly struck the fancy of the poor man, whose infirmity rendered him specially susceptible of impressions from the eye. Happening to enter a shop some time after to make a trifling purchase, he entered into conversation with the very respectable female who sold to him, regarding Sunday-schools and children. They became so friendly that he was invited into the parlour, and on expressing a wish to see the children whose Sunday-school reward books their mother was exhibiting to him, the only one then at home was called in, whom to his surprise he found to be his unknown pleaser. On farther acquaintance he formed the opinion, and his friends agreed with it, that she was a fit person to be his wife. Her consent was obtained, a time fixed for their marriage, and the banns published. It was found necessary, however, to delay their union for a short time, and Kitto sailed for Malta, whither his betrothed was to follow him. This love was as he says "a new cause," and while, in the enjoyment of it, his heart was dwelling with delight on his anticipated happiness, the terrible news reached him that his beloved was false to him, and now the wife of another.* His sufferings were agonizing. "Oh, my mother," he writes home, "you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer. All my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed by this intelligence. I hardly know how to believe it. It is a very severe trial to me, and I should quite sink under it, if the Lord were not graciously with me to support and strengthen me under the heavy burden I have to bear. I hope it will be sanctified to me as my other trials have been." To his friend the Rev. J. Marsh he says, "There are and have been times, when I have felt quite weary of all things, even of myself: and, you know, dear, dear self, is generally the last thing people are wearied of. Our good Master has been kind to me, however, and I tremble to conjecture what would have become of me, but for those strengthenings and supports which his ready hand has afforded to me, under the great and sore troubles to which I have been subjected. It is for affliction to show the real value of our privileges. In the day of our prosperity and in the gladness of our spirit, we are so apt to neglect, if not despise them, and to suffer the rust of desuetude to accumulate upon them; but it is for sorrow and trouble to brighten them up, to bring them forth in all their powers, to refresh, and help, and strengthen. I have often thought because I have often had occasion to think about it, that our privileges are like an "undiscovered country," till affliction compels us to voyage forth in the sea of consola-

* He never saw the lady again in life. She died shortly after his return to England, having previously expressed her sorrow for her conduct towards Mr. Kitto.

tion, and then we discover many a fair shore, many a rich mountain and fruitful valley, of which we before knew nothing."

Early in 1829, Kitto reached England, and soon after visited his native town. His position was a trying one. His friends were dissatisfied, and some of them he thought alienated from him. His own spirits were depressed, and his prospects gloomy. But one thing connected with this visit deserves especial note. Kitto was afterwards inclined to date from it his true spiritual birth. In a letter to his mother, written in Bagdad two years after, he says, "I have been a very great sinner, though not habitually indulging in external sin; but my besetting sins have been *within*, sins of the mind; I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God till after I was at Plymouth the last time." It is not for us to say whether Kitto was right or wrong in this supposition. In cases where spiritual enlightenment is so gradual a process as it was with him, it is not easy to point out the exact time when the decisive change takes place. For several years before this, he had been considered by himself and by his friends as a true Christian, whose chief object in life was the promotion of his Master's cause; nor was there anything in his spirit or conduct inconsistent with such a profession. And yet he fears that all this time he may have been deceiving himself. How loudly does this "doubt" say to every professing Christian, "Examine yourself. Look well to your grounds of hope."

At this time Mr. Groves was preparing to depart on a mission to the east—a mission not connected with any society, but supported by himself and a few friends, and when (having at the same time procured him the offer of another situation at home) he asked Kitto whether he would like to accompany him as tutor to his sons, the immediate reply was "Yes." Thus another of the workhouse boy's dreams was to have, if not a complete realisation, yet an approach to it. While at his lowest estate in Plymouth, he writes in his journal, "I had even thought of plans to enable me to visit Asia, and the ground consecrated by the steps of the Saviour! Even now, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable, if some kind gentleman, on his travels, would permit me to be his (though not expert) faithful servant." The soil of the Holy Land he was not to tread, but a land included in the range of Biblical regions he was to visit, and there to gather up the living lore which fitted him for the great work of his life—the illustration of the sacred writings.

Early in the summer of 1829, Mr. Kitto and his party left England. Their travels thence to St. Petersburgh, and from St. Petersburgh to Bagdad, which occupied nearly six months, Kitto describes with the vivid picturing of a man "all eye." On the 6th of December their destination was reached, and our tutor set himself with much energy to his own proper work. He had learned Hebrew that he might teach it, and was about to acquire Greek for the same purpose, when the studies, with which he and his young friends were going on very happily together, met with a terrible interruption.

Inundation and pestilence, quickly followed by siege and famine, fell upon the devoted city. The angel of death entered its streets, and threw his shadow upon every home. Fearful were the horrors which gathered over the once proud city of the Caliphs, and very awful was the situation of the few Christians within its walls—the living amongst the dead. It was heart-rending to know that thousands were daily carried to their last resting-place, who had died in utter ignorance of Him who is the conqueror of death and the grave. For themselves they were enabled to rest in quiet confidence in their God and Saviour. Theirs was the blessedness and safety of those who have "eternal wisdom for their guide—their help Omnipotence." When the plague commenced, the population of Bagdad was estimated at upwards of eighty thousand, and "in the course of something less than two months," it was calculated that three-fourths of the population had been swept away. At first decent burial was granted to the dead, but by-and-by, when four or five thousand died in a day, the bodies were thrown into the river, or in the case of those who died in the streets, left there to be devoured by dogs. For several weeks Mr. Groves' household was untouched, and hope was springing up that it might escape, when, on the 8th of May, Mrs. Groves was taken ill. There was no mistaking the fearful symptoms; she was in the grasp of the plague. Her husband immediately shut himself up with her as sole nurse, and the other inmates were kept apart. The Christian lady, with a sweet submission, declared that whatever might be the result, she was prepared to feel that the Lord would do all things well. The result was death. "Mrs. Groves was interred a few hours after her decease," writes Kitto, "and the things she had used were burned. It went very sharply to my heart to see the corpse of so good a friend brought out, wound up in the way of the country, in a sheet, without a coffin, and laid on a sort of grating made of palm branches, which was fastened on horseback with cords by two strange men, who took it away for interment with little ceremony. No one followed her beloved remains to the grave, and no funeral rites

were performed there; indeed we know not the spot of her interment; but our hearts followed her, not to the grave, but to the throne of the heavenly King, where she appears certainly not the least brilliant gem among the jewels of his kingdom."

As Mr. Groves was the only member of the family who had gone abroad during the progress of the pestilence, he believed that he had carried the infection to his wife, and expected to be the next victim. It was a terribly anxious season to the deaf man, who feared that he might be left in that strange city in charge of three helpless orphans. "I was greatly oppressed," he says, "and prayed earnestly that Mr. Groves, at least, might be spared." Very finely are the characters of these Christian friends developed in the distressing circumstances in which they are placed. How much of simple confidence in their Father! How much of true brotherly love and sympathy towards each other!

In a letter of Kitto's to his mother, written at this period, but to be forwarded only in the event of his death, we have an interesting glimpse of the bearing of a Christian man in the midst of mortal danger, and the feelings of a warmly affectionate Christian son and brother towards the kindred he is leaving behind. "When I put myself in dear Mr. Groves' present case," he writes, "and think what I should feel in his situation, supposing that he has the plague himself, and knowing that his beloved wife has—apprehending, also, that he shall have to leave three little orphans in a strange city under the care of a deaf man—when I think of this I am afraid I could not bear it as he does, and I thank God I am not so tried. Yet if I were, perhaps *He* would strengthen me as he does Mr. Groves to bear all he might lay upon me. How easy it is in comparison for me to die! . . For myself I only say, 'Do with me as thou wilt, only make thy will mine.' . . As for myself, I have nothing to boast of; no ground of consolation in the prospect of death, but in the free mercy of Christ. . . . . .

"My dearest mother, I hope you will earnestly seek after the salvation of God. . . . God bless you, my dear father, and put your *heart*, or keep it if it be there, in that true way which your *head* knows so well. Dear Betsey, dear Mary Ann, dear William, believe me that I love you all very tenderly, and would do anything I could have done for your welfare, whether spiritual or temporal. I hope you may all walk with Christ, through the wilderness of this world, that by-and-by you may join your elder brother in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens whither he goes before you. Take care of our parents. Think how much we owe them; you must do the more for them now that Johnny can no longer share *this* pleasure with you. I had hoped to see you again, but God knew better than I what was good."

The death of the female servants of the household followed that of their mistress; and when the sword of the destroying angel was withdrawn, it was found that not one of the teachers employed in Mr. Groves' schools had survived the visitation. And great had been the sufferings of all his little home circle during the protracted season of the city's varied troubles. Sir John M'Neill describes them at the close of this period as "emaciated, wan, and depressed with suffering, with insufficient nourishment and long confinement," but Kitto notwithstanding as eager as ever to obtain such information regarding Eastern customs as helped to illustrate the sacred story.

The death of Mrs. Groves rendering it desirable that new arrangements should be made for the education of her sons, Kitto, with Mr. Groves' full approbation, prepared to return to England. His friends in the east assured him that at home he could not fail to obtain literary employment. One scheme he had already in his mind—the publication of a missionary gazetteer. Immediately on his arrival in the east, he had set to gathering materials for some such work, a work to contain an account of the cities and towns, etc., between the Mediterranean and the Indus, which claimed attention in a missionary point of view. For these materials he found ample use afterwards, though not in the form he had first projected.

Poetry.

THE UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

THERE was a certain rich man's ground
A plenteous harvest brought:
"I have no room to store my fruits,"
Within himself he thought.

"This will I do—pull down my barns,
And greater build, and there
Bestow the produce of my fields,
In rich abundance fair;

And say, My soul, thou hast much goods
Laid up for many years;
Now take thine ease, and eat and drink,
And mirth shall banish fears!"

"Thou fool!" said God, "this night thy soul
Shall be required of thee;
Then whose shall all those valued things
Thou hast provided be?"

And so is he; and *he* must feel
The dread avenging rod,
Who lays up treasure for himself,
And is not rich to God.

JOSEPHINE.

Pages for the Young.

WALTER'S WISH.

PART II.

THE week preceding Flora's birthday was unusually fine, even for the season, and the bright long days flew rapidly by to the happy children unclouded as the summer sky.

Little Flora wandered hand in hand with Walter over the breezy downs, helping him to gather the golden furze and purple heather, or searching with him in the clear sparkling brook, for what she called pretty smooth stones, to decorate the interior of her bower, which was to be made to resemble a grotto, and adorned with shining Bristol and Matlock stones, interspersed with rare and beautiful shells, which Flora's uncle had brought with him from abroad. The work went forward most successfully, and little Flora was unbounded in her expressions of admiration and gratitude to Walter. It was agreed between them, when all the interior had been completed, that on Monday the soft carpet should be spread, and the evergreens twined round the pillars, but that the flowers should not be suspended till the following day, that their freshness and fragrance might last as long as possible. Flora was up with the sun the next day, gathering roses from her own little garden, Walter soon joined her, and the time was occupied till breakfast in plucking the beautiful flowers, yet fresh with dew, and carrying them down to the bower. After breakfast, until noon, the time was spent in weaving them into garlands. When this work was finished, Walter said:

"I wish, Flora, you would run away for a little, while I put them up; I want to give you a surprise." A shade came over Flora's bright face, and she stood still.

"Have you done what you talked about at breakfast?" continued Walter, "I suppose you do not mean to starve your visitors." Flora's features relaxed, and she burst into her own merry laugh.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I had'nt thought of that, I must go and talk to Sarah; only please tell me, Walter, before you call the others."

"Of course," replied Walter; "you know they are not to come till four o'clock;" and Flora, quite satisfied, skipped away to fulfil her errand.

Walter had considerable taste and ingenuity, and the graceful manner in which he had ornamented the bower really did him credit. The long, drooping festoons, were duly suspended in their proper places, and in half-an-hour, Walter, breathless and tired, had finished his labours, and stood at some little distance to enjoy the effect of his work. But presently one defect caught his eye, and he thought, "those dark evergreens look heavy and dull, there ought to be some scarlet mixed with them; but there's no holly at this time of year. I wish I could find something red," and he walked slowly along, searching carefully in the hedges for some flower of the desired colour, but in vain, and he was almost ready to despair, when, suddenly looking up, the red berries caught his eye, and he found himself on the spot on which he had stood a few nights before, and the thought crossed his mind, "there could be no harm in gathering a few, just to mix with the leaves and ivy. Now that I know they are poisonous, of course I shall not eat them, and I can tell Flora to be sure not to touch them." Then came the recollection that his uncle had strictly desired him not to gather them, and would probably be much displeased on finding that he had disobeyed. So reasoned Walter's conscience. Then again, self-will argued, "But I do not think he would mind my gathering them for such a purpose as this. I could string them on a thread into a long chain, and twist them round the pillars, they would look so bright and gay amongst the dark green leaves." There was a hard struggle in Walter's mind, he could not at once resolve to disobey his uncle, neither could he bravely resolve to do his duty, and resist the temptation to sin. He walked slowly back to the bower, but he no longer looked on his work with the satisfaction he had felt half-an-hour before. The spirit of discontent had gained possession of his mind; and this one wish, which had so lately sprung up in his mind, seemed of more importance than anything beside. He was roused by the sound of the dinner-bell, and obliged hastily to return to the house. During the meal he scarcely spoke. He was not struggling against a desire which he knew to be sinful; he was trying to find excuses for yielding to his own wishes; he did not pray that God, for Christ's sake, would help him to resist the temptation; no, he parleyed with it, till he had no longer power to overcome it, and, by the time dinner was ended, he had fully made up his mind to have the berries at all risks. Directly the cloth was removed, up sprang the eager little Flora.

"Mayn't I come now, cousin Walter?" she exclaimed.

"No, dear, not just yet; I haven't quite done. I want you to ask Constance to lend me a large needle and some coarse thread.

"A needle and thread, cousin Walter!" laughed the merry child; "what *are* you going to do?"

"Never mind, Flora; I have thought of a great improvement, only make haste and get me what I want, there's a good girl."

Flora waited no further bidding, and soon returned, bringing what he required. Walter said, "You may come in half-an-hour by the clock, Flora, if you like, I shall have done by that time." Flora watched him till he was out of sight, and then returned rather sadly to the house. Walter ran as quickly as he could to the spot; he felt no time was to be lost; he knew that he was doing wrong, though he tried to stifle the conviction; and an uneasy conscience made him afraid. He quickly gathered a large quantity of berries, which he concealed in his pocket-handkerchief, indeed he had no other means of carrying them, having in his haste forgotten to ask Flora for her basket. He then returned to the bower, feeling sure that none of his cousins would come to seek him there. With hasty, trembling hands, he began to thread the berries, fearful of Flora's arriving before the task was completed. The effect was certainly very good, and, as his work proceeded, Walter became calmer, his stifled conscience ceased to reproach him, and he tried to believe that he had not done wrong. Finding that he had not a sufficient number of berries, he ran hastily

out to gather a few more, without perceiving that in his hurry he had scattered a good many about the entrance of the bower. On his return he found Flora waiting for him.

"Oh cousin Walter," she exclaimed, "how beautiful you have made it, and what are these lovely red berries; are they currants, or little cherries? Do get me some to make my doll a necklace, I found a few on the grass, but not enough."

"Oh, no, no, Flora! cried Walter, stopping her hand, "you must not touch them, they are not fit for you to have; and be sure you do not put them in your mouth, they would make you very sick, and perhaps kill you if you eat them—my uncle said so." Flora turned pale, and very naturally asked,

"Then why did you bring them here, cousin Walter?"

"Because they look pretty, and they will not hurt you, if you do not eat them. Don't tell anybody about them."

"Why not?" she inquired.

"Because I don't wish it; you could not be so unkind, when I have taken all this pains to please you."

Flora's lip quivered at this reproach, and she was about to burst into tears, when the dialogue was interrupted by the arrival of a servant bringing cups and saucers, and everything necessary for tea. This sight changed the current of Flora's thoughts, and, as Walter had finished his work, they returned to the house together.

"Well, Flora, I hope you are pleased," he remarked.

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed the little girl, her own joyous smile returning as she spoke, "it is very, very beautiful, and I thank you so much, dear Walter!" putting up to kiss him as she spoke. He returned the caress, but there was a feeling about his heart that took away his enjoyment, and made him feel sad—it was conscience, which *would* whisper, and tell him he had done very wrong, but he tried to hush it, and to persuade himself that he was happy. Alas! could he have seen how much sorrow he would bring upon himself by that one act of disobedience, trifling, as it seemed, that single yielding to a wrong wish, he would never have acted as he had done. But God does not allow us to see the consequences of our actions, nor have we any power over them. All we can do is to try to act rightly every moment, and in even the smallest trifles, for we can never tell how much sorrow one single wrong step may bring upon us or others. So poor Walter found it, and so will every one, who does wrong to gratify a selfish fancy. But to go on with our story. At four o'clock the happy party assembled in the pretty bower, to which they were joyously welcomed by the delighted little Flora, to whom as queen of the day, and mistress of the feast, honour due was paid. Walter's work was greatly admired, and his kindness and cleverness much praised by his uncle and aunt. Mr. Eustace told some merry stories, and by the time tea was over Walter had almost forgotten his uncomfortable feelings. It had been arranged that as one of the birthday pleasures the whole party should in the evening walk a couple of miles through the woods to see a beautiful cascade, and to partake of some strawberries and cream at a farm-house, after which at Flora's particular request they were to return to supper in her bower. Shortly after tea, Flora suddenly complained of feeling not quite well, and Walter saw with alarm that she had become very pale and seemed in great uneasiness. Her mamma fancied that she had been running about too much in the sun, and overtired herself. Mr. Eustace said that a walk in the cool evening air would do her good, and proposed their setting out at once. Walter's heart beat fast, a terrible thought came into his mind, he remembered that Flora had mentioned having found some of the berries, could it be possible that she had eaten them mistaking them for currants or cherries? This dreadful idea almost took away his breath; his head seemed to turn round, and he scarcely knew where he was. He heard people talking, but not what they said; he was roused by his uncle shaking his arm.

"Come, Walter, are you dreaming? don't you see that they are all gone? You do not wish to lose your walk, I suppose." Walter started to his feet.

"A walk, uncle, did you say?" he stammered, "no, thank you, I have had plenty of running about to-day, and would rather be quiet."

"Have you a headache?" inquired Mr. Eustace.

"Yes, uncle," replied Walter, changing from red to pale, and scarcely knowing what he said.

"You do not look well," said Mr. Eustace; "you have been too much in the sun to-day, you had better stay here quietly till we return;" and he departed. Walter rejoiced to be left alone, he was so excited he could scarcely contain himself. He tried to think it impossible that Flora had found a sufficient number of berries to injure her even if she had swallowed them; then the thought recurred that his uncle had said a few only might be fatal; again he remembered that she had asked him to give her some to make a necklace for her doll, and said she could not find enough for the purpose. This brought a gleam of hope; she might think them too pretty to be eaten. Still he could not shake off the terrible conviction that she must have eaten them, and the thought was agony. What if she should die? it would be his doing. Oh why did he touch the berries after his uncle's warning? Why did he think that no harm could follow, as none had seen him disobey? Walter could not endure his own dreadful thoughts; he fell on his knees, and prayed that at least a punishment so terrible as this might not follow his offence; he did not feel grieved that he had sinned against God; terror for the consequences was the feeling that occupied his mind. After a while he grew calmer, he rose from his knees, and walked up and down before the bower to watch for the return of the party. The sun had already set, the shadows grew longer and longer, still they came not, and Walter listened in vain to catch the sound of their voices. The fresh cool air fanned his burning brow, and he tried to put away the anxiety which pressed upon his heart. Twilight was deepening fast, and Walter began to feel alarmed, and was on the point of setting off in search of them when the sound of approaching footsteps caught his ear.

KEY TO MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XVIII.—Saul and David. 1 Sam. xxvi. 7—12.
XIX.—Funeral of Abner. 2 Sam. iii. 31—37.
XX.—Ahab and Jehoshaphat. 1 Kings xxii. 4—28.
XXI.—Nehemiah and Artaxerxes. Neh. ii. 1, 2.
XXII.—David. 2 Sam. xv. 17—29.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XXIV.

THE hour is midnight; but a glorious full moon sheds her silver rays over a royal city, affording no imperfect idea of its imposing architecture, studded at almost every point with some figure of beast, bird, reptile, or monster. A broad and placid river, bordered by rich pasture and cultivated lands, gleams in the moonlight, while beyond lies a sandy desert, with many a pile of vast yet simple masonry rising from its midst. As we contemplate the scene, our attention is suddenly drawn back to the city by a loud shriek of horror and dismay from the palace, instantly followed by a chorus of piercing lamentations from every street. The monotonous death wail of the hired mourner cannot be heard; but in its stead, a burst of real and living anguish from numberless desolated homes.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE RETURN OF TOM RAY

TOM RAY;

OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

CHAPTER X.—AN ARRIVAL AND ANOTHER FAREWELL.

THE death of Mrs. Ray, although, as we have seen, fully anticipated, plunged her daughters into profound grief; not that they wished her back from the bliss into which she had entered, but that they had lost the best friend they had on earth. The death of their father was a severe stroke to them; but, oh! when their mother departed, the feeling was such as none can tell but those who have themselves experienced the pang of awakening to the consciousness of orphanhood. They now looked mournfully back upon the years they had passed in her company and under her care. She had been the support of their infancy, the trainer of their youth, the guide and solace of their early womanhood. Was it not she who had made their childhood's troubles her own; who had smiled with their joys, and wept with their sorrows; who had first taught them to speak the name of Jesus; who had pointed them to heaven, and emphatically led the way? Yes; she had done all this, and much more. And now to these sources of mournful recollection there was added the pang that their brother had not seen his mother

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

before she died, and received the words of love and forgiveness from her own lips. How they wished that that could have been accomplished! but the possibility was past.

While they were thus mourning, and while the attendants were performing the necessary offices in the chamber of death, Tom was drawing near home, filled with painful and too well-founded apprehensions that his parent might have passed the threshold of the unseen world, no more to be seen by him on earth. His eldest sister had just taken upon herself the task of writing to inform him of the melancholy event which had occurred, when a hurried knock startled her, and the thought flashed upon her mind, "Can this be Tom?" She rushed into the passage as the servant opened the door. No sooner was this done than a young man, sunburnt, trembling, and apparently ill, tottered in without speaking. Phœbe would have staid his progress, for by the faint light of the candle she did not know him; but he had clasped her young mistress, and both were passionately weeping. She saw then who it was, and herself joined in the concert of grief. Their lamentations attracted the other sisters and their aunt, who, when they recognised the lost one, were equally affected with those whose weeping had summoned them to the spot. Then did Tom, when he knew that his mother was dead, lament and criminate himself, while his aunt and sisters tried their utmost to assuage his grief.

I shall not attempt to note the incidents and speeches of this sad, though, in some respects, joyful interview. Such scenes are too sacred to be approached by common observers, and the narration of them can serve little purpose; for the actions of people on such occasions are the result of feeling, not of reason, and are not, therefore, examples for imitation. Enough to say that, when Tom became sufficiently calm, he acknowledged the justice of God in not allowing him to see his mother alive, and accepted her Bible as the greatest treasure she could have left him. It became his constant companion during all his after life, and he did not part with it till he himself ceased to learn the will of God from its pages, by being received to know it in all its fulness, where no imperfection misinterprets, nor any gilded vanities deceive.

And now, dear reader, I have accomplished all I intended at the outset, namely, to show how a mother's prayer was answered, and yet how a careless son was punished in this world, though he became ultimately a devoted servant of God. But it has been suggested to me that you might like to know how the young hero of these chapters passed his days and ended his career. I will therefore briefly relate the circumstances of his after life.

After the conditions of Mrs. Ray's will had been complied with, and each one had received his or her portion, Tom wrote to his master, enclosing his late captain's letter. The answer he received was more kindly couched than he had ventured to hope for; he therefore shortly returned honestly to conclude his term of apprenticeship, which being terminated, he occupied, for a year or two, the post of assistant in the same establishment. During this time he commenced and carried on various efforts for the spiritual welfare of others, under the fatherly supervision of one who had spent many years of his life in the service of Christ.

Three years after the death of his mother, Tom became strongly impressed with a desire to visit the heathen as a Christian missionary, and offering himself to one of those societies which have been instituted for that glorious work, he was accepted. In a short time he left his situation, and underwent a course of preparation for the office, acquiring, among other things, a knowledge of the art of printing. He had a taste for the study of languages, and he knew that it would be necessary when he became master of the native tongue of the people to whom he was going, to print books for them in their own dialect. Out of his own private purse, therefore, he purchased a printing press, type, and other requisites. Then, after these expenses were defrayed, making over to his sisters all that remained of what his mother had left him, he departed to labour among the distant isles of the sea.

His sisters were unwilling to receive his little property from him; but he silenced their objections by saying that his conduct had helped to deprive them of a fond mother, and that he felt within himself that his life would not be a very long one (for he had violated the commandment with promise); that with such an impression he should never marry; that he quitted them never expecting to see England again; and therefore what he had to give, he would rather present before leaving them.

The thought of not meeting him again on earth was to the sisters like an arrow in the heart, as it was also to himself; but, since a sense of duty seemed to guide him, they would not dissuade him, neither would he shrink from the course that to his mind lay so plainly before him. They parted with many tears, and shortly after he was again (but with different feelings from those of a former time) traversing the mighty deep.

He reached his place of destination in safety, and laboured earnestly and indefatigably for the conversion of those to whom he was sent. His privations and dangers were many; but he sowed the seed in hope, and watered it in prayer and faith, and was enabled after a time to

ejoice in the prospect of an abundant harvest. He was permitted to work in that far-off vineard about eight or nine years, and with conderable success towards the close of his life. fter a very short illness he was taken from is delightful occupation. The principal men of he island stood round his humble bed, to eceive his last blessing and witness his last igh; and when the final struggle came which ade death triumphant over the body, but the oul triumphant through Christ, then did those en who were formerly so fierce and conemptuous of all the softer feelings of humanity, eep as children for the loss of a tender parent. hey paid all the honour to his remains which eir simple minds could suggest, and interred im in a piece of ground adjoining the house of od, which he with his own hands had assisted building.

The body of our friend sleeps in his island rave; but it shall not sleep for ever. There is trump that shall wake the dead. Then shall hat body arise with those who shall have part the first resurrection, and be glorified and ade incorruptible, while the happy spirit, hose course when upon earth these pages have arrated, shall sing the "song of Moses and of he Lamb" for ever and ever.

Reader, may you and I be there to join in at triumphant melody.

DR. JOHN KITTO.

PART III.

THREE years have been passed in the East, years uring which Kitto's progress in knowledge of oth the higher and the more outward kind has een marked. To a lady in Exeter he writes on e eve of his departure from Bagdad: "I shall ver count the day happy in which I came, for, hope, I have been enabled to learn much which efore I either knew not at all, or very imperectly. However, I have no desire to magnify y attainments, my feelings, my character, my otives; and if any think badly of my return, t it be so. If I have gained anything more of e true riches than I brought out, may the raise be the great Giver's, who has forced upon y heart, in hard and bitter ways, truths, lessons, ifts, which, but for its hardness, might have een sent gently down upon it, like rain on the own grass. The man does not live who thinks, r can think, so low of me, as I do think myself w in all high things." A blessed thing it was have learned this lesson of humility! Pride had before acknowledged and lamented as one f his besetting sins, and every step towards its onquest and destruction was a true and great ain.

His journey home, in the course of which he visited Hamadan, Teheran, Erzeroum, and other noted eastern cities, occupied nine months in all. Constantinople was one of his resting-places, and there his eye and his heart were equally gratified. "It seemed," he says, in noting his first impression of the scene, "as if Europe, at the point where Asia looks upon her, had put on all her garments of beauty, and Asia had made herself pleasant to her eyes in return. He who has not seen Stamboul may be said to want a sense—a feeling of the beautiful, which no other object can convey." By the American missionaries the poor deaf traveller was received with the kindest attention, and he became so attached to them during his stay of five weeks in their home, that he experienced great depression at leaving. "There was no condition I so envied," he writes, "as that of the missionaries, particularly Dwight, married, having children; his blest madonna-like wife, his useful, respectable, quiet, and happy life, and his happier feelings, with heaven here and heaven hereafter. . . Kind people! God bless them abundantly, for all their kindness to one ready to perish. It tore my heart to part with them, more than the hearts of others were torn, though I saw they were affected, and tears were in the eyes of some; mine flowed."

In the beginning of June, 1833, the wanderer's eyes once more gazed on his dear native land. "Lovely England!" he exclaims, "who can be but proud to look upon thee; to view thy beautiful shores, and think of what they enclose, and what thou art and what thou mightest be, without rejoicing that he is an Englishman?" "Who, that can live *in* England, would live *out* of it!" "Give me," he again says, "a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more, and wander no more." All his wishes were granted. His Father's discipline in the past had been very much that of affliction and sorrow; nor were these to be wanting in the discipline of the future; but with them there was now to mingle a large portion of joy—present joy and felt happiness.

On Kitto's arrival, his Plymouth friends, Mr. Lampen and Mr. Woollcombe, exerted themselves to procure literary employment for him, and through the latter he was introduced to some of the leading members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and by them engaged to write in the Penny Magazine. Besides this, Mr. Knight made him a proposal with regard to permanent employment, which was very gratifying to him. There he is set down pen in hand for life. He has at length got to that work for which he has so long yearned, and to which his heart has ever pointed true as the needle to the pole, amidst the most distract-

ing and discouraging circumstances. His case is an example of the restless abandonment of a man's proper sphere of employment, for other labour to which his tastes may happen more to incline. The providence which had specially unfitted Kitto for most other occupations, specially fitted him for this. His very calamity, in the hands of Him who from "seeming evil still educes good," by throwing him more on his own mental resources, tended in a certain direction to increase his fitness for the path he was designed to tread. In this path, as became a Christian, usefulness was his chief object. "I cannot be happy," he says, "without the consciousness of being useful, and I now enjoy that consciousness to an extent which I hardly ever hoped to realise."

Travel and adventure are now at an end with Kitto. Henceforth his life is one of quiet, constant home labour. He is as busy and as happy a man as is to be found within the streets of the great city. Wondrously has God turned everything into blessing for him. Mercy and goodness have followed all his steps. The talents given him, he has been permitted to cultivate, and now he has the opportunity of employing them for the good of others. He feels that he is not to live in vain. And to these mercies are added the sweet domestic ties for which he has so earnestly longed. With overflowing gratitude and serious joy he writes: "When I sit down alone, or with my excellent wife, and retrace all that has passed over me, and all that has been done for me since those early times, my heart is very full, and I do most feelingly pray God that I may be enabled to walk not unworthily of the many mercies of my life, and of its many blessings and privileges."

Kitto's second love-making, like the first, had a tinge of romance in it, but the romance this time happily terminated in a "sober certainty of waking bliss" which lasted for life. One of his fellow-travellers from Persia, a Mr. Shepherd, died on shipboard in sight of England. It so happened that this gentleman was engaged to be married to a lady then in London, a Miss Fenwick. It became Kitto's duty to see her, and as the companion of her lover's last hours, his company was interesting and his sympathy soothing to her. On his part, esteem for her mind and character, as these opened up before him, grew into love; the feeling was returned, and they were married on September 21, 1833.

Let us now look at the author in his own dear home at Islington. He is a little man, with a large head, a high forehead, large brown eyes, and dark-brown hair. His voice, he tells us in that interesting bit of autobiography contained in "The Lost Senses," is loud, deep, and guttural. After he became deaf, his indisposition to talk was so great, that for want of use he nearly lost the faculty of speech. He was cured by some of his fellow-passengers to Malta, who determined to understand him in no other way than orally; and before the voyage ended, he had ceased "to clutch a pen or pencil" whenever he wished to communicate with others.

He is, however, too busy a man to tell much, and his young wife, while rejoicing in the amiable and affectionate temper of her husband, is nevertheless distressed at the small amount of time he gives to social enjoyment. But she seeks strength and guidance from above, and with much good sense and affection she resolves to become interested in all her husband's pursuits, and work with him. So, day by day, she is employed in gathering material for his use; and when she is left a widow, she can remember with comfort that during the twenty-one years of their married life, ten hours had not been spent by her in visits separate from him. Truly it was a help meet for him his Father had given him, and he might well regard this gift as one of the greatest blessings of his life.

The history of Mr. Kitto's future life is very much the history of his works. Now all the varied stores of knowledge, which from boyhood he has been gathering with untiring industry, come into use. And he sees too the hand of an all-wise Providence in the peculiar direction which his early studies had taken. "My mind," he writes, "was thus carried through a very useful discipline. The theological bias given by my earlier readings and associations remained, and the time eventually came when I was enabled to return to it with redoubled ardour; and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned, and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement might at first have seemed removed from any definite pursuit."

Ere long he found himself engaged in that department of labour for which his residence and researches in the East and his habits of mind very specially fitted him—the illustration of God's word. A high joy it was to him to be thus employed in the Lord's vineyard. And the service rendered there was no small one. "He brought," to use the words of Dr. Eadie, "the public mind into vivid contact with Oriental scenery and life by applying them in the form of a continuous commentary on the Holy Scriptures. His readers are so initiated, that they are placed under the eastern sky, with its bright days and starry nights, and are so privileged that they may gaze on the glory of Lebanon or the beauty of Carmel; throw the net with the fishermen on the Lake of Galilee; raise the 'shout' of the vintage on the slopes of Eshcol; recline by the 'still waters' with the shepherd when the

'pastures are clothed with flocks;' work and sing with the reaper when the 'valleys are covered over with corn;' go up at the great festivals to 'the testimony of Israel,' with 'the tribes of the Lord;' or march with the accoutred yeomen of the land, to fight for hearth and altar against Moab or Philistia, Ammon or Syria, the foes of the old theocracy." His own feelings regarding his work he expresses in a letter to a friend: "On coming home I was enabled to lay all that, during long years of silent study, I had acquired, and all that I had gathered together in foreign parts, upon God's altar; and I sometimes venture to think that he has been pleased to accept and honour even that humble offering."

On the completion of "The Pictorial Bible," Kitto set himself to preparing "The Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land, including a complete History of the Jews." Nine months were spent in reading, investigating authorities, etc., and three years of hard labour were expended on the work altogether. "The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," projected and edited by him, followed, and still later came "The Journal of Sacred Literature," also his own scheme, and edited by him for several years. Its success was not satisfactory, and in connection with it he suffered pecuniary losses which he was ill able to sustain.

During these years many other smaller works proceeded from his fertile pen, most of them on Biblical subjects, as "The Language of Flowers," "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," and "The Land of Promise," published by the Religious Tract Society. His industry was amazing. "There has been scarcely a day for years," he writes in 1844, "in which my labours, which are also my pleasures, do not occupy me from four in the morning to nine at night."

In the meantime the little Islington home had become far too small, and he had pitched his tent in various other places. A lively-enough home it had now become, full of sweet young faces, and glad with the abounding joy of happy childhood. Child after child had been given to him, and he rejoiced greatly in the gift. He had ever loved children, and coveted their love, and he is a very loving and a very happy father, though in this relation he keenly feels his deprivation, and affectingly remarks on his grief at the thought that he has never heard the voices of his children. Yet the picture presented by his home was a lovely one. "It was a treat to see him out of his study," writes an American lady to his wife, "especially at family devotion, conducted with so much solemnity by your dear husband, surrounded by his little family. The dear little one, too, brought in for its morning kiss by his aged mother, and then herself receiving the same token of affection. I think I have never seen so much love and reverence manifested by children for a father; indeed all was love and harmony, and that *look* of affection (over his glasses) so often bestowed on them, impressed my mind more deeply than words could have done that he tenderly loved them."

In 1844, Kitto received the title of D.D. (an honour bestowed by Germans on laymen as well as clergymen) from the university of Giessen. The following year he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and in 1850, a pension of 100*l* a-year from the Civil List was obtained for him. These were pleasant occurrences; but cares and troubles were gathering around him at the same time. He had, in the course of his career as an author, sustained various pecuniary losses, which, to a man with a rapidly-increasing family, proved a severe trial. But in the midst of his embarrassments and difficulties, his faith fails not. He turns with ever-increasing confidence to Him who has been his refuge in every time of trouble, and his chief joy in the hour of prosperity. "My mind rests," he writes to a friend, "in the strong faith which God has given to me, that if I will but *wait*, things are working together for my good, even, perhaps, by ways that I know not. '*Wait*' has been very much my motto of late, and it is not a bad one. '*Wait*,' this despondency cannot last for ever. '*Wait*,' the longest night has a morning. '*Wait*,' your lot is, perhaps, ripening for good, and for increased usefulness to yourself and to others: only *wait*, only believe, and all will be well." "Thirty years ago," he says, in the last work written by him, "before 'the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house,' and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah, 'I am the Lord: they shall not be ashamed that wait on me.' . . I believed it then; but I know it now; and I can write *probatum est* with my whole heart over against the symbol, which that mark is to me, of my ancient faith."

Dr. Kitto's last and, perhaps, in some respects, his best work, "The Daily Bible Illustrations," was projected in 1849. It extends to eight volumes, and is dedicated to the queen. It was concluded amidst seriously increasing illness, and it was with deep emotion that when the closing sentence was written, he united with his wife in thanking God.

The next morning he had a slight attack of paralysis. He had for years overwrought his brain, and for a considerable time back continued ailment had warned him to rest. But how was he to do so, with a family of ten children dependent for bread on his pen? Domestic bereavement had befallen him also, adding to his distresses, mental and physical.

In the spring of 1853, he lost an infant son, and became, "for the first time, the owner of a grave." To his friend and publisher, Mr. Oliphant, he remarks that though tried with many griefs, from *this* form of trial he had been hitherto exempt, and adds: "Now, this also has come, and finds my heart very weak. May the Lord strengthen it for me, and enable me in due time to learn what lesson it is that He means to teach me by this new stroke of his rod!"

In much weakness and pain he struggled on with his literary engagements till the February of 1854, when a severe fit, followed by a total prostration of strength, compelled him to feel that the entire rest prescribed by his medical advisers must be delayed no longer. And the Providence to which he had ever trusted opened up his way. Dr. Kitto, whilst a member of the church of England, had, by his truly catholic spirit, and his services to the cause of their common Lord, secured the esteem and love of many friends in every section of the Christian church. And now, both north and south, subscriptions in his behalf were commenced. At first, a sum sufficient to give him two years of rest was all that was contemplated; but afterwards it was thought desirable to make an effort to raise a permanent fund towards the support of himself and family.

With his heart much cheered by these kind services of Christian friendship, he and his, accompanied by the Rev. Cornelius Hart, left England for Germany early in August. Their home they fixed at Lannstatt. Much was hoped for the poor invalid from rest and change of scene. And under ordinary circumstances these hopes might have been realised. But his Father saw fit to order it otherwise. About a month after their arrival, his youngest son died, and in three weeks more his first-born, his "dear and highly-gifted" Shireen, followed her brother to the grave. She died in the faith and hope of the gospel; and the parents thanked God for the strong consolation given them in their deep sorrow.

But though bearing these bereavements with Christian resignation, they wrung with sore anguish the poor father's heart, and told fearfully on his enfeebled frame. His references to them are very touching. "Year after year," he writes, "week after week, I am bereaved of my children; and other trials—frustrated purposes, loss of health, loss of means, expatriation from the land I love—all these, though heavy, seem light in comparison. God help me; and I assuredly know and believe that, even with this large addition to my afflictions, He *does* and will help me, and that his help is sufficient for me in all things." And to another friend, he says: "Though heart-smitten, I have not been allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me 'up hither' to the higher room in which he sits, that I may see more of his grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of his kingdom. What more awaits me I guess not. But the Lord's will be done."

It was even so. These words are contained in one of the last letters he ever wrote, dated October 27th. On the morning of November 25th, he breathed his last. The final attack was short, and in the course of it he was able only to ask if it was death, and on being told that it was, to reply, "Pray to God to take me soon." It was enough. His life for many years had witnessed to the blessedness of those whose God is the Lord; had witnessed to it in hours of joy and sorrow, and lately of great bodily infirmity, and no special last words were needed to add force to this his living and dying testimony. His remains lie beside those of his children in the cemetery of Lannstatt, and are covered by a monument erected by his friend, and the publisher of his last work, Mr. Oliphant.

The life of John Kitto will long be held up as an example of the value and potency of indomitable industry and perseverance. It teaches another lesson also—the importance of making our aim in life a high and worthy one. It was not so much the power attained by John Kitto, as the direction in which he used it, which rendered his life a noble one. Had the object of his life-work been less than the promotion of the cause of truth in the world, how different a hue would it have assumed, when seen in the light of a fast-approaching eternity! But he had worked for Christ, and that work grew ever grander and still grander in his view as the "perfect light" was being let in upon it.

LIVING TO GOD.

He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above!

COWPER.

THE DESCENDANTS OF ISHMAEL A WITNESS TO THE TRUTH OF PROPHECY.*

It was said of Ishmael, "his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him;" and we feel that when the first clause of the sentence is true, the last is inevitable. Society is held together by mutual obligations; and the enmity of one class produces and sustains it in others to which it is opposed. The Arabs have long retained the character of an independent people. They have successfully resisted in every age the armies that invaded them, nor have their necks ever been galled by any yoke of submission. When the ancient historian Diodorus Siculus describes the glory of Sesostris, the most renowned of the sovereigns of Egypt, and the extent of his conquests, he is compelled to acknowledge that the Arabs were formidable to him. So far from crouching before his armies, which in other quarters had been deemed resistless, they presented a front which seemed to scowl defiance on his power. Though in the pride of dominion he had yoked kings to his chariot, as so many beasts of burden, whenever he entered the city or the temple, he was compelled to build a wall along the coast of Egypt from Heliopolis to Pelusium, to guard himself against the Arabs and Syrians—his impetuous neighbours. The Assyrians, the Persians, and the Medes were generally on friendly terms with the Arabs; but they frequently obtained by courtesy that which they could not have hoped to gain by violence from a people they found to be invincible. When Cambyses turned his arms against Egypt, he was first compelled to ask permission of the Arabs to pass through their dominions, and on them, as a free and independent people, even Cyrus could not impose conditions.

There was, however, one conqueror on whose purposes it becomes us more fully to dwell. The ambition of Alexander was proverbially great, and it is said that when he had subdued the whole known world, he wept that he had not other worlds to conquer. Nations were crushed under him, others sent embassies of submission to his authority, and the barbarous and the civilized alike desired the shadow of his protection. But the descendants of Ishmael were a solitary exception to the general subserviency. In the independence and haughtiness of their spirits, they gazed on his dominion with undisturbed self-confidence, alike disdaining to court his favour or conciliate his affection: they even dared to reject his friendship and despise his menaces.

Alexander was mortified at their proud defiance, and determined to chastise their presumption. He raised an [illegible] and [illegible], and the right only of [illegible] vengeance. But the word of God had gone forth—that word which shall not fail in one jot or one tittle, though the heavens and the earth pass away. The prophecy as to the [illegible] of Ishmael was to be fulfilled, though all the powers of the world were arrayed against them. And so it was: Alexander was cut off in the [illegible] his age, before he could [illegible] his purposes; the Arabs were delivered from all the toils he was attempting to throw around them; and the truth of Jehovah appeared, like himself, immutable and eternal.

Nothing was now attempted against their liberties, until they were threatened by Antigonus. He advanced with all the [illegible] and pageantry of war; but so far from enjoying a triumph, the Arabs chased his [illegible] their territories, and would not allow them to gather fruit in the lake Asphaltites.

When the sceptre of the world passed into the hands of imperial Rome, they did not bend to its sway. At different periods, several illustrious generals aimed to make a tract of country, hitherto so stubborn and unyielding, a Roman province, but it was only to reap inevitable failure.

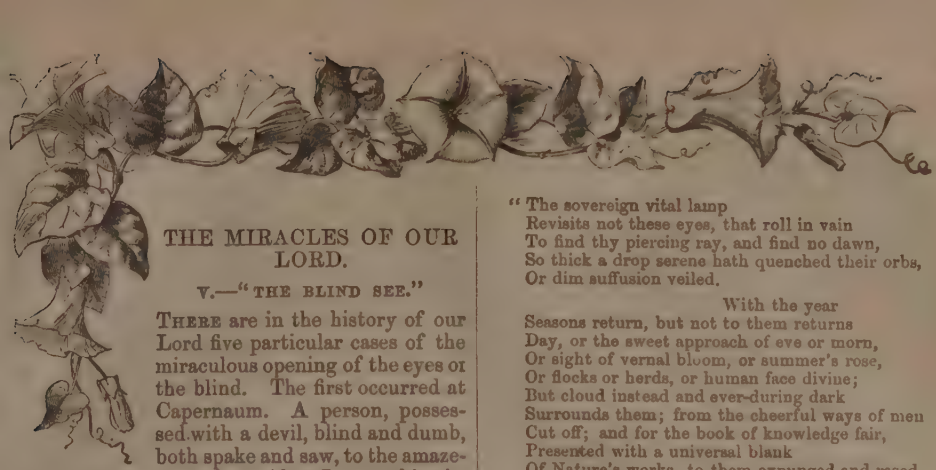
It has been said, with great truth and beauty, in Cowper's work on prophecy, that entering the temple of revelation, one of the first objects which has attracted the attention of all ages, and which constitutes a grand support, is the pillar of prophecy. Like the celebrated obelisks of Egypt, it is covered with hieroglyphics, which the wisdom of man and the skill of science, in their combined efforts, long attempted in vain to decipher. There is one interpreter whose elucidations never fail to render the inscription intelligible. It is Time. His hand retraces all the figures before the eyes of succeeding generations; his interpretation is recorded by the pen of faithful and impartial history; and by comparing the commentary with the original, we are able to comprehend both the one and the other. This pillar is adamant, and resists the impressions of age. Its inscriptions were written by hands which have long since mouldered into dust, and by persons who did not themselves always understand what they wrote, nor were able to explain the characters which they formed; but the substance of them was dictated by God himself, and the column is his own workmanship. There have been many fruitless efforts made to shake this monument of infinite wisdom, and to erase these lines of unsearchable knowledge; but the pillar remains unmoved, the lines unimpaired, and the whole uninjured either by malice or by years. The parts of this

* From "The Arab." Published by the Religious Tract Society.

ABRAHAM DISMISSING HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

singular elevation which stand nearer the roof of the temple are covered by an impenetrable cloud. The whole pillar was once equally involved; but Time, that has rolled away the mist from its base, shall at the destined period unveil the remaining part of it; and while we shall be able to read the writing, he shall announce, with unerring perspicuity, the interpretation."

The mist has most certainly been chased from the part of the column bearing upon it the prophecy in reference to Ishmael. The Bedouins pride themselves on being as free as the wind in all their movements over the desert. They roam about like the shifting sands, scorning to submit to the government of the neighbouring nations. Small tribes or fragments of tribes may be an exception to this remark, but it holds good of the mass. Their black tents may be seen scattered here and there over the hills of Mount Lebanon, and tenanted by those who bear the name of some of the great tribes of the desert, from whom they have been separated by domestic feuds. But even these broken hordes, though living thus, will not brook oppression. They detest the Turk and hate the Russian; and on the least attempt to curb them, they fly to the desert, and luxuriate in poverty and freedom.



THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

V.—"THE BLIND SEE."

THERE are in the history of our Lord five particular cases of the miraculous opening of the eyes of the blind. The first occurred at Capernaum. A person, possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, both spake and saw, to the amazement of the people, who said, "Is not this the son of David?" The second took place in the same city, a few months afterwards. Two blind men met him on the road, and followed him into a house, earnestly crying, "Have mercy on us." He touched their eyes, and they were opened. The third was accomplished at Bethsaida in Decapolis. A blind man was brought to him, and he was entreated to touch him. Moistening the man's eyes with his finger, he caused him to see, indistinctly at first; then immediately afterwards he perfected the cure, and the man saw every one clearly. The fourth occurred at Jerusalem. Jesus met with a man born blind, who attracted the notice of the disciples. The healer made clay and anointed the eyes of the blind, and sent him to the pool of Siloam. He washed, and returned seeing, whereupon a memorable conversation ensued between the restored man and the Pharisees—followed by another conversation between him and his Divine healer. The scene of the fifth miracle was near Jericho. On comparing Matthew, Mark, and Luke, it appears that as the Saviour was entering Jericho on the east side, he met a blind man, who said, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The man followed him. Leaving Jericho on the west side, another blind man joined him, and together they repeated the prayer, "Have mercy on us, O Lord thou Son of David." One was named Bartimeus, a poor man who sat by the way-side begging. The multitude rebuked the supplicants for their importunity, but they were only the more vehement in their prayer. Jesus commanded them to be called, and he touched their eyes, and immediately they received sight, and followed their restorer.

Let us compare these cases. They resemble each other.

These men were labouring under a common calamity. They were all of them alike walking in darkness.

> "The sovereign vital lamp
> Revisits not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
> So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veiled.
>
> With the year
> Seasons return, but not to them returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead and ever-during dark
> Surrounds them; from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, to them expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Our moral sense, as well as holy Scripture, leads us to connect the physical evils of humanity with the moral evil which has cursed it. It would be repugnant to our thoughts to conceive of Adam in his innocence deprived of sight. An unfallen but blinded angel is a being our imagination would never picture; yet those who would connect individual calamities with individual offences are rebuked by our Lord. The disciples, when they saw a man at Jerusalem who was born blind, asked the odd question, "Did this man sin or his parents that he should be born blind?" having some notion, we should suppose, of the pre-existence of souls, and of the punishment of men in this life for offences in a former one. Our Lord drives off his hearers' thoughts altogether from the idea of particular punishment. He teaches them that this man was not blind because he or his father was a greater sinner than other people. He gives another view of the calamity. He says the blindness was permitted that the works of God might be manifest in him. The blind man was not under the special malediction of heaven. His darkened eye was no Cain-like mark. He wandered not through the earth the child of a curse. He in his blindness was one of the works of God, and his blindness was to serve as an occasion and a ground for fresh manifestations of those works. Sight was to come out of that darkness. It was to subserve the demonstration of the Messiahship of Jesus. His history was to teach a beautiful lesson for all ages. Our Lord's words may be applied to all the blind people mentioned in the Bible—to blind people in every age. There is a bright side to their darkness. They are works of God; in them his working is manifest, not in judgment, but in mercy. He is a father to them. In cutting off one sense, he often quickens another. They are objects of sympathy and

friendship. In many such he gives a spirit of extraordinary cheerfulness. Sunshine, of which the eye is debarred, flushes the soul. Often the blind have strong spiritual sensibilities, great faith, much devotion, and

> —— "as the wakeful bird
> Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal notes."

Men aggravate physical calamities: make them as dark and paint their victims as wretched as they can. Christ does no such thing. He throws over the gloomy cloud a rainbow light.

All these blind men came under the blessed power of a common healer. He turneth the shadow of death into the morning. He is the great Illuminator.

All spiritual light is from Jesus Christ; that is, the light not simply as existing in the great orb of revelation, but light as actually suffusing the soul. The power of truth in a man's heart and conscience is through the Son of God. He opens our eyes by the influence of the Holy Ghost, to discern himself, and all the objects relative to him. There is a mist and a cloud and a darkness; there is a film and a cataract covering the eye, till Jesus removes it. All seeing souls are made to see by Jesus Christ. Therefore, as we grope in darkness, as we go feeling our way in moral gloom among perils and pitfalls, and are at the same time made aware that Jesus is passing by, what should we do but cry unto him, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" With conscious need there is help at hand. The physician is close to the sufferer.

There is in all these wonders a common lesson for us all. "Once ye were darkness, now are ye light in the Lord." A life in darkness goes before our life in light; and the Lord Jesus, by the touch of his Spirit, separateth the light from the darkness, bids the darkness flee and the light come. There is a change, and he effects it. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." We are born in darkness, and we live in darkness till the gospel and the Spirit come and make all light. These blind men needed a second birth. They had been born into the world, but not into the light. Other men had been born into both. Adam, before the fall, was in the light, and needed not a new entrance there. Innocent and holy angels are in the light, and want not to be raised into it out of a thick lower flood of darkness; but we do. We are immersed and drowned in a night of spiritual gloom, and we must be taken out of it, and be placed in an upper world of light, or we are undone. Let us now look at some peculiarities in the cases of blindness healed by our Lord

In the first case, there is a peculiarity in the malady. "Then was brought unto him one blind and dumb." Dumbness and deafness are evils which go in pairs. Blindness with these is very uncommon. The case of Laura Bridgman, who became blind and deaf when about two years old, is very generally known; and how truly in her case, though the calamity was so fearful, might it be said that the works of God were made manifest in her; for though it was ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt that she could not see a ray of light, could not hear the least sound, and never exercised her sense of smell—though her mind dwelt in darkness and stillness as profound as that of the closed tomb at midnight—though of beautiful colours, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours she had no conception—nevertheless she seemed as happy and joyful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gave her a vivid pleasure, plainly marked in her expressive features. She never repined, but had all the buoyancy of childhood. That story is just in harmony with Christ's teaching. We see God's work in the poor blind deaf girl, and it is very merciful. But, then, it is terrible to read of what accompanied the blindness and dumbness of the man in the gospel; he was possessed with a devil.

We touch upon the peculiarity first, to remark, that however severe a physical evil may be, God can mercifully mitigate it, and that moral evil is infinitely greater than any other; and secondly, by the case of this thrice afflicted one, we are reminded that no case is too desperate for Christ's power—that however Satan-bound we may be, not one of us is out of the reach of Christ's almighty power of healing.

In the second case there is a peculiarity in Christ's words: "When he was come unto the house, the blind came to him, and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this?" Not as Chrysostom says, "Believe ye that I am able to entreat my Father?" "They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you; and their eyes were opened." Faith also in the case of the two blind men at Jericho precedes their cure. Faith followed in the case of the man at Jerusalem; but here, in this second incident, faith is particularly asked for; it is made the condition of the miracle. "According to your faith be it unto you." Christ would here, as in many other places, exalt faith in the estimation of the healed. "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" is what Jesus Christ virtually asks us, as we think of his pardoning the guilty and renewing the depraved—things which seem more and more difficult the more

and more we think of them. As we contemplate his character, however, the mystery of his power and love swells beyond our highest, deepest, and broadest thought. We perceive that the pardon of even the darkest transgressions is within the range and sweep of his infinite strength and mercy, and we are constrained to exclaim, at the hearing of his challenge, "Believe ye that I am able?" "Yea, Lord, thou art able." Then he replies, "According to your faith be it unto you." Be your faith the measure of your receivings. The more faith you have, the more you shall have of me; the less of faith, the less of me.

In the third case, there is a peculiarity in the manner and progress of the cure. "And he cometh to Bethsaida, and they bring a blind man unto him and besought him to touch him. And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, &c." In the second case, our Lord touched them; in the fourth, he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man. In the last case, Jesus touched the eyes of those he healed. But here he spits upon the eye, and puts his hand on the man, and then he asks if he saw aught. "And he looked up and said, I see men as trees walking."

After that he put his hands again upon his eyes and made him look up, and he was restored and saw every man clearly. All this touching and anointing seemed meant to tell strongly by repetition that it was he himself, he who said "I am the light of the world," who did this most significant miracle.

The gradualness of the cure perhaps was intended to indicate more fully the wonderfulness of what was done—to show how much was comprised in it beyond what would at first strike the unreflective. Sensations of sight and clear perception of objects are by no means the same. Sensations of colour a child has as soon as its eyes are open to the light. Perceptions of form, of persons, of things, of distances, are slowly learnt. Hence a person born blind, on recovering sight by any surgical process, does not perceive things at once clearly, but has simply sensations of colour. This fact of the distinction between sensations and perceptions serves not only to illustrate the man's words, "I see men as trees walking"—moving shapes, men near and trees at a distance looking almost alike; but it also serves to show how much was comprised in the miracle of giving sight to the blind—full sight, the power of sensation, the power of perception as well. In this miracle, first, our Lord gives the *sensation*, and the man sees things indistinctly; then he gives *perception*, and the man sees things clearly. The process, in other cases instantaneous, is here broken up. In other cases the second form of the wonder is involved in the first: here they are drawn out, as it were, and we see each in itself. This miracle is so far a key to the fulness of the other miracles of restoring the blind. Even in the lengthening out of the process, in this case, have spiritual expositors recognised an illustration of the Lord's dealing; how the change from darkness to light, in some cases sudden, is in other cases gradual; how a twilight comes between night and morning; how, after the first operation of grace, there are remains of darkness or dimness, and truths are only seen confusedly; and then there comes another operation of grace to clear away the confusion, until at length the distinct perception of faith takes the place of its early rudimentary sensations.

In the fourth case, there is a peculiarity in the order of Christ's miracle, and the man's recognition of him. In the other cases, there was a recognition of him as the Christ, more or less distinct, before the miracle was wrought. But here, as in the case of the man at the pool of Bethesda, the healing is effected first, and the man is brought to know who his healer is afterwards.

Beautifully does this illustrate certain phases of spiritual life. God leads the blind by a way they know not; men are benefited by Christ before they know him as the Son of God. They have the presages of spiritual blessings before the blessings themselves. They have a sort of rational faith in the gospel before they have faith in all that Christ is as the Son of God and the Saviour of men. Blessed is that light which finally reveals him. Blessed hand that takes off the veil from the soul and gives us to see him. Blessed hour, when for the first time we learn who and what he is to us and to all who believe in him. The Son of God, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; the Word of wisdom; the Light of lights; my Pardoner; the Lamb of God that took away my sins; the King on the throne that reigns over me; the Conqueror of death who will make me conquer; the Lord of heaven who will give me a crown.

And lastly, in the fifth case, there is a peculiarity in the earnest pressing onward toward the fountain of light in spite of hindrance. The blind men at Jericho were told that Christ was passing by, and they cried out for mercy. The people charged them to hold their peace, whereupon they cried out so much the more. And then Jesus stood still—the Sun of light and mercy stood still at the prayer of these blind Joshuas. And then the people said: "Be of good comfort; rise, he calleth thee; and Bartimeus, casting away his garment, rose and came

to Jesus. And Jesus said, Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."

"Ye that have eyes and cannot see,
In darkness and in misery
Recall those mighty voices three—
Jesus have mercy upon me;
Rise in good cheer, he calleth thee;
In peace depart, thy faith hath saved thee."

Hindrances there are in coming to Christ. The world hinders. Christians, so called, are sometimes hinderers. There are hinderers invisible—whole crowds of fallen spirits, the devil and his angels. And beside all these hinderers without, and worse, there are hinderers within a man's own heart. Through the press, we must come to Christ. Louder and louder, as the rebukes, and the scoffs, and the tumult, and the noise of the world swells, must our prayers swell—"Jesus, have mercy on me." The thicker the crowd, the stronger the effort to get near him. Let us persevere, and they who now hinder will fail, and some will begin to help; and, as Augustine says, the cold Christians, who at first were annoyed, will begin to approve; they who thought you mad will begin to praise your earnestness, and to call you great, and good, and happy; and we may add, the world will honour you for consistency and strength. The cry, "Hold your peace," will be turned into the cheer, "Arise, he calleth thee."

SABBATH PICTURES.

A POSTHUMOUS PAPER OF OLD HUMPHREY.

Doubtless there are many sabbath scenes of an objectionable character, altogether at variance with the command of our heavenly Father, "Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy." But there are others of an opposite kind, deepening our devotion, stirring up our zeal in divine things, increasing in our hearts the love of God, and moving us to feel and to act kindly towards those around us. A few of these scenes we will endeavour to sketch, treating them as though they were now before us.

We are not among those who really believe that nature puts on a lovelier dress on the sabbath than on other days, though we often try, and sometimes succeed too, for a season, in imagining this to be the case. When walking to a country church on a sunny sabbath morn, influenced by the stillness, the absence of labour, and the solemnity of the day of rest, both the heavens above us and the earth beneath our feet have appeared to us in a fresh light, and with additional beauty: the rushing brook has seemed to be less turbulent, the wind to be under a salutary restriction, and the very leaf quivering on the poplar to assume a gentler character.

It is the sabbath, and we are on our way to the village church. The three bells from the little tower are calling us, and gladly do we obey their summons, for the love of the holy day is strong within us, and the desire of our spirit is to "serve the Lord with gladness," to "come before his presence with singing," to "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise," to "be thankful unto him," and to "bless his holy name." "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him."

Did ever the sun shine on a week day, as gloriously as it does now? Hardly can we persuade ourselves that it ever did, though we well know such must have been the fact. See how it fringes with intense brightness the edges of the snow-white cloud, gilds the foliage of the oaks and elms with its golden beams, and adorns with ruddy light the scenes around! The breeze, as it comes sweeping over the blossomed bean-field and the clover flowers, is scent-laden with unusual fragrance. The warbling of the happy bird, and the humming of the honey-gathering bee, though still joyous, seem to be mellowed by the prevailing tranquillity. With the love of the sabbath in our hearts, all things seem to us to be praising the Lord.

We are now at no great distance from the church, and from the rising ground can see coming along the lanes and across the fields our fellow-worshippers; the Sunday scholars from the school, the clergyman on his little black pony (his house being a long way from the church), the squire in his carriage, the maid-servants neatly drest, carrying their books carefully wrapped in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the farming men in their best clothes. Edward Hines, the oldest man in the parish, is slowly limping along a narrow path, with a colour in his cheek, his aged wife being a dozen yards behind him. The elderly lady in the black silk cloak is Madam Bloxham. Well may she have the prayers of the widow and the fatherless, for she ministers freely to the welfare of their bodies and their souls. She is truly the benefactress of the village, as every poor cottager well knows. The working man who is passing her without apparent notice, because he knows madam wishes it to be so, would go through fire and water to serve her.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom x. 17). May we, and our fellow-worshippers, be enabled this day so to mingle faith with what we hear, that we may be built up in the "knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

The same deep repose and sabbath sobriety of feeling, which have shed so much serenity on the natural creation, have entered the old church,

and imparted a cheerful sanctity to its sun-lit, white-washed walls.

The rustic congregation is assembled, and the minister, a gray-headed servant of the Lord, is engaged in the services of the sanctuary. The country choir has poured forth in simple notes from the little gallery the first psalm, in the metrical version of Thomas Sternhold, beginning with the words—

"The man is blest that hath not lent
To wicked men his ear;
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair:

"But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight;
And in the same doth exercise
Himself both day and night."

The singers have among them a clarionet and a violin, making but very simple and homely melody. The tones of the Sunday-school girls are shrill, but the voice of old Norbury is like the sound of an organ. The minister in deep devotion has announced the encouraging truths, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalm li. 17.) "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us: but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 8, 9.) The prayers are ended, and the minister has taken for his text the words, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.)

How fervently and affectionately he urges on the attention of his hearers the truths of the gospel! How exceedingly sinful he makes sin to appear, and how lovely and attractive the grace of the Redeemer! He paints in arresting colours the blissful mansions of the blest, and the gloomy abode of darkness and despair. Now he is dwelling with tenderness on the cruel death of the Saviour, nailed to the cross, bowing his sacred head and giving up the ghost for sinners; and now he is exulting in his glorious resurrection. The squire is all attention, Madam Bloxham smiles through her tears, and some of the audience lift up their pocket-handkerchiefs to their eyes. Let us hope that they will not soon forget the text, nor the sermon that they have now heard.

We are now in the heart of a populous city, and the sabbath services of the evening are about to commence. Church people are on their way to St. Michael's, whose bells are sounding in their ears. Independents are moving towards their large chapel in the neighbourhood. Wesleyans are pressing onward to their new place of worship, which has been opened to-day for the first time. Baptists are on the road to their meeting-house; and Quakers are proceeding to theirs, where they have some expectation of being addressed by a Philadelphian stranger. Though these worship God in different temples, and on many points hold different opinions, they must all enter through the same gate into the "golden city." "I am the way, the truth, and the life," saith the Redeemer: "neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." The thought leads us to relate, slightly modified, what we read in early days, from a popular children's volume.

A butcher's boy, in rapidly riding along the street (pity his master could not better employ him on the sabbath day), has met with an accident. His horse has fallen and pitched him on the ground, his head striking against the curb-stone. Poor lad! he is quite insensible. An Independent has partly raised him from the pavement; a Quaker lady has bound her handkerchief around his bleeding brows; a Baptist has run for a doctor; a Churchman has taken out his purse to pay for a hackney-coach; and a Wesleyan has offered his services to go with him to the hospital. True piety is always practical, and ever ready to manifest itself in benevolent action. What is religion without love and kindness? The butcher boy is on the road to the hospital, and the Churchman, the Independent, the Baptist, and the Quaker lady, to make up for the time occupied by the accident, quicken their steps on their way to their different places of divine worship.

The sabbath, with all its soothing and heavenly influences, is well nigh passed, but what remains of it may be both peaceful and pleasurable. We are now in an establishment for young ladies, where piety is highly estimated. Assembled in the school-room, they have offered up their prayers and praises, and now the walls around them are reverberating the words of the evening hymn. How well do the clear and thrilling tones harmonize with the sabbath eve!

"Sweet the hour of day's soft closing,
Dewy skies and shadows dim;
Sweeter, Lord, on Thee reposing,
Thus to raise our evening hymn.

"On the full heart warmly pressing,
All thy mercies round we see:
Every care must prove a blessing,
If it be but brought to Thee."

Such are a few of our sabbath scenes, which may be abundantly and profitably increased by the memory of the reader. Sunday is a mental treasure, a season of peace, the flower of time, and the pearl of days. Love it, improve it, honour it, and keep it holy, so shalt thou add to thy happiness on earth, and prepare thyself to partake in the enjoyments of heaven.

A STRIKING PASSAGE IN A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

Doctor Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of the celebrated Doctor Chalmers, mentions the following incident as constituting, in his opinion, perhaps the most impressive passage in that great and good man's life.

At an early period in his ministry, and some time before the grace of God had commenced its saving work upon his soul, he had become a candidate for the professorship of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. The contest, in which he was unsuccessful, had provoked a letter from the ex-professor, Mr. Playfair, addressed to the Lord Provost of the university, in which he stated that there were very few Scottish clergymen eminent in the knowledge of either mathematics or natural philosophy, and that the successful cultivation of these sciences was altogether incompatible with the duties and habits of the clerical profession. This, Doctor Chalmers, who was at the time enthusiastically devoted to scientific pursuits, regarded as a libel upon himself and his brethren in the ministry, and his first appearance in print was an indignant denial of the allegation. In the course of his observations, he affirmed that he knew, "from what to him was the highest of all authority—*the authority of his own experience*—that after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy *five* days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." He further spoke of himself as "one of those ill-fated beings whom the malignant touch of ordination had, in Mr. Playfair's estimation, condemned to a life of ignorance and obscurity; a being who should bid adieu to every flattering anticipation, and drivel out the remainder of his days in insignificance."

This pamphlet, some years afterwards, about the time of his removal to Glasgow, he had strenuously endeavoured to suppress. It had probably well-nigh faded from his memory, when, after the lapse of twenty years from the period of its publication, during a discussion in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland upon the abolition of pluralities, of which he was a persevering opponent, it was most unexpectedly and painfully revived. Towards the close of the second day's debate, the speech of an ardent upholder of pluralities was concluded with a quotation from an anonymous pamphlet in which the writer had affirmed "that he could assert from the authority of his own experience, that after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." The passage was read with peculiar emphasis; no dubious hint was also given as to its authorship, and all eyes in that large and most important assembly were turned upon Doctor Chalmers.

As soon as an opportunity was afforded, he rose, amidst breathless silence, and said: "Sir, that pamphlet I now declare to be a production of my own, published twenty years ago. I was, indeed, much surprised to hear it brought forward and quoted this evening, and I instantly conceived that the reverend gentleman who did so had been working at the trade of a resurrectionist. Verily I believed that my unfortunate pamphlet had long ere now descended into the tomb of merited oblivion, and that there it was mouldering in silence forgotten and disregarded. But since that gentleman has brought it forward in the face of this house, I can assure him that I feel grateful to him from the bottom of my heart for the opportunity he has now afforded me of making a public recantation of the sentiments it contains. . . . . I confess myself to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and I now stand a repentant culprit before the bar of this venerable assembly."

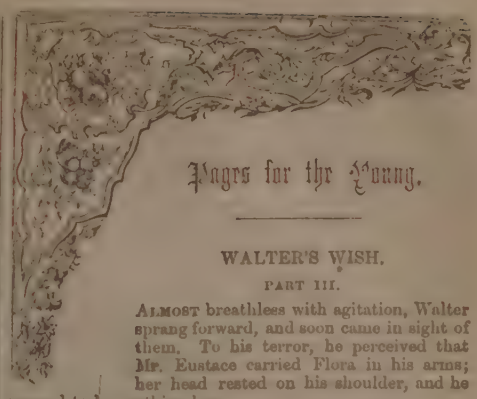
After relating the circumstances under which the pamphlet had been written, he thus concluded: "I was at that time, sir, more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession; and feeling grieved and indignant at what I conceived an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habits of a clergyman. Alas! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that in the utterance of it I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. *But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time; I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!*"

It were, indeed, difficult to overrate the importance and instructiveness of such an incident as this, furnishing as it does so powerful an illustration of that passing away of old things, and all things becoming new, which the inspired apostle insists upon as an evidence of true conversion. Mathematical proficiency had been the one engrossing object of Doctor Chalmers' early life; mathematical distinction the fever-thirst of his youthful and ardent aspiration. Nor, abstractedly considered, was there anything sinful, indeed, on the contrary, there was much that in itself was most useful and laudable, in the pursuit

But no sooner had the gospel of the grace of God been sent home upon his heart; no sooner had he been brought beneath the influence of what he has himself so beautifully described as the "expulsive power of a new affection;" than, like the apostle Paul, "what things were gain to him, those he accounted loss for Christ. Thenceforward "the love of Christ constrained him to live, *not unto himself*, but to him who died for him and rose again." Scientific pursuits were not altogether disregarded by him, as though they were unworthy of his notice; on the contrary, he ever felt in them a deep and lively interest, and gleaned from them many a season of pure and exalted enjoyment. But his thoughts, his time, his energies, were no longer at their service. A spare moment, snatched now and then for needful recreation from the absorbing work of seeking after souls, was all he ever gave to them. They fell to, and remained at, their proper level in his mind. They were *temporal;* himself, his energies, his hopes, his prospects, his affections, he deeply felt to be *eternal*. His endeavour, therefore, was to live and to work for eternity.

Nor is this all. The contrite recantation of what had been the darling error of his youth, the faithful avowal at once of his former forgetfulness of God, and his present devotedness to his service, constitute one of the noblest instances on record of true Christian magnanimity; of that genuine greatness of mind which raises its possessor alike above the false shame of acknowledging oneself to have been wrong, and of confessing oneself to be a follower of him who, while "*in* the world," was not "*of* the world."

Reader, is it thus with you? There is (is there not?) some object, some pursuit, harmless it may be in itself, perhaps useful and commendable as regards your own temporal interests and those of your fellow-men, but yet altogether "of the earth, earthy," towards which from constitutional tendencies or early predilections you are especially disposed. In that direction, be assured, your besetting danger lies. If that object, that pursuit, has the *first place* in your thoughts; if to it be given the *first-fruits* of your affections and your energies, as had once been those of Doctor Chalmers to mathematics, while the refuse only is for God; then your life may be—as was his at the period of that first publication—one of blameless and, in many respects, self-denying morality; but you need a conversion such as his before you can enter into the kingdom of heaven. You need to adopt and apply his standard of measurement; to keep before you perpetually the "*two magnitudes*"—the practical knowledge and application of which constitute the highest and most difficult branch of spiritual mathematics—"the littleness of time" and "the greatness of eternity!"



Pages for the Young.

WALTER'S WISH.

PART III.

Almost breathless with agitation, Walter sprang forward, and soon came in sight of them. To his terror, he perceived that Mr. Eustace carried Flora in his arms; her head rested on his shoulder, and he seemed to be soothing her.

Walter felt too much alarmed to speak, and Constance seeing his look of fright, said: "Poor Flora has been very sick, and now she complains of great pain; we waited longer than we intended, hoping she would be better." Mr. Eustace sat down, and gently raising the drooping child in his arms, Walter caught a glimpse of her face; it was deadly pale, and there was a large black ring round her eyes. Walter felt so shocked at the sight that he thought his senses were about to leave him, and he clung to the pillar by which he stood for support. "The dew is falling," remarked Mrs. Eustace; "I think we had better not stay longer." Poor little Flora moaned, and the feeble sound pierced Walter to the heart. He dreaded lest any one should question him, and lingered behind the rest of the party. When he reached the house, he found no one in the lower rooms; it was nearly dark, but the windows were still thrown up, and the moonbeams streamed in, and fell in a broad flood of light upon the carpet and the furniture. Poor Walter felt very miserable, as he could now no longer doubt that he was the cause of poor Flora's sickness, and of the great sorrow which might be coming: perhaps she was very ill—perhaps she might die, and then every one would say that it was his fault; and Walter threw himself on the floor and groaned in agony of mind. He was startled by a slight sound; a door shut up-stairs. Perhaps some one was coming down, and he might hear how she was; but no, all was still—a long, long silence. Once he thought he heard the tramp of horses' feet leaving the stable-yard, but he could not be sure, and again everything was quiet. The hall-clock struck nine, still no one came; Walter could bear it no longer; he thought he would go into the kitchen and light his candle; at least it would not be worse in his own room than there, and he might see somebody who could tell him how she was. As he went through the hall, a quick step was on the stairs, and in a moment Constance passed him; there was just light enough for him to see her. He caught her dress.

"Oh, Constance, stay one moment!" he exclaimed; "tell me how she is!" feeling as if he could hardly breathe till the reply came. A slight sob answered him. "Oh, do tell me!" he almost groaned.

"Very, very ill, I fear," said Constance, in a choked voice; "she has been quite unconscious, and now we fear convulsions are coming on; mamma and Sarah are going to put her into a warm bath. But you must not keep me, mamma wants me. Herbert has ridden off for Dr. Fielding; but you had better go to bed. Good night, dear Walter;" and she kissed his damp brow.

Walter could not speak, but his hands relaxed their grasp of her dress, and she passed on. For some minutes he

stood as if changed to stone; then, startled by the sudden appearance of a light, he crept hastily up-stairs, and shut himself into his own room. Worse than he had even feared—"unconscious!—convulsions coming on!" the words rang in his ears. "Oh, what would become of him if Flora died? he should never be happy again. And this is all my doing! Oh, what would mamma say if she knew?" were the bitter thoughts which overpowered him. Even if Flora got better, the cause of her illness would be discovered, and he would be overwhelmed with disgrace. Oh, how many times during that long miserable night did Walter repent of his disobedience! how earnestly did he pray that Flora might not die! how fervently did he resolve to conquer the great fault which had brought all this sorrow upon him! Now for the first time did he realise that "the wages of sin is death," and that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

Poor Walter! it was perhaps well for him to learn this bitter lesson so early. He had thrown himself on his bed without undressing, for he felt it would be impossible to sleep. The quiet moon had crept round, and began to look in at his chamber; but the house was so still, it was difficult to believe that sickness, perhaps death, was there. Once Walter opened his door to listen, but no sound was heard: he quietly closed his door, and again lay down. He was quite worn out with all the excitement he had undergone, and, though resolved against it, at last fell into a disturbed, uneasy slumber, from which he was suddenly aroused by the trampling of horses' feet beneath his window. He started up, the moonlight had faded, and the pale blue light of early morning was beginning to steal in; it was yet too dark to discern such objects out-of-doors. A little bustle in the house was soon audible, the opening and shutting of doors, and passing of servants to and fro. Walter, breathless with anxiety, stole into the gallery to listen. He distinctly caught the words, "Dr. Fielding is come," and his uncle's voice in reply. Soon their steps were heard on the stairs, and Walter drew back, fearful of being seen. They passed hastily along the gallery, and quietly entered the sick-room. Those moments of suspense seemed like hours of wretchedness to the miserable boy. Dr. Fielding's visit was not long. Walter tried to catch a glimpse of his face, and listened eagerly for his first words, but neither the physician nor his uncle spoke as they went down-stairs, and a moment afterwards he heard the hall-door shut, and the clattering of horses' hoofs as Dr. Fielding rode rapidly away. Walter felt as if his life must depend on hearing the doctor's opinion. It was yet so early that the servants were scarcely astir, and it was not till nearly an hour afterwards that he ventured out of his room to make inquiries, but no one could give him any information. Mr. Eustace was in his study; he had been sitting up all night. Walter trembled at the idea of meeting him, though the only person who could tell him what he so longed to know. He stole quietly up-stairs once more, and planted himself by the sick-room door. It suddenly opened, and Constance appeared; Walter started forward.

"Oh Constance! how is she?" were the words which forced themselves from his pale lips. Constance turned away.

"Does Dr. Fielding say there is no hope? only tell me!" gasped Walter.

"Not quite that," replied his cousin, with a violent effort at composure; "but she is very ill, poor darling. He thinks she has eaten something of a poisonous nature. She has been quite delirious sometimes, and keeps talking about beautiful red berries, and we are afraid she has perhaps gathered some poisonous berries in mistake for fruit." Walter's heart almost stood still, and he turned away in agony of feeling.

"She has talked of you all night," continued Constance; "would you like to take a look at her? She is rather more composed now, and mamma is lying down." Walter could scarcely utter "Yes," and Constance, enjoining silence, opened the door into the sick-room. There was just light enough to see the change which a few hours had wrought. Walter stood by the bedside, and gazed in speechless grief. There lay the late merry, laughing child, her blue eyes closed and sunk, her bright colour faded to the hue of the lily, her long sunny curls tangled, and tossed in wild disorder over the pillow; she moved restlessly from side to side, now and then murmuring unintelligible words. Once she opened her eyes, and gazed on Walter with a vacant stare. He could bear no more, and hurried from the room, oppressed with a load of wretchedness he knew not how to endure. He rushed into the open air, and walked up and down the broad gravel path before the house; but the bright sunlight and songs of birds seemed to increase his misery; and as he looked up at the shaded windows, he felt as if his punishment was greater than he could bear. Presently he saw Herbert beckoning him from the hall-door, and hastened to meet him. "Papa wants to speak to you in the study," was all he said; then hastily turning away, he did not wait to answer his cousin's eager questions.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

33. For rich pasturage (Micah vii. 14), stately oaks (Isa. ii. 13), and fine cattle (Psa. xxii. 12; Ezek. xxxix. 18).

34. Prov. xxii. 29. "He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

35. Rom. xiii. 10. "*Love* is the fulfilling of the law."

36. Prov. xxv. 11. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

37. Proverbs xxii. 22, 23. "Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the gate: for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them." Malachi iii. 5. "I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against . . . . . those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts." James v. 4. "Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." See also Psalm xii. 5; Prov. xiv. 31, etc. etc.

38. Proverbs xiv. 34. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Psalm xxxiii. 12. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Psalm cxliv. 15. "Happy is that people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

39. What does the Christian receive now, as the earnest and pledge of his future inheritance?

40. What does the Scripture say as to the faith of devils?

41. Prove from scriptural examples that a sense of the immediate presence of God is calculated to produce the deepest humility in the mind of man,

42. Where do you find a description of the trade of Tyre, and a prophecy of its entire ruin?

43. Is hospitality ever spoken of in Scripture as a Christian duty?

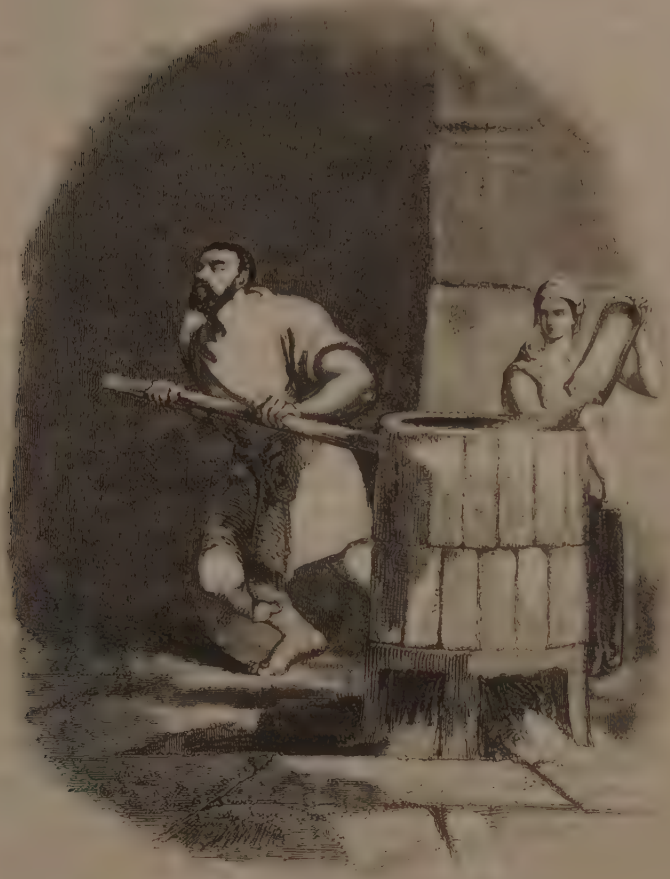
44. What Christian is commended by two apostles for the exercise of this virtue?

45. Mention some passages where Jesus is spoken of as the foundation of the Christian church.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



SAMSON IN CAPTIVITY TO THE PHILISTINES.

THE Orientals have too few prisoners (imprisonment not being a *judicial* punishment) to make it worth their while to think of turning their labour to account. Yet in the case of those whom they wished deeply to humble, or grievously to punish, the inconsistency of allowing them to remain in idleness could not fail to be seen; therefore, some species of labour was occasionally devised. In the whole of Scripture, however, Samson's is the only case of imprisonment with labour; and this fact shows the aggravating and unusual humiliation to which he was subjected by the hatred of the Philistines. He was set to "grind in the prison-house." This, while it may show that considerable natural strength—the strength of a strong man—remained to him, evinces less the desire

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of the Philistines to turn his strength to account than to inflict upon him indignity and humiliation. In itself, grinding was very suitable for prison labour, being performed by hand-mills, the uppermost of which, called "the rider" by the Hebrews, was made to revolve upon the other by strength of hand. Being usually performed by females, the Philistines, studious of insult, regarded it as well-suited to disgrace a man, and particularly such a man as Samson had been; while by providing stones of sufficient size and weight, the work might be made laborious even for him. The humiliating character of this labour is shown by the allusions to it in Scripture, as a disgrace which the Chaldeans would inflict upon such of their Hebrew captives as they meant to chastise and degrade.* The Romans condemned to work the public mills of the city those who were convicted of crimes not worthy of death. The mill-stones in common use are seldom more than a few inches across two feet in diameter, though we have sometimes seen them larger. They are circular and flat. The upper stone is made to turn upon the other by means of a handle of wood, which is inserted into it, and by means of which two women, seated opposite to each other, are able to keep it in rotatory motion without excessive labour. The grain falls upon the surface of the lower stone, by means of a trough or hollow in the middle of the upper one, the circular movement of which spreads it over the lower one, where it is crushed and reduced to meal. This meal, escaping at the edges of the mill, is received upon a board of cloth, and is then collected for use. It is a general prejudice in the East, whether well or ill-founded, that the meal ground by the hand-mill has a much better flavour than that ground by mills worked either by wind or water.

Among a pastoral people, the preparation of milk answers in some degree to the grinding of corn among an agricultural people. We have, therefore, been much struck by the description which Herodotus gives of *blinded* slaves being among the Scythians employed in this labour. He says: "The Scythians drink milk; and all the slaves who attend to the business of milking are deprived of sight. Two slaves are employed together; for while one milks the mare, the other, by tubes formed of bone, causes an inflation of the udder. This process, as they think, increases the quantity of milk. When they have obtained the milk they pour it into deep hollow bowls. The blind slaves are then stationed around these bowls, and give a whirling motion to the milk. That which swims on the surface they remove, deeming it the choicest part, while that which subsides is accounted of less value. It is for performing this operation that the Scythians put out the eyes of all the prisoners they take in war." By this he probably means that they would not be able to execute this whirling work unless blinded, which is likely. Although other nations may not have put out the eyes of captives *to enable them* the better to perform those rotatory labours, it may have seemed one of the few kinds of labour which the blind were qualified to fulfil, even better than those who could see. There is nothing in grinding corn with the hand-mill that requires attention which a man deprived of sight cannot give; while he has the advantage that his head is not fatigued by the rotatory action which he gives to the upper stone. We ourselves employ blind horses, or blindfold those that can see, when we employ them in rotatory labour.

In his captivity, the hair of Samson "began to grow again," as might be expected; and it is implied that his strength grew with it, and with his repentance of the sin and weakness—and the weakness of the strong is sin—which had brought all this calamity upon him. The loss of his hair had deprived him of strength, only because it took him out of that condition of Nazaritic ship with which his strength was inseparably connected; so that from the return of his strength with the growth of his hair, we can only understand that he repented, and renewed voluntarily the vows of devotement which had been imposed upon him before his birth, and which he had so miserably broken. This important fact the Philistines probably did not know, nor would it consist with his object to disclose it to them. They knew that he was still a strong man; but they knew not that his more than human strength was returning to him.

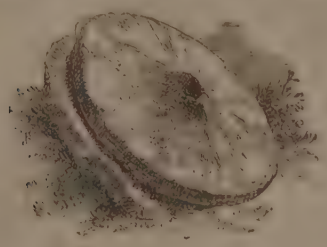
So far we have followed the narrative of Dr. Kitto; a few more words will suffice to complete it.

The Philistines soon experienced the fatal effects of the renewal of the strength of Samson. Celebrating a feast to Dagon their god, who they supposed had delivered their enemy into their hands, they called for him to make them sport, as they viewed him from the roof of their temple. For some time he was thus exposed to their mockeries and insults; but at length the blind hero desired the lad, who led and held him by the hand, to let him rest himself against the pillars which sustained the chief weight of the building. Thus placed, Samson breathed a prayer, and grasping the pillars with his mighty arms, he cried, "Let me die with the Philistines;" the pillars gave way; the roof fell in; and those who were above and below were destroyed.

The reader may learn from this narrative the

* Isa. xlvii. 2. Lamentations v. 13.

fatal effects of sinful pleasure. It stripped the mighty Samson of his strength! How careful, then, and watchful should we be against its syren charms! our eyes should ever be looking upwards for grace to withstand temptation.



THE MARTYRS OF PARIS.

PART II.

We have seen how the principles of the young Reformation first made their entry into France, and what were the early feelings they excited in that gay and irreligious nation. The time of which we write was the commencement of the sixteenth century, when "the field of the cloth of gold" had marked the recent friendship struck up between two young and ardent monarchs—Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France; when the quarrel had begun between Charles V (the Emperor of Germany) and the French king, which terminated so disastrously for the latter; and when the royal saloons of Paris were filled, as they often have been, by royal profligates, by mercenary ministers and a corrupt court. We have seen how the gospel of Christ won its way amidst some of those who stood nearest to the throne, among whom Margaret de Valois, sister and favourite of the king, was, for a time, specially prominent; and we have learned, moreover, how the new doctrines promulgated by Lefevre and Farel awoke the jealousy of the Sorbonne, and prompted bloody measures for the church's defence. We have now to witness other measures taken in the same direction by angry and intolerant ecclesiastics.

Among those whose attention had been awakened to the claims of "the truth as it is in Jesus," was a noble named Berquin, a gentleman of the king, who greatly loved him, and a man of intellect and letters. Berquin was an intimate friend of Erasmus, and we have looked over many epistles in which mention is made of him by that able but time-serving man in terms of high eulogy. To one of his friends in the year 1529, the learned man of Rotterdam says: "He is a layman and a bachelor; but of a life so pure, as that the slightest fibre (*rumusculus*) of immodesty has never arisen concerning him: he is wonderfully kind both to his friends and to the poor; a faithful observer of the constitution and rituals of the church, and diligent in his observances of fasts, saints'-days, food, masses, assemblies for worship, and all other things which are the fruits of piety." (Erasmi, Epis. lib. xxiv. § 4.) But Berquin had become a Christian; and he employed his considerable talents in setting up the doctrines of the Reformation, and in attacking Popish errors. He translated and circulated many of the works and gibes of Erasmus; gave currency to the "common-places" of Melancthon; did not hesitate to fly in the face of "the Sorbonne hornets," against whom he directed not only wisdom, but wit; and employed all the resources of his literary life in endeavouring to undermine the hypocrisies and errors of the church of Rome.

Some of Berquin's *brochures*—at least those circulated by him—fell into the hands of Beda, the syndic of the Sorbonne, as contentious and violent a persecutor as ever made havoc of the church of God, whose influence would have been omnipotent, but that it was, in some degree, counteracted by Petit, the king's confessor. Berquin was accused by Beda not only of laborious attempts in general to weaken the power of the papacy, but of having asserted that it was a great impropriety to attribute to Mary the functions of the Holy Ghost, and to address her as the source of grace; or to call her our *hope*, our *life*, as if she possessed the honours of the Son of God. It was resolved, therefore, to take measures against so daring an offender, and the processes were worthy of the Inquisition, whose course was now begun.

The Sorbonne having obtained some of Berquin's books, from which "they extracted venom like spiders," as an old chronicler relates, denounced him before the Parliament of Paris. But Berquin was a favourite with Francis, and the Sorbonne was cautious not rashly to provoke so high an authority. The accused was, therefore, permitted to escape. This was represented to Berquin as an act of special grace; a view of the case which he resolutely refused to admit, asserting that his enemies possessed no materials which would warrant a just censure.

He was, however, too deeply interested in his subject to desist from his former occupations. When the love of the truth, and a conviction of the importance of proclaiming that truth to the world, have once taken hold of a truly Christian mind, it is as easy to stop the downward course of a cataract as to prevent their action. Berquin felt that whatever the dangers incurred by his forwardness, those of

his silence would be much greater. When timid and time-serving men like Erasmus endeavoured to divert him from his onward purpose, their advice was ineffectual. Soon the bloodhounds were on his track again. One day, whilst pursuing his studies, he was interrupted by a loud noise at the door, and a body of armed police, sent by the Sorbonne, and headed by Beda, entered his apartments. Their object was to institute a search for suspicious books and documents. Sooth to say, there were materials of this kind in profusion; for Berquin, being a man of considerable property, possessed not only works for his own reading, but for general circulation also. There were books by Erasmus, Melancthon, Carlostadt, and, horrible to relate, some of the theses of Luther himself, mixed with original compositions of Berquin. No time was lost in removing such flagrant evidences of fearful heresy. The Parliament of Paris referred these works for examination to the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne adjudged them to the flames, and demanded of Berquin the abjuration of his heresies. But on this occasion they had no Briconnet to deal with. Berquin was firm as a rock—firm as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego before the fiery furnace. After a short imprisonment, Berquin was transferred to the Bishop of Paris, and was incarcerated by order of the Ecclesiastical Court. In these measures against Berquin, the monks were especially prominent. But Francis had no love for monks. He had often joined with others in ridiculing and contemning them, and would not quietly resign a gentleman of his court to their bigotry and violence. There were many, too, in that day of excitement, who, like Erasmus, found in the errors of the church sufficient marks for satire, though they were unwilling to appear on the Protestant side. Francis probably confounded Berquin with these; and as both Erasmus and Berquin corresponded with each other and with himself, it was natural, perhaps, that he should do so. At all events—though leaning that way—Berquin was not yet a Lutheran. The case was therefore transferred by royal command into the king's council, and Berquin, after being admonished, was set at liberty.

A third attempt was made—for Berquin and his persecutors were equally resolved not to yield their point. Francis was made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and was in prison at Madrid. The opportunity seemed favourable, and again the serpent sprang upon its prey. The mother of the king was regent of his kingdom, and the dissoluteness of her past life needed all the resources of the church of Rome to quiet and uphold her. Margaret of Valois had no power of interposition. Again Berquin was brought before the Parliament; but a message from the king ordered them to suspend proceedings during his absence.

These repeated proceedings alarmed Berquin's friends, and especially Erasmus. It is both amusing and painful to witness the writhings of that great scholar, as shown by his letters, whilst these movements were in progress. At one time he writes to Francis, begging him to coerce the Sorbonnists, and not to permit them to scatter their poisonous venom on all around. To a friend he says: "If Berquin should suffer with a good conscience, which I anticipate, what can be better for himself? Good men as well as bad ones are liable to be condemned, to be cut in pieces, to be hanged, to be burned, to be beheaded. Good judges as well as tyrants may condemn, cut in pieces, crucify, burn, decapitate. Various are human sentences. He is happy who is absolved by the judgment of God." In another letter he ascribes Berquin's ruin to the hatred of theologians and of monks. Further he says how earnestly he has laboured to deter Berquin from the course he has adopted, and that he has always foreseen that the consequences would be fatal. But most earnestly does he urge Berquin not to mix *him* up with the business. "My burden," says he, "is heavy enough; if you find pleasure in disputing, pursue it; but I have no wish for it. . . . . Do not trust too much to the king's protection. Above all, do not compromise *me* with the Faculty of Theology." Such was the man who said respecting himself: "Luther may be right, but I have no inclination to die for the sake of truth. Every man has not the courage to make a martyr; and I am afraid, if I were put to the trial, I should imitate St. Peter.

Remonstrances like these, however, had no effect on the courageous Berquin. Instead of yielding, he began to act boldly on the offensive. He selected from the works of Beda and the Sorbonnists twelve propositions, which he declared to be incongruous one with another, and contrary to the Scriptures. This charge he submitted to Francis.

Nothing could exceed the wrath of the Sorbonnists at so daring a movement. Their excitement was greatly aggravated when the king wrote to the ecclesiastics requiring them either to prove their doctrines true, or to pass censure upon them themselves. Erasmus asserts that he loudly protested against this measure of Berquin's, declaring that it would accomplish nothing beyond irritating his enemies, who would otherwise destroy themselves by their own folly.

About this time an image of the Virgin, which was placed at the corner of one of the streets of Paris, was mutilated by an unknown

hand. The Sorbonnists availed themselves of the outrage to declare that this was the effect of Berquin's doctrines, and that there existed a secret confederation, pledged to overthrow the church, the monarchy, and all national institutions. In the fury of the moment, Berquin was sentenced to undergo a signal punishment. The Sorbonne demanded that he should abjure his errors, that his tongue should be pierced with a red-hot iron, and that he should be consigned to a perpetual imprisonment. Berquin appealed to a higher tribunal, declaring that he would rather die at once than voluntarily yield to their sentence. He was then condemned to be burned alive.

In the absence of the king (for Berquin's enemies still feared his interposition) this sentence was executed.

On November 10, 1529, the Place de Grève, opposite to the palace of that name (now replaced by the Hôtel de Ville), was the scene of an unusual commotion. An immense multitude had collected to witness one of those holocausts by which the Sorbonne demonstrated its zeal for the papal religion and its hatred of the Bible. The victim was Berquin, who, escorted by six hundred men, was to undergo the last penalties of his daring courage. Amidst the various emotions which convulsed the mob, there was one who manifested no sign of fear, but with calm eye and composed step moved on towards the scaffold. It was the martyr himself. "You would have thought," writes Erasmus, "he was in a library, pursuing his studies, or in a temple, meditating on sacred subjects. The executioner in a hoarse voice read to him his sentence; but he did not change colour in the slightest degree. He alighted with a firm step from the cart. It was not the deadness of a hardened villain; it was the serenity and peace of a good conscience." The prisoner attempted to address the assembled multitude; but the Sorbonnists knew too well the danger of permitting him such an indulgence. They dreaded the effect of an appeal by the martyr, and posted around him a hired knot who by their clamour prevented his voice from being heard. Thus Berquin died; whilst the grand penitentiary who was present, cried in a loud voice to the people that for the last hundred years a better Christian had not died in France than Louis Berquin. Blessed, says the Holy Volume, are they who, having thus come "out of great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Beza says of Berquin: "If Francis Ist had been another elector, Berquin might have come down to us as another Luther."

We have been desirous to present the narrative of Louis Berquin in a continuous form, and have not mentioned another very tragic instance of the power of the Sorbonne which reached its consummation a little before his death.

Among those who listened to the preaching of the Christians of Meaux, was a hermit residing in the forest of Livry, a few miles from Paris. The truth he had received he eagerly conveyed to all whom he encountered in his daily walks, till his hermitage became a resort for the inhabitants of the environs of the metropolis, and souls in trouble went with eagerness to seek his ministrations. Such news was not long in reaching the doctors of the Sorbonne. It was resolved to make of him a public example; slow fire was the process by which it was determined to punish his heresy.

The theatre on this occasion was not the Place de Grève; but the area in front of the cathedral church of Notre Dame—then and still called the Parvis. The church was not then the dingy edifice it is now; its comparatively new and grand western front, (to-day in process of restoration,) was the wonder of the city—its noblest monument. Opposite to this western entrance all the clergy of Paris were collected, with the utmost emphasis of ecclesiastical pomp. The great bell of the cathedral—tolled only on occasions of high solemnity—summoned a vast crowd of inhabitants to witness a scene intended to strike terror into the minds of all spectators. In front of the church stood the hermit, his head and feet bare, whilst the confessors near to him constantly pressed on him the crucifix, and exhorted him to confess, that he might receive the church's mercy. During all this time the bell continued to toll, and as it fell upon the ears of the crowd, the Sorbonnists cried out that "they were conducting a damned man to hell-fire." All the remonstrances addressed to the poor hermit fell only upon deaf ears. His repeated declaration was that forgiveness was only to be found in God, and that he wished to die a believer in the faith of Christ. With heroic courage, the doomed man underwent the cruel sentence passed on him.

Glorious were these deeds of endurance! Glorious was Lefevre's motto: "Sufficient is the word of God!"

ARGUMENTS FOR RESIGNATION.—Seneca hath a similitude to set forth the great evil of murmuring under small afflictions. Suppose, saith he, a man to have a very fair house to dwell in, with garden and orchard for use and ornament, what a most unreasonable thing were it in this man to murmur because the wind blew a few leaves off the trees, though they hung full of fruit. If God take a little and leave us much, shall we be discontented? If he takes *our* son, and gives us *his* own; if he cause the trees of truth to bring forth the fruit of spiritual and eternal blessings, shall we be angry if the wind blow away the leaves of creature comfort?—*Bradbury.*

A MODEL FOR YOUNG MEN.

On the morning of January 12th, 1850, as a woman was cleaning some windows in North-street, Finsbury, London, she observed a gentleman, who, from his dress, appeared to be a clergyman, stagger and fall to the ground. Assistance was rendered, but it was wholly unavailing; life was extinct. From a card found in his pocket, the name of the individual thus suddenly summoned into the eternal world was ascertained to be Spenser Thornton. An hour or two before he had, in the prime of life, and apparently in excellent health and spirits, quitted a circle of friends. Ere the morning sun that shone upon him, however, had reached its meridian height, he was a lifeless corpse! All who knew him mourned his loss deeply, yet all felt that a translation to heaven in chariots of fire could not have conveyed to his survivors a more comfortable assurance of his safety than that which was inspired by his eminently holy life and surpassing love to the Saviour. With him sudden death must indeed have been sudden glory.

Spenser Thornton, on whom this high eulogium has been pronounced, was born in London, on the 13th of October, 1813. Although carefully trained by a pious mother, he did not, for the first twelve years of his life, manifest any signs of true conversion. Accustomed, however, to obey his parents, he was not deterred at the first school to which he went, by the ridicule of his companions, from repeating every night and morning a prayer from a little work called "Daily Bread." Upon the Sunday morning also, when at home, he would get up long before the family, to visit the cottages of the neighbouring poor, exhorting the inmates to put on their best clothes and prepare for church. Still, in all this, however pleasing, there was no evidence that his piety was more than the performance of some external acts, suggested by a correct early training and a naturally active disposition.

In 1828 he was removed to Rugby school, then under the superintendence of the well-known Dr. Arnold. A deep spiritual change here passed upon Spenser Thornton. The Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and led him to the Saviour, as the only refuge of perishing sinners. At first, seeing the spirituality and extent of the Divine law, he was troubled with apprehensions that he was too great a sinner to be saved. A sermon, however, by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, on the text, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," was the happy means of leading him to solid peace. Let none sneer at his experience, as if it were morbid feeling in a youth so moral and so amiable to tremble at the greatness of his sins. All sin, when seen in the light of the cross, is perceived to be exceeding sinful.

Spenser Thornton now felt what has happily been termed "the expulsive power of a new affection." Love to the Saviour became his principle of action; and, youthful as he was, he began actively to labour for the good of others. His school fellows were naturally the first objects to whom his efforts were directed, and over them he speedily acquired great influence, by his manly but modest piety. "It was no love of display," says his biographer, "which led him on one occasion to remonstrate with an elder boy for swearing in his presence, for which he received a cuff; but to whom, in return, he gave a tract on swearing." "I have known," says one of his school fellows, "boys check themselves, when about to use bad words, if he were near; and we used to remark that when he played at football, there was a great absence of swearing." "He did indeed," observes a third, "adorn his Christian profession by the sweetness of his disposition, his gentlemanly manners, and conciliatory and affectionate bearing; always cheerful; always ready to enter into the recreations and pastimes of boyhood; but at the same time always bearing in mind the obligations and responsibilities of his Christian profession."

If at any time he saw a boy suffering under any species of distress, he would console him, and offer to read the Scriptures to him. So wisely did he cherish his influence with his companions, that lads much his superiors in scholarship and ability would come to him as their counsellor and friend. A clergyman was surprised to see two or three boys regularly attend church, at an hour when they were not required by the regulations of Rugby school to do so. He was in particular struck by the seriousness of the deportment of one of them. That youth, need we say, was Spenser Thornton! He induced, at one time, as many as thirty boys thus to be present at the hearing of God's word. Nay, young as he was (he was now but eighteen), he struck out a higher path of usefulness, and became a tract distributor and a visitor of the sick. Let it not be supposed, however, that this was done in a rash, offensive manner, unsuitable to his age. He was noted, amidst all his efforts to do good, and all his boldness in confessing Christ, for the unobtrusiveness of his piety. He stamped a new character on Rugby school. It assumed, we are told, a different aspect from what it ever did, before or since. And all this was done by the consistency of a youth of eighteen! Oh, well may it cause us to blush for our own unprofitableness!

Spenser Thornton's usefulness was not to be

attributed to the enjoyment of any great intellectual powers. Good plain common sense seems to have been the highest mental property he possessed. In his letters and sermons there is what we should call, but for their deep spirituality, a singular want of brilliancy. It was not intellect, then, which gave this dear youth his influence. In deep communion with God was to be found the secret of his strength. "One thing I remember," says a companion, "his habit of early rising to secure time for devotion; and I recollect his saying to me one day how much he had felt ashamed at seeing some poor tradesman already at his day's labour in his shop, before he had begun his morning worship. He said something about our caring so much less for our souls than a poor tradesman did for perishable goods." This habit of consecrating the morning prime to devotion (one often found to exist in the lives of eminent Christians) prevailed, we may observe, with Spenser Thornton in all his after years. While travelling in Switzerland, for instance, having to start on an excursion at four in the morning, he rose at two o'clock, so as to secure a couple of hours for closet duties. When a country pastor, too, he observed the same wise application of his time. "In order," says his biographer, "to carry out his plan of giving the first part of the day to communion with God, his study fire, in winter, was laid over-night. He usually rose at six. He considered early rising very important. Private reading or prayer occupied him till breakfast, at eight or half-past in winter." Peculiar circumstances may render such a distribution of morning time impracticable for many, but the principle ought to be adopted by all.

We have seen the influence which Spenser Thornton exerted upon his school-fellows. We may now glance at what he accomplished with his remarkable preceptor, Dr. Arnold. Peculiar as, in some respects, and on some isolated points, were the opinions of this distinguished individual, he felt a deep anxiety for the spiritual welfare of young men who attended Rugby school, and was ever solicitous to encourage the manifestations of early piety. Spenser Thornton speedily attracted his notice, from having visited a poor person who was dangerously ill. "Yesterday," writes the subject of our notice, "Dr. Arnold said to me, just after school, 'Thornton, have you seen the woman at the turnpike to-day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And I should like to know, if you have no objection to tell me, who was with you?' 'The two Pyms, sir.' 'Oh! then they were too young. I only wished to know if the boys went with you from the same motive as yourself.' He continued to say he had heard of me many times in that way, and that he hoped I should persevere; that he wished there were many more of that spirit in the school." This was not a mere passing admiration on the part of Spenser Thornton's high-minded instructor. In speaking of his pupil afterwards, he stated, "To that man I would stand hat in hand." "It was," says Thornton's biographer, "the most personal praise which he ever bestowed on any pupil." He is supposed also to have alluded to Thornton in the following passage in one of his sermons: "Nor do I know of any sight more beautiful, nor one which ought to be more kindling to us who are older, than to see a young man, and still more to see a young boy, striving fearlessly in his Master's service, and shaming, by his courageous zeal, our more measured efforts." If praise is to be estimated by the weight of the party bestowing it, then this was indeed high praise.

On leaving school, previous to his entering upon his studies at the university, Spenser Thornton was followed by the regrets and kind wishes of his teachers and fellow-pupils. A further proof was given of the estimation in which he was held, by the letters addressed to him from the parents of some of the boys to whom he had shown kind and Christian attentions. Men venerable for piety were found thanking him for the blessings which he had diffused by his consistency of conduct. So true is God's promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Spenser Thornton's career at college must be dismissed in few words. He was there still the same burning light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. He gained respectable academic honours, and acquired the friendship of an influential circle. His landlady, who became a very pious woman, attributed her conversion to his reading the Scriptures morning and evening with her. By means of his methodical and energetic habits, he was enabled not only to attend to his college duties, but to discharge efficiently the office of secretary to an important local missionary association, and to act as superintendent of a Sunday-school. He seems to have been a model teacher. By his frequent domiciliary visits, he gained the hearts of his children, and in after years took, on one occasion, a long journey, for the purpose of having an interview with some of his old scholars. He visited the sick and poor, distributed tracts, stirred up others to do the same, and, in short, abounded in every good word and work. All this, too, was done in a modest, loving, humble spirit, which proved that it was no transient flash of natural zeal, but the fruit of deep-seated love to the Saviour.

Among his fellow-students his influence was most happily exerted. Many are the souls, we are told, which owe their spiritual life to his

RUGBY SCHOOL.

labours. "Where are you going this evening?" he once said to a friend whom he met. "To a wine-party," was the reply. "You had better come to our missionary meeting." The young man went, received his first religious convictions, and became a minister of the gospel. "It has been said," remarks his biographer, "that from twenty-five to thirty under-graduates obtained their first religious impressions through their intercourse with Spenser Thornton; and doubtless many, whose testimony is not known on earth, will in the great day rise up and call him blessed."

Such was the youth of Spenser Thornton. He afterwards became a devoted and successful minister of the gospel. With that part of his career, however, this paper has no proper connection, and we must refer those who desire to see the picture of one of the most earnest pastors whom the age has produced, to Mr. Fremantle's most profitable "Biography of Spenser Thornton." He was, emphatically, "a burning and a shining light;" and being dead, he yet speaketh—in one sense to all, but especially to parents and young men.

Fathers! mothers! what would ye not give to have such an honoured son? Learn, then, the secret of his usefulness. From his earliest years he was trained up in the nurture of the Lord, and followed with the persevering prayers and tender counsels of an affectionate mother. What God did for him is he not equally able and willing to do for others? Prove, then, the faithfulness of his promises; and by earnest supplication, holy watchfulness, and judicious kindness, strive to train up sons after such a model.

To young men, however, in particular, does that portion of Spenser Thornton's life which we have now been considering, appeal. He was a happy young man, a useful young man, an honoured young man. What a contrast does his short career present to that of multitudes of the youth of our own day! Their prime of life is spent in folly, perhaps in open vice; in the pursuit of sinful pleasure, or in forgetfulness of God! Oh that such might be persuaded, from this hour, to take Spenser Thornton as their pattern, and follow him even as he followed Christ! His religion made him happy. "I cannot tell you," he wrote to a companion, "how much happier I am now, since God was pleased to turn my heart, than when I was living in the love of sin." It brought him honour. "I would stand to Spenser Thornton hat in hand," was the gifted and intellectual Arnold's expression. It brought him love. At his funeral, in Wendover, every shop was closed, and almost every eye suffused with tears. It prepared him for death—death in its most sudden form. As men stood awe-stricken round his corpse, so swiftly deprived of life, there burst upon the ransomed spirit the notes of the everlasting anthem, and the approbation of that ascended Saviour whom on earth Spenser Thornton had loved and glorified.*

EASY TO BE LOST.—Oh, how many ways there are to be lost, while there is but one to be saved. It is the easiest thing in the world to be lost. If the sinner does not like one way, he may take another—he may take his choice of a hundred. Or he may just sit still, and fold his arms, and float down the current towards the bottomless pit, and he will certainly be lost, and that for ever—as certainly as if he were to ply the oar with all his might. But to be saved, he must strive to enter in at the strait gate. He must wrestle, he must "fight the good fight of faith." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Let every reader ask himself—Am I in the way to be saved, or in the way to be lost? Which?—*Dr. Humphrey.*

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* Extracted from an extinct religious periodical.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

VI.—THE WOMAN WHO TOUCHED THE HEM OF CHRIST'S GARMENT.

THE neighbourhood of Capernaum, where probably the miracle on the woman was wrought, must have been very beautiful. Making some allowance for what looks like exaggeration in the account given by Josephus, we must still conclude that the western side of the lake, where Capernaum stood, was amongst the choicest of the landscapes of Israel. Trees of every kind could grow there, so salubrious was the climate, and the palm, and the fig, and the olive, and the walnut, thrived in unwonted luxuriance. The spring was early and the autumn late, and for ten months, the fig and the grape—so says the Jewish historian—might be plucked in that genial clime.

We can picture the kind of scenery which formed the back-ground of the marvel we are about to consider. We can paint before our fancy the oriental town, with its towers, synagogues, houses, wall, and gates. We can conceive of Jesus, with a great crowd of people about him, attracted by his miracles, walking along the highway from the house where he had been sitting at meat with publicans and sinners —from the house of soberized festivity, where he had said, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" to the house of mourning, where the minstrels and the people were making a noise, and wept and wailed greatly. We can imagine him passing from a scene full of life to a scene full of death, with a heart beating sympathetically with both: we can pourtray him here fulfilling his mission of manifold mercy in a place where, while nature told of Eden-like fertility, providence told of disease and death; Christ's grand mission being to make the spiritual like the natural, to make the sin and sorrow-stricken heart a paradise again, to plant it with faith, to warm it with love, and to fill it with the fruits of righteousness.

Josephus mentions a fountain, called Capharnaum, on the west side of the lake, to which he partially ascribes the fertility of the neighbouring spot. Travellers tell of fountains which still gush and sparkle thereabout under shady fig-trees and amidst broken rocks. A fountain in a thirsty land is counted by Orientals justly amongst the best of earthly blessings. And in immediate connexion with the prediction of Messiah's miracles, the prophet says: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and in the thirsty land springs of water." To the parched and withered senses of the blind and deaf, to the parched and withered bodies of the lame, deformed, and sick, how truly was Jesus Christ a fountain of living waters! And now the stream of his mercy was flowing to the home of Jairus, to give life there; on its way a poor woman slipped her hand in it, and was healed.

This woman had "suffered many things of physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." There is an apocryphal epistle of Pilate to Tiberius, in which mention is made of her cure, and a pitiable account is given of the results of her previous attempts at getting healed. She is said to have become emaciated in the extreme, so that the joints of her bones appeared through her skin of an amber colour. We can easily imagine, however, without such fallacious testimony, the effect of twelve years' suffering, not only from the natural disease, but from the artificial but inefficient means adopted for her recovery.

A moral lesson lies here. This woman presents a picture of the history of society and of individuals. The world, conscious of something wrong with it, for ages tried to make itself better, but rather became worse. We hear much talk of "the progress of society," but we shall find that for a long time the progress of society was downward, not upward; getting worse, not getting better. The human race did not begin savage and grow up civilized. Savagism succeeded civilization. Health arose not out of disease; disease broke out on a state of health. There was a fall, and then a growing deterioration. As we study the histories of Assyria, and Egypt, and Persia, and Greece, and Rome, we see, on a large scale, the progress of moral decline going on in spite of all efforts to stop it. It will be observed that civilization, and government, and philosophy, and art, and science, and education proved inefficient physicians, and that

the spiritual malady of human nature went on deepening in its virulence, till, when Christ came, the world, morally regarded, looked nigh unto death—so thoroughly corrupt, as all contemporary authors assert, had society become.

The history of individual men, until the gospel heals them, is very much like the history of the world at large. If we look at heathen countries, we shall find persons there labouring to make themselves better; adopting all sorts of cruel experiments to gain a healing for the soul, of whose debility and sickness they are painfully conscious. But they labour in vain. They "are nothing bettered, but rather grow worse."

We turn to Roman Catholic countries, and find not a few resting on outward and superstitious forms—doing penance, going on pilgrimage, praying to the Virgin—and they "are nothing bettered, but rather grow worse."

We take notice of what goes on nearer home, and find essentially the same thing. People calling themselves Protestant Christians, mistake an observance of rites and ceremonies for Christianity; and by attending church and receiving sacraments, by saying prayers and paying money, they hope to get their souls healed; but instead of this, their peace continues broken, the yoke they wear galls them: they are in wretched bondage; they are "nothing bettered, but rather grow worse."

Others, eschewing forms as a ground of dependence, betake themselves to moral duties, and try hard in their own strength to be good; try hard to get other men by their sermons and their books to make them good; but the harvest is a heap in the day of sorrow. They sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind; they find the end of all this creature dependence to be emptiness, vanity, and vexation; they "are nothing bettered, but rather grow worse."

A certain class take up with philosophy, put themselves under the discipline of reason, become children of nature, and study hard to improve themselves out of her lesson-books; but as to real peace, spiritual satisfaction, comfort in sorrow, and strength in death, the experiment is a failure. The patient makes no advance on the whole. Some symptoms of evil may abate, but others are found to increase, so that he is "nothing bettered, but rather grows worse."

A few try sentimental religion. It has wonderful charms for young people. The beautiful, the grand, the noble, the heroic, are admired, and so far good; but the mere excitement of feeling, the mere approbation of goodness, the mere poetry of goodness, will not renew and revive and heal the heart. Many a young person has wasted his early days with this sort of thing, and has found it totally insufficient to check or correct subsequent evils; inward depravity has burst out in spite of these superficial applications, and the sickly sentimentalist, in hours of temptation and sorrow, finds himself "nothing bettered, but rather growing worse."

This woman was to be pitied for the disappointment and the suffering which followed her vain attempts before she heard of Christ. The heathen are to be pitied for their self-torture while in ignorance of the gospel. Continental papists, who have no opportunity of reading the Bible, are to be pitied for their reliance on priestly mediation, saintly intercession, and the rigorous penances associated with such reliance. And all persons destitute of clear evangelical knowledge, and not having the means of obtaining it, which we have, are to be pitied for their dark crude notions of religion, and their painful confused strivings. But suppose this woman, after she had heard of Christ, had refused to apply to Him, and had gone on spending her money upon useless physicians—what then? Suppose the heathen, instructed in the gospel, still to go on with their heathen practices. Suppose the papist, well-informed of the only salvation in Christ, still placing hope on angels and saints: suppose the protestant, taught from youth the pure truths of Christianity, salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration through the grace of the Holy Spirit, and yet despising his knowledge of Divine revelation, to adopt expedients which his own blinded reason suggests, or which some aspirants to the authority of philosophical sages prescribe—what then? Common sense says, There is little room for pity there; pity is turned into blame. Remember your case cannot be wholly parallel to that of the woman in the history, for you have advantages such as she had not. You have knowledge of the true way of healing; and therefore for you to betake yourselves to false methods, would involve the treble criminality of ingratitude, presumption, and self-ruin.

But when this woman "heard of Jesus, she came in the press (or crowd) behind, and touched the hem (or border) of his garments; for she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole: and straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she was healed of that plague."

We can see the Divine Redeemer, with his infinitely benignant countenance, on the way to the house of Jairus, with the crowd pressing upon him, anxious to see his face and hear his voice, and behold among them this poor, feeble, emaciated creature, scarcely able to crawl, and in a state of ceremonial uncleanness, and afraid

of being discovered, lest she should be driven back in disdain and anger; but getting behind the Divine Physician, she touches the blue fringe on the border of the garment, such as the Jews were wont to wear by Divine command. That fringe she puts out her hand to touch. Squeezing through the crowd, thinking that every eye is on her but his—while, in fact, his is the only one that particularly notices her at all—tremblingly she reaches forth her finger, and lays hold on the blue border of the holy vestment; and as she presses it in an agony of fear, yet in an ecstasy of hope, there comes through the veins and nerves and muscles of her poor, frail, pain-burdened body, a thrill of healthfulness, which makes her all at once another woman; and "she felt that she was healed of her plague."

"It would appear as though she did not conceive of the Lord as healing by the power of his holy will; but rather imagined a certain magical influence diffused through his person and round about him, with which, if she could put herself in relation, she would obtain that which she desired."* And then, perhaps, she thought there was special virtue lodged in that blue hem, it being so holy in the eyes of the Jews, from its being prescribed in the law. Here was the dark side of her faith; but then it was not dark through blindness—through the shutting of its eyes, but through the absence or dimness of light. Poor woman! she was not walking in the sunshine. So far as her knowledge was concerned, it was night time with her. She knew little of Christ, had heard little of Christ; but if her faith was in darkness, her faith was strong. If her hand groped in gloom, it grasped with vigour. She was the first woman that came to him. Feeling after the healing fountain, if haply she might find it—feeling after it by starlight, but resolved with all her strength to draw its waters—she drew at the fountain; she drank; she was made whole.

Beautiful is it to see faith walking after Christ—searching after salvation in him—ere the morning of clear evangelical knowledge has dawned on the soul; to see it trying here and there, and then, having found the spring, kneeling down to take the blessed gift of heaven. And then, when the day-time comes, and the open eyes of faith drink in the full light of truth, even as its eager hand had before laid hold on mercy, how those eyes dwell on the revealed mystery, and rejoice in the new-found wisdom: and faith, with bright eyes, as well as strong hand, now goes out into the wide-spread sunny fields of Christian wonder, to search and see; and into the rich vineyards of Christian toil and service, there to tend the vines of holy virtue, and at last to reap the vintage of a heavenly recompence.

Say not, "Doth he yet speak parables?" If what we have said of a beautiful faith, dark yet strong, be a parable, at least the interpretation is plain. Even so are there minds in much ignorance about the gospel, having had few advantages; just discerning dimly the presence of Christ as a Saviour; feeling that he is a Divine Redeemer, but not understanding the method of his salvation; sure that he does save, but not knowing how. They pray to him with that little, little light, and perhaps there is deep strength in that faith of theirs—far, far deeper than in many a faith tenfold more intelligent. Such faith saves. We love to think of it, how faith works in spite of ignorance—in spite of superstition; how such faith, in countries and neighbourhoods, families and circumstances, not blessed with our blaze of evangelical illumination, is swelling the multitude that are on their way to the temple of the Lamb, where souls shall be free from all darkness, and faith shall be as bright as it is strong.

But our readers generally are not like the woman of the narrative, in respect of her slender knowledge. They know who Christ is and how he saves. Many of them have been familiar with the gospel ever since they were familiar with anything. Then faith walketh not in darkness. The sun is far above the hills, and is pouring down on them streams of radiance. Is faith's hand as strong as its eyes are bright? Does it lay hold on Christ with a firmness equal to the clearness of its vision? Does it grasp salvation just as well as it can see salvation? Ah, here is what we are in danger of—bright faith, but weak faith—faith amidst the noontide of knowledge, with a very feeble appropriation of what that knowledge shows. Let us thank God for the brightness of the sky that is over us, and let us keep our eyes purged from films of error, and free from evils of sophistry, and look at truth, pure truth, as we have it in the Bible; and then by the prayer of faith, and the exercise of faith, seek to intensify the force of faith, to grasp the gospel more firmly, to rest on Christ more resolutely, to walk and work in the presence of things unseen with steadfastness more decided, with diligence more earnest.

Dark faith said: "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." Some have no faith, dark or bright, weak or strong. This woman will be a witness against such. They walk in the light; and if there be darkness within, it is because they shut their eyes, whereas her eyes were open to receive such light as dawned on them. Their privileges are great; hers were few. We have spoken of

* Trench.

Capernaum; that city now is blotted from the face of the earth. Travellers seek for the exact site in vain. But we are taught by our Saviour to regard the obliteration of Capernaum from the face of Palestine, its utter ruin and disappearance, as typical of the completeness of the perdition awaiting souls which God blesses with knowledge, but who curse themselves with the blindness of unbelief.

Concealment of mercy is a common but reprehensible mistake. Jesus "knowing that virtue had gone out of him, turned about, and said, Who touched me?" The healing had not been one of unconsciousness, nor could the question be one of ignorance. It was put in order to draw out the woman, and make her acknowledge the cure she had received. He "looked round about to see her; and she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately." The soul's healing followed the body's healing, and confession was connected with both; the confession of that faith which was the root of the healing of both. "And he said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace: be whole of thy plague."

She concealed her cure till Christ made her confess it, not for his sake, but for her own; for her cure was perfected through that confession, and richer, deeper peace came after that confession; her fear was stanched, and her courage, her calmness, and her joy rose after that confession. Our blessed Lord, when he heals, would have the healed not conceal, but confess that healing; not that he would have them indiscriminately lay bare the secrets of their soul; not that he would have them make their holiest experience a gazing-stock for a foolish world; but he would have them, and he does command them, to confess his name before men—by declaring to all that they are baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost—by obeying his last command before his death, "Do this in remembrance of me"—and by joining themselves, as the converted Paul did, "to the disciples." He would have them thus declare before all the people, for what cause they touched him, and how they were healed immediately.

Early Rising.—I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber—"If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself."—*Lord Chatham.*

LESSONS IN STONES.

It is from no gloomy cast of mind, no inclination to "seek the living amongst the dead," that I so often bend my steps to the large cemetery near my dwelling, and spend many an hour in slowly treading its paths, and reading the inscriptions on the tombs. There is so much in the spot to invite to serious but not sad meditation—to raise the thoughts from that world on which Death has left his deep footprints, to those happy abodes which shall never be darkened by his presence—that nothing tends more to tranquillize my mind, when oppressed by care or worn by anxiety, than an evening passed amongst the graves. The sweet flowers that blossom over the dead, rising from the dark sod, like types of those who sleep beneath; the evergreens, bright in unfading beauty; the holy texts that give life and voice even to the stone; the stillness, the peacefulness of the spot; all together conspire to shed a calm over the spirit, and the world is half forgotten as we gaze, as it were, on the confines of eternity.

> What do all our pleasures here,
> Titles, honours, then appear?
> Like a bubble on the river,
> Bright awhile—then lost for ever!

"What a scene will this place present"—such is my frequent thought—"when the last loud trump shall shake earth and skies, when the voice of the archangel is heard on high, and the dead in Christ rise glorious in his likeness, to meet their Lord in the air."

I have said that I have spent many an hour in reading the inscriptions on the monuments raised to the memory of the departed. Some of them have appeared to me as "sermons in stones," or precious leaves from Scripture shedding fragrance over the grave; sign-posts in the path of holiness trod by the servants of God, to invite the weak pilgrim to follow where they have led. But I have often regretted that even in these solemn memorials there is to be found adulation that survives its object; that affection traces eulogies to which truth could not subscribe, and which the departed, could their voices once more be heard, would be the foremost to disclaim and reprove.

It was probably the result of such waking thoughts that, after a longer visit than usual to the resting-place of the dead, I fell into the following dream.

Fairer than I had ever yet beheld it, the cemetery lay before me. A full moon shone in a cloudless sky, and the soft light which streamed from her silver orb glistened on the dew-drops which gemmed the leaves—tipped the obelisk that pointed to heaven—rested on the rounded outline of the urn, and threw long shadows of

the monuments over the emerald turf. I recognised in sleep the familiar forms of memorials which I had often surveyed: there was but one change, and that was a strange one; from many the well-known inscriptions were erased, and replaced by others, less eloquent perhaps, but more truthful. What the dead might have uttered, the grave-stones spake; flattery and affection alike were silent.

Close before me was one of the stateliest monuments of the place. Armorial bearings, richly carved in marble, adorned each corner; a coronet on a cushion rested on the top: a long epitaph had recorded the high descent, the illustrious ancestry, the numerous titles of the deceased, as though earthly rank could give dignity to dust! That epitaph was now seen no more; it had given place to a few words from Scripture, and two brief lines underneath them:

"*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof.*"

Possessions vast had he, and titles proud;
What now remains?—a coffin and a shroud!

The shadow of the large monument fell on a simple head-stone near, darkening the base, but leaving the upper part silvered by the moonlight. A name, a date, a single verse from God's Word—"*Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom*"—was all that I had ever seen on that stone; but now the moonbeams fell upon something more, of which the letters shone as if traced by the hand of an angel:—

Her prayers, her alms, as a memorial rose,
The prayer of faith, the arms that love bestows;
And she hath left a sweet memorial here,
The orphan's blessing, and the widow's tear!

Not far from this spot rose a lofty pillar with Corinthian capital, raised to the memory of one who had in times long past been himself regarded as a pillar of the state. His mind had swayed the counsels of nations, his voice had been listened to by admiring thousands, he had won a distinguished name in the annals of his country, and made wise laws that had outlived their maker. His country was grateful, and she had reason to be grateful; the statesman stood on a proud eminence before man: what was his position before his God? He had been a busy, a worldly man—one from whom the absorbing cares of this life shut out the view of the next; not profane, but indifferent; active in everything, but the work of the soul; wise in everything but what concerned his salvation. I sighed as I perused the following verse:—

"No time for prayer, no time for praise!" as business pressed around,
All save the one thing needful, his quick attention found;
"No time," and now the solemn echoes from his grave reply,
"No time for prayer, no time for praise throughout eternity."

Even more sad was the inscription which I now read over the grave of a man who had left behind him an immense fortune, the careful gathering of a long life:—

"*The love of money is the root of all evil.*"

Long ere his form, within its narrow bed,
Moulder'd away beneath the marble cold,
The soul within it was already dead;
Buried it lay beneath its heaps of gold!

In strange contrast to the epitaph above, shone out one on an obelisk near it:—

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Treasures he had, but not laid up below,
And where his treasures were, he resteth now!

More solemn, more sad, was the inscription which had replaced a fond record of the virtues, the talents, the endearing qualities of one whom a sudden blow had severed from his bereaved and sorrowing parents. I had known the young, gay, thoughtless being whose remains lay underneath that stone; I had wept with those who had wept for him, and all the more sadly as I feared that his heart had never been given to God. With mournful feelings I now read the epitaph on his urn:—

Early cut off: Oh! hear the call
Of warning from this heaving sod:
Stranger! it speaks to thee—to all,
Prepare in youth to meet thy God!
Oh! seek the Lord without delay,
While mercy's voice yet pleads for thee;
He is thy pardoning Friend to-day;
To-morrow He thy judge may be!

And thus in the dream of the night I wandered on, perusing that which flattery had never penned, the truthful record of those whose dust lay there, awaiting a sad or a joyful resurrection. Ah! how many cemeteries, if their inscriptions were scrutinized, would thus admit of a similar transformation!

AN UNHALLOWED THEFT.

"I HAVE examined," says the Rev. Abel Stevens, "thoroughly some of the text-books; the first book is called *Sainte Croix*—the Holy Cross; it is the Italian 'Horn Book,' and contains, besides the alphabet and first syllables, some Italian and Latin prayers, a small catechism, the creed, and the Decalogue. I assure you of the fact, that in the latter the second commandment against image worship is entirely omitted; but in order to make out the number ten, the Tenth is actually divided into two. I can give you a literal rendering of the Italian Decalogue as contained in this school-book. It reads thus:—

1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other God before my face.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.
3. Sanctify the festival days.
4. Honour thy father and thy mother.
5. Thou shalt not kill.
6. Thou shalt not commit fornication.
7. Thou shalt not steal.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
9. Thou shalt not covet the wife of thy neighbour.
10. Thou shalt not covet the goods of thy neighbour.

Pages for the Young.

WALTER'S WISH.

PART IV.

WALTER'S limbs trembled and his knees smote together, as he obeyed the summons communicated to him in the last chapter. Mr. Eustace was sitting near the table, with his elbow upon it, and one hand supporting his head. His countenance was grave and stern. He did not look up as Walter entered, or reply to his salutation, "Good morning, uncle;" he merely motioned to him to sit down.

Walter obeyed. Mr. Eustace removed his arm from the table; and, to Walter's terror, there was a string of the red berries close by.

"Do you know anything of these, Walter?" was all he said, fixing as he spoke a severe and searching glance upon his nephew. The changing countenance of the unhappy boy convinced him of the truth. Walter tried to speak, but the words choked him; he knew that falsehood would avail him nothing; and after one or two vain efforts, he burst into an agony of weeping, and fell on his knees before his uncle; but Mr. Eustace hastily took his hand and raised him up, saying: "Do not kneel to me, Walter! you did indeed then pluck those berries, after my express charge to the contrary?"

"Oh, uncle, forgive me!" sobbed Walter; "I did not know what I was doing."

"Hush, Walter," interposed his uncle, sternly, "do not make vain excuses; you knew that disobedience was wrong, and you might have foreseen the consequences of such an act. After my twice-repeated warnings, you cannot plead ignorance. Your rash and thoughtless conduct has brought a dreadful punishment. Flora—"

Mr. Eustace paused for a moment, as if unable to proceed.

"O, uncle," cried poor Walter, seizing his hand, "do not say that I have killed her; does Dr. Fielding say she must die?"

"He gives very faint hopes of her recovery," replied Mr. Eustace, in a voice which sounded stern, from the effort which he made to command it.

"Go, Walter," he continued, "and entreat your heavenly Father, against whom you have so deeply sinned, to pardon you, and to avert the dreadful punishment which seems likely to come upon us all; but remember that these terrible consequences are no part of your fault; *that* would have remained just as great in the sight of God, even had no evil followed its commission. Disobedience and self-will are grievous offences in His sight, and often bring upon us a punishment which we very little expected. Go and seek pardon in your Saviour's name, and pray for grace to enable you in future to overcome temptation."

Poor Walter withdrew, without daring to reply. Unable to bear the sight of any one, he returned to his own room, and spent the next few hours in weeping and prayer. His uncle had not reproached him; he had only endeavoured to make him see his conduct in its true light, and to make him feel that even had his disobedience remained unknown to any human being, the sin would not, in the eye of God, have been less than it was now that such sad results had followed. This was quite a new idea to Walter, and made a serviceable impression upon him. He felt deeply humbled, and prayed, as he had never done before, that he might be clothed out in his Saviour's blood, that his sinful heart might be taken away, and a new and holy nature given to him; he also entreated—oh, how earnestly—that his little cousin's life might be spared, and that he might not be the means of bringing such fearful sorrows upon the house by his sin.

A gentle tap at the door at last aroused him. Constance had come to call him to breakfast. Her cheeks were white, and her eyes very red, but she spoke gently to Walter, who [illegible] much, for she well knew how miserable he must feel. Walter dreaded again to meet his uncle; but Mr. Eustace took no notice of him. The meal was a short and silent one, and it was no sooner over than Mr. Eustace again retired to his study. Herbert walked into the garden, Constance and Alice disappeared together, and poor Walter was once more alone. Yet, strange as it may seem, though the real cause for anxiety remained, Walter felt in some degree relieved by the idea that his part in the matter was known. The dread of discovery no longer haunted him. His sin was no longer hidden, but confessed, prayed over, and, he trusted, forgiven. How the [illegible] could tell. Dr. Fielding's second visit was to be made at noon. How earnestly yet how fearfully did Walter watch and listen for, though almost dreading, his arrival. At length he came, and the report, if not extinguishing hope, did not encourage it. There was perhaps a shade [illegible] he could pronounce nothing certain as yet; [illegible] he would call again in the evening. As Walter listened, the weight returned to his heart, and he felt ready to despair. The day wore slowly on to poor Walter, the longest he had ever known. His cousins had never uttered a reproachful word; but they avoided him as if his company were painful to them. At last, he stationed himself in the gallery, which he paced with silent steps, hoping now and then to see some who could tell him how matters went on. From time to time Constance appeared for a moment, and seeing his intense anxiety, kindly tried to soothe him. The last time she came out, her [illegible] was a little cheering one. "We hope," she whispered, "that Flora is better; she knows us again, and seems easier; but Dr. Fielding's visit must soon decide now."

"Thank God," exclaimed poor Walter, drawing a long breath, "then there is hope!"

Dr. Fielding came, and said that a great improvement had taken place; he trusted the danger was over, though she was so weak that the greatest care was still necessary. With a thankfulness too deep for words did Walter listen to this opinion. He flew to his own room, and there on his knees, with tears of joy, did he thank his merciful Father in heaven for having heard his prayer.

Walter's sleep that night was calm and tranquil; he

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE RETURN OF NURSE GRAND

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

"It is growing late, mamma, and nurse has not yet been heard of; I fear she won't come to-night."

"You must have patience, Katey," said her mother, "and recollect it is rather a long walk from the turning of the road at which the coach stops; and I should not wonder if nurse feels tired with her day's business, and so is coming slowly."

"Oh, mamma! I hear old Don barking; perhaps it is to announce her coming." And away ran the child, shortly after skipping back with the news that "dear nurse" was indeed coming up the path in the back meadow; and then, having told her tidings, once more she ran off to meet the object of her interest.

The person who was seen by the quick eyes of the little one had yet some distance to walk ere she would reach the house, and meantime she shall be introduced to my readers. She was a tall pleasing-looking woman, somewhat in the decline of life, and bearing marks of having suffered much, for the abiding expression of the face, though calm, gentle, and composed, was pensive and even sorrowful. At the first glance you felt she was a worthy woman—one to be

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trusted implicitly. Integrity and truthfulness were written on her brow, and seemed to have been stamped there year by year, as though they had grown with her growth and ripened with her age, and were now inherent in her nature. What did not at first so much strike the observer was a certain delicacy of deportment, indicative of a temperament more refined than might have been expected in one of her position and calling. She had the "natural dignity" of nature's gentlewoman—"that peculiar mystical character whereby a man or woman is ranked among the nobility without heraldry." With this there was united a kind, loving nature, which shone out at her eyes, and was found in the sweet expression of her mouth—a feature so wonderfully expressive of temper, that it may be almost certainly depended upon as an index of it.

As nurse came nearer the child, she opened her gray cloak and displayed a heavily-laden basket, filled with the purchases she had been making in the neighbouring town; for her business had been the all-important one of shopping, and she was now returning after a fatiguing day's work. At one corner of the satchel there was placed a little bunch of flowers, which told Kate that she, at least, had not been forgotten by nurse. "Ah, nursey! you have brought my birthday present for mamma. I can see," she cried, as she continued to peep through the wicker-work, "how lovely are those sweet sprigs of myrtle, and how pleased mamma will be when she sees them to-morrow morning, the first thing, as soon as she opens her eyes! I may put them on her toilet, may I not?"

"Yes, my love," said nurse; and quickening her pace, she soon entered the little garden, and passing by the parlour window, spoke a few words with her mistress, and entered the house.

The next day was a very happy one with the family in which Nurse Grand had found a permanent home. She had come when little Kate was born, and from that time had remained the confidential servant of the household—the trusted assistant and friend of her mistress, whose delicate health rendered the aid she thus obtained peculiarly needful. There were three elder children, a son and two daughters; the latter were now growing to be young women, kind, happy, and loving, as daughters brought up by a wise and faithful mother will be. All loved the good woman, who by her daily care and quiet management did so much to promote the comfort and regularity of the household arrangements.

Little Kate's present was her first thought on awaking the next day, and nurse was before-hand with her, for she stood at her bedside so soon as the bright blue eyes opened, and held in her hand a tray with the bouquet and a small vase upon it.

"Here, my dear Miss Kate, I thought you would like to arrange the flowers yourself for mamma; and I'm sure she will like them better if you'll place them as you know she likes to see them."

Delightedly the child performed her pleasing task, and very soon, with nurse's aid, she was dressed and at her mother's door, asking for leave to come in, and wish her "a thousand happy returns" of her birthday.

Leaving my readers to recall to mind their own feelings on such occasions, I shall not dwell on the greetings and festivities of the day. It passed happily away, and was closed by the whole family with thankfulness to the Giver of all good; for this happy household was one in which the God of Israel was loved and honoured, and daily and joyful service was rendered to Him through the Son of his love, the Saviour of the world.

Among those who kneeled at the family altar that night, there was one who was destined never again to join the circle. How closely do joy and sorrow tread on each other's steps in this changeful and dying world! On the very morrow after, a calamitous and fatal accident brought dismay and sorrow into that peaceful household. A young orphan lad, eighteen years of age, who was employed on the premises as under-gardener, was engaged about noonday in chopping some wood for firing. At that time a cart-load of timber was brought from the neighbouring farm, for some purposes of repair. The lad, John Adams, chanced to see the team coming along the road, and hastened to open the gate of the back meadow, that the waggon might turn in. As it passed along, he thoughtlessly caught by one of the planks which stuck out behind the load, probably intending to hold on for a ride up the meadow. By some accident, the piece of timber swung suddenly round, and in an instant he was dashed violently against the trunk of a tree at the entrance of the gate, and flung into the ditch that ran along the bottom of the field.

As soon as he was taken up and borne into the house, Nurse Grand was summoned to examine the poor youth, who, crumpled up, in agony, groaned, "My head, my head!" She instantly desired that he might be laid [illegible] the dresser of the back kitchen, into which he had been taken, and proceeded to use all the means her skill could devise to alleviate his sufferings. In a degree her efforts were successful; [illegible] moans were less fearful, and his struggles partially ceased. But, alas! the experienced eye of the nurse had at once perceived that the death-blow had been struck, and before the su

on, who had been sent for in all haste from
ie next town, could arrive, life was gone, and
ie fine vigorous form of the poor youth lay
otionless in death!

A sad scene ensued. The whole household had
thered around the sufferer, and, filled with dis-
ay at the sudden and awful visitation, displayed
r various ways their emotions. Nurse Grand
etained her self-possession throughout the
hole trying scene; and when all that was ne-
essary had been done, she turned her attention
o those of the family who were most likely to
uffer from so overwhelming an event.

The evening was approaching; the surgeon
ad been on his bootless errand, and was gone;
he pale cold corpse lay extended in a corner of
he back kitchen; and nurse, having carefully
nd tenderly spread a covering over it, was
bout to retire, and already had the key of the
oor in her hand, when her ear caught the
ound of approaching footsteps, and in another
noment a girl rushed towards her, breath-
ss and panting with eagerness, in the inten-
ity of her desire to arrive in time. It was
he only sister of poor orphan John, who was
n service in some village several miles off, and
who had been sent for at the first news of the
ccident. Vain would have been the endea-
our to hold her back; she seemed not to see
he nurse, but fixed her eyes instantly on the
hrouded form in the corner; and, overcome
y the conviction that it was her brother whom
he beheld, she sank down in a swoon, from
which it was long ere she revived. It was not
ntil the next day that she regained sufficient
elf-possession to inquire into all the details of
he melancholy event; and then, when she had
eard all, and nurse had gently soothed her, and
atiently replied to all her agonized queries, she
aised her eyes to the face of the speaker, and
looking at her earnestly, said—

"And what of his soul, nurse? Did he speak
no word?"

"Yes, Maud, there is a word of comfort for
you left. The pain seemed to lull for a few
moments; I was leaning over him and bathing
his temples, and as he looked up at me, I said,
'Look unto me and be saved,' says the Saviour
to you. He heard and understood, for he lifted
up his eyes, and his lips moved. Bending down,
I heard him whisper—for he was too far gone
to speak,—'Lord, save, or I perish!' A mo-
ment after he became insensible; but it is an
inexpressible comfort to my mind that I heard
these his last words. And, dear Maud, I can
slo[illegible] that he had of late seemed very attentive
[illegible] good things, reading his Bible and learning
ha[illegible] texts that our mistress chose out for him."

ran[illegible]lt was long ere the family at Thorntree End recovered from the painful feelings occasioned by the sudden and fearful death of poor Adams. For many weeks, sweet little Katey went tip-toe when she approached the kitchen where she had seen the poor lad lying; and for a few mornings after the event, the little one—who had taken upon herself the office of bringing out and putting by the Bibles used at family worship every morning—was seen to place poor John's Bible on the chair he was wont to occupy. The other servants looked, with tearful eyes, on this proof of her innocent care; and the vacant chair, with the Holy Book lying unopened upon it, told its tale with touching interest. The master of the house, too, while preparing to fulfil his task as domestic priest of the family altar, was seen to look around on his children and domestics with peculiar tenderness: upon his manly face there was visible an expression of pitying love, that seemed to say, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, so, Lord, do thou shelter these, my beloved, under thy feathers." *He* could not save them from the "arrow that flyeth by night, nor from the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," but he spread over them the shield of his faith, and comforted himself in the Lord his God.

Oh beautiful, and holy, and happy institution of our most holy Christian religion—the worship of the family—the altar of domestic service—the priesthood of Christ's people, whom he hath appointed to be a holy nation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people!

My readers may think that I have wandered away from the subject of my narrative, and that Nurse Grand has been forgotten. It is not so, however; and it was in connexion with the event which I have thus recorded that she first began to relate those stories of her past experience which I propose to preserve in these pages.

I have said that, amidst the sudden distress and perturbation caused by the fearful accident which occasioned the untimely end of John Adams, nurse retained her self-possession; and, while performing all that was necessary for the poor lad, and indefatigable in rendering every requisite assistance, she betrayed no symptoms of fear or alarm, but was calm and gentle, speaking and acting without haste or agitation. This conduct enabled her to exert a beneficial influence on all the members of the family, and unconsciously they looked to her for support, and felt staid and comforted by her placid composure. Katey clung to her gown, and seemed to feel herself safer when close by her side; and the two elder girls came to her to weep out their grief, and to ask what they had best do to help their mother and to soothe poor Maud. The second daughter, Ellen, was of an observing and

thoughtful turn, and not content with reaping the benefit of the nurse's behaviour, seriously reflected on the advantages it gave her, and the true excellence it displayed. She said to herself: "I feel that nurse is, in reality, as deeply grieved as any of us can be; and that it is no want of feeling that renders her so seemingly unmoved. She acts from principle, and her conduct is the result of long-tried experience and self-control. I will ask her as soon as I can find a suitable opportunity." Nor was it long before she did so.

"TELLING JESUS."

"THINGS always seem to go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F—; "I never hear you make any complaint."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F—.

"I did not know that you ever had any reason to complain."

"I don't know that I ever had; but I used to find myself doing it, until one day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage in Mark vi. 30: 'The apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.' It occurred to me that, when I had any trouble, before I told any one I should first tell Jesus; and I found on trial that, if I told him first, I seldom had any occasion to tell any one else. I often found the burden entirely removed while I was in the act of telling him about it; and trouble which has its burden removed is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance from our trials, but Jesus needs no information respecting them; he is omniscient and omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told him."

"That is true; yet he listened with complacency and kindness while his disciples told him all things. In his sympathizing condescension, he permits us to repeat to him our troubles and our joys, though he knows them all. He listens to them with interest, just as a tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveyed no information; and he has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens sorrows, doubles joys, and increases faith. The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven. If we would make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed and felt, and said and done and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would: the thought that we should have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unholy act. We could not wilfully indulge in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross, if we were to make it the subject of conversation with him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell him all my experience would be occupying his attention with trifles; I should have nothing but sin and folly to relate."

"Sin and folly are not trifles; and the way to get a right view of the evil of sin is to speak it out before him. And depend upon it, my brother, that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world; it will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle; it will enable you to bear your crosses without repining; it will make you, in mind and temper, like Him with whom you hold this intimate communion. Oh, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus and telling him all things that they have done and omitted to do during the day!"

THE ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES,

FROM EGYPT TO THE PROMISED LAND.

I HAVE sometimes thought we should find much assistance in reading the historical parts of Scripture, from the use of maps and pictures with lively descriptions of the localities mentioned in the sacred pages. They would help us to form more definite ideas respecting what we are reading; and especially this would be the case, I imagine, with young people, whose minds there is a natural desire for information of this sort; and who gain no fixed and clear notions of things unless as they are embodied in forms, and have a "local habitation and a name" assigned to them.

Impressed with these convictions, I wish now to invite the readers, and more especially the youthful ones of the "Sunday at Home" to accompany me in a journey, which I propose to them to take with me, in the track of Moses and the Israelites, when they "came up out of Egypt," to go to the land which God had promised to their fathers; in which we shall avail ourselves of the accounts of those who have seen these sacred localities, as well as of such illustrations as we may be able to obtain.

In these mysterious and deeply interesting regions, as described by modern travellers, we see now the same objects which the people of God, with their great leader, beheld long ago

go. The scenery is unchanged; the natural objects precisely as they were then. The broad deep-flowing river of Egypt, spreading its life-giving waters over the regions which, thanks to it, are changed from a desert to a fruitful field; the dry sandy wilderness, between the Nile and the Red Sea, with its firm, pebbly ground, and its wild and wide prospect, looking as it did when Israel went down, with his sons, to buy corn in Egypt; the people the same, in manners and appearance, as those whom they met: the same races, living after the same fashion, and presenting the same aspect. The forms of nature in the desert are immutable; and over those 250 miles of rock and sand, along which Moses led the people chosen of the Almighty, there has passed little or nothing of change.

How much would the marvellous history of the exodus gain in interest, to many minds, were their present vague and dim ideas of the Sinaitic desert exchanged for lively and accurate conceptions of it! It is true, indeed, that we cannot trace the precise route followed by the hosts of Israel as they "came up" out of Egypt. Learned men differ about these points; and no one knows exactly where "Goshen" was, or at what spot the Red Sea was passed; and various theories have been maintained with equal zeal and eagerness on these points. But this is of small importance; and perhaps we may see, in the very fact, something instructive and admonitory, especially when we reflect how prone men are to the superstitious veneration of holy places, as well as objects, and what mischievous results have followed from the indulgence of this propensity.

I must not do more than merely allude to the circumstances in which the Israelites found themselves at the time when Moses was born. Their history was then under a dark cloud, and their case apparently forlorn and hopeless. A cruel bondage caused them to groan; and so depressed in spirit were they, that they contented themselves with lamentations, and made no efforts at obtaining redress. At length the tyranny of their oppressors became bloody and exterminating in its objects, and Pharaoh gave commandment to destroy all the male infant children of the Israelites. At that time Moses was born, and cradled upon the dark waters of the sacred river of Egypt.

Have you ever, my reader, imagined to yourself to stand upon the banks of the Nile? If you could actually do so, the first thing probably that would strike you, would be its size. Greater than the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Danube, it is a sea-like stream, of a rich dark hue, with no strong current, but a slow, vast volume of water, an image of calmness and strength, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks. These banks are something like those of a canal, formed, in some places, into terraces or strips of land, left by the successive stages of the flood. They bound the horizon on either side, so that the traveller on the river can have no notion of the country beyond. All he sees are groups of Arabs, moving along the top of these muddy walls with their two or three asses, a camel or a buffalo, standing out in strong relief, as though cut out upon the brazen sky. From the top of the banks you see the land of Egypt lying, in its bright green, "unutterably green" verdure, unbroken save by the mud villages which lie scattered upon it, here and there, "like the marks of a soiled foot upon a rich carpet;" or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. Up those mud terraces, and over those green fields, the river rises in its yearly flood; and throughout the whole year, the water is continually ascending, through innumerable wheels, worked now by naked figures, as in the days when the Israelites toiled "in the service of the field." In addition to the bright verdure of these green fields, the eye of the stranger is attracted by the innumerable multitude of birds of all kinds and colours—vultures, cranes, cormorants, and geese—flying through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the banks, and others, nestling in tiers, row above row, on the mud banks.

Tradition, which is always so busy, has not been wanting in the case of the infant Moses; and the spot where his bulrush cradle was found is pointed out in one of the islands! Being adopted as the son of a royal house, the future leader of Israel was educated as beseemed his assumed rank, and grew up "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." His youth was spent in the ease and leisure of learned pursuits; his eyes beholding wondrous objects which have long since past away. Mighty cities, in all their pomp and glory; colossal statues, now buried in their sandy graves, or marred and defaced, not only by the hand of time, but by that of religious zeal; marvellous erections of human skill and power—all attracted the admiring gaze of the youthful prophet. All these have passed away, or lie prostrate in ruins; every change that time or man could effect has been wrought; but the natural objects amid which Moses was born and reared remain unaltered still.

At length the time came when Israel was to be "redeemed out of the house of bondage." They had been strangers in a land not theirs 400 years; they had served the people among whom they dwelt, who had afflicted them throughout the long weary season of their captivity, and rendered their lives bitter by reason of hard bondage. Now did they sigh

and groan; and their cry came up unto God; and — oh wondrous and blessed words for Israel!—"God looked upon them and had respect unto them." He remembered his covenant, and he raised them up a leader and a prophet—a man who should effect their deliverance. "This Moses," (as they called him afterwards) who was the chosen one of God, had, meantime—since we saw him growing up in the king's court—been passing through a season of trial and preparation. You know what happened; how he slew the Egyptian who ill-treated the Hebrew; and how, in consequence of that deed, he was constrained to fly from the land, and to take refuge among strangers. He went away across the peninsula, to the opposite coast on the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and took up his abode with the Midianites, marrying the daughter of the prince, or chief man of the tribe. Probably, he thought himself settled there for life. He became a shepherd, and tended his flocks in the wilderness; and, in the course of time, there were born to him two sons. At length, after forty years had passed away, Moses, we are told, "led his flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God—to Horeb." There he saw a wondrous sight; an angel of the Lord appeared to him, in a flame of fire, in a bush; and the voice of the Lord spake to him, and gave him his great commission. It will be well to read here the history as it is written in the 3rd and 4th chapters of Exodus, and in the 7th chapter of Acts.

In pursuance of that mandate, Moses retraced his steps, and reappeared in Egypt, presenting himself to the children of Israel, announcing to them his errand and eventually leading them forth. In the 12th chapter of Exodus, the history of their departure is given; and at the 41st verse you read, "It came to pass at the end of the 430 years, even *the self-same day* it came to pass, that all the hosts of Israel went out of the land of Egypt." It was a hurried and a fugitive departure; the dark night shrouded them; and after the mysterious and typical meal of the Passover, eaten in haste, all standing, in readiness for departure, they went away, speeded by the Egyptians, who thrust them eagerly forth, bidding them begone, with their flocks, and their herds, and their little ones. Away and away passed their hosts, till at length there was not one of the Hebrew race left behind!

From Rameses they went; and their first day's march brought them to Succoth—a name signifying booths, and which affords no clue to the position of the place. We read: "It came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them about by the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea." The precise route, as has been said, is unknown. The usual track by which travellers pass is across the dry desert, some ninety miles broad, that spreads its sandy surface between the Nile and the Red Sea, in a course due east towards Suez. The traveller who starts on his adventurous journey, gazes back in the hazy light of the early morning to catch his last views of the pyramids, which appear like shadows, fading in the distance. The green circle of cultivated land that marks the course of the Nile valley soon vanishes from sight, and he enters on the wild waste of the desert ocean. Not, however, a circle of sand, but of pebbly soil, smooth and even, broken into low hills, and presenting an uneven horizon. In one part of this region a broad beaten track runs through these desert hills, distinctly marked as any turnpike road in England—a path well tracked by the footsteps of ages; for along it the pilgrims wend their weary way to and from Mecca—a striking sight in such a region, and especially interesting to us, as it is the great thoroughfare of the British empire—the overland passage to India. It is instructive, too, as recalling those ancient roads, carried through the desert in olden times to the seats of the Babylonian and Persian empires, to which allusion is made in the 40th chapter of Isaiah. No mountain, indeed, has to be levelled, nor valleys filled up, in this comparatively level country; but it is "a highway prepared in the wilderness;" and the similitude is strengthened by the heaps of stones which extend, in one part of the route, for miles, and which are the "stones," or "stumbling-blocks," cast up out of the way, and left on either side, to mark it more distinctly.

My readers may be surprised to hear of variety in the desert, but there is much variety. Valleys of hard gravel, narrow defiles, watercourses tufted with low shrubs and dwarf thorny acacias, mounds and slopes, with dark and abrupt hills, diversify the scene. These low ranges of hills are formed, Dr. Olin says, of limestone rocks, and are full of marine substances. Immense numbers of sea-shells, of a very large size, are imbedded in them. The pebbles and stones which cover the ground are usually of a dark colour, and rounded, as though by friction. Their interior conformation exhibits the grain of different sorts of trees, and the forms of a variety of beautiful flowers. The doctor adds: "These pebbles cover large portions of the desert, and in many places are sown so thickly as to give the hills, when seen at a little distance, the appearance of being clad in sackcloth. The sea has covered this whole dreary region, which, in many places, presents the appearance of the dry bed of a mountain torrent."

The pebbly soil of this region is said to offer many advantages for encampment, above the sand, or even grass. Hard sand, we are told by one traveller, is very convenient, but black beetles abound there. Soft sand has generally huge stones strewn upon it, beneath which scorpions and other reptiles lurk. The grass, too, has its earwigs and ants, and they are formidable to the weary traveller who seeks a night's repose after the fatigues of the day's journey across these arid wastes, scorched by the burning sun and fiery wind. Happily the air is perfectly dry and wholesome, and with a Persian carpet and cloak for a bed, sloped on a sand-bank for a pillow, the stranger may lie him down beneath the open vault of heaven.

Night is truly sublime in these regions. The evening breeze blows fresh and cool, after the heat and toil of the day; the horizon is perfectly unbroken, and the atmosphere so clear and pure, that the innumerable stars seem pendant in the sky, and the moon looks as though it were cut out upon the dark canopy of heaven, sharp as steel and brighter than silver. The exquisite transparency of the atmosphere exhibits the starry heavens in such a way as to give a glimpse of infinity itself. The crystal sky seems to be of an immeasurable profundity; and it is easy to understand how the Arabians and Chaldeans dwelling in these vast plains should have been astronomers and astrologers. Another striking peculiarity of the eastern climate is the almost entire absence of twilight; there is scarcely any interval between sunset and darkness. As Coleridge sings—

> "The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark."

Rising before the sun, the traveller leaves his novel couch, and as the orb of day tinges the horizon with his first rays of promise, he prepares to resume his onward path. Again the silence and solitary aspect of the desert strike upon his senses; and as he proceeds farther, the sad and impressive memorials of suffering and death meet his eye; the bones of camels, bleached by the sun and the breezes of the desert, and the occasional hillocks, marking where the weary and helpless pilgrim has sunk down to rise no more.* The Arabs, when a camel refuses to rise, invariably leave him to his fate; and the poor animal seems fully aware of what is coming. He gazes with wishful eyes after the receding caravan, and makes a vain effort to follow; but yielding to necessity, he remains to die; and almost before he ceases to breathe, his flesh is devoured by the vultures which flock around him. These horrid birds are to be seen on every camel carcase, digging their beaks into the flesh, and tearing the eyes from the sockets. It is marvellous how they scent their prey. The patriarch Job speaks of "the path which the vulture's eye alone hath known." A traveller may look around an horizon of many miles, and not see one either on earth or in air; but, if a horse or a camel fall exhausted on the sand, before many minutes have elapsed, dark distant specks are visible on the sky, which soon prove to be the vultures, hasting, on their broad pinions, to the prostrate and helpless victim.

Water is the great want in these dry wastes. The skins are filled with the water of the Nile, which is said to surpass all others in sweetness, but it becomes, ere the traveller reaches Suez, flat and disagreeable. The camels are, of course, without supply at all; and sometimes there is none to be found at the spots where, occasionally, a scanty draught may be hoped for. The poor beasts seem well aware that at about five miles distance from Suez there is a fountain, at which a halt is usually made for the sake of man and beast.

Sometimes the hapless traveller, who pants for a draught at some cooling stream, is tantalized by a vision of the deceitful mirage of the desert. This strange phenomenon prevails on every hand, and is described as being so exceedingly natural and vivid, that it is very difficult not to yield to the illusion. It has been thus described by an eye-witness: "A little before noon, while the sun in his strength was bearing down upon us, we saw in the distance somewhat which had the appearance of a charming lake, with its beautiful blue waters, as if reflecting the deep azure of the sky. It was studded, here and there, with tufts and clumps of trees on its banks; sometimes its waters seemed to sparkle in the sun; and though I knew it to be the *mirage*, and not really water, springing up and flowing in the desert, yet it seemed to provoke most keenly the sense of thirst, and almost impelled me to press forward and seek a refreshing draught. The appearance continued perhaps nearly half an hour." An emblem—and that a striking one—of the vain illusions of life, which men so perseveringly follow, neglecting the fountain of living waters offered for their acceptance in the gospel.

The engraving which accompanies this introductory paper, represents Miriam and the maidens of Israel in the act of celebrating the praises of the Most High after their miraculous escape from their taskmasters on the further shores of the Red Sea. It is, by courteous permission, copied from a fine German painting in the possession of S. C. Hall, Esq.

* All, however, is not death there. A frog, a species of gray lizard, and some quails, besides the vultures, are mentioned by one traveller.

MIRIAM AND THE MAIDENS OF ISRAEL ON THE SHORE OF THE RED SEA

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM JAY.

In the year 1806, the late Mr. Jay, of Bath, published "Short Discourses to be read in Families," in two octavo volumes. To those who are familiar with his writings, it may appear remarkable that the man whose name has long been regarded as synonymous with Scriptural orthodoxy and evangelical unction, was then complained of by some of his seniors as "unsound in the faith." A review in the Evangelical Magazine for March, 1806, expresses dissatisfaction with some of these sermons as lacking in the evangelical element. He regarded many of the criticisms as unduly severe; but he resolved to profit by them, and his subsequent labours showed, that although he could never run into any of the extremes of orthodoxy, yet he could fully and fairly develope the system of gospel truth.

On the subject of evangelical preaching, Mr. Jay sometimes told an amusing anecdote. He was at Cheltenham, staying at the house of an elderly lady belonging to the Episcopal communion. The lady told him that they had a minister at their church, who she, with some others, feared did not preach the gospel; and begged him to go and hear. Mr. Jay went, and on leaving the church was asked if he thought that preaching the gospel? when he replied, "Why really that is a very awkward question for me to answer, for it was my own sermon."

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

VII.—FEEDING THE MULTITUDES.

Our Lord, according to John, went up into a mountain, and there sat down with his disciples. He looked round and saw there was a great company of people. He had already been moved with compassion, because they were as sheep having no shepherd, and he had been teaching them many things about the kingdom of God, for their soul's guidance and nourishment. But the people being just like us, having bodies as well as souls, began to get tired and hungry, and that, perhaps, all the more for the excitement of hearing. Now Jesus was never an enthusiast, never did anything fanatical, never forgot that human creatures were human creatures, and had more wants than one. He would not wear out the lower nature for the sake even of the higher. In caring for the minds of men, he was also careful and tender of that upon which minds are wonderfully dependent in this state of being—the bodily house in which the mind lives — the bodily garment which the mind wears. So, as he saw these many people tired, faint, and hungry, he said to his disciple Philip—just to prove him, to try his faith, to see whether he would catch the idea at once of what his master meant to do—"Whence shall we buy bread that these men may eat?" Philip answered: "Two hundred pennyworth (six pounds five shillings worth) of bread is not sufficient for them, so that every one may have a little."

Philip was by no means a quick man in reading his Lord's thoughts and purposes. He had still but a dull perception of his great power. He was far behind him who said, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." That centurion's faith here would have at once leaped up and caught hold on the Lord's omnipotence, saying: "It is not for thee to feed with food that is bought; thou hast thyself the key of nature's storehouse; speak the word only, and there shall be bread enough and to spare."

This dialogue with Philip was held, we believe, in the afternoon; and then, as "the day was far spent," as "it began to wear away," as "it was now evening," about the usual supper hour, six o'clock or so—supper being the chief Jewish meal—a late dinner we should call it—his disciples came to our Lord, full of concern about the people, and proposing that they should be dismissed to the neighbouring villages to get some provision. The Lord said: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." And they, repeating what Philip said, asked: "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?" "He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? Go and see. And one of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, said unto him, There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" for there were about five thousand men present, besides women and children.

Have you not seen the sun rise calmly and gradually out of the horizon of houses, trees, and hills? Have you not seen him sailing out in tranquil glory from behind a cloud? So riseth there before us now, power brightest, deepest, most majestic, over and beyond that mere earthly and human form and appearance of Jesus of Nazareth — that man among men — that lowly, humble equal among his disciples. "Bring them to me;" and he commands the multitude all to sit down. The historian paints the scene. There is a desert place, but it is not flat, for Jesus was sitting on a mountain; not sandy and stony, but "green with grass, soft with much grass" — a desert, therefore, only because there were no fields, gardens, orchards, and trees. The people obey the summons. The five thousand sit down; but not in confusion, for they are to dine with the Lord of order; nor do they sit in rows (as the word used in our translation of Mark might suggest), but rather in separate parties, or groups—more like squares, the original word referring to garden-plots. So, over the "green grass," spreading far away, the men in hundreds and fifties are clustered about—patches of human life, forms, and faces—living mosaic, full of eager, wondering looks. How they come out in relief on the fresh green back-ground! Then there are women and children besides, sitting by themselves, so that the weak and the young shall have their due portion as well as the strong and the old. No riot, rudeness, or noise are permitted. The feast partakes of the calmness and quietude of nature. It is a feast spread by the Lord of nature.

How holy and beautiful the act which follows the sitting down, and precedes the distribution. "Jesus looked up to heaven, and blessed the

provisions and brake." Three out of the four evangelists particularly mention the "looking up" in connection with the benediction, picturing to us the holy aspiration of the countenance of Jesus—the outward image of his inward life—a constant looking up from earth to heaven; not in pride, but lowliness; not in ambition, but humility. "He gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude; and likewise the fishes." Our Lord wrought the wonder, says an ancient father, by his word and blessing; and "that this moment of taking the loaves into his hand, and blessing, was the wonder crisis, is sustained by the fact that all four evangelists bring out this circumstance of the blessing"—when, as many say, the marvellous multiplication took place—"first in the hands of the Saviour himself, next in those of the apostles, and lastly, in the hands of the eaters."*

One would think that there was deep surprise as the miracle went on unfolding itself, for it was a lengthened process, power drawn out in continuous exercise. Nor can we imagine that the multitude, however heedless afterwards, could at the time partake of this as of a common meal. It must surely have been a holy feast unto the Lord; and we can hardly help associating it in our thoughts, in point of solemnity (we do not mean in signification, or in intelligent and believing consciousness, but in deep, quiet, devout solemnity), with our own precious Lord's-day supper, at the Lord's own table. But the wonder expired not with the actual participation. The residue was marvellous. What was left behind was enough to astonish with higher astonishment than before the disciples and the multitudes. "They took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full."

And now that this great miracle was finished, our Lord seeks his coveted retirement. "And when he had sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain, apart, to pray; and when the evening was come, he was there alone."

Here was a miracle upon nature, not upon man; it was a return to that sphere of working in which our Lord had wrought when the water was changed into wine, and when he stilled the tempest; but it differed from and went beyond them in this respect—that, whereas the turning of water into wine was a changing of nature, and the hushing of the storm was a restoration of nature, this, if we may so speak, was an increase of nature—an addition made to it. The calming of the tempest might be said to be the shortening of the natural process of subduing the tumult of the wind and water—the compression into an instant of what generally takes a long time; for in the common ending of a storm at sea there is a prolonged swell of waves after the wind is quiet; but as soon as Christ spoke, immediately there was a great calm. The turning of the water into wine was, indeed, more than a shortening of the process by which the moisture of the earth becomes juice in the grape, because simple moisture does not grow into fruit; and something needs to be added for the growth of the wine cluster; yet was that wondrous work only the changing of one substance into another of like amount. But here, in these miracles of the loaves and fishes, there was a literal *multiplication* and *increase*; not a mere changing of the form of a thing, wonderful though that be, but a positive and immense adding to it. The growth of corn, the handful becoming a harvest, though sometimes pressed into the service of this miracle, as an illustration of it, really exhibits no resemblance, because here were added to bread and meat, artificially prepared for food, fresh supplies of like nourishment in enormous quantities by a word whence no one knew.

Should it be said that other miracles were creative, let it be remembered that while the simple occurrence of creative miracles in the history of Moses, Elijah, and Elisha yields evidence of their Divine mission, the differences between the manner and the degree of occurrence in their cases and in our Lord's case place Divine creative power in a different relation to him from that in which it appears as to them. For, to say nothing of the vaster scale on which Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes beyond the multiplication of oil and food by Elijah and Elisha, this personal act on the part of Christ—this passing of the food through his own hands—this blessing of it and distribution—connects the creative power so immediately with himself; so different from Elijah and Elisha's saying in reference to what was about to be done, that the Lord would do it. What is here done is done by Jesus himself, in the evident exercise of his own authority, in the exercise of a power which, it strikes us as we look at his acts, must in some way be pertaining to himself. And so here again, while the miraculous feeding of the multitude must be allowed to be on a less scale than the miraculous feeding of Israel in the wilderness, and inferior in some circumstances of grandeur, still the connection between Jesus and this miracle is wanting between Moses and that miracle. The descent of the manna was in no sense a miracle wrought by Moses. The feeding of the multitude in a desert place was manifestly a miracle by Jesus.

While we are looking upon this great sight; while the desert place, and the groups of people on the green grass, and the Son of God and his

* Trench.

apostles, and the multiplied food, and the refreshing feast, and the gathered-up fragments are all before us; such an improvement as the following is very natural, in Scripture words: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." These people, however transient, however mixed the feeling might be, did seem to have some hungering and thirsting after what was good. They followed Christ into the desert place at first, evidently that they might hear him teach; and however some might afterwards seek him, not "because they had seen his miracles," but "because they did eat of the loaves and were filled;" however some might afterwards ask "a sign from heaven," as though the miracle they had witnessed did not suffice; yet surely there must have been some at least who, in the depths of their hearts, had something better than earthly longings, something the opposite of blind unbelief. Else, would they have asked, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" Would they have prayed, when Jesus proclaimed himself the bread from heaven, "Lord, evermore give us this bread?" They had come together with some anxiety for spiritual instruction, and the bodily feeding was a figure of the spiritual feeding. Our Lord had compassion and taught them things concerning the kingdom of God; and then afterwards he revealed the great mystery of himself as the true manna, the living bread which came down from heaven, saying, "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." To those who, under a sense of spiritual want, long for righteousness, perhaps with no just conception of what that is, he will give himself; and, in so doing, will at once explain to them their wants and relieve them—explain them *in* relieving them. He will be to them a double righteousness, their justifier and their sanctifier, both making them righteous before God, and making them righteous in themselves; covering them with his own righteousness, and also creating within them personal righteousness. Jesus Christ will justify them before God from all their sins—take the guilt of all of them away. He gave himself on the cross for this end. He is revealed in the gospel expressly for the purpose of our believing, knowing, and enjoying this, that we may be now individually justified. Jesus Christ will set his righteousness down to our account, so that we shall become, through him, entitled to heaven. Jesus Christ will put his own Holy Spirit within us, so that we may become new and holy creatures.

"Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The people did not come at first for temporal things, but they found them through coming for spiritual things. Hungering, though perhaps in small degree, for righteousness, Jesus would not be behind-hand in fulfilling his own word relative to the meaner good. There was the bread that perisheth after the bread that does not perish. Christ's word clearly assures us that if we will follow him, though we should be thereby led into one of the world's desert places, in the sense of wanting this world's comforts and necessaries, he will, with his own hands, feed and comfort us. Seek him, at whatever expense of toil and sorrow. We are not promised exemption from toil and sorrow. You may be required to make sacrifices such as to the rich may seem little, but to the poor may be very great. Religion may seem a very painful thing at first, like being drawn into a wilderness, leaving an Egypt behind; but go on, and you will find a Canaan yonder, and palms, wells of water, smitten rocks, and manna showers, as you go along. Only be in earnest. Only keep your eyes evermore on the kingdom of God. Only think more of the righteousness than of these things added; more of the treasure than what surrounds it; more of the precious jewel than of the setting; more of the rich heavenly gift than of the earthly packing which wraps it up. No doubt, some people are disappointed in religion. It is because they have sought "these things," and not the kingdom of God. They have followed the Lord for the sake of the "loaves and the fishes," instead of the true bread from heaven. So they have found neither, but have been sent empty away. They have put the first last, and the last first, and so have lost both last and first. Let your eye be single, your heart fixed, your hope pure, and while "the kingdom of God is within you," he who putteth that kingdom there will never leave you to perish. Is it likely that he would?

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Unbelief asked that question of old, and is asking it still. The subject in connection with the promise, "no good thing will be withheld from them that walk unrightly," furnishes an answer. God, by increasing the widow's meal and oil; Christ, in this miraculous feeding, shows his care for the temporal wants of his creatures. Indeed, our heavenly Father has done enough in nature to convince us of his love; but he also steps out of nature, to put away from our minds all doubt. He will not be always working miracles; his orderly government will not admit of it; but these ancient wonders do lay bare to us the tender fatherliness of his heart—do show that if such miracles are not now wrought for us, it is through no want of love. He who then, at times, broke up second causes to let you know that he was behind them; who made, as it

were, a great gap and rent in the machinery of providence, to reveal his own glorious form, that all to the end of time might have assurance of his presence, still stands in his own place, the same place, with his finger on the mainspring which turns the many wheels that are going round in this mysterious world. He who did this work easily without second causes, can and does now easily work through them.

"Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep;
Nor fear to seek him further in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
If thou art not untrue, thou shalt not be beguiled."

And then, as to spiritual things, so with regard to temporal things, let there be a careful economy of means—a saving and improving of everything useful, yet with a willingness to distribute in rich generosity—a generosity of heart, not to be measured by costly gifts, but by feelings and acts of humble love, for there comes out of the story this lesson, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." It is worthy the study of rich and poor, for it was distinctly taught by the author of the miracle at the end of the miracle, and is daily illustrated in the economy of nature, so full of wealth, but without any waste. It is economy and care and prudence and industry which God blesses, alike for the support of the body and the soul; and wastefulness of every kind—wastefulness of spiritual things, and wastefulness of temporal things—the Lord alike abhors. And then again, as you see the loaves growing under the hand of the Divine Giver—as you see them coming into existence, in proportion as he distributes them—that beautiful example of benevolence teaches high and low, from him who giveth of his treasure and to him who giveth of his penury, (provided both give with a right loyal love to the King of nature and of grace,) that "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

THE WORLD WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

Before we can rightly understand the history of the Church of Christ, her glories and triumphs, her losses and corruptions, we must have some idea of the moral and religious condition of the peoples who were first addressed by the teachers of the gospel. We must know how far prevalent errors and vices indisposed men to receive a humble and holy faith; and we must inquire what were the points of contact presented to the doctrines of Christ and his apostles by dominant creeds and philosophies. For this purpose it will be hardly necessary to look beyond the limits of the Roman world, since this was the stage where the first scenes in the great drama of the Church were acted—the arena on which her earliest battles with the powers of darkness were fought.

Leaving out the transient conquests of Trajan, abandoned by his successor, the mighty empire of Rome, when most extensive, was bounded by the Euphrates, the deserts of Africa, the Atlantic Ocean, the Rhine, and Southern Germany. It included England and France, Southern Europe, Northern Africa, Asiatic Turkey, and Egypt; the whole territory being, where widest, 2000 miles across, and having a length of no less than 3000. Its surface of 1,600,000 square miles, though vast when contrasted with Great Britain, France, or Austria, appears less astonishing to us who can compare it with the broad plains of Russia, with the United States, and with Australia. Scattered over this widespread surface there were, according to Gibbon, 120,000,000 of human beings—about half the population of modern Europe.

The language, the arts, the refinements, and the vices of Rome were diffused throughout this immense territory. In the East, the Grecian culture had more especially spread itself, but everywhere was pretended to by the educated classes. A proof of the wide prevalence of the Greek language is found in the fact, that not only was it chosen by the writers of the New Testament as the medium through which they might best communicate with mankind, but even the Epistle to the Romans was written in Greek rather than in Latin.

The mythology of Rome, in earlier times, was of a grave and solemn character, and the Romans were distinguished for their fidelity, chastity, and self-sacrificing patriotism. It is even said that in its first ages no image of the gods was to be found in the Eternal City. But these latter days had long been only matters of history or of fable. The Grecian mythology diffused by the poets had corrupted them, and, though to a less extent, the superstitions and juggleries of Egypt and Syria tended further to deprave the people.

Upon the paganism of the Greeks it would be of little use to dwell. Their gods were sometimes impersonations of natural forces, and sometimes deified heroes; and though mighty, brave, and beautiful, were stained with the lowest vices of mankind. They might be honoured by drunken votaries, and by crowds of the gay and unthinking, with a gladsome worship; but unable either to elevate or purify their worshippers, they met not the deepest needs of the soul of man. A few facts, better than any generalities, will show how degrading was the influence of even the most graceful forms of heathenism.

Julius Cæsar, whom none can admire for high

moral excellence, was supposed to have taken his place among the gods, and temples were built in his honour. His nephew Augustus was his inferior in virtue and intellect, yet Horace and Virgil ascribe to him a kind of divinity, laud him as second to Jupiter, and beseech him to accustom himself to the prayers of his supplicants. It would be difficult to name characters worse than Caligula or Domitian. Murder was Caligula's amusement. On one occasion, after recovery from sickness, he ordered his friends who had vowed their lives for his restoration to health to destroy themselves. His cruelty was only equalled by his sensual excesses—excesses too polluting to record. Domitian expelled all philosophers from Rome, put to death great numbers of Christians, and murdered some of his wealthiest subjects, simply that their riches might augment the imperial revenue. Yet the former of these monsters could command himself to be worshipped as Bacchus or Apollo, as Venus or Diana; and the latter was styled "our Lord and God."

The gods were not prayed to for the highest gifts—for purity of heart—for help in the hour of temptation—for power over sin; but for a healthy body and sound mind—for prosperity and riches—nay, sometimes for their sanction to the foulest vices. This can excite no surprise. Who could look for sanctifying influences from a Jove, an Apollo, or a Venus; from gods among whom an Augustus could be reckoned?

Immoralities were often connected with the worship of such deities. Drunkenness was common at the festivals of Bacchus; impurity at those of Venus. Human sacrifices were offered in many places at stated seasons, and everywhere in great emergencies. Octavius caused no less than three hundred men to be offered on the altar of Julius Cæsar.

The oracles of the gods, and especially those of Apollo, had long been upheld by man's natural desire to pry into the future. Sometimes valuable advice was communicated in the responses obtained, but for the most part they were only devices employed by priests or statesmen for their own purposes. The predictions uttered were often of a designedly ambiguous character, and for such ambiguity both the Greek and Latin languages were well adapted. Thus when Pyrrhus was about to engage in war with the Romans, on consulting the oracle, he received the lucid answer, *Credo te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*—"Son of Æacides, I believe that you can the Romans conquer." And so notorious was the corruption of the Greek oracles more than three centuries before our era, that Demosthenes boldly accused them of Philippizing, that is, of becoming partizans of Philip of Macedon.

Divination by means of the flight of birds, and from the entrails of sacrificed animals, had, from the earliest times, occupied a prominent place in the religion of the Romans; but in the days of the apostles, so inordinate was the appetite for communication with the awful and supernatural, that, if Simon Magus gives the reader some idea of the influence obtained by pretenders to extraordinary powers, the immense sum, 50,000 pieces of silver, probably nearly 2000*l.*, at which the books on magic destroyed by the converts to Christianity at Ephesus were valued, will show the extent to which this species of fraud was carried.

The savage rites of Druidism—the impurities of Syrian worship—the grovelling homage paid to brutes in Egypt—all within the limits of the Roman empire—add yet darker shades to this dismal picture.

The popular faith included some vague and unsettled views of an after-life—of a world beyond the grave—but they had little moral effect. Neither the gay fields of Elysium nor the horrors of Tartarus excited the loftier hopes or deeper fears of men. When they heard how Ixion turned for ever on his wheel—how Sisyphus toiled with useless labour to roll the stone to the hill's summit—how thirsty Tantalus was tortured by the sight of the water that ever flowed beneath his fevered lips—all seemed shadowy and unreal; no fear of punishments so arbitrary could awaken the conscience or curb the passions; and it is probable that the sentiment Homer puts into the mouth of the shade of Achilles, 'Rather would I be a wretched hireling on earth than king of all the dead,' was the truest utterance of the pagan heart.

All national religions were tolerated by the Romans when not opposed to the interests of the state. It was generally supposed that under various names the same gods were adored by different nations. Many laws, however, were passed to prevent foreign modes of worship being practised in the city of Rome, but under the emperors such laws had little force. The Jews were despised because of their bigotry and exclusiveness, but Jehovah was reverenced as a national God, and heathen rulers sometimes honoured Him by gifts and offerings.

As the pagan religions had no certain basis, either in reason or history, and contained many elements manifestly immoral and absurd, it could not but happen that educated men should enquire, doubt, and disbelieve. The teachings of the porch, the garden, and the academy were attempts to supply the void thus left in the human breast.

The founder of the Stoic philosophy was Zeno, a native of the isle of Cyprus, who died in the third century before our era. Its name

was derived from the *stoa*, or porch, where his disciples were wont to receive his instructions. His system was a cold pantheism—an iron fatalism. All things, according to the Stoic, moved in an eternal, immutable order. The universe, the All, was an awful object of contemplation, passing through its endless changes by a terrible necessity that yielded not to the cries or the prayers of man. The wise man simply resigned himself to an unalterable destiny. He troubled not himself about the sorrows or joys of life, as all were alike momentary. At death he was only absorbed into the great whole—the spray of the ocean was merely lost in its billows. Apathy, combined with virtue, to him was the loftiest attainment. He was truly great who could divest himself of hope and fear—of joy and grief alike. Such a creed naturally excited extravagant pride and contemptuous views of mankind. Nor shall we be surprised that the stoic Seneca could boast, that in this the wise man was superior to Jupiter; he *would* not concern himself about the gods others cared for; Jupiter simply *could* not.

More gentle but less noble was the teaching of Epicurus, a native of Attica, and a contemporary of Zeno. He held that there *were* gods, exalted and happy, but far removed from the turmoil of the world; they meddled not with the affairs of men.

> "They lay beside their nectar, and their bolts were hurled
> Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds were lightly curled
> Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.
> There they smiled in secret, looking over wasted lands,
> Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps, and fiery sands,
> Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

As we might expect, the universe was not created by divinities such as these. It resulted from a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Pleasure, with the Epicurean, was the true end of life, the one object worth the trouble of seeking. True, his master taught that virtue was pleasure, but in so false a system this one truth could have no vitality. Accordingly, his followers sought pleasure in any pursuit congenial to their tastes, but especially in the enjoyment of the good things of life, guided by that common sense which teaches that greater gratification can be secured by moderation than by reckless excesses. Socrates, the best of the Athenians, and one of the few heathen martyrs, was put to death by being compelled to drink poison, B.C. 401. His teachings, modified and spiritualized by Plato, were of a far higher character. There was a God, a Creator, a Father. There would be a world of retribution. Man, or at least the philosopher, had a high destiny, and might pursue a glorious career. Yet there were grave defects that rendered this system almost impotent for good. Its theism faded away into pantheism. The arguments adduced to prove the truth of an after-life were weak and unsatisfactory. That life and all that it involves remained still mere matter of conjecture. There was, too, no effort to elevate the masses; they were hopelessly abandoned to their pollutions and delusions. Platonism afterwards coalesced with the prevalent polytheism. A place was found in it for the national gods, while the grosser stories respecting them were rejected, and Paganism, thus vitalized, seemed better able to cope with Christianity.

Scepticism also very widely prevailed. Indeed the chief effect of the philosophies we have described, as regards the many who had acquired a mere smattering of them, was to induce entire uncertainty in the matter of religion. Men soon learned to sneer at the fables of Homer and Ovid—at the pleasures of the Elysian fields and the horrors of the infernal regions—and gladly enough threw off the restraining influence popular beliefs exerted; but they did not readily rise to convictions truer, purer, or more spiritual; while, when the soul revolted from mere negation and doubt, by a natural reaction it would be ready to give itself to the most debasing superstition.

[To be continued.]

DYING MOMENTS.

Let us contemplate the closing scene of the devoted missionary, Schwartz. We are told that he frequently spoke of his death, and delighted to dwell upon any providential circumstances which had attended him in life; he would generally add, "and so will God show me mercy unto the end." During his last illness, he would often desire his school children to sing the beautiful hymn, beginning—

> "Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
> Let my religious hours alone.
> Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
> I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee."

This he called his beloved song. When his last moments drew near, several of his brethren sung and prayed beside him; he joined them with his dying lips, with great delight. When most of the ministers had retired, he continued in silent prayer, except that once he was heard thus to commit his soul into the hands of his God and Saviour: "Lord, hitherto thou hast preserved me, hitherto thou hast brought me, and hast bestowed innumerable benefits upon me; do what is pleasing in thy sight. I commend my spirit into

thy hands; cleanse and adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of thy love and mercy." Soon after this, Mr. Gericke, thinking from his appearance that his spirit had fled, commenced a favourite hymn, "Only to thee, Lord Jesus Christ," when as he began the second verse, the dying missionary raised his voice, and joined in the song of praise to his Saviour. Soon afterwards, without a groan, he closed his eyes on all worldly objects, and entered into his eternal rest.

A Christian poet has justly said—

"Is that his death-bed, where the Christian lies?
No! 'tis not his, 'tis death itself that dies."

We will further mark the triumph of this overcoming faith, and the source of its efficacy. A Christian on his death-bed was asked whether he thought he should die. "Yes," replied he, "but that gives me no uneasiness; if I die I shall be with God, and if I live God will be with me."

We are told of Mrs. Martha More, that when a friend, seeing her in extreme agony, prayed her, she answered, "I love whatever comes from God, and therefore I love my sufferings."

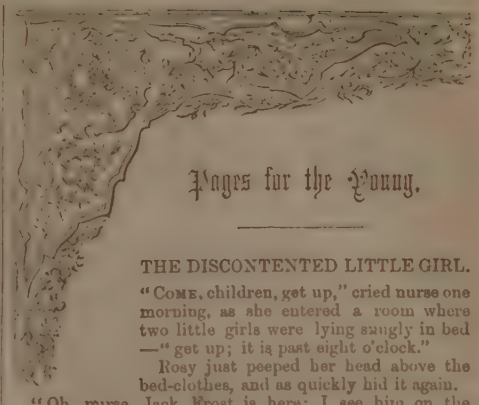
When the Rev. Thomas Scott was in a low and weak state of health, his servant inquired of him how he felt; he replied, "Very poorly. I shall soon be at home;" and then added, "Oh! how my heart leaps and exults within me, at the thought of so very soon joining the glorious company before the throne!"

We read of the Rev. Mr. Roquet, that just before he expired, he exclaimed thrice, "I want to go home!" when his spirit winged its way to the mansions prepared for it, in the unseen world of glory.

Observe, my beloved readers, the holy confidence of these servants of God. A striking instance is also seen in the experience of a poor and humble person. We are told, that just before she expired she said, "Put aside the curtain," which was accordingly done, and the beams of the sun coming full into the room and on her bed, she remarked, "Thirty-and-four years have I known the Lord, and can no more doubt of his eternal love to me, an unworthy creature, than I can doubt of the shining of the sun, which I now see and feel." She uttered only a few more words, full of faith, and then departed to those realms of joy, of which God and the Lamb are the sun, the temple, and the glory.

"It matters little at what hour of day
The righteous falls asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Hints for the Earnest Student.



Pages for the Young.

THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE GIRL.

"Come, children, get up," cried nurse one morning, as she entered a room where two little girls were lying snugly in bed—"get up; it is past eight o'clock."

Rosy just peeped her head above the bed-clothes, and as quickly hid it again.

"Oh, nurse, Jack Frost is here; I see him on the window-panes; it is so cold, do let us lie a little longer."

"No, no, that won't do," said nurse; "get up directly like good children, and your nice warm bread and milk will soon drive Jack Frost away."

It had frozen hard during the night, and the windows were covered with the white frost, in beautiful patterns. The little girls got up; but I am sorry to tell you, Rosy was not in a very good temper, and grumbled all the time she was putting on her shoes and stockings. Minnie did not grumble, and so she was half dressed when Rosy was still in her night-dress; for grumbling takes time, and whilst Rosy had been grumbling, Minnie had been quietly dressing herself.

"That's a good girl," said nurse, as she fastened Minnie's frock; "now run to the nursery, and Sally will give you your breakfast, whilst I wait and finish dressing your sister."

When Rosy saw Minnie about to leave the room, she began to cry because she was not ready too, although it was certainly no one's fault but her own; however Minnie, who was a kind little sister, said: "Don't cry, Rosy dear, I will wait for you."

Now all this time, Minnie's fingers were very cold, and she did long to be in the nice warm nursery, but she kindly waited until Rosy was ready, and then they both went down-stairs together. They were soon seated at the breakfast-table, with a nice basin of smoking bread-and-milk before each.

"I wish the cold weather wouldn't come at all," muttered Rosy, who had not yet recovered her good humour.

"Little girls like you and your sister, Miss Rosy, have no reason to grumble at the cold. You have everything you want to make you comfortable; warm clothes, a warm nursery, and kind good parents. If you were like the many houseless little beggars, who are wandering about the streets, you might have cause to complain; but, as it is, you ought to be very thankful to the good God for the many comforts you enjoy, instead of behaving as you have done this morning."

Rosy still looked very sulky, but said nothing. When the children had finished breakfast, nurse bade them play with their dolls a little while, and she went and told their mamma all that had passed that morning.

Rosy and Minnie's mamma was very judicious; she dearly loved her little girls; she loved them so much that she did not wish to spoil them; she wished them to grow up good little girls, and every morning and every evening this kind mother prayed to God for them, and asked his help to enable her to bring them up properly. She was much obliged to nurse for telling her about Rosy's bad temper, and told her to take no further notice

of it to the children, but to get them ready to take their usual morning walk with her. Rosy and Minnie both dearly loved to go out with their mamma; they often went into the park, and sometimes they took their hoops; and when it was warm weather, they would sit under a shady tree with their mamma, who would tell them some interesting story; so these morning walks were always looked forward to with much pleasure.

"Rosy, I dare say we may take our hoops with us to-day," said Minnie, as they were getting ready.

"I would rather take my skipping-rope," replied Rosy; "I am sure I should fall down with my hoop, now Jack Frost has come."

"We will ask mamma," said Minnie; and both the little girls being now ready, ran to the library, where they found their mamma waiting for them.

"Mamma, may we take our hoops? Mamma, may we take our skipping-ropes?" cried both the children at once.

"We are not going to the park this morning,' said their mamma, "therefore you must not take either. I have some business which calls me to another part of the town."

Rosy was just going to look ill-tempered, when Minnie whispered, "Never mind, dear; perhaps we are going to the Bazaar;" and their mamma being now ready, they all set off.

But they did not go the way to the Bazaar; their mamma took them a way they had never been before. It was not at all a nice way. There were no pretty shops nor fine carriages for them to look at; but the streets were very narrow, and not very clean, and all the people looked very cold, and many of them were thinly and shabbily dressed. There were a great many dirty-looking little children, too, in the street, some without shoes or stockings, playing with bits of ice which they got from the frozen gutter at each side of the street.

At the door of one miserable-looking house, a little child was seated, eating a cold potato. The poor little thing was very thinly clad, and its little arms and legs were blue with the cold; yet there it sat, munching that cold potato, with a happier, far happier face than little Rosy had put on that morning over her basin of bread-and-milk.

Minnie and Rosy always took their little purses with them when they went out with their mamma. Minnie had one shilling and twopence, and Rosy one shilling and threepence. Minnie looked at the poor child, and whispered to her mamma: "Mamma, may I give him one of my pennies?"

"Better buy him a penny loaf, my dear." So they went into a baker's shop close by, and Minnie soon came out with a penny-roll in her hand. She put it into the little boy's lap, saying, "Here, little boy, this is better than cold potato."

The child opened his eyes wide at sight of the roll, and then began eating it very fast indeed.

"Poor thing!" said Minnie's mamma; "he looks half-starved."

Rosy was quite silent all this time; her conscience was not so silent though, and had been reminding her of all her ill-temper that morning, and of how much more reason that poor boy had for grumbling than she had had; but I am sorry to say Rosy tried not to listen to conscience, and she walked along by the side of her mamma and sister without saying a word.

I am afraid she quite forgot that beautiful hymn which she had repeated only the day before to her mamma:—

> "But if we should disregard,
> When these friendly voices call,
> Conscience soon will grow so hard
> That it will not speak at all."

At last, after walking some distance, her mamma turned up a very narrow, dirty alley.

"Where are we going, mamma?" asked Rosy.

"I am going to see a poor woman who has been very ill, my dear," answered her mother.

They stopped at the door of a very wretched-looking house; there was scarcely any glass in the windows, and the holes were stuffed up with rags or paper.

Their mamma knocked at the door.

No one answered.

She knocked again.

Still no answer.

"Do you know if Mrs. Smith is at home?" asked their mamma of a poor woman, who, attracted by the knocking, had put her head out of a window at the other side of the court.

"Why, ma'am, she hasn't stirred out of her bed these four or five days," replied the woman; you'd best go upstairs if you want to see her."

"Follow me, my dears," said their mother, as she began ascending the dark, narrow stairs. The little girls, half frightened, crept close to each other.

"It is *so* dark," said Minnie.

"Yes, and there are no nice carpets like those we have at home," said Rosy.

[To be continued.]

Poetry.

THE THISTLE AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE plant of most delicate hue,
By a bold and irascible thistle once grew;
Who began, in his arrogant folly, to vaunt,
And his timorous neighbour to censure and taunt.

"What a pity it is you're so shy and reserved,
So afraid of a touch!" with a sneer he observed.
"Come now, take my example and friendly advice,
Nor be over-susceptible, squeamish, and nice;
Trust me, if I liked not the touch of a hand,
I would soon give its fingers a sharp reprimand,
And with these pointed prickles inflict such a pain,
They would not in a hurry insult me again.
Then let saucy intruders take heed and beware,
Nor familiarly handle the arrows I wear,
For I warrant you, they can revenge the rude touch,
And reprove in a way which they'll not relish much."

"All you say may be true," our mimosa replied;
"But between you and me, there's a difference wide;
For my tender green leaves have no prickles to show,
No sharp weapons of warfare to frighten a foe.
All *my* safety depends on a delicate skill,
On an instant retreat from approaches of ill;
It would little become one like me to be seen
With a haughty behaviour and insolent mien.
I perceive the case otherwise, neighbour, with you;
Yet believe me, one day, this proud boasting you'll rue,
And find the advantages out, when too late,
Of a calm, inoffensive, and peaceable state."

The point while debating, the gardener arrived,
To see how the plants in his keeping had thrived.
With his spade, the rich soil he now loosened around,
That his favourite shrub might have plenty of ground:
When within a dark corner, the thistle he spied;
This he soon rooted up, and in haste flung aside.

From this fable of Flora, let all of us learn
That each temper of mind meets its proper return;
The revengeful and sullen, the tender and kind,
A suitable recompence, one day, will find.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

BEREAVEMENT OF THE BETROTHED.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. II.

ONE Sunday afternoon, when the family party coming from church had lingered awhile beside the fresh mound which told where poor John lay sleeping in his "narrow cell," Ellen's mind recurred to all that had happened at the time of his death, and she resolved to carry out her intention. In the quiet evening hour, when everything was still, and the last rays of the setting sun were painting the sky, she went slowly up the staircase, and rapped at the door of nurse's room, at the same time calling to ask if she might come in. Being answered in the affirmative she entered, and found her sitting at the window, with her Bible and hymn-book lying on a small table, before her. She had not been reading them, however, for they were closed; and as Ellen looked in her face, she saw the traces of tears there, and she knew that nurse had been busy with the memories of the past.

"I was thinking, Miss Ellen," she said, "of bygone days; and when you rapped, I was calling to mind the first death I ever witnessed."

"Indeed, nurse! how strange that I was just going to say that I am sure you must have seen a good deal of pain and death, or you could not

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have been so calm when poor John was brought in, in that dreadful state; and I wanted to ask you about it, and if you will tell me something of what you have seen and heard. Do, pray, tell me about that scene you were calling to mind when I came and interrupted you."

"It is a painful history, my dear, and I almost shrink from telling it; but as you wish to hear it, I will relate it.

"It will be necessary for me to mention, in the first place, that at that time I had only just commenced the business of a nurse. It would take too long if I were to detail minutely what led me to choose so arduous a calling. I will only say that the wish was first awakened by my attachment to an aunt, my mother's sister, who had herself been a nurse, and who was with us during the principal part of her long illness, three years when I chiefly attended upon her. Her loving, sweet, and gentle behaviour won my thoughts to better things than had before engaged them; and as I listened to the many stories of her experience in the chambers of sickness and death, the desire sprang up in my heart to imitate her in endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows and sufferings of the afflicted. In short, the result was that, after a long time spent in nursing her, I determined to devote myself to this work, and to endeavour to fit myself for it.

"Through the kindness of the physician who attended my aunt, I had many opportunities of carrying out my purpose. He took every occasion of teaching me, and not unfrequently employed me, under the direction of experienced nurses. He expressed himself pleased with my general deportment, on more than one occasion; when he saw me engaged about his patients, and promised that he would lose no opportunity of recommending me when he could suitably do so. At first, I felt much shrinking of heart when I was called to minister to the sick; and sometimes it seemed as though I had mistaken my true calling, and accounted myself stronger than I was. But the remembrance of my beloved aunt, and of all the deep thankfulness she expressed, when looking back on the scenes of the past, encouraged me; and I nerved myself to go on. There was one point on which I must not forget to touch with gratitude. The deep earnest piety of my lamented relative had been blessed by God to my true good. She left us, a short time before her death, to return to her mother's house, and her parting counsels and prayers put the seal to all that had gone before, and left on my heart the sacred resolve, by the blessing of God, to give myself up to his service from that time forward."

Nurse paused here, and remained for a few moments silent. She then continued: "I am now about to begin my promised narrative. It might be, perhaps, two years after my first commencement in this way of life, that I was unexpectedly summoned, one evening in the depth of winter, to attend upon a young gentleman who was said to be in a dying condition. Well do I remember that night. It was in the month of November; the winter had set in early and with unusual severity. The snow lay deep on the ground, and large flakes continued to fall silently from the loaded sky. My mother (I was then living at home with my parents) sat beside the fire, awaiting the return of my father, who had gone out to the post-office to see if there were a letter from dear Lucy, my only sister, who was then in service a long way from us, beyond London. The evening was closing in, and the shadows of early night were gathering around us. A glimmering light came in at our cottage window, but it was partly the reflection of the snow, which lay heaped around. I had risen, and was about to close the shutter, and draw the curtain over it, to exclude the cold air, when I heard the noise of our dog; a sharp, angry snarl, which I at once knew betokened the approach of a stranger. 'What ails the dog?' said my mother; and she had scarcely spoken when the voice of a man was heard, crying, 'Is not this Mrs. Grand's cottage?' The snow had prevented us from hearing his footsteps, and he was at the door by the time I could reach it. 'Oh missus!' he cried, in haste, 'Dr. Lucas has sent me, all in a mighty hurry, to say Susan Hunt must come directly. There is no time to lose; the regular nurse is gone away of a sudden, and the doctor says he must have somebody to take care of the poor young gentleman who is very bad.'

"On inquiry, I found the family to whom I was thus suddenly summoned lived at A., the neighbouring town, a mile off. The man said he was told to wait, 'if so be I had none to go with me; for 'twas ugly weather for a lass alone; and he had brought a cloak and a big umbrella.' Before he had done speaking, I was in my little chamber, making up my small bundle; and, hastily flinging on my shawl, I descended in so short a time as to draw from the man an expression of satisfaction at my speed. We set off together, and after a fatiguing walk (which would have been much more so, had we not had the wind to our backs), we arrived at the town, and threading our way along several streets, came at last to a handsome square, in which was situated the house of Colonel C——. A lamp was burning over the hall door, and by its light I saw the door open, and a tall figure appear on the top of the steps, which we were about to ascend.

"'Is it you, Susan?' said the voice of Dr.

Lucas; 'you have done well to come so quickly. Lose no time in proceeding to your post. You will have, my good girl, a distressing task; but you know where to look for strength, and I feel that I may trust you. In all probability your services will not long be needed. I am compelled to leave my patient. Nothing but necessity would have induced me to do so.'

"He spoke hastily, and in another second, I heard the steps of his carriage put up, and the muffled sound of the wheels in the snow gave token of his departure.

"My conductor now left me, a man servant having admitted me into the hall, which was dimly lighted. A candle stood upon a billiard-table near, and had evidently been set down in haste. All betokened some unwonted state of things in the house. No fire burned in the large grate, which was evidently designed to diffuse a genial warmth through the large, old-fashioned hall, with its tessellated pavement of black and white marble. The lamp that hung from the centre of the ceiling showed a faint hazy light, and all around looked comfortless and forlorn. As soon as I had unfastened my outer wrapper and crossed the hall, I was met by a housemaid, who beckoned me to follow her up the wide staircase, which she quickly ascended. At the head of the stairs we found an upper servant, whose weeping eyes and worn looks told that she had been in near attendance upon the sufferer. A long corridor stretched the length of the hall on one side; and as I advanced along it, the sounds of anguish met my ear, evidently proceeding from a chamber at its furthest extremity. The servant showed me into a small room, where I arranged my dress; and while I was doing so, she told me, in few words, the circumstances of the case. The master, Colonel C——, was absent, with his regiment, on active service abroad. His lady was the mistress of the household, and resided here, with her only son and an unmarried daughter. 'My poor young master,' she added, 'has been ill for some time, with an inflammatory complaint. We hoped a few days since he was past the worst, and nurse left him to go to her husband, who is dying; but his disease has taken a sudden turn, and since yesterday he is much worse. He suffers the most excruciating pain, and is now quite out of his mind. Hark! he cries out in that way every now and then, and his moans afterwards are piteous.' And the poor girl wept again.

"In a few minutes after I was in the chamber of the sick man. The room was darkened; the only light being at a small table, on which stood a shaded lamp. I went immediately to this table, and found, as I expected to do, written directions, left by the doctor for my guidance. Everything necessary for the use of the patient was placed in readiness; and having attentively read the paper of instructions, I turned towards the bed, at the head of which, the curtains being partly undrawn, I saw a young lady who was endeavouring to support the head of the invalid; but it was evident she greatly needed help. In a whisper she bade me welcome, and silently and gently yielded up her post to me. The poor sufferer was unconscious of the change. He continued to move restlessly, talking fast and sometimes loud. This incoherent raving was exchanged, every few moments, for cries and moans.

"It was a distressing scene! During the first few minutes my whole attention was given to the patient. I made some alteration in the arrangement of the pillows and bed-clothes, and when, for a short interval, he appeared less agitated, I softly rubbed his hands or bathed his burning temples. It was not long before I was painfully distracted, in attending to my duties, by the agonizing cries and vehement outbursts of grief which were uttered, from time to time, by the sister of the poor youth. She was (as I afterwards found) a gay, thoughtless girl; and, completely overwhelmed by the agonizing sight she witnessed, she exerted no self-control, but yielded herself wholly to paroxysms of loud and turbulent grief. At the other side of the bed, on a small couch, lay the poor mother, who, though a sincere Christian, seemed unable to bear the idea of a separation from her son, the darling of her heart. Fatigue and loss of sleep had made her light-headed; and, at times, she uttered inarticulate expressions of anguish, mingled with prayers. The young lady, whose place I had taken, kneeled at the foot of the bed; her stifled agonies told how bitterly she shared the general grief. Alas! she was the betrothed of him who was now struggling with the last enemy, and her distress was too strong to be concealed; the tenderness of her affection was evident, and its expression could not be repressed. With difficulty I preserved my equanimity. Such a combination of distressing sights and sounds was scarcely supportable. Long, indeed, seemed the night that followed! I had arrived at about six o'clock in the evening, and during ten weary hours I remained, supporting the head of the dying man, and wiping off the dews that gathered on his brow, occasionally administering the cordials ordered by the physician.

"Surely, there is no torture like seeing distress, without being able to remove or to relieve it! Here, too, there was no possibility of ministering consolation to the mind of the sufferer. Consciousness did not, for a moment, return. Ah, how important in that hour seemed the

warning, 'Behold, I come as a thief in the night;' and how deep appeared to me the necessity for watchfulness at all times against the sudden advent of death. As the time wore on, I perceived he was becoming gradually weaker. All the symptoms of approaching death were evident; and at four o'clock in the morning, he breathed his last. I had then the no less difficult and painful task of endeavouring to quiet the family. The mother, when convinced that he was really dead, became more composed, and with much persuasion and some force was prevailed upon to retire to bed, as was the sister. Not so the young lady. Poor girl! I shall never forget her look of woe as she flung herself on her knees beside the corpse, after the others had left the chamber. She seemed as though her heart would burst. I left her to herself, and retired behind the curtains, that my presence might not trouble her. I believe, however, she would not have seen me, had I kneeled by her side. Earnestly did I implore the God of all consolation to help and comfort her, and to sanctify to her soul's good this blow which had blighted her fondest hopes.

"She could not long be left thus. It was necessary we should retire for a time; but she yielded to my representation of the necessity for doing so, only on condition that she should return with me, and watch beside the dead during the remaining hours of darkness. She then consented to accompany me to another room.

"Distressing as was this first death-scene I ever witnessed, I would, on no account, have been spared it. It was, I believe, of lasting service to me; and I then first learned the meaning of those words of Scripture, 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' My services in that household did not terminate soon. I was retained for some weeks, in attendance upon Mrs. C., whose grief seriously affected her health, and brought on a tedious attack of slow fever. I had frequent opportunities afterwards of seeing Miss V——, the young lady who had expected so soon to become a member of the family, and it is with sincere satisfaction I add that she became a Christian, in true devotedness of heart and life. Previous to this event, she had been, in some degree, under the influence of religious impressions; but she confessed that, infatuated by the pleasures and amusements of the world, she had remained undecided and wavering, and had yielded to an indifference and coldness of spirit which threatened wholly to quench the spark of heavenly love. 'From this careless frame,' said she, 'nothing but a shock like that I have now received could have aroused me; and though I tremble lest my deceitful heart should fall again into temptation and a snare, after the first afflictive impressions have faded, yet I hope, by the aid of Divine grace, that this loss of earthly joy will prove of eternal benefit.'

"Often would she converse, in this way, with the excellent woman whom she had fondly cherished the hope of calling mother, and whose heart now evidently clung to her with even increased tenderness, the fellowship of grief being a stronger bond of union than, perhaps, almost any other.

"This event and its consequences proved of great importance to my future prospects. Indeed, a turn was given to my whole after life by its more remote results. At the end of three years from that time I accompanied Colonel C.'s family to India."

THE WORLD WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

PART II.

The morality of men whose worship was ceremony and whose creed was falsehood may be easily imagined, and the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans will supply a faithful picture of the corruption of the heathen world. The best of the Greeks and Romans were no doubt found in the ranks of the philosophers and their disciples, yet they practised the rites they scoffed at, supported the worship they despised, and were sometimes priests to gods whose being or providence they denied.

The Roman senate was composed of the noblest and wealthiest citizens, yet nothing could exceed its abject slavishness. Often mere tools in the hands of the worst of mankind, the senators could condemn to death their innocent countryman to shield themselves from the wrath of Domitian, and flatter Commodus by lauding his gladiatorial exploits.

The Romans were never careful of human life. The slaughter of thousands of barbarians gave them no concern. But the cruelty of the people is most strikingly seen in the universal passion for the sports of the amphitheatre. Even ladies derived high gratification, not only from the slaughter of thousands of savage beasts, but from the deadly conflict of man with man—from the exposure of the unarmed Christian to the hungry lion, and of the delicate female to the horns of a bull. So general was the taste for these sanguinary scenes, that rulers of provinces and the emperor himself could in no way more effectually secure the favour of the populace, than by providing games sufficiently exciting and bloody. Even such men as Titus and Trajan felt themselves compelled to furnish many of these horrible entertainments, and the

games given by the latter lasted no less than one hundred and three days.

Slavery existed throughout the Roman empire in its most revolting form. The slave was the chattel of his master, and till Hadrian and the Antonines interfered, the most loathsome cruelties were practised upon him with impunity. Their lives were valued but little. The exposure of sick slaves must have been common, as Claudius found it necessary formally to prohibit it; and a whole establishment of four hundred was put to death when one of them had murdered his master, a prefect of the city.

The oppression of the provincials was dreadful in the extreme. We are told that the coming of a new ruler to a peaceful province was like the approach of an invading army. In a few years he expected to acquire enormous wealth —wealth obtained by robbing the rich and by grinding down the poor. How unjust and extortionate were the publicans or tax-gatherers every reader of the New Testament will recollect.

The fortunes of some of the patricians almost exceed belief. The Prætorian guards numbered several thousands, yet Didius Julianus bought the empire by a promise of 200*l.* sterling, and Severus by a promise of double that sum, to each of his soldiers. This immense wealth was lavished on luxurious buildings and extravagant entertainments. The galleries of Nero's palace were a mile in length. The cost of the table of Vitellius for four months was no less than 7,000,000*l.* Luxury such as this must be reckoned in a catalogue of crimes, when we remember that it was purchased with the tears and blood of down-trodden myriads, and was associated with loathsome cruelty.

Another class of vices we can only allude to. Sensual excesses of the most revolting kind were not only indulged in, but defended—not only defended, but boasted of—not only boasted of, but a blessing from the gods implored upon them. It is natural to ask, what was the effect of these vices and misbeliefs on the general happiness? There, at least, it has been supposed that the ancient world had an advantage over the modern. We are often told of the full-hearted joyousness of the Greeks, and it has been thought that if the gospel has afforded us brighter hopes of the future, it has diminished the pleasurableness of the present life. Undoubtedly this notion is not well founded. The life of Sophocles was a life of prosperity and happiness, yet he puts into the mouth of the chorus in one of his plays the bad sentiment, that it is altogether preferable not to be born at all; and that when born, it is best to die. This, indeed, might not have been his own conviction; but we find Socrates, who certainly had clearer views of right and wrong and a belief in a special Providence, asserting that death will be gain even if a perpetual sleep, as few days or nights are spent more happily than a night of dreamless slumber. If the votaries of pleasure, when possessed of wealth and surrounded by luxury—if the successful general or statesman—enjoyed life with a keen relish, what hope or comfort was there for the oppressed provincials, who, greatly exceeding in number the Roman citizens, were constantly robbed of the fruit of their wearisome toils? What for the slaves, who, as numerous as free men, were treated with the last degree of barbarity? Noble-minded men, and such there were, who rose superior to common beliefs and disbeliefs, carried about a load of wretchedness indeed, if they could feel with Pliny that the power of committing suicide was the best gift God had bestowed upon man.

That the same disorders and evils largely exist in countries called Christian must be admitted; but Paganism directly sanctioned and fostered them, while Christianity opposes them, and, if yielded to, would extirpate them.

From what has been stated we may form some estimate of the potency of the causes that aided or retarded the spread of the gospel. The union of so many states under one government, and the consequent communication between them—the wide prevalence of Latin in the west and of Greek in the east—together with the tolerant spirit of classical heathenism—must at first have made the task of the missionary easier. The baseless character of Paganism rendered it peculiarly defenceless when confronted by a faith resting on a firm historic foundation. The confusion and contradiction of the various philosophies led a few thoughtful men to long for a higher certainty; while the conjectures of loftier minds anticipated some of the verities of the New Testament. But much must be put to the other side of the account. The toleration of the Romans could not long be extended to a religion at once exclusive and aggressive, which taught that the idols of the Pantheon were nothing in the world, or, at most, malignant demons; and whose doctrines must have soon led men to see that Rome's world-wide dominion, based on fraud and violence, must be proved at last a gigantic imposture. In the event of persecution, the extent of the empire rendered the hatred of the emperors more formidable and deadly. The flight of the Christian was useless when the meshes of the net that entangled him were spread through the civilized world. The prevailing scepticism tended to produce a general indifference to religion, and a despair of finding truth unfavourable to all impartial examination. If a few longed for emancipation from the corruptions

of the times, hateful vices suppressed in the many every noble aspiration, and steeled the hearts and stifled the consciences which should have seconded the appeals of the Christian teacher. Then, however widely diffused scepticism might be, Paganism pervaded the whole life of the Greek and Roman. Statues and pictures of the gods adorned their houses; in the glowing poetry of Homer and Virgil they were ever reminded of their majesty and mightiness; at the social board libations were poured out before them. The sad emotions of the funeral and the joys of marriage were alike connected with the thought of irresistible or of favouring deities, and the very games of the amphitheatre were given in their honour. It could not but be that a system thus connected with the joys and sorrows of life should retain its hold on the affections and the imagination, even when it had been dislodged from the intellect.

The bitterest prejudices, too, were excited against the gospel by its originating among a people so despised and perverse as the Jews; and the preaching of a crucified Saviour—that Saviour, to the unbeliever, a Hebrew peasant—at first could only call forth intense hatred and disgust. Yet was Christ crucified, the power and the wisdom of God; and though the struggle lasted for centuries, the complete overthrow of Paganism became at length a commentary on the words of the greatest of the apostles, "The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

A CHINESE ANECDOTE AND ITS LESSONS.

An English clergyman once, conversing with a Chinese priest, spoke to him of the omniscience and omnipresence of Jehovah. The Chinese said it was no less so with Joss, the god they worshipped.

"Nay," said the clergyman, "your god is an idol; he has eyes, but he cannot see; he has ears, but he cannot hear."

"O yes," he replied, "he sees and hears, and knows all things, and I'll tell you how. He has a vast number of spirits under him, whose office it is to acquaint him with everything that is done and said in the world. At the opening light of every day, one of these, with a book and pen in his hand, takes his station at every door, at every fire-place, at every bed-side, in every house, and writes down all that he hears and sees. At gun-fire every morning, they fly up and give in their reports, and in an instant resume their stations."

We see from this, that even the fantasies of the heathen mythology can furnish the idea of a spiritual agency in operation sufficient to form a record of all the ways and words of men. A like inference may be gathered from many of the marvellous though hidden processes of nature, and every breeze that blows upon us may teach us the same lesson.

Experience tells us that every breach of truth, every violation of justice, every criminal indulgence, write their own sentence of condemnation on the conscience; and that every resistance of evil, every act of benevolence, every fulfilment of duty, infallibly return an award of peace and joy; "showing the work of the law written in our hearts, our conscience also bearing witness, and our thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing, one another." (Rom. ii. 15.) And though these impressions may fade from our memories, they are inscribed on a page that shall survive when "heaven and earth shall pass away"—when "the judgment shall be set," and God will bring to light both "the hidden things of darkness" and the most secret works of charity and faith. "Then the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." *Now* these opposite characters are mingled together; but *then* the wicked shall be severed from among the just, and "these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." As, therefore, there is an inevitable relation between the seed that is sown and the grain that is gathered, let us "sow to ourselves in righteousness, that we may reap in mercy," and not "sow to the wind to reap a whirlwind"—not be "treasuring up unto ourselves wrath against the day of wrath," but "laying up in store for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that we may lay hold on eternal life."

The Christian, however, knows that in all he does he has "nothing wherein to glory"—that his works of righteousness do not constitute his *title* to the heavenly inheritance, but the proofs of his meetness for it (Colos. i. 12). These are the *evidences* that his faith has not been a "dead faith;" and it is these works that Christ will own as the distinctive marks of his people: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in," etc. These blessed ones are represented as having forgotten the deeds that are thus commended: "When saw we thee an hungred," etc.? but there was a surer register of them than their memories had preserved. "Another book was opened, which is the book of life," in which they were indelibly recorded, and they could "in no wise lose their reward." Therefore "let us not be weary in well doing, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not." "He that overcometh," it is written, "shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." (Rev. iii. 5.)

THE ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES.

CHAP. II.

THE GULF OF SUEZ.

At length, after three days' march, over a track of somewhat less than ninety miles, the traveller descends from the high plain on which he has been moving, by a gentle slope through the hills, and sees a new prospect opening before him. Far over a wide expanse stretches the long silvery line of even hills, which are the hills of Asia. Advancing onward, he reaches the plain below, and comes upon the square fortress of Ajerûd, built for the protection of the Mecca pilgrims, and deeply interesting as being the only spot which, from its position, can claim to be probably identified with any of the stations mentioned in the flight of the Israelites. It may possibly be Pihahiroth; in which case, Baal-Zephon was Suez, which lies on the blue waters of the sea, which here, for the first time, is visible—a real broad gulf of the Eastern ocean—the Gulf of Suez, the Red Sea, the Sea of Edom. High above the whole scene towers the mountain Attakah, the "Mountain of Deliverance;" a truly magnificent range, which is, beyond all question, the one great feature unchanged and unmistakeable. On that mountain the eyes of the bewildered Israelites gazed; it was the impediment which barred their return to Egypt, when Pharaoh appeared in their rear. It was this which "shut them in." The sea is blue and clear beyond description. Northwards, a narrow strip of shore lies, between the sea and the brown, precipitous, rocky mountains of the Egyptian coast. To the north-east, with the blue gulf between, lies the white line of Suez; and the Indian steamer is discernible, moored a few miles below. The Arabian hills, soft in their amethyst hues, shut in the whole to the east. (See the accompanying engraving.)

Suez is a poor, miserable old town; dirty and dismal, with nothing but salt water, and without fields, gardens, shrubs, or flowers; yet, built as it is on the verge of the two vast deserts of Africa and Asia, it is the rendezvous for the nations from the remotest provinces of these two quarters of the globe. The desert comes up to its very gates, beyond whose limits lie the skeletons of camels, horses, and asses scattered about; their flesh having fallen a prey to the hyena, jackal, dog, and vulture, to which may be added the droning beetle and the red lion ant.

If the reader were with me there, we would go, as Mr. Stanley did, to the flat roof of one of the houses in Suez, and view the prospect around. There, within the reach of vision, somewhere beneath that jagged mountain, was transacted the heart-stirring event sung to the timbrels of Miriam and her companions. Close under our feet lie the sandy shoals all around the town, over which, according to one theory, the Israelites passed; farther down the gulf spreads the deep azure sea, with the Asiatic hills just visible on the eastern side, over which they passed, according to the other. "It is unnecessary and impossible to decide precisely; for the limits of the desert have evidently changed since 'the edge of the wilderness' was only a day's march from the sea, as the limits of the sea have also changed since the time when it ran far up into the north." May we not say, of the uncertainty attending the precise locality of the passage—"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the deep waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

Now let us ascend, with another traveller, the lofty summits of the barren, precipitous and cavernous Attakah; and there, with our Bibles, maps, and telescopes, gaze around. "The view commands the gulf, running up a wide valley of naked dazzling cliffs, like a broad blue river; northward, the isthmus connecting Asia and Africa, a sandy waste, seventy miles across; eastward, the wilderness of Arabia, backed in the distance by the dark range towards Sinai and Horeb. In every other direction, the eye travels over one universal element of these regions, dry, hot, mirage-flickering plains; glaring, bright, and yellow." These mountains, with their rugged and insulated peaks, attract no clouds to screen the parched earth, and supply no streams to nourish the soil. Well might the prophet Jeremiah say of this sterile country, "It is a land of deserts and of pits; a land of drought and of the shadow of death; a land that no man passeth through!"

And now, let us take boat, and embark on the blue waters of the gulf. On landing, we cross a dreary plain of sand and loose stones, until, about half an hour's walk from the beach, we reach the springs of Moses, (or Ain Mousa,) with their group of dwarf palm trees, and seventeen wells, literally "an island in the desert." From hence Suez is supplied with water. The shore of the beach where you land commands a view across the gulf, into the wide opening of the two ranges of mountains, through which, according to the local Arab traditions, and the poetical interest of the scene, the exodus took place; and consequently this is the broad blue sea of the passage, and here is the spot of the landing. On that white, sandy desert, the trembling hosts of Israel stood, when the alarm was given that the Egyptians were in their rear. Before them was the deep, river-like sea; the tides of the Indian ocean, rising and falling, so unlike all which they had ever seen; so wholly different from the dead, still waters of the Mediterranean Sea. On their side rose the

THE GULF OF SUEZ.

frowning mountains of Attakah, hemming them in; thus "entangling them in the wilderness."

What a memorable night was that when the Israelites looked around in sadness and despair, and cried unto the Lord, and remonstrated with Moses, who, at the Divine command, bade them, "Fear not, but stand still, and see the salvation of God."

As the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the darkness folded its wings over the land, the mysterious pillar of cloud, which had hitherto gone before to lead them, removed and went behind them, thus closing from their vision the hosts of the Egyptians whom they were to see no more for ever. At the same time, the wonder-working rod of Moses was lifted up, and the east wind came roaring up the gulf, blowing louder and louder in its strength, unceasingly, all that night, and driving back the waters, till they rose "and stood up as a wall," forming an awful pathway through the deep; across which, lighted by the fitful gleaming of the fiery pillar on the moist channel, thus miraculously laid bare, the terrified Israelites defiled, in haste and trembling.

You know what befel the proud boasting foe who pursued them; how, "in the morning watch, the Lord looked through the pillar of fire and the cloud, and troubled them;" and it was now their turn to fear and flee; for they saw that "the Lord fought for Israel, and against the Egyptians." Alas! alas! too late now; they had often been reproved, and had seasons given them for repentance, yet had they hardened their necks and been rebellious; and now they were destroyed, and that suddenly, and there was none to deliver. Their awful doom has been, and shall ever be, a warning to all generations throughout the ages of time.

So "the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and his servant Moses." (Exod. xiv. 30, 31.)

DEATH is a bed of spices to all believers, ever since HE lay in it who is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys.—*Philip Henry.*

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

VIII.—THE LEPERS CLEANSED.

PART I.

We shall commence with some remarks on the disease, the miraculous cure of which we are about to consider. This will be proper for the following reasons: the complaint is little known to most of us; very confused accounts of it have been given; a great deal is said about it in the laws of Moses; it was evidently meant by the Almighty to be regarded by the Jews as a moral sign; and its being healed by the Redeemer has, on account of its Jewish ceremonial associations, all the deeper signification for us.

We read of leprosy being introduced into Spain and Italy about sixty years before the advent of Christ, but it was during the middle ages that it most prevailed in Europe. A disease called leprosy still exists in all the countries of Europe. But leprosy pertains to the east more than to the west. Its home is in warm climates.

The word leprosy is very inexactly used, and is applied to at least two different diseases. It often signifies elephantiasis, a disorder of the most frightful character, beginning in the skin and then corrupting and destroying the whole body; eating out, by degrees, the life of the patient, till he sinks from exhaustion, or from some inward malady produced by weakness. In that sense, the word seems to be used by the writers of the middle ages. But leprosy is also employed to denote a very much milder form of disease. It is simply a disease of the skin, irritating and even distressing, but not affecting the general health of the patient, though, in inveterate cases, the joints have become affected, and there has been a hindrance to the free motion of the limbs. In the 13th chapter of Leviticus, we have a particular account of the early stages of what is there called leprosy. Under this generic term, three species are included: first, the mild leprosy, which did not render a man ceremonially unclean; secondly, the white leprosy; and thirdly, the dark leprosy, which did render a person unclean.

But it is only the beginning of the disorder which we have described; the manner in which it afflicted the patient in its worst stage we are not informed. The question arises, was the leprosy about which such special provisions are made in the law of Moses the same as the horrible disorder of elephantiasis, or the same as the milder leprosy of modern times? If there were only one kind of leprosy then, it is far the most probable it was the former; but it has struck us, that as two species of leprosy causing uncleanness are mentioned by Moses—the white leprosy and the black leprosy—the one might be of a milder, and the other of a severer description, the one more like our leprosy, and the other more like the elephantiasis of the middle ages. In favour of this conjecture is the fact that in the early stage of the mild leprosy physicians describe the spot on the skin as of a whitish colour, whereas in the descriptions of the elephantiasis of the middle ages, we find, as an early symptom, a spot or humour of an olive or darkish colour.

It is a contested point among biblical critics, whether the leprosy of Scripture was contagious or not. At first it is very natural for a reader to receive the impression that it was. The great care enjoined by Moses about finding out whether a man had the leprosy or not, is in favour of the idea of contagion. But it is noticeable that this man was to be shut up *only* until it could be ascertained whether he had the leprosy; that the priests were required to be frequently in contact with the lepers, handling and examining them; that the stranger and sojourner were exempt from the law of seclusion; that Naaman, though a leper, commanded the armies of Syria; and that Gehazi had intercourse with the king of Israel. Nor is there anything in the Levitical law concerning leprosy which proves more than that the parties affected were to be counted *ceremonially* unclean. That the careful edict about separation does not necessarily imply that the leprosy was contagious, is clear from the fact that people who had only touched a dead body were unclean, and therefore in a state of separateness; and other persons also, who were affected with nothing contagious, were for a while cut off. Not a word is said in the law about the liability of people's catching the disease. And great medical authorities have pronounced leprosy, as at present existing, to be uncontagious. The same opinion is expressed of the elephantiasis of the middle ages.

But even supposing the leprosy were contagious, it is quite plain that the law of Moses had an end in view beyond what was merely

sanitary. The uncleanness of the leper is the chief fact indicated by the law, and that ceremonial uncleanness reveals a deep and solemn meaning. This brings us to the immediate subject. The disease of these men suggests to us a moral study. They were lepers; a single leper in the one case, and ten in the other. Their leprosy was more or less connected with physical suffering, and the disease so regarded is full of typical instruction.

Whatever this disease might afterwards become, it, in the first instance, as described by Moses, showed itself in feeble and, but for the knowledge of its consequences, unalarming signs —a little speck, a spot of whiter or darker hue. And here, at once, we light on a moral fact, the counterpart of this. In a human being the first signs of sin are slight. It does not burst out in its terribleness all at once. The nature of leprosy at the beginning is like the nature of sin at the beginning. Sin, if we may so speak, appears in the child as a little spot. When that child comes to understand, to reason, to know right from wrong, up there rises on the outward skin of the character, some little blemish, some trifling act of disobedience. Some may think nothing of it, but the wise observer will recognise the incipient manifestations of a serious disease. There is a defect in that child's moral nature; there is that which naturally tends to decline and to obliquity; there is that in the will which is prone to resist higher and better wills, and especially the one supreme and holy will, and also to fall in with lower and corrupt wills, even with the will of him who worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience. And that moral degeneracy is as a "fretting leprosy," which will eat, canker-like, into the whole being, unless divinely healed.

As leprosy had its different forms, and kinds, and degrees, so has sin. There is the white leprosy of sin, the milder development; and there is the dark leprosy of sin, the fiercer, the elephantine development; and between the earliest stage of disease and the last, in the case of those who exhibit it in the worst form, how seemingly remote the connection! But we are ever hearing of things to remind us of the thorough badness to which habits, not at first deemed so very bad, may grow; how the dark spot may swell and deepen into the elephantiasis of utter moral corruption—how the impure thought and word, how the whitest lie and the palest act of revenge, may run in time into the dark red crimes of adultery, theft, and murder.

Then, moreover, the helplessness of the leper — the incurableness of the disease by human skill even the best—illustrates the hopeless condition of the sinner, his doomed state, his prospect of lingering misery and wretchedness, apart from the power and mercy of Almighty God.

The leprosy was connected with defilement. According to the law of Moses, lepers were unclean. This, of itself, subjected them to two kinds of exclusion: first, from their fellow-creatures. They dwelt apart. "As he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off." A somewhat similar fact of meeting with lepers, so as to make us feel how cut off they are from other beings, is recorded by Robinson, who says of his visit to Jerusalem: "We reached the Zion gate just as it was opened at one o'clock; within the gates, a little towards the right, are some miserable hovels, inhabited by persons called leprous. Whether their disease is or is not the leprosy of Scripture, we are unable to affirm; the symptoms described to us were similar to those of elephantiasis. At any rate, they are pitiable objects and miserable outcasts from society. They all live here together, and intermarry only with each other. The children are said to be healthy till they come of age, when the disease makes its appearance, and gradually increases so long as the victim survives. They were said often to live to the age of forty or fifty years."

But the other kind of exclusion entailed by leprosy—the exclusion of the lepers from the temple of God—is more affecting still, and points distinctly to the separation which unhealed and obstinate sin causes from the infinite fountain of goodness — from the three holy Jehovah—from Father, Son, and Spirit —and from the world of purity and love, where are the throne of God and the Lamb. Miriam the leper put out of the camp as one dead; Uzziah the king, "leprous in the forehead," dwelling "in a several house," to the day of his death "cut off from the house of the Lord;" and Azariah, another king, dwelling also apart from the city and the house of the God of Judah; how they foreshadow the execution of the dreadful sentence—"There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie!"

And besides the moral lesson suggested by the suffering, and the separation of the leper through ceremonial uncleanness, there is something significant in the connexion between the personal malady and what under the same name affected wearing apparel and dwelling-places. The spreading of the plague in the garment, either in the warp or in the woof, or in anything of skin; the fretting leprosy inhering in it, only to be burnt out by fire; and, again, the breaking out of the plague in the stones of a house even after it had been scraped and

plastered, we are inclined to think were intended to convey to thoughtful minds an idea of the connexion and sympathy there is between nature and man, and of the mysterious bonds that interlace the moral and the material; so that the diseases of the body are related to the diseases of the soul; so that the garment which clothes the spirit is fretted away with a leprosy that has to do with sin; so that the house we live in becomes streaked and stained, and is unclean, and must be taken down and carried out, from a cause that is wonderfully associated with us, ourselves, our moral selves, and with the sin that lies in the heart and centre of our fallen being.

The healing of these men invites us further to the study of his ways, nature, and character, who, as we have already seen, healed as no man ever did. It has been supposed that as Matthew wrote his Gospel expressly for the Jews, he relates the miracle of the cleansing of the leper in this early part of his narrative, that his readers might regard it in relation to what we read at the commencement, or almost the commencement, of the history of Moses. "And the Lord said, Put now thine hand into thy bosom, and he put his hand into his bosom; and when he took it out, behold his hand was leprous as snow. And he said, Put thine hand into thy bosom again; and he put his hand into his bosom again, and plucked it out of his bosom, and behold it was turned again as his other flesh." And afterwards we are told, that "Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel; and Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people. And the people believed; and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked on their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped." Whether Matthew had any such intention or not, certainly it is instructive and elucidatory of the evidence of the Messiahship of Jesus to place this, his own great and early miracle, in juxtaposition with that of the lawgiver, his precursor. In itself it was a miracle of at least equal wonder to heal another man with leprosy, so as to make him throughout whole and clean, as it was to have a limb first affected and then restored; but while the wonder in this miracle fails not in comparison, its significant character rises far above that of Moses. Moses' miracle was a sign that God was with him; but beyond that bare significance, the miracle of Jesus went to show the nature of the mission he had come to fulfil. It set him forth at once as the *healer of others*—as the great curer of evil, curse-stricken, degraded, and distressed humanity. Benedictions ninefold had dropped from his lips. Now there comes from his hand, to crown them, a benediction in act.

THE MARTYRS OF PARIS.

PART III.

Among the edifices which most strongly interest the visitant to Paris, in the present day, is a remarkable building which bears the name of *La Sainte Chapelle*. It stands in the immediate vicinity of the *Palais de Justice*, in the island designated *La Cité*. Those who are acquainted with the history of Paris need not to be informed that this *Palais de Justice* was the site of the ancient residence of the Dukes of France, the Counts of Paris, and the earlier monarchs of the French nation. The adjoining chapel, which has borne many names, is divided into two compartments, both of which were anciently connected with the adjacent palace, the lower story being appropriated to the servants, the upper one to the members of the court itself. The building is in the highest style of finished Gothic magnificence, though it is comparatively small, and it is impossible to conceive of anything more exquisite than the effect of its richly painted windows as witnessed from the now partially renovated interior. *La Sainte Chapelle* was erected in its present form by Louis IX, who bore in France the name of St. Louis. When he was in the east at the time of the Crusades, he purchased, so runs the tale, from the emperor Baldwin, the identical crown of thorns which had been borne upon the brow of the suffering Christ. The identity of this relic was indeed rendered somewhat questionable by the fact that the abbey of *St. Denis* already boasted of the possession of the veritable crown of thorns. Which was the true and which the false it is not necessary that we shall attempt to determine.

The relic was conveyed with extraordinary solemnity to Paris, enclosed in three caskets, the outer one being of wood, the second of silver, the third of gold. As Baldwin found that this commerce in holy things was profitable, he contrived soon after to render St. Louis the happy purchaser of a large piece of the true cross, the head of the spear by which our Lord's body had been pierced, the sponge in which vinegar had been offered to him, the red and purple robe which had mocked his royal claims, some of the towel with which he had washed his disciples' feet, and a piece of the stone of the holy sepulchre. *La Sainte Chapelle* was erected on the site of former chapels as an edifice worthy to receive so much sanctity. The relics were deposited in caskets of the most precious workmanship, and an enormous sum of money was

consumed in the magnificent structure. The absurdity of such superstitions would be ridiculous did not the subject rather prompt serious sorrow.

On the 29th of January, 1535, Paris was in one of those stages of excitement to which it is liable on occasions of great public demonstration. The treasures of *La Sainte Chapelle* were on that day to be brought from their resting-place, and paraded with the most solemn ecclesiastical pomp before the eyes of the inhabitants. The king himself was to take part in the ceremonial. Let us look back at the causes which preceded this celebrated movement.

The death of the queen mother, Louisa of Savoy, had caused a momentary interruption of the fury of French persecution. Several concurrent events caused the Reformation for a moment to lift up its head. It was, however, for a moment only. The marriage of Francis's son with Catherine de' Medici (a niece of the pope) created in the mind of the versatile king a fresh zeal against heretics. A single circumstance rendered this bigotry furious. Féret had just arrived from Switzerland, and had brought with him a considerable number of placards denouncing with acrimonious severity the unscriptural rites of the Roman Catholic religion. These placards were posted in the most public places in the city of Paris, and even on the doors of the churches themselves. The excitement they caused was immense. The report went abroad that a vast Lutheran conspiracy was originated to burn the churches and to murder the inhabitants. A general cry was set up—"Death to the heretics." It may be easily supposed that the ecclesiastics were not slow in stimulating such an excitement. The king himself, who had seen this placard affixed to the door of his own chamber, was vehemently enraged. Jails were crowded with Lutheran victims. A general search was instituted for heretics, and a new era of persecution was initiated by the ceremonial we have already described. On the appointed day, Paris was crowded with eager spectators. "There was not the smallest piece of wood or stone jutting out of the walls on which a spectator was not perched, provided there was but room enough. The roofs of all the houses were covered with men of all ranks, and one might have fancied the streets were paved with human heads." All the sacred curiosities of the city of Paris were paraded with the pomp so familiar to the church of Rome. Every high dignitary was present. The corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for the occasion by a fast of several days, bore the shrine of St. Geneviève, and it was accounted a precious privilege to be permitted to touch it with the tip of a finger. Among other curiosities then paraded were Aaron's rod, the tables of Moses, and the blood of our Lord. Sad and fearful profanity! In the midst of the procession appeared the king, his head bare, and holding in his hand a lighted taper. He was followed by the members of the royal family, the officers of his court, cardinals and bishops, the members of the parliament, the different corporate bodies of the city, the universities, and the various orders of monks. Before each house which the procession passed were seen the citizens, bearing lighted tapers, who fell on their knees in adoration of the host. The ceremonial was concluded by a dinner given to the king at the palace of the bishop of Paris. At the conclusion of the repast, Francis seated himself upon his throne, and there, surrounded by the grand dignitaries of his empire, declared, amidst the most solemn asseverations, that it should be his labour to punish and extirpate the crime of heresy within his dominions. He added that he would not forgive it even in his own children, and that he would cut off with his own hand even one of the members of his body if it should be infected with it. He gave directions at the same time that the parliament, the university, and the magistrates of Paris should not fail to denounce to the secular courts all persons suspected of the crime of heresy.

To complete the impressiveness of this occasion, six Lutherans were consigned to the flames in different parts of the metropolis. To render these sufferers incapable of addressing the populace, their tongues had previously been mutilated or cut out. They were burned alive by the *estrapade*—a machine so constructed as, by means of a long lever, to lift the victim out of the flames and to plunge him into them again, thus renewing and multiplying with cruel ingenuity his protracted tortures. Some of these victims were burned along the route intended to be taken by Francis as he returned from the episcopal palace of Notre Dame to the Louvre, where he resided (the old Louvre). These poor Christians bore their tortures with exemplary courage; so proving to the spectators the reality of the convictions for which they suffered. They had been convicted mainly upon the impeachment of a box-maker, and condemned by a judge who had heretofore professed to be one of the Lutherans.

One of these victims was Bartholomew Milo, a poor cripple, having only the use of his tongue and arms. With the sarcasm for which he had been heretofore celebrated, he had attacked a Christian man as he passed his shop, and had been requited by the gift of a New Testament. He read, he believed, and during a confinement of six years to a bed of sickness became a matured Christian. Though incapable of locomo-

nion, he employed himself industriously, sometimes in instructing children, sometimes in engraving steel instruments, or in goldsmiths' work. His earnings were given to the pious poor. He was taken before Morin, the *Lieutenant-Criminel*. "Get up, Milo," said the cruel judge, observing his prostrate attitude. "Ah, sir," replied Milo, with calmness, "it will require the power of a greater Master to make me stand upright." His courage did not forsake him at the last scene. Being led by his paternal home, he conducted himself with a bravery and confidence worthy of the truth he professed. He was burnt upon the *Place de Grève*.

Another of these victims, Valeton, was burnt at the "*Croix du Tirouer*," with wood from his own house. His firmness was remarkable, seeing that he had been for a very short time a Christian.

Jean du Bourg was a cloth-merchant of Paris, residing in the *Rue St. Denis*. He suffered in the *Place des Halles*.

Henri Poille was a poor bricklayer, a disciple of Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux. That he might not speak at his execution, his tongue, which had been bored through, was fastened to his cheek by an iron pin.

Another of these victims was Stephen de la Forge, a rich merchant, who had circulated many copies of the Scriptures at his own expense.

Most of these martyrs were disciples and hearers of Calvin, who had already begun to be illustrious for that noble Christian course which he so eminently adorned.

On the 29th of January in the same year, the king, committed openly to the cause of persecution, issued a decree forbidding all persons to give an asylum to the Reformers, on pain of being burned alive. This law was made retrospective. At the same time, two tribunals for heresy were established—one under the superintendence of ecclesiastics, which was called the inquisition; another under the surveillance of the parliament, which bore the name of the *chambre ardente*, or chamber in which persons were sentenced to be burned. The judges of the latter tribunal were named by the pope, and it was specially cognizant of the crime of Protestantism.

Under the influence of these severe persecutions, Calvin, with less courage than was manifested by Luther on a similar occasion, fled from Paris to avoid the charge of heresy brought against him by the Sorbonne. His escape was a narrow one. He retired for the present to Poitou and Saintonge, preaching wherever it was possible. A grotto is still shown in the neighbourhood of Poitou, where the Reformed of that day were accustomed to meet, and where Calvin preached and administered the sacraments. In this place he was one day speaking of the Roman Catholic ceremonies. "There is my mass," said he, showing his Bible; then adding with uplifted eyes, "O Lord, if at the day of judgment thou shouldst blame me for not having been to mass, and forsaking thee, I shall say with justice—O Lord, thou hast not commanded it. Behold thy law; behold thy Scripture which thou hast given me, in which I have been unable to find any other sacrifice than that which was offered at the altar of the cross."

On his arrival at Basle, Calvin completed, and dedicated to Francis, his "Institutes of the Christian Religion." In the introduction to that work he says: "According to the report of our enemies, we aim at nothing but to deprive kings of their sceptres, to overthrow the seat of judgment, to confound all ranks and distinctions of society, to destroy the peace and quiet of the people, to abolish all laws, to annihilate the rights of property, to effect, in short, the ruin of all. And this is the least of the injuries which they inflict. Frightful are the accusations against us which they spread among the people; they charge us with crimes which, were they rightly attributed to us, would deserve at the hands of mankind at large a thousand deaths by the cross or the flames. Who can wonder that the people hate us with deadly hatred, when such terrible accusations obtain belief? Hence all classes are united in condemning our doctrine. Inflamed by these feelings, judges pronounce a sentence, already determined upon, but certainly not according to righteousness, and believe that they have done their duty, if none of our brethren dragged before the tribunal fail to be convicted, either by their own forced confession, or by the false testimony of others. But what is their crime? It is this: they have listened to the condemned doctrine. But with what right has it been condemned? This is the main point of our defence. We dare not repudiate this doctrine, we must proclaim its truth; but we are not permitted even to open our mouths on the question." With Calvin there fled from the soil of France, Olivetan, the celebrated Hebrew scholar, Clement Marot, and many others—some to seek an asylum in Switzerland, and others in Italy. The persecution raged with extreme violence. The press was closely watched; all discussions on matters religious were strictly forbidden; even books of medicine were not exempt from examination. A large number of persons perished in the flames. Nor was Paris the only scene of such executions. At Meaux, in one day, no fewer than fifty persons were consigned by the *chambre ardente* to various punishments, and forty were burned alive!

Among the sufferers at this crisis were Alexander Canus at Lyons, who was exposed to such severity of torture that his limbs were broken under it; he was finally burned alive; Marie Bécandelle at Rochelle, who, for entertaining a preaching cordelier, was sentenced to the same punishment, with Jean Cornon at Poitou, a poor and uneducated labourer, who so defended the doctrines of the gospel before the magistrates, as to strike them with astonishment.

The dreadful persecution of the Vaudois cannot be narrated here; we may merely mark its coincidence with other events of the Reformation.

The hand of severity, however, was, during all this period, holding out and scattering the seed of the kingdom. It has been calculated that about this time nearly one-sixth of the population of France consisted of the reformed Christians. There was a general inclination towards their doctrines among the nobility who were not yet corrupted by the habits of the court, among literary and professional people, and among the higher orders of workmen. Even ecclesiastics, especially if of low rank, and in the provinces, were not a little favourable to the reformed doctrines, especially as they thought that the Roman See would be compelled to court their alliance. But no class was more earnest in the dissemination of the new doctrines than the colporteur, then, and still, in foreign lands, especially in France, the messenger of spiritual liberty—the friend of those who feel their need of the gospel—the humble hand which holds out to the multitude treasures of inestimable spiritual value.

One of these, Pierre Chapot, who was employed in Paris as a collector of books, and who sold publications of a religious kind, was cited before the *chambre ardente*. By some strange misadventure, it was determined that he should argue the points of his faith before three doctors of theology, who came most unwillingly to the contest. Chapot plied them with the ever-availing argument of the sufficiency of Scripture, and required of them to prove their practices from the sacred volume. This they were, of course, unable to do, and their vexation was proportionate. They retired with threats. Chapot then fell on his knees, before his judges, solemnly praying that God would conduct them to a just judgment. But though some were softened, the utmost favour he could gain from the rest was, that they would not cut out his tongue before his execution. He suffered at the *Place Maubert*. During his last hours, one of the disputants who had argued with him, recommended him to ask pardon of the Virgin Mary. "Sir," said the martyr, "let me speak; I will say nothing unbecoming a good Christian. As for the Virgin Mary, I have not offended her in any way whatever, nor would I wish to do so." "Say then one Ave Maria." "No," he replied, "I will not say it; I will only say, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." This he often repeated, but this could not be allowed. The executioner was commanded to tighten the cord, which soon terminated his sufferings. Warned by this example, the doctors of the Sorbonne obtained a decree of the parliament that, in all future executions, the tongues of the heretics should be cut out.

Though Francis had been stimulated by papal counsels to this excess of rage, he could not complacently reflect on what he had been the instrument of accomplishing. He could no longer say, as at the battle of Pavia, "all is lost except honour," for he was not a little pledged in honour to that cause which he had ultimately so cruelly treated. By these acts, however, he compromised his own position, and excited the enmity of the body of German Protestants, with whom he was in alliance; and he was compelled to temporize and play the hypocrite in order to avert serious consequences. The ways of sin are always tortuous; the paths of evil all end in danger. The conscience of Francis was far from easy. Monarchs as well as subjects have their convictions, which now and then will be heard. At length Francis was called to pass through that dread hour when the invisible asserts its claims, and terrifies the mind of the sinner by its awful importance. He whom Calvin had so earnestly addressed with entreaties that he would stay the storm of persecution, but whom he had besought in vain (for Francis never would read his book), found it to be his turn to tremble. With his dying breath, he exhorted his son, Henry II, not to lend himself to the projects of the house of Lorraine (the Guises), as he had done, nor to ruin France by measures of religious severity. Unhappily, his successor did not profit by his advice, but furnished the materials for other chapters recording the religious persecutions of Paris.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE REV. R. CECIL.

On Wednesday, January 12th, 1803, the Rev. R. Cecil was riding towards Bond-street. He had been the same way the day before, but finding the stones slippery in consequence of a frost, he determined to be particularly cautious, and in order to avoid the stones, went round by the New Road; but in turning into Oxford-street, his horse's legs flew from under him, owing to his stepping on some ice, and Mr. Cecil was thrown off upon his face, at the moment that a heavily loaded cart was passing.

His shoulder was in the track of the cart-wheel, and he distinctly felt it pass over him and bear against his head; the crown of his hat was considerably pressed in by the wheel against his temple, and had he been thrown a few inches further, it must have gone directly over his head.

He was immediately carried into a shop, where he received kind attention, and was thence brought home in a hackney coach. On examination, it was found that though his arm was much bruised and discoloured, no serious injury had been received: he attributed this, under the mercy of God, to his shoulder not having borne the whole weight of the wheel, which being broad, was at the moment of going over eased, as he supposed, by the inner part of it being raised by a stone rather more elevated than the rest in the pavement.

From this fearful situation, in which he was so mercifully preserved from broken bones or instant death, the Rev. R. Cecil said that he had learnt three lessons. First, that while we are called on to use all proper means and precautions of safety, God will sometimes show us our absolute dependence on him, by making the very means which we employ, the occasion of bringing us to the very borders of the grave. He thought it his duty to avoid the stones as much as possible, and yet here danger met him. A second lesson gathered from this event was the comparative trifling ness of the causes, which occupy and harass the mind. He had been much worried and depressed by some circumstances of domestic trial, which had almost wholly engaged his thoughts, and appeared of deep interest and importance; but on comparing them now with the much heavier trial which his family was so near encountering, of seeing him brought home a corpse, he then felt them to be trifles, and to be treated as trifles. A third lesson he said was very obvious, but it was now brought home with peculiar force to him, and that was, to be *always ready*. "I went out yesterday and came in again with safety; I go out, and I shall return when my business is finished: no, the Lord may say concerning me, 'You shall return no more; your time is come; my messenger waits for you with a summons.'"

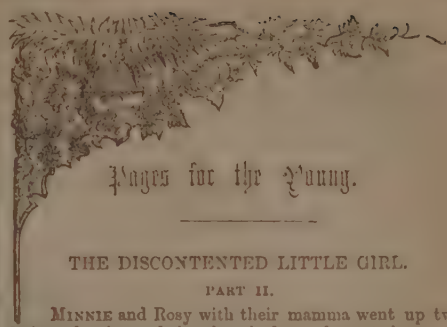
BIBLE QUESTIONS.

46. Following the simile of a foundation, to what are the ministers of Jesus compared? and who are the stones that compose the building?

47. The golden candlesticks from the Temple of Solomon were carried by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon—where do you find this mentioned?

48. Do you ever find the candlestick afterwards spoken of at Babylon, under any remarkable circumstances?

49. What proof have we from the New Testament, that Lot, though in Sodom, was not of it?



THE DISCONTENTED LITTLE GIRL.

PART II.

Minnie and Rosy with their mamma went up two flights of stairs, and then knocked at a door at the top of the second flight.

"Come in," said a feeble voice.

The children now clung close to their mother's side, as she entered the room. It was a very wretched room. There was no fire in the grate, although it was so cold, and there was no carpet on the floor, and but little glass in the window. There were two very old chairs, a small deal table, and a heap of straw in one corner of the room, on which lay a poor woman, so very thin that her bones seemed almost coming through her skin. She smiled faintly as their mamma approached, and in a very weak voice said, "God bless you, ma'am, for coming to me. He has sent you to save me and my poor child."

"How is this, my poor woman?" said Minnie's mamma; "I was not aware you were so ill; how long have you been so? and why did you not send for me?"

"I was taken suddenly ill a week ago last Monday, ma'am; I had no one to send to you, and I spent all the little money I had yesterday, and we have had nothing to eat since. I did not care so much for myself, but for my poor dear child."

And now Minnie and Rosy became aware that there was a child lying in the straw with the poor woman. Its face was covered over partially with the thin quilt, and they had not noticed it before.

"All I feared for was my poor Willie," continued the poor sufferer, with tears in her eyes. "I thought if it pleased God to take *me*, what would have become of him, poor little cripple! But I was wrong to doubt the goodness and mercy of Him who has promised to be the father of the fatherless."

And the poor creature renewed her thanks to Rosy's mamma, who, by this time, had unpacked a little basket she had brought with her, and was pouring out a little wine, which she made the invalid drink.

"What is the matter with her little boy, mamma?" whispered Minnie.

"He fell down-stairs about three years ago, my dear, and hurt his back so much that he will never be able to walk again."

"Oh! poor little fellow! how miserable he must be," said Rosy.

"No, miss, he is not," said his mother; "and if he can but get a little food to eat, he is as cheerful a little fellow as ever you saw. When I am well and can get out to work, we get on nicely; but he has had nothing to eat all to-day, so he cried himself to sleep just before you came in. It is very cold to-day, ma'am," continued she, "and having no fire and no food, we felt it all the more."

Rosy's conscience again reminded her of her behaviour that morning, and this time she did not disregard its voice. The noise of so many persons speaking now awakened poor Willie; he put his head out from under the ragged bed-clothes, and seeing strange faces, began to cry again.

"Don't cry, dear Willie," said his mother; "it is a kind lady who has brought us bread. Let us thank God, who has sent her to us in our trouble."

Poor Willie rubbed his eyes as if it were all a dream; but when Rosy's mamma put a slice of bread into his hand, the little fellow began to think it was really true, and a smile of thankfulness beamed on his thin wasted face. He had soon eaten the bread, and could answer any questions.

"What do you do, Willie," said Rosy's mamma, "when your mother goes out to work?"

"I lie here and watch the sun coming through the window panes. I watch it all day long, and when it shines across the cupboard there, I know mother will soon be home."

"But when there is no sun, what do you do then, Willie?"

"Sometimes I sleep a little, and I say over the hymns mother taught me, and I listen to neighbour Brown's blackbird opposite; but since Jack Frost has come, they have taken it indoors, so I don't hear it now."

"And have you no playthings?"

"I have an old knife, ma'am, and sometimes I cut bits of wood; but I broke it the other day," said Willie, sorrowfully.

"Suppose I were to buy you a new knife, Willie?"

"Oh ma'am, *would you?*"

"Yes, I will, if you are a good boy."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am; I shall want nothing else then, for I can cut up wood for mother, and make little boats, and do everything." And the pale face of the child lighted up with pleasure.

"Oh, Rosy, Rosy!" whispered conscience, "think of your cupboard-full of toys, and of your discontent this morning." And Rosy *did* think of it; for, drawing her mamma on one side, she whispered: "May I give Willie my box of bricks, mamma?"

Now this box of bricks was a present Rosy had lately had given her by her aunt, and with which she was much pleased; so her mamma knew it was a piece of self-denial on her little girl's part to offer to give them away.

"Yes, Rosy, we will send them to him this afternoon, with some things for his mother."

And having emptied the basket, and promised the poor woman to send a doctor to see her, and to visit her soon again, mamma and her little girls descended the narrow stairs and were soon again in the busy streets.

"Is there nothing poor little Willie can give you in exchange for your bricks, Rosy?" asked her mamma.

"Willie give *me*, mamma?"

"Yes, my child."

"He has nothing in all the world, mamma."

"Indeed he has, Rosy; he has something that my little daughter, with all her comforts and pleasures, does not possess."

Rosy blushed, and the tears came into her eyes, as she said: "I think I know what you mean, dear mamma; you mean a contented disposition, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear; and it was in the hope of, with God's blessing, giving you that feeling of content, that I took you and Minnie with me to-day. What would my little Rosy do, if she had no better home and no more comforts than poor Willie?"

"Oh mamma! I will never grumble at Jack Frost again."

"Think rather how thankful you ought to be, Rosy, to God who has given you so much more than he has to poor Willie. Not that you *deserve* it more than he does, my child, for I am sure your conscience must tell you you do not. Let this morning's visit then be a lesson to you both; and whenever you feel inclined to grumble and be ill-tempered, think of poor little Willie and his cheerful contentment."

Rosy pressed her mamma's hand, and they returned home.

In the afternoon, both the little girls came to their mamma with the money out of their purses, done up into two little paper parcels.

"Dear mamma," said they, "we have so many nice things; so will you please take our money, and buy what you think will be best for poor Willie?"

"I will do so with pleasure, my dear little girls;" and their mamma then told them that she was going to pay some one to go and teach Willie to read, and afterwards to instruct him in some useful trade—something that he could work at in bed; and the children were very glad to hear that, and begged their dear mamma to allow them sometimes to go with her to see Willie, "for," said Rosy, "it will help to keep me good, mamma."

And you will be glad to hear that, with God's help, Rosy did keep good, and was seldom again heard to grumble. Her mamma wrote out for her that pretty hymn of Miss Taylor's, "The Child of Affluence," and Rosy not only learnt it, but treasured up in her heart the precepts it contains. In case any of my little readers may not have heard it, I have copied it for them, and I hope they will all learn it, and practise what it teaches.

THE CHILD OF AFFLUENCE.

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestow'd upon me!
But though I'm preserved from such want and distress
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel!
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,
Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,
How could I such hardship and suffering endure?
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blessed,
May it be my delight to relieve the distressed,
For God has declared, and his promise is sure,
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

39. Ephesians i. 13, 14. "After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession."

40. James ii. 19. "The devils believe and tremble."

41. See the case of Abraham, Genesis xviii. 27. "I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." Moses, Exodus iii. 6. Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God. Job xlii. 5, 6. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Isaiah vi. 1—5. "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. . . . . Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Peter, Luke v. 8. "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

42. In Ezekiel, chapters xxvi. to xxviii.

43. Rom. xii. 13. "Given to hospitality." Hebrews xiii. 2. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." 1 Peter iv. 9. "Use hospitality one to another without grudging." It is required especially as a qualification for the ministerial office. 1 Tim. iii. 2. "A bishop must be given to hospitality." Titus i. 8. "A lover of hospitality."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE WIDOW PARTING FROM HER SON.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. III

NEXT Sunday evening Nurse Grand found herself surrounded by her young audience, who were eager to hear a continuation of her history.

"You will remember, Miss Ellen," she began, "I told you that about three years after I left Colonel C ——'s family, I again entered into their service, and went to India. I was engaged, in my capacity of nurse, as attendant upon a married daughter of my former mistress, who was in very delicate health, and required great care and watchful nursing. She had married, at a very early age, a gentleman who held an exceedingly lucrative post in India. They had been residing two years in England, and her husband's engagements now rendered it necessary they should go abroad again; and I consented, under certain conditions, to accompany her. I had become much interested in her. A more lovely, gentle, and pious being I have never known; her indescribable sweetness of temper made it delightful to serve her; and now that she had become the mother of twin daughters, I felt more than ever unwilling to part with her. It is not, however, of this lady that I am about now to speak. I wish to tell

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

you of the way in which I first became acquainted with Joe Young and his mother.

"We had gone to Gravesend, from which place we were to embark; and were in lodgings in the town, waiting the time of the ship's departure. Mrs. C—— and Miss V—— had come with my mistress, and were spending the last few days with her, before they parted, probably for many years. It was a sorrowful time; and I also had many regrets at leaving England; for, although those I loved best had left this world for a better—(both mother and sister had been called away)—yet it was a pang to leave the land of my birth, and to go to a strange country. I hoped, however, that I was in the path of duty; and I tried to comfort myself in looking up to God, from whom alone cometh our help.

"One afternoon, having a quiet hour of leisure, I strolled down to the beach, and walked along, deeply engaged with my thoughts, occasionally gazing at our noble ship, 'The Providence,' which lay at anchor, awaiting the arrival of the captain. As I gazed, I thought of the voyage she was about to make, and of the numerous passengers and busy crew who would, for so many months, call her their home. My fancy dwelt awhile on the varied characters and different objects of those who were about to venture on all the dangers and discomforts of a distant sea-voyage; and I felt a measure of interest on their behalf, which expressed itself in a half-breathed prayer for those who were to be my companions over the mighty, pathless ocean.

"Raising my eyes, I looked far away over the western horizon, and marked where, in the golden path made by the sun's declining beams, a distant sail was seen, just visible, like a sea-bird's wing, dipping into the ocean.

> 'Till now, scarce seen, it faded on the eye.
> Wedded in thought and varying sympathy,
> I communed with the souls it did convey,
> And kind affections and hope's cheering ray
> Sent o'er the waters, with compassion's sigh.
> How little thought the distant crew,
> Mid the lone ocean, of a friendly care,
> Whose eye and heart still held them in its view,
> And breath'd for them a supplicating prayer!
> Nor knoweth man what love his steps attend,
> What unseen being is his guardian friend.'

"Rather weary of walking, I retired beneath the pier, and was resting on a low post beside one of the pillars, when my meditations were interrupted by seeing a boat, which was approaching the shore with a party of sailors, who dipped their oars merrily in the sparkling waves, and presently reached the beach within a short distance of the place I had chosen. They soon landed, and dispersed, on various errands, along the shore; and I perceived that the boat belonged to our ship, whose name was painted on her side.

"One of the sailors who had manned her was approaching the pier, and seemed eagerly looking out for some person or thing expected. It was not long before a small donkey-cart appeared, in which was seated a country woman, who presently dismounted, and handed to the youth, who sprang forward to meet her, a small parcel, probably containing his linen. The two were evidently mother and son. There was a strong likeness between them; and as they slowly walked up to the pier, and stood talking within a stone's throw of me, I overheard, from time to time, a few words that passed. The mother's face was cheerful and happy, glowing with health and kind-heartedness; but, as she looked up at her boy, the tears gathered in her eyes, and her lips trembled. She was about to part with him for an unknown period, and to see him embark for a long and hazardous voyage, and her heart was full to overflowing. For about a quarter of an hour they continued conversing together; then it was evident the time had come when they must part. They came nearer to me, and I heard the sobs of the mother, and saw the lad put his arms around her, and bend affectionately over her. He was a fine, bright-looking youth, with an open and spirited face; but alas! I gathered, from the broken accents of his mother, that she knew he was as yet unconverted, and a stranger to the covenant of hope.

"'Oh! my boy, my dear Joe, would to God I had the joy of knowing your heart is given up to him, to serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Don't forget my last words before we part: Him that honoureth me, I will honour, saith the Lord, but he that despiseth me, shall be lightly esteemed. God bless you, and bring you to himself; I shall pray for you all the time you are gone; but, oh! Joe, what will be your end if you should die in your sins?'

"'Cheer up, mother,' was his answer. 'You see I don't go to die; when I fell through the trap-door the other day, you thought I was done for; but I was all right.'

"'Ah, boy! if that trap-door had been the door of hell, what—'

"'But it was not, mother; and a young fellow like me must have his swing. Only don't fret—you shouldn't cry; I shall do well enough; and I won't forget you nor my sisters either. If a sinner may pray, I pray God bless you all!' And so saying, he kissed her again; and then, seeing his comrades at hand, he hastily rubbed his hand over his eyes, and bidding her once more 'Good-bye,' was presently gone. A few moments afterwards the boat was pushed off, and Joe Young stood waving his cap to his poor

mother, as she gazed after him. Her eager eyes followed the little skiff while it remained in sight, her lips moving silently; and I knew that in her spirit she was beseeching God to bless and guard her first-born son, and to grant him pardoning and converting grace. I united my prayer with hers, and then, rising from my seat, went my way.

"The next day we sailed. During the early part of our voyage, we had splendid weather, and the days flew quickly past, only seeming too short for our wishes. We had on board an excellent man, a missionary, who had devoted his life to the service of his Saviour in preaching the gospel among the heathen. He was busily engaged in the study of Hindostanee; and after a short time, having made the acquaintance of my mistress and some young friends who accompanied her, he assisted them in their endeavours to gain some knowledge of the language. A pleasant and happy party was thus formed, who laid down for themselves a regular plan for the employment of each day, to which they steadily adhered; and found the great comfort and benefit of such a useful and judicious arrangement.

"On the return of each sabbath, when the weather permitted, both passengers and ship's crew assembled on the quarter deck, to join in prayer. On these occasions our missionary friend officiated, taking his station at the capstan, over which was thrown the flag so dear to every British sailor—the Union Jack.

"It was an interesting and impressive sight. Many of the men appeared thoughtful and devout; but few of them, however, had Bibles or Prayer-books. In those days there was not so much pains taken to supply the spiritual necessities of our poor sailors; but during the last twenty years, how great is the change in this respect! Now, the ships are visited by distributors of the publications of the Bible and Tract Societies, and supplied with suitable books, to form libraries for the men, and all may be provided with the word of God.

"Among the sailors assembled at divine service each sabbath morning, I always looked for Joe Young. Never did I forget him; and daily I prayed that it would please God to bring him to the knowledge of himself.

"On the 2nd and 3rd of July, we approached the southern point of Africa, and on the 4th we landed at Cape Town. On this occasion I had an opportunity of seeing Joe. He assisted me down the ladder into the boat, and after our party had landed, I remained some time on the beach to see after the luggage, in which business I required his help. Alas! I heard him utter a fearful imprecation at some slight accident which annoyed him, and my heart was deeply pained. I watched an opportunity, when I returned on board, and slipped into his hand the tract entitled, 'The Swearer's Prayer,' which I had enclosed in an envelope, addressed to him. You may be sure I accompanied this gift with an earnest prayer that it might be blessed.

"It happened, some time after this, that I was able to address a few words of serious exhortation to the poor lad. A young officer on board had been, for some time, in a declining state. He was intimate with Mr. Lukin, my mistress' husband, at whose request I sat up with him the night of his death, which was a very distressing one. This young gentleman had taken an interest in Joe, who had accidentally rendered him an important service, and he was allowed to be in attendance on the dying man. I embraced the opportunity, as we watched by his bedside, to speak a word of admonition, and endeavoured to press home on the conscience of the lad, the sad lesson taught by the scene we beheld. Mournful, indeed, was the spectacle! Far from those who were bound to him by the ties of kindred, the last moments of the unhappy man were embittered by miserable recollections, and unavailing regrets for misspent time and lost opportunities. He died an hour before sunrise; and at four o'clock on that day the crew and some of the passengers assembled on the quarter-deck, to consign his body to the deep.

"It was a solemn moment when, at a given signal, the supports were removed, and the coffin was allowed to fall from the gangway into the ocean. For a few seconds it floated, but presently began slowly to sink and disappear beneath the surface of the water. As I watched it, I said to myself, 'The sea shall give up the dead that are in it, and all the mighty host that lie engulphed therein shall appear before God, and render an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad.'

"Strange as it may seem, even this sad event seemed to produce no effect on the heart of Young. No serious thoughts were awakened, and he remained unconcerned as ever.

"Some time after this the weather became tempestuous, and we encountered one or two violent storms. Many of us trembled for our safety; the passengers were filled with alarm, and all faces wore an air of anxiety. But even then, as he afterwards confessed, Joe remained indifferent and hardened; nor did either the perils we encountered, or the deliverances mercifully vouchsafed to us, make the least impression on his heart. When we reached our destination, he left the vessel, fully resolved to indulge his sinful propensities and to pursue a reckless career of sin and folly.

"Three months after our arrival in India, I received a call from our fellow-traveller, the missionary. He told me that he had been requested to call by a young man to whom I gave a tract on board ship, and who was very desirous to see me, being now on a sick bed. He added that he seemed truly penitent, and had sent this message to me—'Tell her, as she has heard me blaspheme the name of Jesus, I now wish her to hear me own him as my only hope for salvation.'

"I gladly accompanied Mr. S., who conducted me to the hospital in which the poor prodigal lay—a victim to his evil and dissolute conduct; but now, there was reason to hope, repentant and forgiven. He welcomed me with much emotion, and told me—what I already knew—that he had a pious mother, whose prayers and counsels he had despised and rejected; and he added, 'Could she but know the change of heart I have experienced, how happy would it make her, even though she must weep could she see how altered I am.' He was, indeed, so mere a shadow of his former self, that the unbidden tear rose to my eye, as I recalled his appearance when I had first seen him on the beach at Gravesend. Truly 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and he had found it so. Not until his pay money had been wasted in prodigality, his health destroyed by vicious indulgence, and he found himself helpless and forlorn, on a bed of sickness, did he 'come to himself,' and consider his ways. Conscience then awoke from its slumbers, and told him he was lost and undone.

"'Now,' said he, 'I tried to pray, but I could not, and my anguish was great. One day I contrived to dress myself, and was crawling to the window, when my hand chanced to slip into my waistcoat-pocket, and drew out the tract you had given me long ago. I had used it to wrap up something I wanted to keep, and by this means it escaped destruction. I read it, and felt its truth with terrible force. I was in agony and darkness, and my misery seemed greater than I could bear. At length, unable to endure my distress, I resolved to speak to the clergyman who visited the hospital, and whom I had hitherto always avoided, by pretending to sleep when he approached my bed. This gentleman is he who kindly conveyed my message to you. He heard my case, prayed with me, pointed me to the Lamb of God, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and never wearied in his labour of love till it pleased God to give me hope in his mercy unto eternal life. As a brand plucked from the burning I look to the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"For several weeks his life hung in jeopardy, but eventually he recovered, and I rejoice to say he still lives, and walks consistently, adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour. His worldly circumstances are greatly improved. His steady good conduct and trust-worthiness have procured him an excellent situation abroad, which he has now held many years. From time to time he writes to his mother, whom he maintains in comfort, and often tells me that she blesses me; for I was the first person from whom she learned the joyful tidings which enabled her to say—'This my son was dead, but is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'"

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

How seldom and how imperfectly do we obey our Saviour's command to "search the Scriptures!"

Is it not the case with many of our readers that we consider it sufficient to read a stated quantity—it may be several chapters, or it may be only a few verses—and then give our minds to other subjects, and never think of what we have read until the time comes round when we again take up our Bibles, and in the same careless and inattentive manner read another portion?

Some there are who never, from one week to another, open the Bible, except at family prayer, and then their thoughts are frequently occupied by other subjects, their various employments through the day claiming their chief attention.

We frequently find among professors of religion that the injunction at the head of our article is quite forgotten; they read the Scriptures every morning and night, and hear them read every Sunday during divine service, and think this the extent of their duty; but they never "*Search the Scriptures*," and very likely do not know the difference between *reading* and *searching*. We would not at all underrate the advantage to be derived from attentively *reading* the word of God, but it is quite possible to read the Scriptures all through, and still be ignorant of a great deal that may be learned by diligently and carefully comparing the different parts, and thus discovering the bearing of one text upon another.

The promises and consolations contained in the word of God are intended to comfort us in every-day trials, and strengthen us against every-day temptations; and it is therefore our duty to make the Scriptures our constant *study*, and so to meditate on them that they may have a visible effect on our lives and conversation.

With the contents of other books we become well acquainted. Passages from our favourite authors we know by heart, and take pleasure in

repeating and pondering; why should we not also aim at attaining a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures? Not a mere mechanical knowledge, which would enable us to say how many chapters and verses the Bible contained, and how many times such and such words occurred—points over which some people, who must be sadly in want of employment, waste a great deal of precious time; but a feeling application of the various passages to our own necessities, and an adoption of the commandments and exhortations as the rules of our outward conduct and private meditations.

We believe that there are many who neglect this part of their duty from mere forgetfulness, and for want of having the subject brought before them; and to such, especially, we would recommend the Bible as a *daily* companion. They will be surprised to find how much more trifling their cares and troubles will appear, and how much more easily they will overcome the temptations which fall in their way, when they can always think of a text of Scripture containing a promise or a consolation suited to their case.

THE PRAYING PREACHER.

The godly Welsh preacher, Mr. Williams, of Wern, said, "The old ministers were not much better preachers than we are, and in many respects they were inferior; but there was an unction about their ministry, and a success attendant upon it, now but seldom seen. And what is the cause of the difference? They *prayed* more than we do. If we would prevail and 'have power with men,' we must first prevail and 'have power with God.'"

He loved to tell an anecdote of Rev. Mr. Griffith, of Caernarvon, who was to preach one night in a farmhouse, and some time before the service began wished to retire to a private room. He remained there some time after the congregation had assembled. As there was no sign of the preacher making his appearance, the good man of the house sent the servant to request him to come, as the people had been some time waiting. On approaching the door, she heard what she supposed to be a conversation carried on between two persons in rather a subdued tone of voice. She stood listening at the door, and heard one say to the other, "I will not go, unless thou come with me." The girl returned to her master, and said, "There is some one with Mr. Griffith, and he tells him that he will not come unless the other accompany him. I did not hear the other make a reply, so I conclude that he will not come from there to-night." "Yes, yes, he will," said the good man; "and the other will come with him, if matters are as you represent them. We shall begin the service by singing and reading till the two come." At length Mr. Griffith came, and the "Other" with him, and they had an extraordinary meeting that night. It proved the commencement of a powerful revival of religion in the neighbourhood, and many were converted to God.

ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES.

CHAP. III.

THE SINAITIC DESERT.

Before proceeding to trace the route of the Israelites after they had crossed the Red Sea, or to give a picture of the various objects seen by the modern traveller as he pursues his way across this scene of wonders, I will here endeavour to give my readers a general description of the desert of Sinai, and, in as narrow compass as possible, to present a view of the general characteristics and conformation of the whole region. I hope I may be enabled to do this, thanks to the aid of Mr. Stanley's most graphic and admirable account,* so as to succeed in conveying to the mind a distinct and accurate conception of the scenery through which the Israelites passed, and thus to lay a good foundation for subsequent details.

First, however, let me present to my reader a bird's-eye view, sketched by the hand of genius, and calculated to give, at one touch, an indelible impression of the marvellous picture. "Between the Egyptian and Arabian deserts, formed by two gulfs of the Erythræan Sea, is a peninsula of granite mountains.† It seems as if an ocean of lava, when its waves were literally running mountains high, had been suddenly commanded to stand still. These successive summits, with their peaks and pinnacles, enclose a series of valleys, in general stern and savage, yet some of them not devoid of beauty. There may be found brooks of silver brightness, and occasionally groves of palms and gardens of dates, while the neighbouring heights command sublime landscapes, the opposing mountains of Asia and of Africa, and the blue bosom of two seas. On one of these elevations, more than five thousand feet above the ocean, is a convent; again, nearly three thousand feet above this convent, is a towering peak; and this is Mount Sinai. Ascending the mount, about half way between the convent and the utmost height of the towering peak, is a small plain surrounded by rocks. In its centre, are a cypress tree and a fountain. This is the traditional scene of the giving of the law."

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* Sinai and Palestine, in connexion with their history: by Rev. A. P. Stanley, M.A. London: John Murray.

† The map which accompanies the present number will greatly aid the studious reader in tracing the journeyings of the children of Israel from the point at which they left Egypt to the borders of the Promised Land. For clearness and simplicity of details it is the most useful we have ever seen; and we are indebted for the use of it to J. Murray, Esq. the eminent publisher, who has courteously permitted it to be copied from the Rev. A. P. Stanley's work on "Sinai and Palestine."

"It is scarcely possible," Mr. Stanley says, "to conceive a more interesting country for the geologist. On all sides you see appearances calculated to give the impression that you are indeed travelling in the very focus of creative power. The cluster of mountains consists of two formations, sandstone and granite, or porphyry. To these are owing the depth and variety of colour which distinguishes this from almost all other mountainous scenery. Sandstone and granite alike lend the strong red hue, which is, according to some interpreters, connected with the name 'Edom.' It was long ago described by the historian, Diodorus Siculus, as of a bright scarlet hue; but, viewed in the soberest light, it gives a richness to the whole mountain landscape, wholly unknown in the grey and brown suits of our northern hills."

The mountains are divided into three groups, each with a central summit: 1st, the north-western cluster, which rises above Wady Feiran, and of which the most remarkable is Mount Serbal; 2nd, the eastern and central cluster, of which the highest point is Mount Catherine; and 3rd, the south-eastern cluster, forming, as it were, the outskirts of the central mass, the highest point of which is Um-Shômer, the most elevated summit of the whole range. The first of these points has been ascended by very few; Mount Catherine, by many travellers; and the last, by none but Burckhardt, and by him not quite to the summit.

One of the special characteristics of the respective clusters are the colours, red, with dark green, being the predominant hues, diversified, in some places, by long streaks of purple, which run over them from top to bottom. Another feature is the infinite complication of jagged peaks and varied ridges. This presents, at a distance, a magnificent outline of mountain scenery, but the beauty and distinctness are lost in a nearer view, in the multiplied and intricate confusion. The desolation of these "Alps" of Arabia is another point in their scenery, most impressive and unrivalled. They are literally "unclothed;" no verdure is there, for no water is there; they are planted in the desert. It is this, probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can by no means be omitted in mentioning the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Peak Sussafeh, to its lowest peak, a distance of about 600 feet, the page of a book distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible. The Arabs tell incredible tales of the distance to which the voice is conveyed in these regions. In the deathlike stillness that reigns here, sounds have a preternatural loudness, and hence, probably, the mysterious and strange noises said to be heard by the monks in their retreats amid these mountain peaks.

But the valleys, or "wadys," as they are called, are one of the most important features of the Sinai range. Mr. Stanley says that, as in Europe, the configuration of a country—especially of a mountainous country—depends on its rivers, so the configuration of the desert of Sinai depends on its wadys. They resemble rivers, except in having no water; being hollows, or depressions, worn or washed by the mountain torrents or wintry rains, for a few months or weeks in the year. Their usual aspect is absolutely bare and waste, and they give to the wilderness a doubly dry and thirsty aspect, presenting signs of water everywhere, but "not a drop to drink."

To these waterless rivers the desert owes its boundaries, its form, and its means of communication. They are the high roads of the desert; the stations, the tribes, the mountains are as surely along their banks, and distinguished by their courses, as if they were rivers or railroads. By observing their points of junction and general direction, you may learn how to traverse the whole region. Of these wadys, the principal one is Wady el Sheykh. The immense curve by which it connects the two great clusters of the peninsula is clearly marked upon the map.*

Desolate, however, as are the mountains of Sinai, they are not wholly without vegetation. There are occasional spots of verdure, which escape notice in a general view, that are all the more remarkable when observed. As in the desert every tree is noted, and lives in the traveller's recollection, so these valleys and mountains are usually named from the slight

* This Wady el Sheykh is a romantic valley, encompassed by lofty, barren mountains. It is about a quarter of a mile wide, and the almost perpendicular cliffs on either side, rise to a height of 1500 or 2000 feet: they are cut from the summit to the base with narrow, deep channels, which are the drains of the small valleys and gorges of the upper mountains. A very striking account is given by Dr. Olin of a storm which overtook him when encamped in this spot. He had retired to rest under a cloudless and brilliant sky; but in the early morning was aroused by the sounds of a furious gale of wind, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, which soon changed the whole aspect of the dry sandy vale. It became the bed of a rushing stream, sweeping along, and threatening to carry away the whole encampment! The dawning day disclosed a scene which the Doctor describes as of "such peculiar and imposing magnificence" as filled him with surprise and admiration. The rain which had so unexpectedly inundated the valley, filled the deep channels cut in the steep rocks, and converted them into "foaming, furious cataracts," throughout their entire course, from the top to the foot of the mountains. "We gazed," says the traveller, "at once upon two cataracts, ten times as high as Niagara, pouring an overwhelming flood, for a transient hour, into the thirsty vale, where, on the previous evening, not a drop of water could be found, except what we had brought on our camels."

vegetation by which one is distinguished from the other. The highest peak of the range is called Um-Shômer—"the mother of the fennel," doubtless from the prevalence of that plant upon it. That part of the Peak Sussafeh which Dr. Robinson supposes to be the Horeb of Moses, is the "Willow-head," from the group of two or three willows which grow in its way. Serbâl, perhaps, takes its name from the Ser, or myrrh, which creeps over its ledges to the very summit; and possibly, even the ancient name of "Sinai" itself, is the Seneh or Acacia, with which, as is known, it formerly abounded.

There are a few more marked spots of verdure found, not along the empty beds of winter torrents, but beside the few living, perhaps perennial springs, which have their source high up in the mountain clefts, occasionally sending down into the valleys rills of water, hardly to be called brooks, along which a track of moss or a fringe of rushes, and sometimes a palm-tree or an acacia, denotes that life is there. These springs occur at such frequent intervals, that, after leaving Suez, there is at least one in each successive day's journey.

In three places in the desert, these verdant spots attain such a point of vegetation as to merit the name of oases. One of these is the collection of springs in Gebel Mousa, from four abundant sources, in the mountains immediately above the convent of St. Catherine, which is the principal resort of the Bedouin tribes during the summer heats. Another is the palm grove of El Wady, at Tôr, the sea-port, half the way down the Gulf of Suez; the third is the Wady Feirân, high up in the table land of Sinai itself. The two latter green spots are the oases of Sinai; and the three together form the chief centres of vegetation in the peninsula. They are to be found where the waters from the different winter streams, or living springs, converge to a common reservoir.

Such is the general conformation of the region through which the Israelites passed; and here, more than in any other great stage of historical events, the outward scene must have remained precisely as it was. These bold solitudes can have undergone no change. The convent and its garden, the ruins of Paran, and the remains of the hermits' cells, (long since deserted,) are the only traces of human hands, save the Egyptian monuments and sculptures carved upon the sandstone rocks, which, it is believed, were already there when the Israelites passed by.

These peculiar features of the country have so much in common with the history we read in Exodus, that they serve to illustrate it very strikingly. How must the desolation of this region have struck the senses of these wanderers, who had so lately left the green fertile valley of the Nile! How awfully dissimilar to all they or their fathers had ever beheld was this marvellous sanctuary of temples and pyramids "not made with hands!" How terrific the thunders, the awful voice, "exceeding loud," which broke the deep silence of these wilds, when the prophet and his people alike trembled and quaked in the presence of the Holy One!

Very touching are the allusions everywhere made in the writings of Moses to the local peculiarities of the desert—the "springs," "waters," "wells," and "brooks," after which they pined! The references, too, we find to the vegetation which accompanied these precious water-courses are full of interest. How they hailed the sight of the "palms!" Not, indeed, the graceful trees of Egypt; but the wild picturesque palms of uncultivated regions, with their dwarf trunks and shaggy branches, which are so valuable to the poor inhabitants of these districts, that property in them is capital, and marriage portions are given in dates, as tulips once were in Holland. The palms in the grove at Tôr are all registered.

A few words must be said about the present inhabitants of the desert, whose habits and all about them are also illustrative of Scripture history. About 6000 Bedouins constitute the present population of the Peninsula. The thin coating of vegetation scattered over the surface of the desert, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hill sides, furnishes sufficient sustenance for the herds of these poor people, who may be seen, climbing the rocks or clustering around the pools and springs of the valleys, as in the days of Jethro. In these tribes, their dress, manners, and habits, we probably see the faithful likeness of the Midianites, Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves, while they sojourned here. So, too, like the Rachels of olden time, the Bedouin women of the present day are seen leading

> "Along the mountain ledges green,
> The scattered sheep, at will to glean
> The desert's spicy stores."

And the long straight lines of black tents which cluster around the desert springs, present, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered around the sacred tent; while the salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the "going out to meet," the "obeisance," the "kiss" on each side of the head, the entrance into the tent for consultation, all recall forcibly to mind the graphic description of the meeting between Jethro and Moses, mentioned in Exodus xviii. 7. When travelling, they carry with them small kneading-troughs, hollowed out of a piece of wood; in which they mix their meal, and forming it into thin cakes, bake it in the sand. Dried camel's dung is sometimes used as fuel on these occasions.

MAP OF THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

IX.—THE LEPERS CLEANSED.

PART II.

If there be the sign in this first miracle of the Messiahship of Jesus, there is also a sign of his lordship as Messiah—his divine authority as Christ. It is not as a mere man, like the man Moses, or any other man, that he here speaks and acts.

Mark his word: "I will; be thou clean." It is no word of prayer, but of command. It is not the voice of one receiving orders, but of one giving orders. He is not here like a creature at the foot of the throne, but like the Creator on it. That "I will" is kindly and gracious, and the precursor of other like words of divine power and love—words that pardon and heal men's souls—words that come with cleansing effect on the conscience and the heart—words that give peace and comfort till all be crowned with the grand "I will." "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me."

And mark too his act. "He put forth his hand, and touched him:" touched one unclean, by which contact a common person would have himself been made unclean. "The Lord," says Chrysostom, "to signify that he heals not as a servant, but as a master, doth also touch. For his hand became not unclean from the leprosy, but the leprosy was made clean by his holy hand."

And with this study of his Messiahship and lordship, the narrative invites us to the study of his Saviourship. The ease and the readiness with which this blessed healer puts an end to the dire disease of leprosy, is indeed a sample of the ease and readiness with which he ever puts an end to the direr disease of sin, its guilt and power, in the condition and experience of those who come and worship him—who, with strong crying and tears, call upon him for help.

But if we compare the two narratives, we shall see that though both the healings were accomplished with ease, yet there was a difference in the method of the healings. In the case of the first leper, Jesus touched him, and *immediately* his leprosy was cleansed; and then, after his cleansing, he saith unto him: "See thou tell no man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them." In the case of the ten lepers, we read that Jesus said to them, as soon as he saw them, and *without* touching them: "Go, show yourselves unto the priest. And, *after*, it came to pass as they went, they were cleansed."

The method of the one cure was like the other in this respect, that it was the will and act of Jesus; but at the same time the method in the two cases was varied; in the one case there was a word and a touch, and in the other case a word *without* a touch. In the one case, the command to go to the priest followed the cleansing, and in the other the command preceded the cleansing. The one man came with much faith assured of Jesus' power, and Jesus touched him and healed him at once, without trying his faith; but in the case of the ten, he tried their faith, and before they were healed, told them to go to the priest. While the disease was still on their persons, ere the loathsomeness had begun to abate, they were to begin a pilgrimage as if cleansed. There was then a trial of believing for the ten which there was not for the one, in order to bring out in *them* what had already appeared in *him*—that secret of participation in the healing virtue of the Saviour—faith.

Can we fail to be reminded by this how, while Christ is the only healer of souls, and ever healeth us by his own word and mighty will, and also ever requires faith as the ground of our healing, he, in his spiritual dealings with us, adopts different methods of discipline, trying some as he doth not try others, giving some more direct and sensible comfort at first than he does others? These different methods, however, always have relation to faith; either as the blessed encouragement of strong faith, or as the wise exercise and education of weak faith. And do we not learn also how we should trust his simple word and obey his ordinances, even though we do not immediately become conscious of his influence on us?

And turn over the words of these narrations as we may, search into them for instruction diligently and often as we will, still ever for us there comes up from them the lesson, to trust with a childlike trustfulness in Christ; for his Messiahship, Godhead, and salvation, warrant from you thorough, perfect, and abiding trust.

The conduct of these men affords us a practical study.

The first who was healed, as we have noticed already, was a man of strong faith in the power of Jesus; and, as it has been beautifully shown, the Lord's answer is the echo of the man's

prayer; a prompt echo to it; the divine taking up of human words, and the turning of an aspiration into a behest; "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean: I will; be thou clean." And so, ever are the holy wishes of faith caught up and responded to by divine mercy. Faith asks for pardon, and echo answers —"I will abundantly pardon." Faith mourns over backsliding, and asks for its forgiveness, and back comes the echo —"I will heal their backslidings." Faith looks at the sin-stain, and longs to see it white as snow, and the echo falls in a rich music tone —"Scarlet sins shall be white as snow." Faith asks for the spirit, echo replies —"My Spirit will I put within you." Troubled faith asks for rest: "I will give you rest," says the faithful echo. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," say believing souls to each other; their desire is caught up to heaven and whispered back in the Redeemer's words, "My peace I give unto you." And thus believing prayer ends not in soliloquy. To the human voice there comes the response of the divine. The soliloquy is turned into colloquy; the breathing of one soul on earth into conversation with the Father in heaven. Blessed is it when the Lord thus talketh as a man doth with his friend, and most encouraging is it to the desire and devout speech of faith. Let us follow therefore in the wake of this believing leper, and ask of Jesus to do for us what we need. His blessings, then, in whatever shape they come, will be just what we ask for; they will supply "all our need."

As to the ten who were healed, the moral of the story of their conduct is plain enough. *One* was grateful, and *he*, as one might have thought, the least likely of all the Samaritan, one of Gentile stock, of Assyrian descent, not of Jewish blood—no child of Abraham, like the other nine. And this is recorded in Luke's Gospel, the Gospel for the heathen; as the story of the one leper, healed by our Lord on his coming down from the mount, is recorded in Matthew, the Gospel for the Jews. And this one thankful soul returning to our Lord, to bless him for his cure, is doubly healed: for we doubt not that a spiritual healing is meant along with the natural in the final words, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." The nine were left with only their bodies healed; but gratitude and love for minor mercies, led the one Samaritan to find health for the soul as well.

But with the example of gratitude there comes out the warning against ingratitude. "There returned not to give glory to God save this stranger." Life is a blessing; health is a blessing; the means of temporal support are blessings; a peaceful, happy, loving household is a blessing; civil and religious liberty is a blessing; friends are blessings; above all, the gospel of Jesus Christ, the record and promise of salvation, is a blessing. Yet alas! how many are carrying home blessings from God and from his Son, without an acknowledgment of the donor!

Finally, how is it with those who profess and call themselves Christians? The Church, in all ages, has numbered among her sons and daughters deep loving hearts, who have pondered much the goodness of the Lord, and have been peculiar and preeminent in their offering of praise to the healer of their souls. How many have they been? Has there been one out of ten so distinguished? Where are the nine? Little, after all, can we do to return the love that has come in such floods on us; yet surely such as deeply feel God's grace, such as have their hearts warmed with "the love charms" of his bounties, will come under the description of her of whom it was said, "She hath done what she could." Write down your mercies, and write down your services of thankfulness. What an account! What a balance on the debtor side! And then compare what *is* done for Christ with what *could be* done for Christ. Can it be written by the name of one in ten of our readers, "He *hath* done what he could?"

THE MARTYRS OF PARIS.

PART IV.

It is a known and not unaccountable fact that many of the severest persecutors have been men over whose minds licentious inclinations rather than religious principles have obtained an ascendancy. Many names will occur to the reader in proof of this assertion, among which the modern instances of Henry VIII, Charles II, and James II of England, Francis I and Louis XIV of France, may stand conspicuous. Virtue hates vice, though it does not hate the persons of the vicious; but the vicious hate not only the principles of godliness, but the persons who exhibit those principles in their lives; and this hatred becomes stronger in proportion as the hater sinks lower in the scale. Moreover, those who in one department have violated the laws of nature and of God, are usually desirous to find compensation for their conduct in other directions; to cover their infamy on the one side, by a pretended zeal for orthodoxy in another; or, as has often been the case in the Romish church, to obtain absolution by their energies in the church's service. And still further, there is what a celebrated poet has well expressed (not without some knowledge of the fact), the influence of libidinous courses upon the moral sensibilities—

"But oh! it deadens all the heart,
And petrifies the feeling!"

From one or other of these causes, or from all combined, it has not unfrequently happened that monarchs, whose career has begun with a nation's praises of their agreeableness, generosity, and manly graces, have ended by being sprinkled with the blood of the good and the faithful.

It was thus with Henry II of France, of whom we now write. Whilst he pursued his pleasures, he left to others the task of managing his empire, and the hands into which his government fell were the worst which could have been selected. The character of the queen—Catherine of Medicis—was one of the most notorious combinations of Italian craft with religious bigotry. She was addicted to the arts of magic, a taste which gave constant exercise to that dark and sullen malignity for which her character was noted. The guilty favourite of the king, Diana of Poitiers, equally hated the religion which condemned her vices; and the Guises, who exercised the chief powers of the state, were proverbially the most bitter persecutors the church of God has ever known.

Accordingly, this weak-minded monarch was made to believe that religion was a principle totally abhorrent from all monarchical sway, and that no service could be more acceptable to God than the extermination of Protestantism. All the engines of persecution were therefore set in motion. Morin and Liset were most industrious in their career of cruelty. But the course of both these men was short: Morin died of a disease of the limbs, produced by excess, under which he suffered the greatest agonies; and Liset was deposed from office by the king's command. Nevertheless, other instruments were not wanting to carry on the work so begun. The annals of French martyrdom make mention of several who, in 1548 and 1549, suffered for the faith.

The king, in the latter year, made a triumphal entry into Paris, and it was determined to celebrate the occasion by the burning of four Lutherans. One of these was a poor tailor. "The king," says Beza, "having heard that there were many persons imprisoned for their religion, wished to see and hear some of them; understanding which, the cardinal (of Lorraine), who knew that many of them were learned in the Scriptures, fearing lest any of them should make an undue impression upon the royal mind, chose this poor tailor, who, in all appearance, was nobody, and who, he thought, would be struck dumb at the presence of the king and the persons of quality surrounding him." The affair was treated as a joke, calculated to minister to the amusement of the personage principally concerned; but the result was very different from what had been intended. The poor man had not so imperfectly learned his gospel as to be unable to give a reason of "the hope which was in him." Possessed by the notion that "who feareth God hath nothing else to fear," he was entirely undaunted before the monarch, and unabashed by the splendours of the royal court. He spoke out, and spoke well, and to the questions of the apostate Castellanus, bishop of Macon, gave such replies as astonished all who heard them. Diana of Poitiers, who, as the favourite of the king, presumed upon her knowledge in matters of religion, and wished to have some diversion at the tailor's expense, began then to interrogate him. But this the servant of God could not bear, well knowing that many of these cruel sufferings were at her instigation, and the result of her wicked influence. "Madame," said he, "let it content you that you have infected France, and do not mingle your filth with a subject so sacred as the truth of God." Henry was so irritated by this reply that he ordered the tailor, with four others, to be burned alive in the Rue St. Antoine, at the close of a public procession. That he might witness the torments of him whose tongue had so much aggravated him, the king placed himself at an opposite window. The tailor saw him in the midst of his sufferings, and during his agony fixed on the monarch a steady gaze, whilst he bore his tortures with the utmost heroism. The spectacle was one which the king could not dismiss from his mind. "It seemed to him the whole of the following night," says Beza, "that he still saw this person, and even during the day he seemed to be followed by him, so that he swore he would never see another heretic burned, so dearly bought had that pleasure been. But it would have been much better if, having seen with his eyes such cruelties, he had taken pains to inquire into the merits of the cause." It seems that Henry kept his word.

Five days after, several other martyrs sealed their testimony in death. Among these was Léonard Galimar de Vendôme, who had been in the prisons of Paris for upwards of four years. For a time he was confined in a passage so narrow that a prisoner could neither lie down nor stand upright, where he was immersed in water and filth, with his body in a crooked posture. Those who had the charge of the prisons said that no criminal had been found capable of enduring such hardships for more than fifteen days without becoming either dead or mad. Yet in this state he was for six weeks, maintaining his Christian fortitude amidst the most severe hardships, and at last, after having his tongue cut out, was burned alive in the place Maubert.

About this time an attempt was made to in-

troduce into France the horrible cruelties of the Inquisition; but the scheme failed, inasmuch as the parliament never could be brought directly to consent to the introduction of this iniquitous system, though it was commanded by the express injunctions of the king. Though the form of this last engine of papal cruelty was wanting, all means were employed to stimulate the populace against the heretics. Out of these movements grew the affair of the Rue St. Jacques, in 1557. It was at a crisis when the battle of St. Quentin having been lost, the Parisians were in momentary expectation of the Spaniards at their gates, and when the ecclesiastics represented to the excited populace that the best means of averting the anger of heaven was to execute vengeance on the heretics.

The Rue St. Jacques, now almost obliterated, was a narrow though principal street of Paris, situated in the Pays Latin, and very near to the Sorbonne itself. It is one of two streets which, nearly parallel to each other, once ran through the whole city of Paris from north to south. The visitant to the Luxembourg is not very far from the spot where the events we are now to relate occurred.

Several of the Lutherans, to the number of between three and four hundred, had agreed to meet in one of the houses of this street for worship and communion. The street itself was very narrow and crowded, and with proper precautions observed by the worshippers in their entrance and exit, it was hoped that they might escape discovery. Many of these individuals were persons of quality, several were lawyers, and nearly all the females (and there were several) were persons of distinguished rank. By some means, however, the intelligence of their meeting reached the ears of the Sorbonnists, the perpetual enemies of the reformed party, who arranged to set a watch, to agree upon a signal whereby their adherents might be summoned together, the police called, and the whole congregation, if possible, taken into custody. The poor Lutherans, innocent of all evil intention, had no suspicions of the snare which awaited them, and pursued their religious exercises at full length.

It was a part of the plan of the Sorbonnists that if the police did not arrive in time to force the house, means should be taken to besiege the worshippers in it, and to prevent their departure. For this purpose a large quantity of stones was collected and portions placed at each window. About midnight, the religious service being then over, the doors of their house were opened and the worshippers began to retire. Then the attack commenced. The assailants set up the loudest cries, intended to summon their adherents from all quarters. It may be easily imagined what was the effect of such an alarm given in the dead of night, amidst a dense population, and at a time when the minds of the people were already excited by the dread of a hostile foreign attack. The inhabitants awoke in alarm. The cry "to arms" was re-echoed from mouth to mouth, and when it was ascertained that the objects of suspicion were not Spaniards, but Lutherans, public indignation turned on them as having been the cause of all the national misfortunes. Fires were lighted, that none might escape under cover of the darkness, and the street was soon filled with armed men.

The alternative now presenting itself before the poor worshippers was terrible. If they remained where they were, and thus avowed their religion, death seemed inevitable. Scarcely less imminent, however, was the danger of attempting to escape in the face of such an infuriated body. The latter seemed nevertheless their only chance, and the bolder among them ventured upon it, after having briefly prayed to God for assistance and blessing. Drawing their swords, therefore, they rushed into the mob. Though it seemed almost impossible that any could escape, some did contrive by such means to extricate themselves from their dangers. Stones hailed around them, and weapons of war glittered on every side; the inhabitants of many of the houses watched their opportunity to dart out their pikes at them as they passed, and others brought carts with which to make barricades across the street, thereby rendering their escape more difficult. Singular as it may seem, only one of all those who ventured out thus boldly was seriously injured. He was struck by a stone and thrown upon the pavement, and after having been mutilated till he had lost all the form of humanity, was carried to the cloisters of St. Benoit, amidst every conceivable outrage.

At length all had made their escape from the house, except women, young children, and some timid men. A few had indeed attempted to flee through the gardens, but they were stopped by the people, after being beaten and bruised. The females presented themselves at the windows and implored mercy—but in vain. The mob had already begun to enter the house below, and to commit all kinds of devastation. Their fury rendered them deaf to all intreaty, and they were proceeding to the most barbarous excesses when the Procureur of the king arrived with a body of satellites. He was melted by the sight of the defenceless innocence which he witnessed, especially when he saw the besieged fall down upon their knees before him, and heard the description of the scene in which they had been engaged—the prayers they had presented for the king, for the church, and for all afflicted persons, and the psalms they had sung—all indicative of a piety

which deserved none of the outrages to which it had been exposed. But his situation imposed upon him duties from which there was no escape; and the people, who were awaiting his movements and uttering loud curses against him for his dilatoriness in action, added a fresh stimulus. At length he fastened the men in pairs. As they were marched down the street, the mob not only loaded them with insulting language, but beat them severely with the butt-ends of their halberts and javelins, especially if they were aged, or if they wore the long black robe of the legal profession, easily mistaken by the multitude for the dress of the Calvinist minister. The Procureur wished to keep the women in the house till the excitement of the people had somewhat cooled. But this he was not permitted to do; for the mob threatened that unless he immediately brought forth all the congregation, they would set the house on fire. They were brought out therefore; (it must be remembered that most of them were gentlewomen and people of rank.) No sooner did the multitude behold them than they were loaded with every disgusting epithet; their persons were injured, their hats beaten down over their heads, and every kind of filth hurled at them. They were finally, to the number of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty, marched off to the prison of the Châtelet.

The imprisonment which these poor Christians underwent was severe. They were thrust into the darkest and most infected holes; they occupied the cells of the worst malefactors; many of them were deprived of bread and food for a long time, and no one was allowed to enter in order to visit them. The only consolation they had was that, as there was not a sufficient number of prisons for the prisoners, it was impossible to keep them separate from each other, and they had thus the comfort of Christian society. The Châtelet resounded with their psalms.

In the meantime, the enemies of Christianity endeavoured, by all means in their power, to hasten the last punishment of those who were thus imprisoned. The inhabitants of Paris often assembled at the ordinary places of execution, and failed not to express their disappointment when they saw no victims.

On this occasion, as indeed on almost every other in which the persecution of religion is involved, all the obsolete and foolish calumnies which belonged to early Christianity, and which could by possibility be attached to late and secret meetings, were revived. In vain the Reformers courted investigation; to ascertain the truth was not the object of their enemies.

Three prisoners were brought to the stake. One of these was Nicholas Clinet, a schoolmaster of Saintonge, who sustained in the church of the Reformed the office of elder. He was sixty years of age. Another was Taurin Gravelle, an advocate, whose great crime was that he had provided rooms in which the Lutherans were accustomed to assemble. The third was a widow of rank, aged about twenty-three—a lady of great sanctity of life. These three victims submitted to the torture, and were then sent back to prison, "to await," says Beza, "the joyful hour of their death." The doctors of the Sorbonne visited them, that they might convince them of their heresies and crimes. In vain Clinet steadfastly declared that he had maintained nothing but the truth of God. The lady prisoner seeing a priest approach her to confess her, said that she had already confessed to him who alone could give absolution. She was repeatedly desired to take the crucifix into her hands, on the ground that Christ carried his cross. "Gentlemen," said she, "you have made me carry my cross by your unjust condemnation of me. Our Lord has said nothing of the cross of which you speak." When she went to her place of execution, she laid aside her mourning and dressed herself in her richest attire, as for an event of the most triumphant character. Gravelle declared that his condemnation was no cause of sorrow to him.

We have seen that on such occasions it was required that the tongues of the executed persons should be cut out. Gravelle at first objected to this, as being unlawful, but on being told that such was the king's decree, put out his tongue, and immediately afterwards said intelligibly, "I beseech you, pray God for me." The lady put out her tongue, saying, "Since I have yielded myself to the fire, shall I grudge my tongue? No! no!" She was burned, with torches, in her face (which was very beautiful,) and on her feet, and afterwards strangled. The other two were burned alive. Many other executions (of which these were only specimens) followed. At length, the Protestants of Europe, stimulated by Calvin and Farel, protested against the continuance of such outrages. Henry II, weak and needing help, temporized, and for the present this terrible storm blew over.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF JOHN NEWTON'S.

Few people have left on record such treasures of Christian experience as John Newton. His letters are a mine that always pays for working. The deep knowledge he had of his own heart made him an able teacher of others, and the burdened, broken-hearted sinner can find in them instruction and comfort, as well as the aged Christian who has grown grey in his Master's service.

No one can read his letters without being struck with the fact, that it is only the school of experience which trains up able teachers; only those trained in that academy can affirm, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Newton could do this. When he saw men dead in trespasses and sins, he could look back to the time when his own soul was in rebellion against God, and could say, "Such once was I; but I obtained mercy;" and when he saw souls awakening to a sense of their lost state, he could tell them of the time when he awoke to the knowledge that he was not only dead by nature, but twice dead, having delighted to wallow in the mire of sin; and then, moreover, you recognise that he knew (as none but those taught of the Spirit know) the time to take the penitent sinner to the foot of the cross, and there to declare to him the blessed truth, "That the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Solomon says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold set in pictures of silver." Eternity will reveal to us how many of Newton's words have been found worthy of these silver settings. Valuable pictures are heir-looms in families; in like manner, the words of the wise are the heir-looms of our race. Prompted by this sentiment, the following letter of John Newton is taken from a private hoard, and offered to the general family, amongst whom perhaps one may be found to whom it has a message. It was bequeathed to the writer of this paper by a poor woman named Mary Tuck, who died at the village of Brampton, on Christmas-day, 1850. She had esteemed it as one of her choicest treasures. It had been sent to her uncle by Newton, and is in his own hand-writing, and franked by J. Thornton.

"30th Jan., 1794,
"No. 6, Coleman-street Buildings.

"DEAR SIR,

"I DULY received your letter of the 19th of December. The turkey soon followed it. I thank you for both. I intended thanking you sooner, but have many hindrances.

"I have known two or three persons who have told me that they never saw so clearly as since they were blind; Mrs. Tuck can say the same. The great mercy is, to have the eyes of the mind opened. Those are the truly blind people and the greatest objects of our pity, who think and say, 'We see,' though they never had a glimpse of the evil of sin, their need of mercy, the way of salvation, and the excellency of the Saviour.

"I trust the Lord will enable Mrs. Tuck to bear the loss of bodily sight with patience, yea, with thankfulness. She will soon be released from this veil of flesh and blood, and then she will see all things in the light of God. In the mean time, faith, which is the eye of the mind, will enable her to contemplate the great things which are invisible to mortal sight.

"I would not dissuade you from hearing an evangelical dissenting minister. The truth as it is in Jesus is of no party. He is the one head of many members, who are dispersed abroad among many denominations. . . . . The gospel is spreading in Norfolk, in the church. Who knows but the Lord may send it into your parts. There is one minister settled at East Dereham; but I believe that place is not near you.

"I have reason to be very thankful if the Lord has been pleased to make anything I could write useful to Mrs. Tuck.

"I have lately published two volumes of 'Letters to a Wife;' they are taken from many which I formerly wrote to my late dear wife. They are printed by Joseph Johnson, No. 7, St. Paul's Churchyard, price 5s. in boards. I suppose if a Norwich bookseller was to send for some, they would sell in your county. When you write to your niece, please to give my love to her. If she has opportunity of calling at any time when she comes to town, I shall be glad to see her, as I shall be to see you if you visit London.

"With my love to Mrs. Tuck,
"I remain, dear Sir,
"Your affectionate friend and servant,
"JOHN NEWTON.

"The minister's name at East Dereham is Johnson."

The niece to whom Newton sent his love was the Mary Tuck who died at Brampton, on Christmas day, 1850, and it was when standing by her open coffin that the writer of this paper received her last bequest.

Mary Tuck was no common woman, and although her deserted tabernacle lay there, dressed in very poor grave-clothes, the spirit on departing had impressed upon it a look so high and dignified that the beholders gazed reverently, feeling sure that she had entered on a happy immortality.

In her was shown in a striking manner the power which a well-directed mind soon obtains. She had lived in the village of Brampton a very short time, and had gone there under the most disadvantageous circumstances, being, in fact, a houseless pauper. Up to that period she had lived in an adjoining village, on her own resources, but these being exhausted, she was compelled to receive support from the parish. It was interesting to remark, that notwithstanding this, she directly took a standing much above her uneducated neighbours, and became their counsellor. And it was equally interesting to the educated to feel that directly they entered

her presence, they had to do with one that knew the things of which she spoke.

It is natural to wish to know, as well as improving to trace to the source, the cause of this superiority, since persons with apparently far higher advantages were very inferior to her. This mystery is not difficult to unravel, as she has left a copious journal, in which we evidently see that she made the word of God her constant study, and by meditation had gained deep personal experience. When to these two means of grace it is added, that she was a devoted admirer of both the prose and poetry of Newton and Cowper, we have before us what formed her character. We see that her superiority arose from her always living in high and holy company; her eyes looked right onward, fixed upon Christ, the light of the world; and as she became illuminated by that light, she reflected it on those around her. She was amongst them, but not of them.

Some of the hymns she composed are so good that they almost deserve a place by the side of her favourite Newton. The journal is not a mere record of frames and feelings, for it had been kept during the stirring period of the great European war, when all hearts trembled before the power of the mighty Napoleon. It forms, therefore, a slight history of the times in which she lived, and in very simple language the warlike deeds of England's heroes are recorded. In one graphic passage she tells of the death of Nelson, and describes the thrill of agony which ran through the nation, and which quenched the rejoicings for the triumph obtained at Trafalgar.

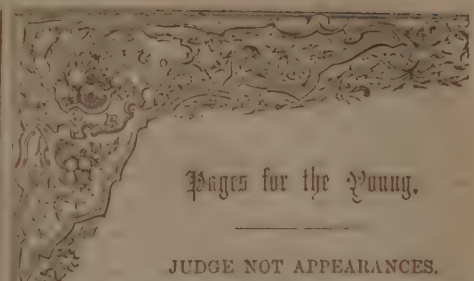
At the end of a sermon, the preacher often collects in few words the essence of his discourse; and those who in childhood delighted in Æsop's Fables will remember that at the close of each fable was a moral. Now the moral and application of this slight sketch of Mary Tuck is this:—

1st. If you wish to form your character on high models, study high models.

2nd. You can always live in good company, for the wise and good of all ages have left their wisdom recorded in books.

3rd. The press teems with books that are worthy of the study of immortal creatures; therefore do not read trash, which you will be glad to forget when you arrive at the end of this life.

If you do this, you will, like Mary Tuck, the houseless pauper, become a blessing to those around you; you will raise them up to your level, and not allow them to draw you down to theirs. "Let your conversation be in heaven, from whence also we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."



Pages for the Young.

JUDGE NOT APPEARANCES.

"Oh, mamma, there was such a common looking person came into our pew at church yesterday; I was half inclined to tell her to go out."

"Then she would have had reason to say, 'What an exceedingly rude little girl I met with to-day.' But pray, Mary, what was there in this person's appearance which so offended you? did she not look clean and respectable?"

"Oh yes, mamma, I don't mean that; but she looked so queer altogether."

"In what way, my dear?"

"Why, mamma, she had a shabby gown and shawl on, and such an old-fashioned bonnet, it might have been made in the year one."

"Mary, do not make use of such expressions; they are both vulgar and unbecoming. So, then, it seems that because this lady ——"

"Oh, mamma, she was not a *lady*."

"Well, then, this *person* was not dressed in the latest fashion; she was not worthy of worshipping God with a little girl who had her best frock and bonnet on."

"I did not say so, mamma."

"No, my dear, you did not make use of those words, but that was your meaning. I am sorry to find my little girl thinks so much of dress, and judges persons by their appearance. Do you remember how you neglected your old friend Louisa, when Miss Coward was visiting us, because you said she looked so plain? Ah, my dear child, God does not judge so: 'the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.' Perhaps God, who knows all the thoughts of our hearts, saw with displeasure that while you were professing to thank and praise him for all his goodness, your mind was filled with thoughts of dress and vanity, and while you were drawing near to him with your *lips*, your *heart* was far from him. I would have you remember what a celebrated writer once said, 'Fine clothes are a sign hung out to show that a vain mind dwells within.' But now go, and put on your bonnet, for I wish you to accompany me to the village."

Mary accordingly did so, and they walked along very happily, until Mrs. Montague stopped at a miserable-looking cottage.

"Are you going there, mamma?" said Mary.

"Yes, my dear; a poor woman lives here whom I wish to see."

"Am I to come too, mamma?"

"Yes, certainly."

The door was now opened by a poor but decent-looking young woman, who curtsied when she saw Mrs. Montague.

"Well, Susan, how is your sister to-day?" inquired the latter.

"Thank you, ma'am, she keeps very poorly and weakly; the doctor thinks she's going fast; but walk in, ma'am, if you please."

On entering, they saw a bed in a corner of the room, upon which lay a woman in the last stage of consump-

tion; she was well covered with two good blankets; but with this exception, the place was miserable in the extreme; a deal table and two old chairs completing the furniture of the apartment.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Montague, as she took a seat, "I am sorry to find you in this condition. I wish I had heard of you sooner."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," replied the poor woman, "but God has sent me a good friend in my need. Last night I was almost driven to despair, for we had not a penny in the house to buy a morsel of bread for the children's supper, and my cough was so bad that I could scarcely bear it; but the Lord in his goodness sent Miss Woodford to me; she has given me these warm blankets, and had the window mended, and has promised me a sack of coals. May God bless her for all her kindness to a poor creature like myself!"

"How is Johnny now? does he go to school?"

"Why no, ma'am, not yet, for he has no decent clothes to go in."

"Well, send him to my house then, and I will see what I can do; and anything you require I will give you."

"Thank you, thank you," replied the invalid, as the tears rolled down her pale cheeks; "I do not deserve such kindness."

"Well, Mary, that is a sad scene," said Mrs. M. to her daughter, as they left the cottage.

"Oh yes, mamma, what a wretched place; but what a kind lady Miss Woodford must be."

"She is, indeed, my love, and I intend to take you to see her."

"Oh, I am sure I shall like her."

"If she is not dressed smartly, Mary!" asked her mother, with a smile.

A young woman, with a little baby in each arm, now approached them.

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith? you will have your time fully occupied now, I think."

"Indeed I have; I do not know what I should have done if it had not been for Miss Woodford; she sent her servant every day to nurse a bit, and help me with my things, for I had nothing ready, and Betsy was very poorly herself."

"Miss Woodford must be a very rich lady, mamma," said Mary as they passed on; "she seems to help everybody: does she live in a large house?"

"Wait a little while, and you will see, my dear."

They soon arrived at a neat-looking house; it was quite small, there being a window on one side the door and two above; the wooden porch was entirely covered with roses and honeysuckles, which scented the air with their sweet perfume.

"Who lives here, mamma?" asked Mary.

"Miss Woodford, my dear," replied her mother.

"Does she? what a small place," said Mary; and her countenance betrayed considerable disappointment.

Miss Woodford opened the door. "You must excuse me being my own portress, my dear Mrs. Montague; but my servant has just gone into the village."

Mary meanwhile was staring with astonishment, for she immediately recognised Miss Woodford as being the person whose appearance she had so much ridiculed the day before.

"This is the little girl I sat with yesterday at church, I think," said she, looking kindly at Mary. "I hope we shall soon become good friends."

The tell-tale blood rushed to Mary's cheek, as she recalled the uncharitable thoughts she had cherished towards the shabby stranger, and she felt half ashamed to look her in the face. Miss Woodford then told Mary she might go into the garden to gather some fruit, and amuse herself as she liked for a short time.

There was a brood of little ducks enjoying themselves in a pond, while the hen under whom they had been hatched was wandering about the bank in the greatest trouble, endeavouring to recall her adopted children from the water; they however took no notice, but tumbled about in their native element, heedless of the poor hen's cries. Mary was so much amused with watching them, that she felt quite sorry when her mamma came to tell her that it was time to return home.

"Now, dear, how do you like your shabby friend?" asked Mrs. M., after walking some minutes in silence.

"Oh, mamma, please do not call her so; I am very sorry indeed I laughed at her, she is so good and kind."

"Yes, my child, and I hope you will learn a lesson from what you have seen to-day. Miss Woodford has a very small income; and if she spent much upon herself, she would not be able to help her poor neighbours. I have often known her deny herself a new dress or bonnet that she might buy blankets and coals for others. Whenever you are tempted to judge persons by their appearance, think of Miss Woodford."

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

It chanced a spider and a bee
Once settled on the self-same tree,
And then began a warm debate,
Which could the fairer work create.
The spider boasted, none so well
Of geometric forms could tell,
Or could so cunningly design
How squares with circles should combine.
She said, the web the daily wove,
Her skill in this respect would prove,
And further, from her own slight frame
The silken threads, to spin it, came;
Whereas the honey of the bee
Was stolen from each flower and tree;
Nay, that she was obliged, indeed,
To borrow from the humblest weed.

The bee replied, he never thought
Such charge against him could be brought;
That, as to stealing honey sweet
From every flow'r he chanced to meet,
His skill was so conspicuous here,
He'd nothing from such charge to fear.
So delicately he distilled,
And his slight bag with honey filled,
That never had a flow'r complained
That, by his means, its juice was drained;
No leaf had been at any cost,
Or by his robbery had lost.
As to the webs the spider spun,
His combs as skilfully were done;
Indeed the merits of his cause
Might rest on mathematic laws,
For these were never disobeyed
In any hexagon he made.
But what was chiefly on his side,
His works were *usefully* applied:
He laboured for the public good,
And stored his cells for winter's food.

Taught by this fable, let us aim
At *piety* instead of *fame*;
Caught by no outward show and glare,
Appearances that promise fair.
The dazzling are not always bright,
But glitter with delusive light:
Let's estimate things by their use,
Not the effect which they produce.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED STRANGER RELATING THE STORY OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. IV.

Among the guests who sometimes visited at Thorntree End was an old lady, whose presence never failed to give pleasure to the young people. She was Mr. Ashton's aunt, and had been, in her young days, a beauty, and she still retained some vestiges of her early charms. Her form was delicate and fairy-like, and her voice was sweet and low, yet joyous and happy, seeming as though it were the fitting instrument to communicate thoughts of cheerful goodness.

She usually spent a fortnight with the Ashtons in the course of the summer, and the time for her visit had now come. We must, therefore, introduce her to our readers, and we will do so on the Sunday after her arrival. It was a morning of exquisite loveliness, and, tempted by the view from her bed-room window, the old lady, who was an early riser, had tripped down stairs and found her way into the garden, where she remained for about half an hour, enjoying the beauties which her eye and ear eagerly drank in, and composing her mind to thoughts in harmony with the sacred day on which she had entered. Slowly walking along, she talked to herself and held communion with her own

spirit and with her God. "Oh! my soul, how manifold are the works of the Lord, and how sweet it is, on this his own day, to look around and see him in them all. Thus fair and beautiful must have been that opening day, when the great Creator rested from his works which he had made; and when, looking around on them he took pleasure therein, and pronounced them 'very good.' How beautiful to my heart the thought has ever been, that, as he rested thus in holy contemplation, he blessed that day, pronouncing it his own—to be for the inhabitants of the world he had made a day of blessing for ever throughout all generations!

"Ay, sing on, sweet warbling birds, that tune his praise; how glad and happy rise your voices, and how harmoniously do the sounds that greet my ears from the neighbouring fields, where the flocks and herds are feeding, chime in and help your chorus. The very insects, too, hum the same joyous lay; and all say, 'God is Love'"—and she repeated these lines:—

> "All things that now their being know,
> All things that know it not, yet grow,
> With sparkling eye and gorgeous coat,
> His name, who made them, *He*, denote.
> But man more wondrous acts can scan,
> Depths of Divine redemption sounding,
> Owning, the angelic hosts surrounding,
> The Son of God as Son of man."

"Ah! aunty, I have found you at last," said a happy little voice; and between the boughs that overshadowed the bench, on which the old lady had seated herself, peeped the bright eyes of the laughing Kate. "Good morning, my darling; I have been thinking that you and I will set off before the rest, and go round by the long lane on our way to church."

The invitation was accepted, and Kate and aunt Ellen, soon after breakfast, strolled quietly down the back-meadow, and turned towards "the long lane"—chatting as they went. Their walk was rather a long one; but they had given themselves ample time, that they might leisurely enjoy it. At last they reached the house of God, standing in its quiet beauty, with many a green hillock and moss-grown tombstone encircling it.

Finding they were still considerably too early for service, they sat down to rest themselves awhile on the bank which bordered the church meadow. It was a pleasant spot; the church and all around it displaying the purest simplicity of taste and character. Far removed from all approach of noise or occupation, the churchyard seemed to retain the same character as the fields around it, differing only in its holy purpose, as being the "field of God, sown with the seed of the resurrection." The lofty aspen-poplars and elm-trees around it gave it a fitting air of gravity and seclusion; while, at the same time, they added to the beauty and attraction of the whole scene.

It was not long before the little girl jumped up from the green bank on which she had been seated, and began tripping about among the grassy hillocks, which were carpeted with wild flowers of various hues. In a few moments her hand was filled with their pretty dew-spangled sprigs, which she hastened to present to her companion. "Thanks, my dear, they are lovely. And now, will you look at yonder gravestones, and bring me word what inscriptions they bear?" As she watched the little one bounding away to execute her errand, she murmured:—

> "Our days like the leaves of autumn fall;
> And, yet a few mornings more,
> And the bell shall toll for our funeral;
> And the day of life be o'er.
>
> The sun may in clouds and storm descend,
> And the shades of night appear;
> My Saviour is there, my heavenly Friend;
> Oh! what can my spirit fear?
>
> To thee, Lord, I look; in thee I confide;
> For my times are in thy right hand;
> And oh! to my spirit be sanctified
> Whatever thy wisdom has planned."

So entirely was the good old lady engrossed with these reflections, that the approach of the family group from Thorntree End was unperceived by her. They soon gathered around her, and Mr. Ashton, offering his arm, assisted her to rise, and led the way towards the church. Nurse Grand, who followed at a short distance, quickly caught sight of her beloved young charge, as she stood, bending over the gravestones at the further end of the churchyard, and hastened to join her. The epitaph the child was reading was a touching tribute of parental love, and, in its happy appropriation, must have sufficed to soothe even a father's sorrow.

> "And Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth."

Close by this stone was a grave railed round, and within the enclosure a slab bore this inscription:—

> "Here lyeth ye body of one who came
> A STRANGER
> to this village, where he lived and died, his name
> unknown;
> Yet was he well known for deeds of charity which he did;
> Therefore is this stone placed here for a memorial of him."

"I never read that inscription," said nurse, "without being reminded of a circumstance which occurred many long years ago." "Tell me about it, nurse," said Kate. "I will, my dear, if you remind me of this promise by-and-by; at present we have no time to linger. Your papa and aunt, with your sisters, are already in the church."

In the evening nurse was called upon for the promised narrative, which she thus com-

menced: "At the time I am going to speak of, I was engaged to take the charge of a young lady, about eighteen years of age, who had fallen into ill-health. Her illness was attended with great debility, accompanied by a low state of spirits. She had also a local affection which rendered careful attention necessary; and her friends were advised to send her, for a few weeks, to the sea-side. As it was impossible for the parents to leave home, they were under the necessity of finding some one to whose care they might entrust her, and Dr. Lucas, my kind patron, mentioned me to them as being a suitable person. The season was rather far advanced, but still it was thought desirable to secure the few remaining days or weeks of fine autumnal weather which might yet be hoped for. The place chosen for the purpose was a very secluded and somewhat unattractive village, on the Norfolk coast. We had a long and wearisome journey to take in order to reach it, and I was at a loss to imagine what were its advantages, till I learned that a near relation of my young charge was residing in the neighbourhood, and had promised to show her every kindness her circumstances might require. Unfortunately, this expectation proved a fallacious one, for the lady was prevented by a sudden domestic affliction from fulfilling her intentions.

"During the first few days after our arrival, I was fully occupied in settling ourselves in the lodgings we had taken, which were neat and comfortable, though of modest pretensions as to appearance and size. In fact, the village was composed only of a few scattered cottages and the fisherman's huts, which were built along the cliff, or nestled beneath its shelter, on the beach below. There was no inn of any description in the place, and but two or three small shops scantily supplied from the neighbouring seaport town, which was at a distance of some seven or eight miles. After the first week, time began to hang heavily on our hands. My companion was in a truly pitiable condition. Her nervous system was entirely deranged, and she could with difficulty be induced to take an interest in surrounding objects. She was naturally of a reserved and silent turn; and it was only by degrees that I gained her confidence sufficiently to learn the true state of her mind.

"About a fortnight had passed away, and during that time we had enjoyed the most delightful weather; but one afternoon, as we returned from our accustomed airing, and were approaching our lodging, I observed a heavy lowering look on the horizon at sea, which seemed to me ominous of a coming change. An old sailor stood leaning against a railing, which fenced round a sharp and dangerous angle of the cliff, where there was a turn leading into the little street of P——. Just as I was about to take this turn, I checked the pony I was driving, and enquired of this man what he thought of the appearance of the sky. 'I am minded we shall have a squall, ma'am,' he replied; 'the sky looks red and threatening.' In fact, during the evening we heard the sound of the rising wind, which gradually blew stronger, till, by degrees, it became a hurricane. Miss Clarkson (that was the name of my charge) happily slept chief part of the night; but I was wakeful, and lay listening to the sound of the bellowing ocean, and the waves, as they dashed upon the shore. I thought of the poor mariners, tossed on the waters, and imagined their distress; and so great was my agitation that again and again I felt myself constrained to rise from my bed, and kneel down, beseeching help for them in their extremity.

"At intervals I recalled to memory various passages of Holy Scripture which relate to the sea; and I felt that the psalmist, in his description of all its appearances, must have painted from the life. My mind was particularly full of these texts, because I had carefully selected and written out as many as I could find, relative to the subject, since I had come hither; wishing, by this means, to engage my sympathies on behalf of the poor seamen, and, as much as possible, to realize their wants and dangers, that I might know how to pray for them with the heart and with the understanding also.

"I had just finished dressing the next morning, and was looking from the bed-room window, in order to see what was the aspect of things abroad. The storm had subsided, but it had left marks of its fury, in the torrents of water which had flowed down the road and deluged the neighbouring fields. The prospect was an extensive one—looking, not towards the sea, but in the direction of the surrounding country. The road ran close by our cottage, and its windings were seen, to the distance of a mile, along the bleak and treeless coast. The church was the most conspicuous object within sight; and to it my attention was drawn, by perceiving a tall figure moving in the churchyard. The distance might be about a quarter of a mile; but I distinctly saw this person kneel behind a gravestone; and my interest and curiosity were awakened. I soon saw him rise, and, with a halting gait, move along the path which led round the church. He was speedily out of sight, and I went down to breakfast, pondering in my own mind over what I had seen.

"About an hour after, I again chanced to look from the bed-room window, and was somewhat startled to perceive, at a short distance, looking earnestly towards our house, a tall figure,

dressed in black, and which I thought resembled the one I had seen in the churchyard. He raised his eyeglass, evidently for the purpose of reading the name on the door of the cottage, and then, looking up, he saw me, and raised his hat. I instantly ran down-stairs, feeling persuaded he was a stranger, who wished to make some inquiries. Nor was I mistaken in this idea; for no sooner had I opened the door, than he entered the garden gate, and, limping sadly, made his way up to me.

"'Is Mrs. Mallet at home?' he inquired; and I had scarcely time to answer in the affirmative, when the good woman of the house, who had seen his approach from the window of her little parlour, appeared, and curtseying, said: 'Do you please to want me, sir? I am the person you ask for; perhaps you will kindly walk in.'

"The stranger, who was a fine looking man, somewhat in the decline of life, entered the room; and, evidently suffering from pain and weariness, seated himself in the chair Mrs. Mallet placed for him.

"'I have come, my good friend,' he began, 'wholly without an introduction, to throw myself on your kindness. I have no claims upon your charity, save the fact that I am solitary and in distress; but, if I be not mistaken, you will not refuse to aid me, when I plead in these words, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers;" and now, what say you to me?'

"'I say, a hearty welcome,' answered the good dame; 'and will do my best to prove I mean it.' And she was as good as her word, bestirring herself to such purpose that, in the course of an hour, her guest had exchanged his drenched and battered garments, for clean and comfortable though homely raiment, while his appetite was regaled with the best cheer she could command. I, too, was not idle; for, on learning that I was a nurse, he submitted his lame leg to my inspection. I found it much swollen and inflamed about the foot and ancle; and after bathing it in water as hot as the patient could bear it, I applied a calico bandage, and advised him to send for the surgeon who lived at L——.

"As soon as the stranger found his more pressing wants relieved, he began to converse. His accent had already told me he was from the north, and I was prepossessed in his favour by that circumstance; both because I had received much kindness from an individual of the Scottish nation, and also because their history had inspired me with respect for a people who have known how to maintain, with noble independence, their conscientious convictions at whatever cost. I therefore listened with the greater interest to the conversation of our new friend; and when, after a time, he joined Miss Clarkson and myself, in our apartment, the hours passed swiftly away while we were entertained with his instructive and charming talk. Towards evening the surgeon came, and having examined the leg, pronounced his opinion that, after a few days of rest and refreshment, the stranger would probably be able to pursue his journey.

"I must not dwell on the incidents of the ensuing week, more than to say that we had indeed cause to be thankful that God had directed the steps of this excellent man to us. By his wise counsel, the good woman of the house (who was a widow, and had buried her eldest son about a year before) was assisted in a matter of difficulty which had long weighed on her mind, with reference to her only surviving son; and eventually, by following that counsel, and by assistance he subsequently rendered her, the lad was rescued from a situation of much peril, and placed in an excellent situation.

"Nor was this all. His cheerful piety and deep feeling of trust in God's providential care and guidance exerted the most beneficial influence on the mind of my poor young charge, whose languor and indifference gradually yielded to the sunshine of his bright spirit; and she acknowledged that much of her mental suffering had arisen from a want of faith in that daily and loving care which our heavenly Father exercises on our behalf. She knew that God cared for the great world and the wide universe, but had not learned to realize that he cared for *her*. Hence she had given herself up to a listless and unbelieving spirit. It might be, she should recover; it might be her doom to die. Perhaps, it little mattered, for what was she, and what could she do, that her life should be of value? The withering influence of such a feeling was blighting and undermining, by degrees, her energies of mind and body.

"'Oh lassie!' said our guest, 'for my part, as I believe, yea *know*, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's permission, so I have, all my life long, noted the dealings of his hand with me, preserving diligently the memory of his providential care, of which I have had constant and wondrous proof. Even from the days of my infancy, I can recall to mind tokens, unmistakeable, of his interposing hand: and when I reflect on the varied and significant indications of a guidance which directed me, and a mercy which shielded me at the most unguarded moments, when, blindfolded, I saw not the perils that were averted by no skill or foresight of my own, I am constrained to say, "Thou hast been about my path and my goings; thou also hast led me by a way that I knew not?" And how,' he added, 'can I forbear to see, in my present circumstances, another mark of the same Fatherly goodness and protection! I was on my way to Scotland when I was over-

taken by the sudden and violent storm of last Wednesday. During the whole of that terrible night, the raging wind threatened to overwhelm our little bark, and the poor sailors were filled with anxiety and well nigh despaired. It was with a secret assurance of our preservation that I invited them to join me in prayer to God for protection and deliverance; and as they, with touching earnestness, acceded to my proposal, I poured out my heart in full assurance of hope. And He who had been my helper in times past, now gave ear to the voice of our crying, and delivered us out of our distresses.

"'No sooner did I find myself safe on land, than I immediately walked to the churchyard, and there, behind a gravestone, I poured out my heart in grateful thanksgivings. After which, feeling worn with fatigue and anxiety, and suffering from the pain of my leg, which had received a severe blow, I wandered through the burial-ground, to find an introduction to one who served my Master. On a newly-made tomb, I found it said that the departed had died in Jesus. This was what I wanted. I immediately made my way to this house, having found no difficulty in obtaining a direction thither from the first villager I met. You know what has been the result.'

"Not long after this, the stranger bade us farewell, carrying with him our warmest good wishes and followed by our prayers. And now, my dear Miss Kate, I have redeemed my word, and told you the little history recalled to my mind by reading the inscription recorded on THE STRANGER'S GRAVE. Perhaps the narrative will impress upon your mind by what slender threads and links the great chain of God's providential government is connected, and by what seemingly accidental circumstances important events in the history of his children are wrought out."

THE ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES.

CHAP. IV.

LET us now follow the footsteps of the Israelites, and describe, as accurately as we may, the scenery of their route. There can be no dispute as to the general track taken after the passage of the Red Sea. They went the way by which all travellers pass, between the sea and the table-land of the Tîh, till they entered the low hills of Ghurundel. Looking at the map, you can trace them from Ain Mousa thither. "They went three days' journey into the wilderness," along the Wady Werdan—an apparently interminable plain of sand; smooth, as if it had been washed for ages by the ebbings and flowings of the sea, which is so near, on the traveller's right hand, that he is able to catch frequent and refreshing glimpses of its blue waters, and the picturesque outline of the mountain scenery on its western shore. On the left is the far-stretching ridge of El Tîh, sometimes a line of sand-hills, then rising into mountains. As you advance into this desolate region, an awful silence prevails; and the intensely white glare of the smooth sand is painful to the eyes. It is a dreary road; and not unfrequently the traveller is distressed by a furious blast, called the *khamsin*, which blows, charged with clouds of sand and gravel, darkening the whole air. A tempest of sand flits along the surface of the desert, like streams of water, driving in your face, as it were sleet, and wholly shutting out from view all distant objects. How does this roaring and driving tempest explain the impressive figure used by the sacred writer—"a waste howling wilderness!"

We are still undoubtedly on the track of the Israelites, and after crossing this plain, arrive at the well of Howarah, which is described by Niebuhr as "so bitter that men cannot drink it, and even camels, if not very thirsty, refuse to taste it." This is generally believed to be the Marah of Scripture, where the people murmured against Moses, saying, "What shall we drink?" And, surely, none but those who have travelled in the desert have learned duly to prize the great blessing of good water. It is with this as with the most ordinary bounties of our God, which are too little thought of, and awaken few kindlings of grateful feeling, because they are so common; whereas since they are unceasingly bestowed, they claim the tribute of a ceaseless gratitude.

After crossing these immense plains, a succession of water-courses follow, like the dry beds of rivers; these are the wadys, or vallies, of which mention has already been made. These gullies bring the traveller into the heart of strange black and white mountains, which overhang the Red Sea. The path is mostly bare; but Wadys Ghurundel and Useit (both marked on the map accompanying a previous chapter) are fringed with trees and shrubs—the first vegetation that has cheered the sight in this desert; and gladly does the eye welcome the appearance even of a poor thorny acacia, low and spreading. By and by a clump of wild palms is seen, in the midst of which is a well, and along the water-course are scattered tamarisks, acacias, and palms, the trees of this region. "Here, and in far drier parts of the desert, we saw dragon-flies in abundance," observes a lady, who passed along this way not long after the close of the rainy season, which occurs usually in December and January. She adds: "We saw a good many pigeons, and a few other birds; and under almost every bush were the holes of the little jerboas."

The next valley is the Wady Tayibeh; and here, through a pass, between vast cliffs, white on the one side and black on the other, you descend once more upon the deep blue waters of the Red Sea, bright and sparkling with their white foam. Beautiful is the contrast, and very delightful is it to go down to the beach, and see the waves breaking upon the shores, strewed with weeds and shells, and to feel the assured conviction that here the Israelites came down, through that same valley, and burst upon this very view, obtaining another sight of the mysterious sea through whose midst a way had been made for them, and one more last glimpse of Egypt, dimly [illegible] in the distance beyond it. (See Numbers xxxiii. 10.) At this point the rocks are marvellously diversified in colouring—"black, green, crimson, lilac, maroon, yellow, golden, and white; and their form is that of a whole host of cones."

Leaving this "charming place of encampment," the traveller enters upon "the Wilderness of Sin," which Moses describes as lying "between Elim and Sinai;" and here the Christian feels his heart stirred within him, as he recalls to mind God's wondrous dealings with his murmuring people; for here he "rained them bread from heaven," wherewith he continued to feed them forty years, until they came into a land inhabited: "they did eat manna till they came into the borders of the land of Canaan."

From this plain, the Israelites could advance by different routes. Two principal ones present themselves; one to the north, by the valleys [illegible] leading into the grand valley, El Sheykh, and thence to the central cluster of Mount Sinai; and the other, the route of most recent travellers, passing through the valleys Mokatteb, Feiran, and El Sheykh, to the same point. We shall adhere to the latter: only remarking that, as it can hardly be supposed that a multitude so great as that of the Israelites, with their flocks and herds, could all march in one body, it seems probable that they were divided, and so spread themselves at various stations, according as they found water and pasturage.

The plain becomes stony as you approach the striking entrance of Wady Sheikh; and presently the traveller plunges into the bosom of those strangely-formed and strangely-coloured mountains he has seen so long in the distance. The first pass is so steep and narrow, that there is barely room for a baggage-camel to pass; and here I will quote the striking words of a modern traveller, who says: "My position seemed strange enough! Alone, leading my camel, in a hollow way, where the heat was like the mouth of a furnace, and where I should hardly have supposed myself on our own familiar earth, but for the birds which flew up in the sunshine and the dragon-flies which flitted by. I now seemed, for the first time, to feel true pity for the wandering Hebrews. What a place was this for the poor Israelitish mothers with their sucking babes! They, who had lived on the banks of the never-failing Nile, and drank their fill of its sweet waters, must have been aghast at the aspect of a scene like this, where the eye, wandering as it will, can see nothing but bright and solemn rocks and a sky without a cloud."

At the end of one of these parched valleys, you encamp for the night; and next day, rising early, watch the morning sunbeams as they come streaming down the fantastic peaks of the mountains, clothed in their white and red hues, all dazzling and bright; and as you gaze, you feel what must have been the effect to the hosts of Israel, when morning after morning, amid these scenes, they were aroused and summoned to resume their march by the Lead cry which announced the departure of the ark—"Rise, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let those that hate thee, flee before thee!"

At this point are seen, for the first time, strange figures and inscriptions on the face of the rocks, to the left hand. These are the Egyptian hieroglyphics which meet the astonished gaze of the traveller, who recognises in them the same characters as he has seen on the tombs of Egypt. They are carved upon the sandstone which here takes the place of the granite. A strange sight in such a region! What can have been the intent of these memorial stones and inscriptions amid these wild regions of solitude and silence? No one knows.

The next valley is called "Mokatteb"—the written valley; and here for six miles or so, you pass between rocks inscribed all over with characters which nobody can read—mysterious, unknown writing, which has been there from time immemorial, and which continues still to baffle all the researches of the learned. Many of them are accompanied by crosses; the character is everywhere the same; the inscriptions are usually short, and some Greek ones are occasionally intermingled. At first, it was imagined they might be the work of the Hebrews; but that idea was abandoned upon examination. The learned now suppose these inscriptions record the names and blessings of Christian pilgrims. From very early ages these mountains were sacred places, whither pilgrims resorted; and after the Christian era, many thousands of Christians lived in this peninsula, some in monasteries, and others in cells, scattered through the valleys and among the rocks about Serbal and Sinai. It is, however, certain that so early as A. D. 530, when the first mention of them is on record, the knowledge of this alphabet and language had already perished

among the Christians living here, and no tradition remained respecting the inscriptions.

The Mount Serbal, which is the centre of this cluster, has great claims, Mr. Stanley thinks, to be that on which Moses prayed while the battle of Rephidim was fought. He says: "If we can attach any credit to the oldest known tradition of the peninsula, that Rephidim is the same as Paran, then Rephidim—'the resting-place'—is the natural name for the paradise of the Bedouins in the adjacent palm-grove (of Wady Feiran), and the hill of the church of Paran may fairly be imagined to be 'the hill' on which Moses stood, deriving its earliest consecration from the altar which he built. The Amalekites would naturally fight for the oasis of their desert, and Jethro would find his kinsmen encamping, after their long journey, among the palms—'before the mount of God'—and (seeing what had befallen) acknowledge that the Lord was 'greater than all the gods' who, from ancient days, had been thought to inhabit the lofty peaks which surrounded them." In the 17th and 18th chapters of Exodus you will read the account given by Moses, which contains some of the most striking incidents of this part of the history.

Turning an angle of the road, after leaving Wady Mokatteb, the traveller enters upon Wady Feiran, where, for the first time since leaving Ain Mousa, enclosures are seen, with thick palm groves, and flocks of goats tended by Arabs, amid the damp soil under the declivities of Mount Serbal, which rises grandly over all, little streamlets trickling down its sides, with fresh, green, delicious grass running along their margins, and birds chirping in the bushes. Oh, how delightful must this place have appeared to the Israelites after their weary wanderings! There the mothers and their little ones could roam at will among the paths shaded with tamarisk trees and tufts of herbage, and pluck the tender grass and green cresses springing up in the rocky clefts, or gather dates from the wild palms, all unpruned indeed, but how sweet in their wildness!

The traveller would leave with regret this valley, the finest in this part of the Arabian peninsula, did he not know that his next day's journey will conduct him to the foot of Mount Sinai itself. After taking his last view of Mount Serbal, towering high, "beautiful in its lilac hues and blue shadows," he casts a forward glance, and sees, rising into view, the peaks of the cluster of mountains which form the Sinai nucleus.

By a stair of rock, similar to that which leads to the first mountain pass, you ascend again into this second and highest stage of the great mountain labyrinth. A rugged and steep ascent, winding always, is this defile, which leads, amid huge masses of rock, to the noble plain that stretches its wide expanse in front of "the group of venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks of ridges of indescribable grandeur."

THE HIGH-PRIEST OFFERING INCENSE ON THE GOLDEN ALTAR.

The high-priest was an important personage among the Hebrews. His functions were twofold, political and sacerdotal, in which latter character he is represented in the engraving.

The sacerdotal duties of the high-priest were such as required his presence daily at the sanctuary. He alone could perform the most solemn acts of service; whence he was, in some sort, the mediator between God and the people. It was his to make atonement for the sins of the whole nation: it was his, also, to take the counsel of God on occasions of importance or difficulty, by Urim and Thummim.

On the great day of atonement, the high-priest wore a dress entirely of white linen; but his official dress, in which he appears in the engraving, consisted of the following articles:—

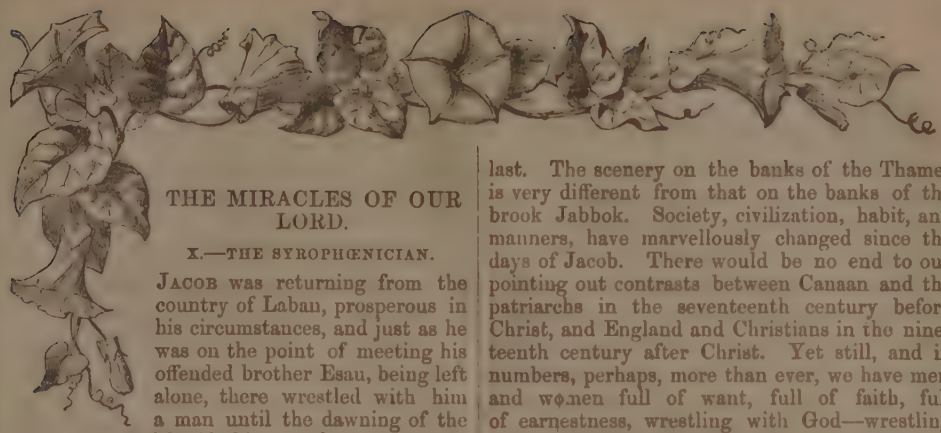
1. *The coat.* This was an inner robe with sleeves to the wrist. 2. *The drawers.* These appear to have reached from above the waist to the knee. They had no opening, either before or behind, and were bound round the body by a sash. 3. *The girdle of the ephod.* This seems to have been used for the purpose of confining the ephod round the body of the high-priest. 4. *The robe.* This was a long linen gown of light blue, reaching to the middle of the leg, or perhaps to the ancle. It was made all in one piece, and was adorned by a fringe of pomegranates and bells. 5. *The ephod.* This was an embroidered frock, worn over the coat and robe. 6. *The breastplate.* The breastplate was a piece of rich cloth, set with the following twelve precious stones:—a sardius, or cornelian; a topaz, or modern chrysolite; a carbuncle, the noble garnet of Theophrastus; an emerald; a sapphire; a diamond; a ligure, or hyacinth; an agate; an amethyst; a beryl, or aqua marine; an onyx; and a jasper. 7. *The mitre.* This seems to have been a turban of fine cotton, ornamented on the front with a plate of pure gold, on which was inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." 8. *The girdle of needlework.* This was a sash of fine twined linen, embroidered with blue, purple, and scarlet, and which went round the body over the coat.*

* For a more detailed account of the dress of the high-priest, the reader is referred to "Eastern Arts and Antiquities," published by the Religious Tract Society.

THE JEWISH HIGH PRIEST OFFERING INCENSE.

The usual representations of the high-priest offering incense on the golden altar are derived from the popish mass. The altar, the censer, and the priestly vestments are, indeed, decidedly popish. Their prototypes are common in all the Romish places of worship, and may be traced in the illuminations of the papal fathers. Such representations, especially in the case of educational books, should be carefully avoided, as they tend to invest the characters of Scripture with an air of popery. In designing for Scripture histories, the artist should seek his materials in the treasure-houses of antiquity, and in the unchanging usages and localities of oriental nations. The "mass," and the "great masters" who were its devotees, will only help him to perpetuate their glowing falsehoods and to prepare the way for greater.

This subject is well calculated to point the Christian reader to the great High-Priest of his profession, Jesus Christ, of whom the Jewish high-priest was a type. He is the Mediator of a better covenant, established upon better promises. The Christian looks upon him as such, and the language of his heart to his fellow pilgrims on earth is that of the apostle: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High-Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised." Heb. x. 19—23.



THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

X.—THE SYROPHŒNICIAN.

JACOB was returning from the country of Laban, prosperous in his circumstances, and just as he was on the point of meeting his offended brother Esau, being left alone, there wrestled with him a man until the dawning of the day. We stand beside him, on the banks of the brook Jabbok; we see the stars of the eastern heaven brightly sparkling over the waters as they run by; we hear the rustling of the trees and the sighing of the night wind, and dimly discern the shadow of a mysterious man accosting the patriarch, laying hold of him, and wrestling until daybreak. The man prevailed not, yet with a touch he put out the joint of Jacob's thigh. "Let me go," said the stranger, "for the day breaketh." "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," was the patriarch's reply. The stranger asked the patriarch's name, and changed it from Jacob to Israel. The patriarch asked the stranger's name, but could not extract the secret; yet he obtained a blessing.

A wonderful incident was that. The stranger seemed no friend at first, but he proved a friend at last. Jacob gained advantage in the struggle, yet acknowledged mysterious greatness in him he struggled with. He supplicated a benediction as the prize of the conflict.

Looking more and more into the narrative in Genesis, we catch glimpses of something divine in the stranger—something spiritual in the patriarch. "As a prince hast thou power with God and men, and hast prevailed." "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." The divinity of the stranger, and the spiritual exercise of the patriarch, are established by Hosea xii. 4—6: "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed: he wept, and made supplication unto him: he found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us; even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial. Therefore, turn thou to thy God: keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually."

There we have a manifestation of the invisible God. There we have a picture of the struggles of a human soul. There we get an insight into prayer, and into God's relation to the man of prayer. There we see how he may seem no friend at first, but prove the best of friends at last. The scenery on the banks of the Thames is very different from that on the banks of the brook Jabbok. Society, civilization, habit, and manners, have marvellously changed since the days of Jacob. There would be no end to our pointing out contrasts between Canaan and the patriarchs in the seventeenth century before Christ, and England and Christians in the nineteenth century after Christ. Yet still, and in numbers, perhaps, more than ever, we have men and women full of want, full of faith, full of earnestness, wrestling with God—wrestling with him through the Angel of the covenant—wrestling for a blessing on themselves and others. There is one in the chamber on his knees, with his Bible open before him, stung with a consciousness of guilt, stabbed to the heart by a sense of sin, and struggling with a convulsive agony for pardon and peace. He asks and asks again, but gets no relief. There seems no return to prayer. It is as water spilt on the ground. The cry awakens no echo. Like a drowning man, he shrieks for help. The waves and the billows go over him. He sees no hand. But at last, the gracious hand is apparent enough. The echo is distinct enough. The return is full enough. There is another, by the bed-side of her sick child, the bed-side over which her anxious eye sees the dark cloud gathering: and yet another, all alone, some widowed mother, thinking and praying for her son, worse than sick; she prays and prays. God is silent. There seems a frown on the face of providence. It might be plausibly inferred by unbelief that he had forgotten to be gracious, that he had in anger shut up his tender mercies. But

> "Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan his work in vain;
> God is his own interpreter,
> And he will make it plain."

"For the Lord hath called thee, as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God. For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Deeper than the contrast between Jacob's time and ways and ours, is the resemblance between his struggles and ours. Earnest wrestlings with God in all ages establish spiritual kinship between soul and soul in all ages. The waited for, looked for, sought for blessing, come at last, now as then show that the Divine dealings

with mankind are now as then. The beautiful history we are to consider comes between Jacob's wrestlings and our wrestlings, and explains both. It shows in the woman the trial of faith and the triumph of faith. It shows in Jesus the true reason of the trial, and the real ground of the triumph. God's treatment of prayer is a wonderful arch, spanning the spiritual region of the church. Here we have the key-stone of the arch.

The woman described was a Greek, a Syrophœnician by nation. The first description indicates the religion in which she was brought up, and the second the race to which she belonged. She had been educated an idolatress, and was of a proscribed race—a branch of the Canaanitish family. When the Israelites entered the promised land, they were forbidden to spare the Canaanites; they were commanded to make no league with them. The very existence, then, of this remnant was contrary to a divine statute. The woman herself might be said to be living under a judicial protest. Yet with all the heathenism of her education, all the darkness of her country, all the malediction on her race, she had caught some light, some knowledge of truth. Did not some, who saw and heard the Saviour, go and tell his fame to those who dwelt on the shores of the further and greater sea? Talked they not of it in streets and by cottage-doors? And now that he was drawing nearer to that region than he had done before, now that "he went to the borders of Tyre and Sidon," news of him, clearer than ever, came to the place where this poor woman lived, finding her in the midst of deep affliction and distress, for her young daughter had an unclean spirit. There, in her house on the Tyrian border, desolate and heart-broken, crushed to the earth, and paralysed but for a strong mysterious feeling of hope within, her, the mother of the girl heard of the Mighty Healer who was in her neighbourhood. What she heard filled her mind, took hold upon her heart, and she determined to go to him.

She came, and this was her suit: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." We must not suppose that she understood all that we do by the words "son of David." There must have been a large amount of darkness and ignorance still in her mind; but she had some notion of Jesus as the Messiah. Of David she had heard, the great king of the country by whose borders she lived. Another, the son of David, the Lord of David, a greater king than he, was to come and work out a more wonderful deliverance for his people—that, too, she had heard. And that he was actually come, that the healer of diseases, that the caster-out of devils, was the very Promised One, she believed. One sees in her suit, at the very beginning, the lowliness of her spirit. If ever woman was clothed with humility, she was; if ever one who wrestled with infinite love and power was free from presumption, there was such freedom here. It is the spirit of the publican, not of the Pharisee, the deep religious spirit lying at the root of all successful appeals to the Redeemer of souls.

She came from a distance; and it is likely that with difficulty she entered into the presence of Jesus, for he appears to have wished for privacy, and his disciples would seem to have been anxious to secure it for him. It is plain, from a careful comparison of the narratives in Matthew and Mark, that part of the interview took place on the road and part of it in a house. Mark says expressly that he "entered into a house;" yet the crying after the disciples, on account of which they besought Christ to send her away, would seem to have been in the open air. Possibly the interview began on the road, and, to avoid the woman, he went into the house. It is certainly more natural to conceive of his going into a house to avoid her, than his going out of it for that purpose.

It was then on the road, we apprehend, while he was surrounded by his disciples and a multitude of people, that the Canaanitish woman came to him, full of faith and hope, to wrestle for a blessing. Her soul went forth with the petition, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David;" and probably she said within herself, "I shall gain what I ask, his might and mercy assure me of this." The fame of his miracles left no doubt in her mind of her success. "But he answered her not a word." He took not any notice whatever of her petition. He seemed as though he was paying no attention; and to increase the discouragement, it would seem that he went into the house. He retired from the public thoroughfare, where the people were thronging about him, and this woman was, perhaps, at the moment, on her knees at his feet. He retired, perhaps, within some gateway; entered the door of some dwelling; disappeared in silence, leaving her outside. If so, the discouragement of the silence was increased by the discouragement of the act. How apparently inconsistent with the words, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Had she been one of little faith, she would have said, "Whatsoever may be the compassion of this mysterious one, it is plain I have no share in his compassion. There is something in my case which shuts me out from his mercy." And so saying, she would have gone back to her miserable home, in despair of her daughter's healing, or she might have been mortified and incensed at the repulse. But her spirit was not of that kind. Some rise in proportion to their dis-

couragements. The swelling trial lifts them nearer heaven, brings out in them elements of truest power. She was of that order. He had left her in silence, and now she entreats the disciples. Her personal suit had failed with their Master; now if they cannot save her daughter, at least she implores them to intercede for her. Outside the house with them, she is most fervent in her entreaties for their help, and they are wearied with her importunity. So, entering the house, as we suppose, they become intercessors; and here we have a lamentable specimen of their intercession. They do not make the woman's case as all their own; on the contrary, their plea is founded on selfishness. "Send her away, for she crieth after us." They do not like to be troubled: they beg to be relieved of annoyance.

Jesus answered and said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Did she, following the disciples into the dwelling, hear this herself, or was it reported to her at the door? At any rate, it seemed to destroy all hope, for it explained that there was a difference between her and those for whom he had wrought so many miracles. She was a lost sheep as well as they; but then she did not belong to the house of Israel. "There is the reason, my good woman, of the hopelessness of your case. You did not know, or you have forgotten, that the son of David is the Saviour of the Jews, and you are not of the chosen race; there is no hope for you. Go home and try to relieve the agonies of your suffering daughter, for there is no healing in reserve for one alienated and outcast from the elected family of God, as are you and yours." Should not we have been ready so to counsel her? Would our faith in such a case as hers have sustained the shock?

But she was not to be repulsed even by these terrible words. She forces her way to Christ. The intercession of apostles has failed, but she will now again try for herself. Within the house she comes and worships, saying, "Lord, help me." She would not murmur nor complain; she would only pray. The angel of the covenant wrestled with her. She would wrestle with him. "Let me go," he said. "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," she said. She proved herself, though a Canaanite, to be a daughter of Zion.

But again, her prayer was to be foiled; Jesus had told the disciples, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Now he tells the woman herself, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." "The Jews are children, miracles of mercy are for them; the Gentiles are not of the family; you are a Gentile, and have no claim to the provisions of the household." In calling the Gentiles "dogs," our Lord only accommodates himself to habits of Jewish thought and expression, the more to try this woman's faith, for he knew well what that faith was made of, and what it would bear.

She does not argue against the distinction. "Truth, Lord," she says. "Be it so. I complain not if, while the Jews be children, the Canaanites be dogs; but still the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the master's table." The word "yet," in our translation of Mark, seems to give the woman's argument the appearance of an objection to our Lord's words, whereas what she says is built upon those very words. She does not *except* to the premises, but she *accepts* them, proceeds to reason upon them, and, entirely from the same grounds, draw a directly opposite conclusion. "Truth, Lord; it is not meet that the children's bread be given to the dogs; they have no right to it; I have no right to Israel's blessings in their fulness. Saidst thou dogs? it is well; I accept the title and the place; for the dogs have a portion of the meal; not the first, not the children's portion, but a portion still—the crumbs which fall from the table. In this very statement of the case thou bringest us heathen, and thou bringest me, within the circle of the blessings which God, the great householder, is ever dispensing to his family. We also belong to his household, though we occupy but the lowest place in it. According to thine own showing, I am not wholly an alien, and thereby I will abide by this name, and will claim from thee all its consequences."*

Surely never was there such faith since Jacob wrestled with the angel. How it rose above that of the centurion even, who believed that Jesus could work a miracle by a word, for this woman had his faith to begin with. Her very visit alone, on behalf of her daughter, implied her belief that he could heal the distant sufferer as the near. And while the centurion had no repulse, but a commendation at once, she had to go through fire and water ere she came out into the wealthy place of the Saviour's blessing. While the strength of this woman's faith equalled that of the other woman who touched the hem of his garment, there was an intelligence in this faith which there was not in that.

When the wrestling was over, the Angel blessed Jacob. The wrestling ended in the benediction. Israel left Jabbok in humble and holy triumph. So likewise ended this struggle of the Canaanitish woman's faith and prayer. Jesus answered, and said unto her: "Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from

* Trench.

that very hour." Faith must have been great indeed for the Lord Jesus thus to pronounce it great. The eulogium conferred was divine, like that on Jacob. "As a prince thou hast power with God."

The Syrophœnician woman believed in the affluence of Christ's power—that he could heal all. She believed in the comprehensiveness of Christ's goodness—that he would heal Gentiles, even Canaanites. She had a wonderful will to ask, and to persevere in asking—to claim, and to take no repulse of the claim. So he crowned that will of hers with the benediction and bounty of his own will, saying, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

When she was gone to her house, she found the devil had gone out, and her daughter laid on the bed. Probably this means that there had been a conflict in that cottage, on the borders of Tyre and Sidon, just after the successful conflict of the praying mother with the merciful Redeemer. The devil had gone out ragefully, in a paroxysm of anger and malignity. He had rent her sorely; but there was a calm now. The mother, absent on her errand of mercy, had been spared this sight, and now returned to her home in the joyfulness of conquering faith. On entering her dwelling, she finds her daughter peacefully resting asleep on her little bed, enjoying that delicious repose of which the evil one had robbed her for many a day.

And now, from the review of the narrative, it is plain enough why there had been this great trial of faith, even as it is plain enough why the Angel wrestled with Jacob. Our blessed Lord evidently had in his miracles, besides the giving proof of his divine mission, two other purposes; first, the illustrating of his varied power and love in the work of salvation; and, secondly, the illustrating, in the recipients of his power and love, the exercise of that faith which is the way of salvation. He would bring out this woman's faith for her own sake—for her child's sake—for our sake. Through that faith she was blessed herself; she went back a stronger, holier, happier woman. Through that faith not only did her child get healing, but that child also got a mother more noble, purer in affection, stronger in mind, richer in religious knowledge, a surer guide, a brighter example; and through that faith of hers all generations of Christian people ever since have been blessed and edified. What this woman hath done shall to the end of time be told as a memorial of her.

STREAKS OF DAWN IN THE EAST.

Of such a movement as that which is in progress amongst the Armenians, the Turks could not be ignorant. Even if disposed to remain so, they are constrained to direct their attention to what is going forward, because questions connected with the persecuting tendencies of unreformed Armenians, and the vindication of the rights of Protestants, are being continually brought for adjudication before the Turkish tribunals. Thus, at Aleppo, the principal Armenian of the city, who had a seat in the council, summoned a Protestant, whose zeal had provoked him, before the council, and there accused him of sceptical opinions. The Protestant declared himself quite ready, if permitted, to show the nature of his belief, and, by a reference to the New Testament, demonstrate which were the more correct, his own principles or those of his accuser. Being ordered by the governor to proceed, he examined three points—the worship and use of images, fasting, and the celibacy of the clergy. Such was the effect of the discussion, that even the mufti took part with the Protestant against the Armenian, who was completely defeated.

To much the same effect, in a letter written from Marash, in December, 1853, one of the missionaries remarks: "I went to-day to visit the pasha, with one of the brethren. He received us kindly, and told me to stay in quiet as long as I pleased. He knows the difference between us and the old church, and has more than once openly rebuked the latter in full council." In the beginning of 1854, a priest at Kessab, from intercourse with the Protestant teacher, became so thoroughly convinced of the errors of his church, as openly, when officiating, to caution the people against putting their trust in fasting. Soon after, he joined the Protestants, and went with them to their place of prayer. A violent outbreak was the result, and the assailants and native helpers, whose lives had been placed in imminent peril, were summoned before the new council, which had been established at Aleppo. The American missionary, Dr. Pratt, observes:—

"The usual appliances of presents made to the members of the court had no influence upon the decision of the case. The result was according to its simple merits, and so was a most valuable triumph to the Protestants of this region. Nor is this all. The council, with all the officers in the palace, learned more about Protestantism than they had ever known before; and all which they learned was to its credit. Many a spectator, moreover, of different sects, and from different places, while compelled to wait his turn, heard something about this new way; so that in new and very unwonted places the gospel was freely spoken.

"I do not wish to protract my letter, but I must give you a single incident or two more.

When the case was finished, the president of the council said to the governor, 'Answer me one question. You have made sweeping accusations against the Armenians. Have you none against the Protestants?' 'No, my lord.' 'None?' 'Not the least. For three years not one, from little to great, has ever been accused before me of anything.' 'Wonderful!' said the president. This was in the presence of the Armenian bishop and several of his flock, and it was too much for him to bear. He exclaimed, therefore, 'A very likely story! The governor is prejudiced. Are they not all villagers, all Armenians, and of one family, as it were? Such a difference is not possible.' Polat answered him, 'If you want to know the difference, I can tell you. It comes from the teaching which they get.' Whereupon the poor bishop, unable to restrain himself, began to abuse the Kessab Armenians, in the Armenian language, for bringing him into such trouble. The Turks in the council understood at least the object; and a laugh at the expense of the poor man finished his discomfiture."

The Turkish officials, in numerous places throughout the empire, have been constrained to direct their attention to the discussions in progress between the old and reformed Armenians; and although at first disposed to view the latter as innovators and disturbers of the public peace, yet, on investigation, that feeling has been corrected; not only have they, on many occasions, protected the Protestants from ill usage, but openly expressed their approval of their principles, and their sympathy with them in their arduous undertaking. At Egin, on the Euphrates, the Turkish governor, in the mejlis, or council, before many Armenians and Turks, declared his estimate of the reformed Armenians in language such as this:—"This Protestant nation is the only clean nation in the Turkish empire. Every other nation is corrupt, will practise falsehood, injustice, and bribery; but this nation is pure and clean from all these things." "The Turkish authorities," observes one missionary, whose words are introduced into the American report for 1855, "deserve unqualified praise for their defence of religious liberty. Generally speaking, the Turks are our warm and decided friends, and not unfrequently are our coadjutors in the work of evangelization. Were it expedient, we might state numerous facts relating to the Turkish population of our field—Arabkir—which would excite surprise, and show that there are many of this people not far from the kingdom of God."

This is important and valuable testimony. It shows that an impression favourable to the Protestants, and the pure Christianity which they profess, has been produced, not only on the magistracy, but on the Turkish mind generally; and proofs of this occur throughout the reports of the missionaries.

Thus, at Malatia, the missionary, Mr. Dunmore, speaks in strong terms of the favourable disposition of the Mohammedans in that old city, once a large and well-built Roman town, and now a city of gardens, on a rich and productive plain. "In no place," he says, "have I ever found the Turks so friendly to Protestants, and so desirous to have the gospel preached. More than once, in passing through the streets, rich Moslem merchants called us into their shops, expressed their sympathy with us, and an earnest desire that we would remain. They called the Armenians to discuss questions with us; but the latter could be induced to comply only when they felt constrained to do so by fear or shame. We were frequently followed by a crowd of respectable Moslems, as we went from shop to shop to converse with the Armenians; and one day they gathered about in such masses, that it was impossible to pass the streets without difficulty, all exclaiming, 'Right! true! good!' to all we said."

A testimony to the truth of pure Christianity, as contradistinguished from the profitless superstitions which so long usurped its name, and a living exemplification of its sanctifying influence on the life, have thus been raised up in the very midst of the Ottoman population. The Armenians, a people so dispersed as to residence, and yet so generically one, have presented suitable materials out of which the living fabric of such a testimony might be raised. There is national identification amongst them, which facilitates the progress of the work; while, in proportion as they come under gospel influence, they disperse the knowledge of the truth as widely as they are dispersed themselves. The Turks, as bystanders, have become quietly observant of all. The idolatrous practices of various Christian communities throughout the empire offended them, and they disliked the religion of which they supposed them to be the true representations. But now they find a new community springing up throughout the empire, protesting against the idolatrous usages of the old churches, as corruptions of the Christian faith; persisting in that protest in the face of very severe persecution; and by the simplicity of their worship, and the blamelessness of their lives, presenting Christianity under a new and favourable aspect. The movement has been so new, so strange, and unexpected, as to excite in many a Turkish mind a desire to investigate and thoroughly understand the differences between the new and old systems; and hence the testimony borne by one missionary, "Mohammedans are becoming

interested in the great doctrines of salvation by the cross."

This is the point which is deserving of special attention, and which may well be deemed marvellous in our eyes—that, contemporaneously with the decay of Islamism, there has been awakened in the Ottoman mind a disposition favourable to the gospel. The sale of the Turkish Scriptures at Constantinople is at once the exponent of this disposition, and as the gentle breeze to the infant spark to fan it into a flame. Interesting information has been communicated on this point by Mr. B. Barker, who at such a crisis for Turkey, has removed from Smyrna to Constantinople. Some years back the Bible Society possessed only an obscure depôt at Galata, which was opened twice a week, where the Turks never presented themselves, and which the Christians entered rarely and by stealth. The principal depôt is now localized in a most frequented street at Constantinople, leading to the principal bazaars; and there, as well as in the grand street of Pera, the reading-room at Galata, and at other points, the Society's books are exposed for sale. But what is even more strikingly significant of the change which is going forward, is the fact, that the books of the Society are hawked about the streets of Constantinople by colporteurs, and freely offered for sale on the great floating bridge, amidst the motley throng of population which pass and repass from the Frank or Stamboul end. A colporteur has been placed there expressly for the sale of the Turkish Scriptures. "His success," observes Mr. Everett, of the American Board, "is beyond all our expectations. He keeps no other books but Turkish in sight, and cries out to Moslems passing by, 'Holy book! take it, take it!' They often turn round and look at the book, always with respect. I encouraged another colporteur to take along with him Turkish Testaments in the Turkish character, and he soon found that he could do better with those than with any other books: for two months past he has sold scarcely anything else. A Moslem, moreover, came and requested that he might be allowed to open a stall, for the sale of Turkish Scriptures, in the great bazaar of the city. Leave was granted, but he has not succeeded so well. Many other incidents show that there is a waking up of the Turkish mind. None can appreciate the change except those who have known Turkey for years. Even when I first came here, in 1845, nominal Christians trembled before the Moslem race, and with fear alluded to their religion: now, discussion is quite free. The other day, as a Turk asked a brother what he thought of the Korán, the latter frankly answered that it was false. This was said to a noble-looking, tall, white-turbaned, grey-headed Turk. He first came to the magazine, and inquired for the Testament that the English priests were selling all over Constantinople. I gave him a New Testament. 'Ah!' said he, 'that is it.' He put it under the folds of his garment, saying that he should read it carefully. He then inquired for a 'philosoph,' or learned man, not taking me for such an one, owing, perhaps, to my imperfect knowledge of his language. He then took out his Testament, and read from the first chapter of Matthew, respecting the conception and birth of Christ, which he received as truth; but that the Virgin was afterwards married he could not believe, and the narrative of the facts, he thought, should be erased from the Testament. I directed him to Mr. Goodell as the 'philosoph' he wanted to see. He afterwards politely and somewhat urgently invited me to his house, giving me the direction, near such a mosque. He has called often since in my absence."

During the six months ending December 31, "the agent of the Bible Society, standing on the bridge, has sold 149 Turkish New Testaments, 12 Turkish Bibles, and 91 copies of Genesis and Psalms. This is quite irrespective of what the colporteurs have sold in itinerating." Not only do the Turks purchase from the colporteurs, but visit the depositories for this purpose. Mr. Barker, in his correspondence, mentions instances of their doing so.

"On one occasion, some Turks calling at our depôt for Ingils—Testaments—not only paid readily the price asked for them, but observed that those books were invaluable, and deserved a backshish besides their cost. Another time, on the Rev. Mr. Spencer (one of the scripture readers) presenting Testaments to two Turks, when they saw what books they were, they kissed them, and placed them in their bosom, thanking Mr. Spencer over and over again for them. One day, when a Turk bought a Bible from our depôt, he observed, 'This book belongs to us, for we took possession of it when we took Constantinople: we then cared nothing for it, and the English have since printed it.' This, I suppose, he intended as an excuse for purchasing a Bible in the presence of Christians."*

QUAINT PHILIP HENRY.

EVEN his common conversation shaped itself into balanced sentences and proverbial maxims. "If I cannot go to the house of God, I will go to the God of the house." "Forced absence from God's ordinances, or forced presence with

* The Church Missionary Intelligencer, for May, 1856.

wicked people, is a grievous burden to a gracious soul." "Solitariness is no sign of sanctity. Pest-houses stand alone, and yet are full of infectious diseases." "There are two things that we should beware of—that we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we may never be a shame to it." "There are three things which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken: If they look for that in themselves which is to be had in another, namely, *righteousness;* if they look for that in the law which is to be had only in the gospel, namely, *mercy;* if they look for that on earth which is to be had only in heaven, namely, *perfection.*" In defiance of modern criticism, we own to a certain kindliness for this old-fashioned art; it has a Hebrew look; it reminds us of the alphabetic psalms, and the "six things, yea, seven," of Solomon. And we believe that it has a deep root in nature—the love of alliteration and antithesis being, in another form, the love of rhyme and metre. We never see in an ancient garden a box-tree peacock, or a hemisphere of holly, but we feel a certain pleasure; we cannot help admiring the obvious industry, and we feel they must have been a genial and gay-hearted people who taught their evergreens to roar like lions, or flap their wings like crowing cocks. And more especially we feel that but for this grotesque beginning, we might never have arrived at the landscape gardens of later times. Though they were the mere memorials of what amused our fathers, we could tolerate these conceits in cypress and yew; but when we recollect that they were the first attempts at the picturesque, and the commencement of modern elegance, we view them with deeper interest. Doubtless this alliterative and antistrophic style was eventually overdone, and like the Dutch gardener, who locked up his apprentice in one summer-house because he had secured a thief in the other, the later puritans sacrificed everything to verbal jingles and acrostic symmetry. But Philip Henry was a scholar, and a man of vigorous intellect, and, in the sense most signal, a man of God. Translated into the tamest language, his sayings would still be weighty; but when we reflect that to his peasant hearers their original terseness answered all the purpose of an artificial memory, we not only forgive but admire it. Many a good thought has perished because it was not portable, and many a good sermon is forgotten because it is not memorable; but like seeds with wings, the sayings of Philip Henry have floated far and near, and like seeds with hooked prickles, his sermons stuck to his most careless hearers. His tenacious words took root, and it was his happiness to see not only scriptural intelligence, but fervent and consistent piety, spreading amongst his parishioners.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

TEXTS WITH REMARKABLE ASSOCIATIONS.

Suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven—the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, for it was when reading about the lamb led to the slaughter that his eyes was directed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Binney, would indicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was a "stricken deer," who had long been panting for the water brooks, but he had yet found no comfort; when one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "Whom God hath set forth a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past;" and instantly realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the gospel. And, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize, by the most brilliant memorial, the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever: amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that—like Jacob, who at Luz would always see the light of the ladder lingering—every time he returned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would receive a surviving trace of that manifestation, which into his vacant wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy the vastest powers and the longest existence.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

XXVI.

An invalid's chamber; in which reclines a veteran warrior, in whose countenance native majesty contends with fast approaching imbecility. A beautiful maiden waits with daughter-like assiduity to anticipate his slightest wish. The door opens, and a dignified woman, who, though past the prime of life, wears unmistakeable indications of former loveliness, enters the apartment, and respectfully salutes its illustrious occupant, who, arousing at her entrance, desires to hear her wishes. She proceeds to unfold a tale of heavy grievance, and before concluding, has her cause reinforced by the entrance and added pleadings of an aged man, whose eye, brighter by far than that of the warrior before him, seems to flash its falcon glances forward into futurity.

Page for the Young.

THE ORPHAN.

Some years ago, I was invited to spend a few months with an acquaintance named Mrs. Clifton. We had been schoolfellows together, and though we had continued to visit, we were not by any means bosom friends. Catherine Graham—for that was her maiden name—was an only child, and had the misfortune when very young to lose her mother; and her father's business calling him much from home, she was left principally to the care of servants, who were desired to gratify all her fancies. The consequence was, that she grew up rather selfish and exacting, although she had some good traits in her character, which her injudicious education had not entirely eradicated. She married Mr. Clifton, a wealthy merchant, and at the time I speak of had only one child.

It was towards the close of a beautiful spring day, that I found myself seated in the elegant drawing-room at Westgrove House. After I had been some time, I said: "I have not yet seen your little girl, Mrs. Clifton."

"No," she replied, "she has not yet returned from her ride, but I expect her soon. I am quite anxious to introduce her to you; every one thinks her exceedingly beautiful. Oh, here she is!"

At this instant a little fairy figure, mounted on a white pony, rode up to the window.

"Well, darling," said her mother, "have you enjoyed your ride?"

"Yes, mamma; but John won't let me go fast enough; I don't like to creep along."

"Well, you shall ride as fast as you like to-morrow; but come in now, for the wind feels rather chilly."

Rosa was about nine years old; and as she sprang forward in her blue riding-habit, and little round hat, with the bright golden curls falling on her shoulders, I certainly thought her very pretty; and yet there was an expression in her eye which, to one accustomed to observe children attentively, was not altogether pleasing; indeed she struck me at the first as being a spoiled child.

"But who is this?" said I, as another little girl came timidly into the room.

"Oh, that is Mr. Clifton's niece; her parents died in India, and bequeathed Kate as a legacy to us. You'll find her very different from Rosa; she's so stupid and uninteresting."

Although this unkind speech was uttered in a whisper, it did not escape the little girl, as I saw by her quivering lip, as she turned away and seated herself quietly by one of the windows. That she was different from the brilliant Rosa was certainly true, for she was pale and small, and seemed painfully shy; but the intelligence which beamed from her mild blue eyes quite belied the idea of stupidity. I saw at a glance how matters stood; that her worldly-minded aunt considered the orphan as a burden upon her, and was not inclined to treat her as she did her own child; but still I had no idea of the amount of coldness and injustice the poor girl had to endure.

Rosa, at her mamma's desire, sang two or three childish songs in a very pretty way, and when she had finished, looked up in my face, expecting to be praised; but as I saw my little lady was sufficiently full of conceit, I did not say much.

"And do you sing, love?" said I, laying my hand upon Kate, who had continued sitting in her snug corner, looking at the pale moon.

"No, I can't sing as Rosa does," she replied, glancing timidly at me; "I only know a few hymns that mamma taught me; but no one cares for them here."

"Well, you shall sing them to me some day. But are you not tired of looking at the moon and stars?"

"Oh, no, you cannot think how beautiful they are to me; do you see that one, just there," pointing to a particularly bright star; "well, that I call my star; it always looks so sweetly at me, and brings such nice thoughts into my head."

"What sort of thoughts?" said I.

"Oh, I think it seems as if placed there to remind me that dear mamma is in heaven, and that I must meet her there, and then I think of the Star of Bethlehem, and it makes me quite happy."

At this moment Mrs. Clifton desired Kate to go to bed, as it was getting late. She rose instantly, saying as she kissed me, "May I talk to you sometimes, if you please?"

"Oh yes, we shall have many little conversations together before I leave; so now, good night, dear child, and may the Star of Bethlehem watch over and guide you."

For several days I saw little of Kate, for both the children spent the morning with their governess, and only made their appearance in the drawing-room for a short time after dinner. I could not help being struck with the sweet temper of the orphan. Although she was often severely and even unjustly reproved and punished, she never displayed any revengeful feelings, but submitted even to the caprices of her cousin with unfailing good humour.

One evening, I went out for a stroll, and turned my footsteps towards the churchyard. I always love the village churchyard, with its grassy hillocks, its moss-covered gravestones, its waving trees, through which the breeze gently steals, and its air of perfect rest and quiet, unbroken save by the song of the bird or the hum of the busy insect. On this evening, the scene was very beautiful; the sun was just falling below the horizon, leaving a flood of golden light behind, which tinged all surrounding objects with its glorious hue.

My eyes soon fell on a little grave with this short but touching inscription, "Alas! my child." Here then, thought I, lies all that is mortal of some infant form—perhaps the last hope of a widowed mother. Oh! who can tell what tears have been shed over that little one, what burning prayers been offered up to the throne of mercy for its life, and what feelings, perhaps almost of despair, have wrung the heart of the parent, as she felt the pulse become fainter and fainter, and as the angel of death spread his wings over the little panting sufferer! As such thoughts filled my mind, my own tears fell fast and thick, for it was not long since I had been called upon to consign a dear child to its grave, and I had found it hard indeed to say, "Thy will, my God, be done."

[To be continued.]

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

CONSTERNATION OF THE AGED WOMAN ON BEING APPRISED OF THE NEAR APPROACH OF DEATH.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. V.

AUNT ELLEN'S visit at Thorntree End was rather prematurely brought to a close by an unexpected summons she received to attend the sick bed of a young relative, who had been attacked by a fatal malady. When she announced the sad tidings to the Ashtons, she added: "I am very anxious on her account, dear girl, for she has not, at present, been told that there is no prospect of her recovery. Her parents are desirous she should not be kept in ignorance of the fact, but know not how to communicate it to her, and this letter requests me to undertake the painful task. I feel perplexed as to the best course to be pursued. There is great difference of opinion about the expediency of acquainting sick persons with their danger, and I believe that medical men are generally averse to its being done. Probably nurse may be able to give me some useful information from her experience in this trying matter."

To her inquiries, nurse replied that she was decidedly of opinion, from what had passed under her observation, that good and happy consequences might be expected to result from a faithful statement of the truth. "The chief dif-

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PRICE ONE PENNY

ficulty," she remarked, "will of course be felt where sudden illness has taken the patient by surprise, and but short time is given to prepare the mind for the momentous announcement. Usually in the lengthened attendance, varying forms, and slow progress of disease, there are abundant opportunities for gradually leading the mind of the sick person to a consideration of the probable result; and friends and attendants may judiciously adopt such modes of speech and action as imperceptibly to smooth the way for a more direct statement of the painful truth, that the sufferer has but one issue to anticipate out of the affliction under which he labours.

"Much, also, must depend on the individual character and temperament of the patient. With the nervous and fearful the most tender care and skill are requisite, lest by a sudden shock the springs of life should be snapped and the silver cord loosed. It has, however, been found possible to reconcile a due regard both to the physical and moral necessities of such cases; and while avoiding the pernicious system of encouraging false and delusive hopes, to exercise such loving discretion in communicating the truth as to sheath its sting. The dark clouds of sorrow and fear may be gilded by the sunshine of hope and cheerfulness; and with the aid of heavenly wisdom, we may aspire to imitate the operations of that gracious providence whose mysterious ways are ever tempered by love, mercy, and compassion. How imperceptibly are men usually brought, step by step, into the valley of the shadow of death; how, little by little, do their minds become accustomed to its dreary shades; dreary no longer when illumined by the light of faith, so that the Christian can say as he passes through them—

> "Come thou, Death,
> Let the damps of thy dull breath
> Overshadow e'en the shade,
> And make darkness' self afraid;
> There my feet, e'en there, shall find
> Way for a resolved mind."

"'His mind is stayed, trusting upon God.' So long, indeed, as the continuance of life remains doubtful, even the mind of a Christian may be kept in a state of painful suspense, hope and fear alternating; but in the majority of cases it is found that when death is known to be inevitable, the instinctive love of life, being no longer of use, ceases. The distinguished physician, Sir Henry Halford, once delivered a lecture at the College of Physicians, before a numerous audience of learned and eminent persons, on the influence of bodily disease upon the mind, and the consequent duty of medical attendants, especially relative to the propriety of informing a patient of his danger. He stated, on that occasion, that, of the great number whom he had attended in their dying moments, it had surprised him to find so few reluctant to part with life when the hour of dissolution approached; and that where a disposition to cling to it was evinced, the desire was usually caused more by a feeling of attachment to others than by personal considerations. From a man of such extensive experience this testimony comes with great weight; and while, on the one hand, we mourn that it is so often a 'false peace' which hushes the fears of the departing sinner, yet we must not fail to acknowledge the merciful compassion of Him who thus provides for an emergency so overwhelming, by loosening the tenacious hold of our strongest natural instincts when the hour of death approaches.

"But I forget that you desire me to give you some of the facts which have come under my own observation. I recall to mind, at this moment, three cases, widely differing from each other, but all illustrative of the subject. The first instance was that of Mrs. D——, a good and exemplary woman, in the prime of life, occupied with the busy cares of a young family, engaged in the earnest and loving discharge of all that which emphatically constitutes 'woman's mission.' She was, to crown the whole, a Christian in heart and life, holy and devout, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. Suddenly, she was seized with an illness which incapacitated her for the performance of her important duties, and compelled her, however reluctantly, to submit to the seclusion and inaction of a sick-chamber. Having been so unexpectedly laid aside, and at a time, too, when there were some peculiarly pressing matters requiring her active superintendence in the family, she was oppressed with anxiety, and appeared to be incessantly revolving in her mind the necessary measures to be taken in such an emergency. So much did this constant solicitude press upon her, that she took no rest, but passed night after night in sleepless thoughtfulness. The consequences were most distressing; her powers became enfeebled, and she gradually succumbed beneath the malady which had assailed her. In a short time, her strength was so exhausted that it seemed impossible she should rally; her case was apparently hopeless, and the medical men informed her husband that their skill was entirely baffled, and she must die. At his request, the kind physician undertook to acquaint her with the mournful fact. I was then in attendance upon her, having been engaged, for a time, to relieve her regular nurse. With much gentle tenderness, Dr. S—— performed his painful duty. When he ceased speaking, his patient remained for many moments silent as though stunned by such an overwhelming announcement. At length she fetched a long sigh, and looking up, thanked

him, and begged that he would desire she might be left perfectly quiet and undisturbed for two hours.

"I remained alone in the chamber with her. The windows were darkened, the curtains drawn around her bed, and the stillness of death prevailed. For about an hour, I perceived that she was much agitated; faint sobs burst ever and anon from her lips, and once she murmured: 'It is the Lord! let Him do what seemeth Him good.' By degrees, these sounds were hushed; and the sufferer remained perfectly still and motionless. So long did this continue, that at length I became alarmed, and noiselessly approaching the bed, peeped between the curtains. To my surprise and joy, I saw her in a deep sleep. Her pale face was turned toward me; the tear-drops still moistened the cheek, and glistened on the long lashes that shrouded those weary eyes, now closed in the long-desired repose; the expression of the mouth was peculiarly sweet, and seemed to tell of peace and serenity. As I watched her thus, I earnestly prayed that a life so dear and valuable might even yet be spared.

"Three or four hours elapsed before Mrs. D—— awoke from her slumbers; and, when the doctor came at night to pay his customary visit, he was surprised and pleased at such an unexpected result of the communication of the morning. He was evidently puzzled, and knew not how to account for it. The next day she was decidedly better; and there was a calmness and composure of manner, which contrasted most strikingly with her former restless anxiety. For some weeks her debility was great; but she steadily improved, and ere long the sentence of the doctor was reversed, and she was pronounced convalescent. She then acknowledged, with mingled thankfulness and self-reproach, that her inordinate anxiety and agitation of spirit had arisen from a want of faith in God and of submission to his holy will. So soon as she was told of her danger, these restless, tormenting thoughts gave way to the one all-absorbing consideration, that it was the will of her heavenly Father to call her to himself. Every earthly concern then took its right place, and assumed its due proportions. All worrying cares were cast at his feet, in the assurance that He would sustain her; and so she had found it. After the first quick burst of anxious, fluttering fear had subsided, she was enabled to feel that her soul was safe, and that, on that great point, she had nothing to fear; and then, like a child, whose alarms are hushed to rest, she gently fell asleep, committing herself to the arms of Heavenly Love. I rejoice to say, her recovery was complete; and I believe she long lived and served her heavenly Father in this world, which at his good pleasure he was ready to leave for a better.

"The case I am about next to mention is a widely different one: I think of it with pain. Many years ago, I was requested to visit an aged woman who was very unwell. The circumstances of the sick person were not, by any means, remarkable or interesting. She had been some years a widow, engaged in a small business, which she managed with industry and success; and now, in her old age, was living respectably on her little savings. Mrs. K—— had been long a professor of religion, and a member of a Christian church, of irreproachable conduct and character. I had reason to believe she was one of those people, not unfrequently met with, of regular, plodding habits, plausible and fair in all their dealings, and unimpeachable in general behaviour, who 'pay their way,' 'give every one their own,' and are punctual as clockwork and machine-like in action. No one had ever known her do an unjust thing, nor had it ever entered any one's imagination that she could do a generous one. Her neighbours all dealt with her; but nobody loved her. And so she went on, year by year, with little friction of the nerves, and no wear and tear of the generous sensibilities. Age crept on her imperceptibly. She looked as she had always done, and did as of yore, and seemed likely to go on looking and doing the same for ever. But at length the machine began to clog with the accumulated dust of years, and its movements became more slow and heavy; by and by, it came to a dead stop; Mrs. K—— was 'giving up business,' and was 'about to retire.'

"A short time after this occurred, she sickened and languished. The poor old woman missed her usual occupation, and fretted. She was solitary and uneasy. Her minister, perceiving her absent from the place she had so long and invariably occupied on the sabbath-day, called to enquire for her, and spoke to her with kindness and fidelity. To him she said but little. He thought her timid and reserved, and requested some ladies to visit her. One of them was a kind friend of mine, who, shortly after, being about to leave home, asked me to call occasionally on Mrs. K—— during her absence.

"My first interview with her left an unsatisfactory impression on my mind; which was confirmed by subsequent observation. She thanked me for coming, and seemed pleased at the attention. I had just come from the house of God, it being Sunday morning, and I spoke of the sermon I had heard on the glad theme of a Saviour's dying love. I then waited, hoping to catch a response in the expression of her countenance, or in some utterance of her lips.

But there was no lighting up of the eye; no brightening hope beamed there. She was cold and passive, yet she listened, and acquiesced in the remarks I made, speaking a few short sentences in reply. With much more readiness, she answered my enquiries about her health, dwelling at length on her discomfort and ailments. Before leaving, I proposed to read and pray with her, to which she acceded with a civil expression of thankfulness. After I had concluded, she again thanked me, and begged I would soon repeat my visit.

"I complied with her request, and saw her frequently, each time with the same results. I got no farther, and felt that no progress was made. Not a word escaped to prove that she was unsound in faith, or deficient in knowledge. Indeed, she occasionally quoted Scripture with much aptness, and was evidently well acquainted with its doctrinal truths. I felt, however, increasingly dissatisfied and uneasy about her, not being able to resist the mournful conviction that all was not well. In a word, it seemed to me that here was a soul standing on the verge of eternity, which had never come into living contact with the vast realities of the unseen and eternal world. Under these circumstances, I spoke to her minister, who, I know, afterwards visited her assiduously.

"It so happened that my duties called me into the country for a short time, and consequently I saw no more of Mrs. K——. The very day of my return home, a messenger was sent from her, requesting me to call. I promised to do so as soon as possible; but, while I was preparing to go, the woman who had attended her came to say she was no more. I saw she was much agitated, and found on enquiry that she had witnessed a very distressing scene. The evening before the doctor had called, and finding her, as he supposed, dosing, he sat a few moments talking with the nurse. In answer to her complaint, that the poor old woman was a great sufferer, he replied, 'She will not have long to suffer; it will be all over in eight and forty hours.' A loud exclamation from the patient startled them both, and they hastened to the bed-side.

"'What is that you say?' she cried, with almost a scream. 'You cannot mean that I am dying. It is false, I know. I am hardly over seventy, and my mother lived to ninety! What do you mean, I say?'

"He endeavoured to tranquillize and soothe her, but it was a vain effort. She seemed to be only then aroused to a sense of her true condition. It was evident she had not previously realized the approaching death. A strange and altogether new energy seemed imparted to her, and she spoke with vehemence and strength.

"'It was a sad and weary night,' concluded the poor woman; 'I shall never forget it. How the poor thing kept crying out 'I am dying! I am dying! pray for me, pray for my poor soul.' Sometimes she spoke of her early days, when, she said, she had been really in earnest about religion; but, in after years, she was quite taken up with business and worldly things; and now she felt that what her old minister used to say was true of her: 'There is such a thing as having a name to live while you are dead. Such are cold, formal, half-hearted professors, whose religion is a thing of naught, and will fail them at the end.' And then she cried out again to pray for her, and bade me fetch you and Mr. D——. She was soon worn out with fatigue and distress, and died about an hour ago, her last words being a prayer for pardon and mercy.'"

THE ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES.

CHAP. V.

MOUNT SINAI.

"If I were to make a model of the end of the world, it would be from the valley of the convent of Mount Sinai," said Sir Frederick Henniker; and more recent travellers have often quoted his words, declaring them fully justified by their own impressions. Imagine yourself, after having conquered the toilsome difficulties of the ascent, through mountains whose wild and desolate appearance reminds one strongly of the scenery around the Mer de Glâce in Switzerland, reaching at length the summit of the pass, and seeing spread out before you a fine broad plain, terminated, at the distance of more than a mile, by the bold and awful front of Horeb—a giant mass of cliffs standing out encompassed on each side by the sky—disengaged from the intervening and surrounding hills, alone in their grandeur. "The plain itself is not broken and uneven, and narrowly shut in, like almost all others in the range, but presents a long retiring sweep. The cliff, rising like a huge altar, visible from end to end of the whole plain, presents the very image of 'the mount that might be touched.' And here, beyond all other parts of the peninsula, is the secret place, withdrawn, as if 'in the end of the world,' from all the stir and confusion of earthly things," says Mr. Stanley; and he adds: "To this giant mass we approached through the long continued plain, which, enclosed as it was between two precipitous mountain ranges of black and yellow granite, and having always at its end this prodigious mountain block, I could compare to nothing else than the immense avenue through which the approach was made to the Egyptian temples. The whole impression of

that long approach was even more wonderful than I had expected. I cannot imagine that any human being could pass up that plain and not feel that he was entering a place above all others suited for the most august of the sights of earth. That such a plain should exist at all, in front of such a cliff, is so remarkable a coincidence with the sacred narrative, as to furnish a strong internal argument, not merely of its identity with the scene, but of the scene itself having been described by an eye-witness."

"It was a scene," says Dr. Robinson, "of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen. As we crossed the plain, our feelings were strongly affected at finding here a spot so entirely adapted to the Scriptural account of the giving of the law."

We may, therefore, give ourselves up to the delightful conviction that we are now within the precincts of that Sinai on which, from our earliest childhood, we have thought with so much wonder, mingled with awe. As we cross the plain, we see groups of Arabs tending their goats, which browse on the desert plants, scattered here and there in tufts upon its level expanse of sand. Half an hour's progress brings us within sight of the Greek convent of St. Catherine, lying beneath the deep shadow of Horeb. It looks little more than a white speck amidst the mighty mountains around; a tiny nest of repose among the gigantic tokens of natural convulsion. Here the weary pilgrim finds a quiet resting-place during his short sojourn at the foot of the Mount of God; here, too, his thirsting lips quaff the bright sparkling water from the convent well, which seems almost too delicious after the diluted mud which for several days past has been his sole beverage.

In the illustration accompanying this chapter, the reader has a view of the plain, El Rahah, with the chain of mountain peaks at its extremity, and the convent in the recess between the mountains. A party of travellers is seen advancing across the wide level expanse.

Sinai is the most ancient of "holy places," and there are some traces of a sanctity attached to it prior to the passage of the Israelites. Josephus tells us of a belief that a Divine Presence dwelt in those awful cliffs, which were held in reverence by the wandering tribes inhabiting them, who restrained their flocks from too near an approach to their sacred limits.

In the early ages of the Christian era, multitudes of devotees established themselves amid these recesses, and a host of cells and convents sprang up. No less than six thousand monks or hermits congregated around Jebel Mousa, and Paran, as we have seen, was made the site of an episcopal city. Of all these memorials of ancient devotion, the only remnant is the convent of St. Catherine, which was built in the sixth century, by the great Byzantine emperor Justinian, at the request of the Christians of the region, who, harassed by the untractable Bedouins, besought the monarch to build them a fortified convent. Burckhardt tells us that he sent workmen from Constantinople and Egypt, with orders to build an impregnable monastery on the top of the mountain; but, there being no water at that height, they placed the building at the foot of Mount Horeb, enclosing within its walls the spring of which it was said Moses was the first to drink. Once the buildings of this establishment composed quite a little town; there were no fewer than thirty-six chapels, devoted to the worship of separate sects. But these have been long deserted; the worship now is solely that of the Greek church. About thirty monks reside here, who are subject to very severe monastic rule. Animal food of all kinds is prohibited them, and they depend for their supply of vegetables and fruits upon their gardens, which are cultivated with great care. They also raise great quantities of medicinal and sacred herbs, the production of which is very important to the monks, whose reputation largely depends upon them.

After enjoying a day of necessary repose, the traveller rises betimes, to commence the ascent of Mount Sinai proper, or Jebel Mousa—the traditional scene of the giving of the law. The first part of the journey is comparatively easy; but after awhile the way becomes more steep and fatiguing. It lies between impending masses of rock of immense size, and through two arched gateways, erected as a sort of way of access to the mountain top. Next you arrive at a small plain, in the midst of which grows a tall cypress, and near it a stone building called the chapel of the convent, built over the so-called cave of Elijah. From this spot the summit of Mount Sinai is visible, and about half an hour's climbing brings you there.

A simple, but to my feelings very touching, narrative of this ascent is given by a German traveller, (Baumgarten). He writes: "About sunrising, we came down the west side of Mount Horeb, by a very steep and dangerous way, and came into a valley betwixt Horeb and Mount Sinai. . . . . At last our ascent grew so difficult that all our former toil and labour seemed but sport to this. However, we did not give over; but, imploring the Divine assistance, we used our utmost endeavour. At last, through untrodden ways, through sharp and hanging rocks, through clefts and horrible deserts, pulling and drawing one another, sometimes with our staves, sometimes with our belts, and sometimes with our hands, by the assistance of Almighty God, we all arrived at the top of the mountain.

The top of Mount Sinai is scarce thirty paces in compass."

But, after all, there seem to be sufficient reasons for believing that this is *not* "the top of the Mount" described in Exodus (ch. xix and xx.). Dr. Robinson, Dr. Olin, and Mr. Stanley, as well as other travellers, who take Scriptural narrative and not monkish tradition as their guide, are of opinion that the true site of the giving of the law must be sought elsewhere. This summit, they observe, is three miles distant from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood, and hidden from it by intervening peaks. No part of the plain is visible from it, nor is there any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled.

The next object to be attained is to gain the summit of the range called Peak Sussafeh. Winding through ravines and among low peaks, with hollows, or basins, containing springs with shrubs and mountain plants, you reach the basis of a lofty pinnacle, the ascent to which is described by Dr. Robinson as being of extreme difficulty and even danger. But it is well repaid by the sight which presents itself from thence. The effect, by all who have seen and described it, is pronounced to be instantaneous. Stretched out below is the deep, wide, yellow plain, by which you approached at first, sweeping down to the very base of the cliffs, exactly answering to the plain on which the people "removed and stood afar off;" and the height on which you stand is the mountain brow, whence alone the lightnings and thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when "the Lord came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."

Yes, this dread wilderness was the scene of those solemn transactions recorded in the 19th and 20th chapters of Exodus. Let us read the marvellous narrative given us by Moses; and as we do so, bear in mind that the Divine law is imperishable, like its glorious author; and that its two great commandments are imperative and inviolable, and must be written upon our hearts—love to God and love to man: "On these two hang all the law and the prophets."

"And Israel camped before the mount." And there, for the space of nearly a year, did they remain stationary, in the elevated region about Mount Sinai, while their great lawgiver received, from the Almighty himself, the statutes and commandments which were to be a law and an ordinance unto Israel throughout all generations. A peculiar and unique constitution did he deliver to the people, presupposing their possession of a rich and fertile territory, of which, as yet, they had not occupied an acre, nor even approached the borders.

At length the twelve tribes broke up from their prolonged sojourn, and "departed from the Mount of the Lord three days' journey"—the ark of the Lord going before, "to search out a resting-place for them." A year and a month had passed since their departure from Egypt; and now, furnished with their code of laws, marshalled according to their ranks, and encouraged by the promised assistance of their God, they went onward to take possession of the fruitful land of their inheritance. In the 11th and 12th chapters of Numbers, you have the narrative of what befell on their way; how they murmured against the Lord, and rebelled against his servant Moses, and were punished for their sins. Finally, the host arrived on the southern frontier of the promised land, at a place called Kadesh-Barnea; and the twelve spies were chosen, one from each tribe. You are acquainted with the object of their mission and its results, and know how, through their hardness of heart and unbelief, they were shut out from the promised inheritance, and doomed to die in the wilderness.

Of the Hebrew history during the thirty-eight years of their wanderings, we know not much, save the names of their stations or places of encampment, given in the 33rd chapter of Numbers. From the fact that only seventeen places are mentioned during a period of thirty-seven years, we may gather that the camp remained in several of these localities for some years. After the departure from Sinai the clue to their track is lost, and the geographical interest of the narrative ceases, until their reappearance a second time on the frontiers of Canaan. They approached at first from the same point as before, on the southern boundary of Palestine; but many formidable difficulties opposed them here, and, in fact, this mountainous district was not finally subdued till the reign of David. They therefore made a circuit, and being refused leave of passage by the Edomites, who inhabited the lofty ridge called Mount Seir, through which alone they could have made a short cut, they were compelled to descend, southward, along the deep valley called El Arabah, which extends from the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akabah, on the shores of which they encamped at Ezion-Geber, and then turned the corner of the Edomite mountains at their southern extremity, and advanced into the territory of the Moabites at the "brook Zared," at the south-east end of the Dead Sea.

Before they commenced this march, Aaron died, and was buried on Mount Hor. Josephus fixes the position of this mountain a short distance to the west of Petra, the ruins of which city were discovered by Burckhardt, and the natives pointed out the place of the great high-priest's tomb exactly in the position indicated by the Jewish historian. Dr. Robinson did not

ascend this mountain, and Burckhardt was not able to reach the summit. Mr. Stanley was more fortunate. He climbed to the second height of its "double top," and visited the Mohammedan chapel erected over the supposed site of the grave. From the flat roof of the building he gazed around on the prospect which met the last dying looks of Aaron, when "in the sight of all the congregation" he was conducted up the lofty height, stripped of his priestly robes, and "gathered to his people." The view stretches over the valley of Arabah, intersected by its hundred water-courses; while beyond were visible the white mountains of the wilderness Israel had so long traversed, the rugged mountains of Edom, and far in the eastern horizon the wide downs of Mount Seir. "A dreary moment, and a dreary scene—such, at any rate, it must have seemed to the aged priest."

There seems to be no doubt entertained as to the fact that the Israelites, after leaving Mount Hor, passed along the wide and desert valley of the Arabah, on their way to Elath, by the Red Sea. (Deut. ii. 8.) The word in the Hebrew is the same, "Arabah" — translated "plain;" this is the present Arabic name of the great valley. Looking on the map, you will see, at the head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, the town Akabah marked. This is the site of the ancient Elath, which is mentioned, together with Ezion-Geber, in Scripture narrative. The former seems to have been the naval station situated on the eastern shore of the gulf, which was called after it the Elanitic gulf. The latter place was taken possession of by David, on the conquest of Edom; and there he established a trade to all parts of the then known world. Solomon built his ships there, and sent them to Ophir. It continued in the possession of Israel about one hundred and fifty years. Jerome says it was the first port from India to Egypt. This point of our route is specially interesting, as it was here only that the Israelites, in the subsequent period of their history, were brought into connection with the scene of the early wanderings of their nation. What changes has this place undergone since the time when the Israelites first encamped there! (See Numbers xxxiii—xxxv.) The Akabah of the present day is a wretched little village, guarded by a fortress, built for the protection of the Mecca pilgrims, (like that near Suez.) The situation is beautiful—at once magnificent and lovely. Rounding the head of the gulf, you have the sea on your right, and look upon those deep blue waters, now wholly deserted, which in ancient times were crowded with the fleets of Solomon and Jehoshaphat.

And now the course of the traveller lies up the great Wady Arabah—from the days of Solomon to those of the Romans the grand commercial route by which the riches of Ophir and the Indies were conveyed from Elath and Ezion-Geber to Jerusalem. A dreary way it is now—a sandy valley, at least two miles wide, with high and sharp-cut mountains for boundaries on either hand. There is, however, something fine in the infinite desert stretching before you, lost in the hazy distance; sometimes rising in an immeasurable slope, tufted with tamarisks and thorny acacias. But its deepest interest lies in the thought that this path was probably often trodden by the Israelites.

Doubtless it looked in their eyes, as it looks now, the same dreary waste—the same swelling sand-hills tufted with broom and brushes, affording good pasturage for their flocks; but still a dreary solitude. Down its long, wide, hollow way they took their route when scornfully refused passage by the Edomites, and we can imagine it was sadly and unwillingly they went by this circuitous path. It was, however, to be the last of their wanderings; for, having reached the edge of the mountainous ridge, near the gulf of Elath, their march turned northward, and they advanced through the district of Moab, till they reached the stream now called the Modjeb—the "River Arnon" of the Scripture.

In the book of Deuteronomy, Moses recounts the whole eventful history of Israel since their deliverance out of Egypt; their toils, their dangers, their victories. Feeling his end approaching, he summons all the assembly of his people together to receive his final instructions, and recapitulates and consolidates in one brief code the whole law. With the most solemn warnings, the most pathetic appeals, the most tender admonitions, he addresses them—urging upon them obedience and life—threatening them, if disobedient to the heavenly word, with the most awful punishments and death. And now what remained but that he should take them in to the land of promise, and having "beheld the good of his inheritance," close his eyes full of joy and satisfaction? Ah! what should hinder him?

Alas! the people for whom he had devoted his life, caused him, in a moment of impatience, to sin. "They angered him also at the waters of strife, so that it went ill with Moses for their sakes; because they provoked his spirit, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips. And as for them: "All that came out of Egypt by Moses" fell in the wilderness, and could not enter into the land of promise because of unbelief. Dear readers, listen to the words of the apostle to the Hebrews: "Seeing that they entered not in, because of unbelief, let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

PLAIN OF EL RAHAH, THE SCENE OF THE LAW-GIVING.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE PSALMIST'S ESTIMATE OF ORDINANCES.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength: every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."—*Psalm* lxxxiv. 5—7.

THERE is a happy medium, which it is most important to observe, between attaching too great or too little importance to the ordinances of religion. The former is the error of those who ascribe to them an invariable efficacy, irrespective of the state of mind in which they are resorted to; and who regard as meritorious before God the mere external use of them. The latter is the error of those who imagine that they may be neglected, or carelessly or irregularly used, without offence to the Most High, or grievous detriment to our own souls. Of the medium between these two extremes, the Psalm from which our text is taken seems to furnish a most instructive instance. It was probably written during some one of those frequent occasions in the life of David, when, fleeing or hiding from his enemies, he had to make the wilderness his home, and was therefore cut off altogether from the services of the sanctuary. How highly he valued such—how deeply he felt the loss of them—how earnestly he longed for the time when he might again avail himself of them, we learn from the commencement of the Psalm. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

It were well that those, if such there be, amongst our readers, who are conscious of frequently, for some trivial reason—perhaps sometimes without any reason at all—absenting themselves from public worship on the sabbath, would contrast the spirit which in this respect they evince, with that thus forcibly expressed by "the man after God's own heart." Could *they* venture to take such language upon their lips without being struck dumb by a conviction of their own hypocrisy? And yet the same spirit evinced itself no less strikingly in him whom David in this as in other instances but feebly typified. Of him it was written, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Above all ordinances though he was, he submitted to, and fulfilled them all. The great antetype of all the temple service, he diligently attended upon it. In this, as in every other particular of his daily life, "he has left us an example that we should follow his steps." In this, as in every other respect, "if any man have not *the spirit of Christ*, he is none of his."

The inspired Psalmist, however, while thus strongly expressing his yearning desire after those ordinances in which the Most High was wont to manifest his presence, and to impart his comforts in a special manner to his soul, is careful to show that nothing of formalism or of superstition entered into that desire. He proceeds to guard against any such interpretation of the feeling which he had expressed, by adding, "Blessed is the man whose strength is"—not in ordinances, but "in thee;" and further to explain the nature of the value which he set upon ordinances, by a most appropriate and instructive illustration. "In whose heart are the ways of them who, passing through the valley of Baca, use it for a well; the rain also filleth the pools."

The first great need felt by the newly-awakened conscience is that of strength; as its deepest conviction is usually that of helplessness. It feels the need of strength to make peace with God, to roll away that mountain barrier of sin, to fill up that unfathomable gulf of dereliction and short-coming, which separate between the fallen and One who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." And here comes in the force of the Psalmist's benediction, "Blessed is the man whose strength"—to effect this peace with God—is felt to be, not in ordinances for him at present to make use of, but "in God himself," put forth in his omnipotence, and exercised in his behalf long centuries ago. Blessed is the man who knows that his peace with God has been long since and everlastingly effected—that Christ, who is his "peace"—"Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God"—has in his own strength effected it: that, "having died for his sins, and risen again for his justification," he has by his omnipotence removed the mountain barrier, filled up the separating gulf, and secured to him a reconciliation with, an access to, his Father in heaven; and that all he needs is just to take firm hold upon this strength; to believe in him "that justifieth the ungodly." "Let him take hold of my strength," saith the Most High, "that he may make peace with me, and he shall make peace with me."

Again, after peace with God has thus been effected, or rather after the happy consciousness of a peace thus effected has been attained, there is deeply felt the need of strength whereby to render acceptable service unto God. Just in proportion as God is known as a reconciled Father in Christ, will be the desire to serve him. According to the clearness with which Christ is seen "putting away our sin by the sacrifice of himself," will be the earnestness of the question, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Nor is it until the endeavour to live in the service and to the glory of God has been sincerely made, that we become aware of our own entire inability for its fulfilment. Efforts made in earnest, but made in our own strength, and therefore issuing in utter failure, will under such circumstances too often mar the peace and cloud the sunshine which previously we have enjoyed. Therefore "blessed is the man whose strength is in Jehovah," who knows that as he has no natural, neither has he any imparted strength in himself; that he has not, neither will God vouchsafe to him, any stock of grace in hand, wherewith to meet future emergencies, or wherein, though it were but for an hour, to walk alone and independently. Blessed is the man who knows that he must go *perpetually*, and that he may go "*boldly*, to the throne of grace, to obtain mercy, and to find grace to help in time of need;" that it is at once his duty and his privilege, unceasingly, to bring his emptiness, that it may be filled out of the fulness that there is in Christ Jesus; his weakness, that the strength of God may be perfected therein. St. Paul enjoyed this blessedness in an eminent degree. His estimate of his own helplessness was this: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to *think* anything as of ourselves. But," he adds, "our *sufficiency is of God*." Again: "I can do all things, through Christ, which strengtheneth me." And again: "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for *when I am weak, then am I strong*." Reader! seek that his experience may be yours.

The psalmist proceeds further, by means of a simple and beautiful illustration, to explain his actual estimate of religious ordinances. He takes his illustration from the circumstances of travellers journeying from a distant part of Palestine to worship at Jerusalem. These had to pass through a valley which he calls "the valley of Baca," or, as it is in the marginal reading of our Bibles, "the valley of mulberry-trees," or, in the version of the Church of England Prayer-book, "the vale of misery. It was a place, of which there are several in the mountainous regions of Judea, whose stony soil was altogether destitute of water, and from which the rain, however heavily it fell, ran off immediately, and left it arid as before. The resource, therefore, of travellers whereby to satisfy their thirst, consisted in pools or hollows artificially formed in the ground, and in which the rain-water was retained. To this the psalmist alludes when he speaks of him as blessed, "in whose heart are the ways of them who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools."

We, too, are travelling here below through "a barren and dry land where no water is." Wells there are, or seem to be, here and there, but we find them to be dry. Cisterns now and then we meet with, but they are broken and can hold no water; or if there be some water in the well or in the cistern, it is like that of Marah, bitter. Or when a blue gleam in the distance tempts us onward, it is but the mirage of the desert, which recedes as we approach it, and leaves us to the sickness of the hope deferred. Nought wherewith to quench the spirit's deathless thirst, to satisfy its immortal longings, meets us here below. Blessed, therefore, is the man who, like the travellers to whom the psalmist alludes, depends not upon aught that springs out of the earth, but altogether upon that which comes down from heaven for his satisfaction and refreshment. Blessed is the man who, having his strength on high, looks upward for all his supplies. Blessed is the man who looks to, and makes use of ordinances just as these travellers made use of the pools in the arid valley, so inestimably precious—the only sources of true refreshment which are opened to us in this barren world: but, only precious, only refreshing, in proportion as the rain from heaven fills them—as the Spirit descends and replenishes them with living water, and makes Christ in them a satisfying portion to the soul. Each traveller of old, who drank of these pools thus filled with water from above, was thereby invigorated for his journey, and at its close appeared in health and comeliness before God in the appointed place of worship at Jerusalem. Each pilgrim here, through time into eternity, who thus makes diligent use of the ordinances and means of grace, both private and public, which God has so bounteously provided for him, remembering at the same time that they are but the pools, that the unfailing fountain whence they receive their fulness is on high, shall in like manner "go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

THE MARTYRS OF PARIS.

PART V.

It is a principle of the Divine government that the religion of the gospel shall not be an influence independent of man, but operating through him. As God's light takes the tinge of the medium through which it may be viewed, and seems to be red, or green, or blue according to the variations of that medium, so God's religion, always imperfectly exhibited by man at best, varies in its manifestation according to the temperament of individual or national character. We have seen how noble a band of confessors France boasted in one great period of its history. Like the French people themselves, their religion was ardent, impulsive, energetic, but unhappily, like them also, it was liable to variableness and inconstancy. Religion in France was exposed to peculiar temptations, and these temptations proved in the end too much for its stability. Nor must we omit to notice one grand peculiarity which, distinguishing the Reformation on the continent in general and France in particular from that within our own shores, operated disastrously for the cause of Christ. It was the laxity with which the sabbath was maintained. Could it be expected that when the latter part of that holy day was devoted to mirth and amusement, the former part of it should long retain its influence? The views on this subject held by Calvin (great and good man as in many respects he was) were disastrous. Another temptation beset the French Protestants. In the maintenance of their religion they were often, of necessity, opposed to the ruling powers. This fact stimulated them to become a political party altogether. But in that movement their spirituality became greatly forgotten; and compelled to associate with many whose Protestantism was little of a reality, they were drawn away, in a perilous degree, from "the simplicity that is in Christ." We indicate in an early stage these evils, though as yet they were only faintly apparent. But we shall see more of them before we close.

It was with the Parisian Protestants as with the Israelites in Egypt, "the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied and grew." The persecutions which assailed them, overruled by Divine agency, directed the eye of public attention to their movements, excited sympathy towards them, and caused the number of their converts to increase. Though the Roman Catholic party, led on by the Guises, never wavered for an instant in their hostility, the parliament of Paris began to hesitate. The truth is that about and shortly after this time, the new doctrines of Protestantism became exceedingly popular in certain directions. They greatly influenced the minds of the students of the University, who were accustomed to meet on summer evenings in the Pré aux Clercs, (a meadow now built over by the Faubourg St. Germain,) and there to sing Marot's translation of the Psalms. Many persons of rank and influence joined themselves to these; Protestantism became the fashion of the hour; and though these meetings were denounced by the Roman Catholics as seditious and heretical, they still went on. Such numbers were involved in these charges, that the parliament shrunk from acting against a strong party, many of whom were members of its own body, and they were still more restrained owing to the active advocacy of the cause of the Huguenots* by such men as Louis Dufaur and Anne Dubourg. The latter individual had obtained a wide reputation for intelligence and probity. The hesitation of the parliament was, however—so at least it was represented, in the eyes of the cardinal of Lorraine—a breach of the most solemn duties, and nothing in his opinion could tend so much to increase the number of "detestable" religionists as the failure of the secular arm to punish; whilst a neglect of this duty would unsettle, first the ecclesiastical power, and, after that, the crown itself.

Instigated by the cardinal, the king held what was termed "a bed of justice," at which he invited all his friends to give their opinion as to the best means of remedying such differences. The president of the parliament thought that nothing was more worthy of imitation than the conduct of Philippe-Auguste, who had caused six hundred Albigenses to be burned in one day. Dubourg was of a different opinion. He would fain know what crimes the Lutherans had committed, and why they were condemned for invoking the name of Jesus Christ. The cardinal foamed with rage at this opposition, and the king declared that he wished to see those who spoke thus burned before his eyes. At the same time he ordered that Dufaur and Dubourg should be seized and imprisoned in the Bastille, together with such of their adherents as had not already saved themselves by flight. He issued at the same time letters-patent authorizing the destruction of all Lutherans. Under this warrant Nicholas Ballon was burned. But the career of the king himself was prematurely brought to an end. For having engaged, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter with the king of Spain, in a game of jousts with the Count Montgomerie, he was pierced in the eye with the splinter of a lance,

* The word Huguenot is said to be derived from the German term which distinguished a political Swiss party—with which the first Reformers were confounded—Eidgenossen, (French) Eguenots—Huguenots.

and after lingering a month, died of the wound. It is said that the remembrance of Dubourg and his companions haunted him in his last moments, and that he cried out on his death-bed, "They are innocent; and God has punished me for having persecuted them." On which the Cardinal de Lorraine said that such a suggestion could only come from the devil.

But the death of the king did not interrupt the movements against Dubourg, who, though a clergyman and a doctor, was one of the members of the parliament. The bishop of Paris denounced him as a heretic. He was tried before the cardinal and Minerci, his mortal enemies. The advocate who pleaded his cause, in the conclusion of his address, and with the view of benefiting his client, besought for him the pity of the king and the court; confessed that Dubourg had greatly offended God, irritated the king, and insulted the holy church and his bishop, and that his desire was to be reconciled. Dubourg wished to stop his advocate in this gratuitous interposition of things he had never intended to say, and such as were contrary to his deliberate sentiments. But the advocate made a sign to the president who, too glad at the appearance of submission in so notorious an offender, would not listen to his interruptions, but sent him back again to his prison. They then deliberated on the propriety of making known to the king Dubourg's confession, (as they termed it,) and asking his pardon on the ground of it, when a letter reached them, written and signed by Dubourg himself, denying the representations of his advocate and maintaining his former opinions, which he avowed himself ready to defend at all times and under all circumstances. The whole affair was therefore brought before the sovereign, who commanded him to suffer at once. So far from shrinking from this last crisis, Dubourg longed for it with all his heart. No change of countenance, no sudden pallor or shrinking of the frame, was observable when his death-decree was produced. On the contrary, he avowed that whatever the consequence of his confession might be, he was a Christian, and that he was ready to die for the cause of his Lord. Fearing, however, lest the reformed party might make an effort to procure his liberty, Dubourg was shut up in an iron cage—one of those which Louis XI had provided in the Bastille for the incarceration of his prisoners of state—in which he was exposed to be kept in the most uneasy positions, and was moreover denied all visits from his friends, and was sometimes restricted to bread and water. Nothing, however, could break his courageous spirit; he employed his time in singing, often to his lute, the praises of God. Many ineffectual attempts were made to shake his resolution, and to induce him to seek pardon; but he adhered with undaunted firmness to his pious purpose, and, lest there should be any mistake, addressed to the parliament a document containing a full confession of his faith.

At length the time came for his death. It was an ancient custom of the parliament that the greatest malefactors should be reserved for the great annual festivals. On the Saturday, therefore, before Christmas, the 23rd of December, 1550, he was brought out for execution. He was accompanied by six hundred men under arms. To prevent any intervention for his escape, gallows were set up and faggots collected in several different parts of the city—and the exact place where Dubourg would suffer was not made known till the latest moment. He was led to *St. Jean en Grève*. His firmness remained unshaken. Those who were near enough to see his countenance, described it to have presented an appearance as if irradiated by the Spirit of God. He counted it his joy that he was permitted to die for the truth, and esteemed the salvation of his country, which he hoped his martyrdom would accelerate, a thing of much more consequence than his own life. "My friends," said he to the people, "I do not come here as a thief or a murderer. I come for the gospel." They presented to him a crucifix; he pushed it aside. He was lifted upon the gibbet, crying, "My God, do not forsake me that I may not forsake thee." After being hung, his body was burned, and so reduced to ashes. This pious and valiant champion for the truth died at the age of thirty-eight. His calm death produced an impression extremely favourable to the cause for which he suffered. Another testimony to the goodness of his cause was furnished not long after at the death-bed of the Chancellor Oliver, who had taken a prominent part in these proceedings. He pronounced the name of Anne Dubourg with agitation, and when the Cardinal of Lorraine, at whose instigation the measures against Dubourg were taken, came near the dying man, said, "Ah, Cardinal! you cause us all to be damned!"

The minority of Francis II, who, at the time of coming to the throne, was only sixteen years of age, afforded, as royal minorities often do, a tempting opportunity for those who stood near the throne to avail themselves of his youth and imbecility for the furtherance of their own selfish objects. None were more prominent in these movements than Catherine de' Medici (the mother of the king) and the Guises. These two parties did not indeed work in concert; each had aims of its own; but the hatred of each towards religion was equally intense. At one period of her life, Catherine de' Medici had made use of some expressions favourable to the re-

formed religion, and the too favourable construction of her words had greatly elevated the hopes of some of the adherents of that faith. Indeed, some of the more eminent among them ventured to express their hope that she would become a second Esther. The truth was that Catherine was for the time balancing one against the other her political interests; for, bigotted as she was, she was entirely capable of subjecting her religious predilections to these interests. But the Protestants, though numerous, were not sufficiently considerable or powerful to decide her choice.

Though the Inquisition in form was never perfectly set up in France, and though the secret accusation which constituted a feature of that system was never sanctioned by the Parliament, a very near approach to the inquisitorial process was made by the *chambre ardente*. Throughout the reign of Francis II all the engines of religious persecution were in active operation, and a band of miscreants were always on the watch in Paris with a view of surprising those who neglected to keep the appointed feasts, or who met in illegal assemblies. They especially watched over the *Faubourg St. Germain* —which then bore the name of "the Little Geneva." "One could not pass through Paris at this time," says Beza, "without being met by armed men on foot and on horses, who bustled here and there, making prisoners of men and women, little children and persons of all quality. The streets were also full of carts loaded with furniture, that one could not pass; the houses were abandoned as if by pillage and sacking, so that one would have thought it to be a town taken in war, to such a degree as that poor persons became rich, and rich ones poor. For after the thirsty soldiers came a band of miscreants who ravaged what the soldiers left, like gleaners. But what was most to be deplored was, to see the poor little children, who were left on the pavement crying with hunger, with incredible sufferings, and going through the street begging, without any one daring to remove them, lest they should fall into the same danger; thus they were less thought of than dogs, so much was this (Protestant) doctrine hated by the Parisians. To grieve and enrage them the more, there were persons in all the corners of the streets (by whom sent I know not) resembling poor priests or dirty monks, who told the credulous people that the heretics assembled to eat little children, and were accustomed to eat a pig instead of the paschal lamb," etc. In short, this spectacle lasted a long time, so that people got into the habit of going at night to pillage houses with the knowledge of Parliament, who, notwithstanding, shut their eyes on the outrage. For the charges against the Lutherans were currently believed, and the more so as the tale was told by two young persons—some say children, some apprentices, (evidently suborned for the purpose) who deposed to the practices they professed to have witnessed, and to their having themselves narrowly escaped from the most imminent danger. Their tale was told before the court, and readily believed there; the more readily because the party accused of the enormities specified were represented as being leagued not only to murder monks and priests, but also to subvert the throne itself. Artfully stimulated by such accusations, the populace became superstitiously mad. They placed at the corners of the streets images of the Virgin, and watched the passers-by to discover, by their genuflexions or the contrary, whether they were Roman Catholics or Protestants. To render the matter more sure, each passenger was asked to contribute towards the payment of candles to illuminate the shrine. In case of refusal, the poor Lutheran was instantly borne off to the prison of the Châtelet.

Among others who suffered at this time were the wife and children of one of the advocates of Paris. Burning with indignation at the infamy of the charges laid against the Lutherans, they presented themselves voluntarily before the tribunal. When placed face to face before the pretended witnesses, the falsehood of the charge was manifested in the hesitating tone and stammering accusations of those who laid infamy to their charge. But the innocent suffered the pains of the dungeon: the guilty were fêted and caressed.

THE LADY-BIRD.*

How oft I've watched in childhood's hour,
This insect settling on the flower,
As though it stay'd to hang a gem
Upon the graceful flow'ret's stem,
Or that some fair enchanter's spell
Had bound it on the lovely bell,
To show us how its charms may vie
With Flora's most attractive dye.
But vainly then I sought to learn
The lesson which I now discern;
For then I chid its idle stay,
To wanton with the blossoms gay,
Nor guessed that while its wings of lace
Were folded in their coral case,
It came commissioned with a pow'r
To benefit the leaves and flower,
And rid them of an insect-foe
That plagues the blossoms as they blow.
Creative wisdom shines thro' all,
Ruling alike the great and small;
In both I trace a hand Divine,
A purpose and a bright design.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

* The lady-bird, or cow-lady, in its perfect as well as larva state, is most serviceable in clearing plants of the myriads of aphides or plant-lice with which they are often infested.

Pages for the Young.

THE ORPHAN.

PART II.

As I sat in the graveyard, I heard a slight rustling noise, and looking round saw Kate coming towards me. I dried my tears, and invited her to sit down by me, which she did.

"Why, Kate, how does it happen that you are here by yourself? Little girls do not usually choose churchyards for a walk."

"Oh, I like to come sometimes, and aunt does not mind my being alone."

"Does Rosa ever come with you?"

"No; she says she is afraid, for nurse tells her such silly things about ghosts coming out of the graves."

"But are not you afraid too? for I suppose nurse tells you the same."

"No, I do not care, for you know there are no ghosts. Mamma used to say it was very wrong to talk about such things, for when we die, our spirits go to God, and our bodies must remain in the grave until the last great day,

'When the awful trump shall sound,
To call each mortal from the ground.'

"True, my love, it is indeed very wrong of nurse to talk so; there is nothing in a churchyard to alarm even the most timid; on the contrary, every one may gain some instruction in such a place. The young may learn that they are not too young to die, and that 'in the midst of life they are in death;' and the old particularly ought there to consider their latter end, and meditate upon that home to which they are so rapidly hastening. But tell me, Kate, do you remember your mother?"

"Remember dear mamma?" replied the little girl, in a tone of surprise; "how can I ever forget her?"

"And your papa too?"

"I do not remember him so well, for he died a long time ago; at least I don't know exactly what he was like, though I recollect he used to take me out with him in the evenings to sit under the trees, and watch the beautiful birds fly past; and then he would tell me that, though they were so gay, they did not sing like the little plain English birds; and do you know, I like our dear robins and nightingales much better than those grand birds. Well, poor papa died, and we left our beautiful house, and went to another, which I did not like half so well. After that dear mamma became ill, and had to lie on the sofa all day; she was so pale and thin. I used to think she looked like the angels clothed in white that are mentioned in the Bible. She would call me her little treasure, and tell me that I must meet her and papa in heaven, and one day she gave me this text to learn, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' I always wear it round my neck now; and if I am unhappy, I read it over, and it makes me better."

"Then are you not happy here, Kate?" I asked, anxious to ascertain what the child's feelings were.

"Oh yes, I am happy generally; but aunt is angry with me sometimes, and I am sure I deserve it, for I am so dull and stupid. I cannot learn my lessons as Rosa does."

"And do you love Rosa?"

"Oh yes, I love everybody; you know I could not be one of Christ's lambs if I did not," was the sweet answer. Dear child, how little did I think she was so soon to be gathered to her Father's fold!

As the evening had become chilly, we now returned home.

A few days after this, as I was seated at my work, Mrs. C. [illegible] came into the room, holding in her hand a very handsome volume, several leaves of which were covered with inkspots. "Did you ever see anything so provoking!" she exclaimed; "you know how I valued this book, and see the state I have just found it in."

"It is indeed a pity," I answered; "but who can have done it?"

"I must ask the servants," she said, ringing the bell violently; "whoever has done it has acted in the most deceitful manner, for I found it hidden under a pile of books. Jane," for the servant now entered the room, "do you know anything about this book?"

The girl coloured, and stammered as she answered, "Yes—no, ma'am."

"Don't attempt to deceive me," said the mistress, perceiving her embarrassment; "did you do it?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I did not."

"Then do you know who could speak, girl."

"Why, marm, you know nobody goes into the library before breakfast but Miss Kate, and this morning when I was sweeping the hall, I saw her come out; and she looked so pale that I thought sure she must be ill; but when she caught sight of me, she turned as red as your ribbon, marm, and ran up-stairs, and I must say I fancied it was very strange."

"Well, that will do, Jane; I shall speak to Miss Kate. Now," said Mrs. C., turning to me, "I always thought Kate was a [illegible] deceitful child, and this proves it."

"But perhaps there may be some mistake; we must not condemn her too hastily."

"Oh, there is no doubt at all about it; I shall punish her most severely."

I, however, felt by no means so sure on the subject; for how could a child who lived in the fear of God and the love of her Saviour, as this little one seemed to do, be guilty of such meanness and deception? I therefore hoped that a little inquiry would clear my favourite from all blame.

The next morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Clifton desired the children to remain in the room, and rang the bell for the servants. As she placed the damaged book upon the table, I observed both Rosa and Kate changed colour, the latter looked imploringly at her cousin, who quickly turned away her head. Mrs. C. now spoke.

"You all know," she said, "how I value this book, and that I do not allow any one to touch it. I found it in this state in the library, concealed beneath a pile of things, in such a way as to convince me that the person who damaged it intended also to hide her fault; however, falsehood will be of no avail, for I am determined to discover who has done it; therefore speak out plainly."

The servants all denied it, and Mrs. Clifton then

turned to her daughter. "Rosa, did you ink this book?" The little girl was silent. "Do you hear me? did you ink this book?"

"No, mamma."

"Do you know who did?"

"No, mamma."

Happening just then to glance at Kate, I saw with surprise that her face and neck were completely crimson, while she vainly strove to check the tears which were rolling down her cheeks. My conviction of her innocence was shaken, and I began to fear that, having perhaps accidentally upset the ink upon the book, she had allowed the dread of her aunt's displeasure to overcome her sense of right. Mrs. Clifton then asked her if she had injured the book.

"No, aunt."

"Do you know anything about it, then?"

"Please, dear aunt, I would rather not say."

"But you *must* say, child; I insist upon it."

Kate was silent.

"You have done it yourself, you deceitful little thing; but tell me, did you see Jane this morning when you came out of the library?"

Kate with many tears confessed that she had, but added: "Indeed, dear aunt, I did not touch the book."

My friend looked at me, as much as to say, "You see I was right."

"You may all leave the room," said she to the servants; "I am convinced Miss Kate is the guilty person, and I shall accordingly punish her severely."

"Oh, aunt, dear aunt," said the poor child, "do believe me, I never told a story in my life."

"Then you tell one now; go immediately to your own room, and remain there until you are inclined to tell me the truth. Rosa, stay here; you need not follow your cousin; she is no longer a fit companion for you."

I went up to Kate in the course of the day, but the only answer I could get from her was, "Indeed I would not tell a story." I knew not what to think, and soon left her, saying, "Remember, Kate, there is One who is now looking into your heart, and he knows whether the truth is in you; you can hide nothing from Him, though you may from us."

After she had been in the room a couple of days, Rosa begged her mamma to release her, which she consented to do, on condition that she spoke to no one. She, therefore, went into the school-room as usual.

One morning I noticed her looking very pale, and asked if she felt unwell.

"My head aches sadly," she said; "but I dare say it will soon be better."

"I think you shall leave your lessons; I will ask Miss Chambers to excuse you to-day."

On mentioning the circumstance to Mrs. Clifton, she said the child was always pale and ailing; there was nothing particular the matter with her. Time, however, proved that she was really ill, and before night we judged it proper to send for the doctor, who immediately had her put to bed. By morning she was in a high fever, and I trembled as I felt her burning hand, and marked her short uneasy breathing. She was delirious many days; and it was then, as we listened to her expressions, that we learned the secret of the book: "Oh, Rosa, why did you not say you spoilt it? Why did you let aunt punish me? It was so unkind of you;" and then her restless fancy would wander to her mother, and once I heard her repeat several times, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Mrs. Clifton was sadly grieved when she learned the truth, and deeply reproached herself for her injustice, for she felt that in many things she had not acted a mother's part to the poor orphan intrusted to her care.

Meanwhile the physicians gave little hope of Kate's recovery; for should the fever subside, they said, it would leave her system too much exhausted ever to rally again.

The fever did leave her, and she lay pale as a stricken lily; she could not live above a day, they said.

The last rays of the sun were just fading from the landscape as we knelt round her bed; she could scarcely speak, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Kate, my darling," sobbed her aunt, "say you forgive me, my child, my child!"

The eyes of the dying girl brightened, as with a sudden effort she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and said distinctly, "God bless you, dear aunt." A sweet smile passed over her countenance, and with one gentle sigh her loving spirit went to join her Father above.

Dear little Kate! the grass grows over your quiet grave, and the flowers bloom and fade; but the promise of the Almighty God to each orphan heart shall stand fast for ever: "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

44. Gaius. St. Paul speaks of him in Rom. xvi. 23. "Gaius, mine host, and of the whole church." And St. John, in his 3rd epistle, addressed to this disciple, says, verses 5, 6: "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren and to strangers; which have borne witness of thy charity before the church; whom if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well. Because that for his name's sake they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles."

45. Isaiah xxviii. 16. "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." See 1 Peter ii. 6. 1 Cor. iii. 11. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Eph. ii. 20. "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

46. The ministers of the gospel are *builders* employed by God in his building. See 1 Cor. iii. 9, 10. "Ye are God's building. According to the grace of God which is given unto me as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon." Christians are the stones which compose the temple. Eph. ii. 20—22. "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." 1 Peter ii. 5. "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house."

47. See Jeremiah lii. 19.

48. See Daniel v. 5. During Belshazzar's feast, we read that there "came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote *over against the candlestick* upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace."

49. See 2 Peter ii. 7. . . . "And delivered *just Lot*, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked; (for that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds.)"

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

50. Was the threatening contained in Lev. xxvi. 34, 35, ever fulfilled?

51. Three women are mentioned by Matthew in the genealogy of our Lord, two of whom were Gentiles; which were they?

52. Can you find an illustration of Prov. xxi. 1?

53. Which of the early Christian churches was most highly commended by an apostle for liberality? Prove that the source of this liberality was a spirit of self-devotedness to Christ.

Religious Intelligence.

London, September 30, 1856.

The present month has furnished some very sad proofs of the persevering activity of Romanizing teachers, who are about to welcome into their communion ten clergymen of the Church of England, an Irvingite minister, and some distinguished noble ladies. Another metropolitan church has acquired an unenviable notoriety for its Romish decorations—the tall cross over the altar, the lofty candlesticks with Roman candles, the lecten, and other indications of sympathy with the church of Rome; while dogmas are proclaimed in its pulpit, such as the duty of celebrating the elevation of the cross and other festivals, which are repudiated by the Church of England.

Several new illustrations have just been given of the persecuting spirit by which the Romish church is pervaded. One of the most recent victims is M. de Mora, who, on the 27th of August, while walking in the streets of Madrid, was assaulted with the utmost fury by a man, who beat him over the head, face, and shoulders with a walking-stick. He was then surrounded by a number of priests and constables, and conducted to the governor's house, where he found the vicar-general, who claimed him for trial before the ecclesiastical tribunal. The officers of justice went to his house, broke into his rooms, seized and carried away his papers and books, among which was his work on the Jesuits—a work which has greatly provoked the wrath of that order, which, though nominally suppressed in Spain, still exists and exerts much influence in that country. The offence of M. de Mora is that he is a Protestant, and the advocate of religious liberty in Spain. He is a religious man, and has long been in the habit of holding meetings with his friends for the study of the Scriptures and prayer, and has gone from house to house reading the word of God to his neighbours. The vicar-general, to whose tender mercies he is consigned, is distinguished by his zeal in the cause of Romanism, and by his activity in suppressing the Bible printed in Madrid for the Bible Society. The case of this solitary captive demands our sympathy, our prayers, and our most vigorous exertions for his release, especially as death is the penalty which Spain attaches to the "dogmatising heresy" with which he is charged. The vicar has gone down on his knees before this good man, praying him, offering him riches and power, if he would retract his alleged errors and return to the Romish church; to which M. de Mora has replied by saying, "I have said, and I repeat it, that I am a Christian, and that nothing in this world will induce me to retract what I have said and done."

France also, notwithstanding all the decrees in favour of religious freedom, is still the scene of much persecution. At St. Bel, a large village about four leagues from Lyons, the Protestants have been forbidden to exercise their religious worship, and forcibly turned out of their church by the gen-d'armes, with the mayor at their head. These devoted people, however, after being thus dispersed met in another place to worship God in spirit and in truth, and to raise the standard of divine truth in the midst of their persecutions.

At the annual festival of the Vaudois churches, held last month at La Sarra, on a spot where their noble forefathers were exposed to the hottest persecution by the soldiers of Louis XIV, some highly encouraging reports were given respecting the steadfast faith and the zeal of these interesting people. Two of the brethren had visited the Protestant churches in the valleys of the Grisons, where the Italian language is spoken. Speaking of these districts, the brethren of the deputation said: "With what emotion did we listen to the psalms, sung to our tunes, though in the Italian! Here they prayed as we do, and two-thirds of the population, called together at the voice of their pastors, listened to us as brethren, whilst we spoke in Italian of the gospel of God. . . . One evening, while we were conducting family worship at the house of the pastor, the parishioners assembled in such numbers that we were compelled to quit the parsonage and adjourn to a larger apartment; everywhere thanksgivings were offered to God for the remembrance by the Vaudois brethren of their brethren of the Grisons."

It would be well for the friends of the Bible in every part of the country to notice an interesting statement made at the annual meetng of the Scarborough Bible Society, that on an urgent appeal from the local committee the parent society had granted 350 copies of the Testament with the psalter, in large type, for supplying the hotels of the town, and that a sufficient number had been issued to supply every bed-room of the principal hotels. The gifts were welcomed by the proprietors, even by one who was a Roman Catholic. How delightful was the account given at the same meeting of the Christian liberality of the lady who for nine years past had been in the habit of making periodical calls at Earl-street, depositing on each occasion an anonymous gift, and then disappearing until the next visit. Her subscription for several years amounted to about 200 guineas, and have lately reached 600*l*.

We lately noticed the honour paid to the claims of revealed religion at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; with equal satisfaction we observe that at the meeting of a similar association in the United States, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, so well known for his geological investigations, was appointed to preach on the relations of science to the religion of the Bible. This gentleman and the Rev. Dr. Hopkins gave to true science its high importance and recognized its claims, but at the same time urged the vast superiority of faith, and its indispensableness to salvation.

At the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Glasgow, being the tenth annual conference of the British Organization, the friends assembled were much gratified by the presence of the venerable Dr. Krummacher, of Berlin, who very cordially invited the members of the Alliance to the proposed meeting to be held in Berlin next year, and endeavoured, in a speech of considerable interest and earnestness, to dissipate any fears which might be entertained as to their cordial reception.

The Saturday half-holiday movement appears to be making considerable progress, and bids fair to accomplish much good, by giving proper opportunity for recreation without encroaching upon the sacred hours of the sabbath. A fête, in aid of the cause, was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, September the 20th, and notwithstanding the lateness of the season and the unfavourable character of the weather, a very large number of persons attended. It is the wish of the Early Closing Association that the Palace, as well as the British Museum, the National Gallery, and similar institutions, should be rendered generally accessible on Saturdays, with a view to provide amusement and instruction for the large number of persons who are now, or are likely to be, released from business at an earlier hour on that day.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

MEETING BETWEEN THE BROTHER AND HIS INVALID SISTER AFTER A LONG SEPARATION.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. VI.

"THE third instance I have to relate," continued Nurse Grand, "I saw much more of, and felt deeply interested in. Not long after the death of Mrs. Lucas, I was visiting my dear sister, who was then living in London, when I one day received a call from a lady who had previously written to me, saying that she was recommended by Mrs. C—— to engage my services as nurse. I was much struck with her, on this first occasion of my seeing her. She was, indeed a person to impress one at first sight by her beauty and commanding appearance. I think I see her now, as she came into my sister's little room, leading in her hand a lovely child of six years old, her youngest daughter. Her air and manner were peculiar and distinguished; she seemed born to command, and accustomed to receive homage. Her figure was tall and well-proportioned, and her movements were graceful, though somewhat stately. The expression of her countenance indicated thought and determination; yet it had much of feminine attraction mingled with the stronger qualities. The features were regularly formed and handsome; the eyes especially were beautiful, of deep hazel,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

shaded by dark eyelashes, and surmounted by eyebrows whose sable hues were delicately pencilled on the low white brows. Her age could not have exceeded five-and-forty; yet her hair was of silvery whiteness, luxuriantly abundant, and of the most exquisite silken fineness. I have never seen any like it, and its unique and peculiar appearance attracted much attention. She remained but a short time with me. Her keen glance seemed to scan me at once; and I suppose the opinion she formed was not unfavourable, for she expressed a wish that I would come as soon as I could arrange to do so, and be with her for a month previous to her leaving town for Bath, whither she was ordered by her medical attendants.

"'At the end of that time,' she said, 'we shall have seen enough of each other to know if it be desirable that you should accompany me to that place.' She then entered into some particulars relative to her state of health, concluding thus: 'I believe I do not ail much, nothing indeed that a little care will not remedy. The doctors tell me rest and nursing are indispensable, and a warmer atmosphere.'

"As she spoke these words, she uttered a low short cough; it was so low, that had not my ear been a practised one, it might have escaped my notice. Alas! I knew too well its meaning, and as she bade me good morning, and I watched her stepping into her carriage, and drawing up the window-glass, I said to myself, with a sigh—

> 'Thy root is ever in its grave,
> And thou must die.'

"This lady, with whose early history I was subsequently made acquainted, was the wife of a barrister of high standing and repute in his profession. In her youth she had been remarkable for her strong natural talent, considerable general information, and many accomplishments. She had received a religious education, but did not give any decided evidence of piety until she had attained to early womanhood, when she was much impressed by the preaching and conversation of a gentleman who had formed the acquaintance of her brother at the university, and thus been introduced to her family. He was, shortly after, appointed to a foreign chaplaincy, and left England, never to return. But his earnest appeals, and the calm seriousness of his general conduct, exerted a deep and lasting influence upon her mind. From that time, she diligently sought the society of pious people, and became earnest and zealous in good works. She also read much, and especially studied the Scriptures with great diligence, rising for the purpose very early in the morning—the greater part of her time during the day being necessarily devoted to the care of her father's domestic affairs. The diligence with which she pursued these studies was productive of the most happy results. Their effect on her character was marked and delightful, and showed itself in her amiable deportment and eager desire to promote the happiness and welfare of all around her. She became gentle and humble, and evinced a peculiar tenderness and compassion for the faults of others. Such conduct endeared her to those who knew her; and her striking beauty, and the attractions of her manner and appearance, won her a host of admirers.

"At the age of six-and-twenty, she married very advantageously. One result of this change of condition, was her introduction into a circle considerably higher in rank than that she had been accustomed to. She was thus brought into intercourse with persons, of all others perhaps most calculated to exert an unfavourable influence on her mind. Grave and antiquated people of fashion, well-bred, well-informed, dignified, authoritative, and fascinating, welcomed her into their exclusive circles, and showed themselves disposed to cultivate the friendship of this attractive and superior young woman, who, with the intuitive tact usually attributed to her sex, readily adapted her manners and conversation to the novel circumstances in which she was placed. Probably she was, at first, induced to do this the more complacently from a desire to gratify her husband, whom she loved and was most anxious to please. Had she been fully acquainted with the actual state of his heart, she would have known that it was needless to give herself any trouble on that score. His manners were reserved and rather formal, and even with her, his natural temperament imposed a measure of restraint in the expression of his sentiments; but, in reality, he loved her with an entire, devoted, absorbing affection.

"It would, perhaps, have been more for her true happiness and well-being, had this excellent man been less blind in his attachment. He might then have perceived—what was soon visible to her early friends—that she was gradually becoming changed, and not for the better. That air of sweetness and consideration with which she had been wont to encourage the advances of those who sought her advice or assistance, was exchanged for an indifference of manner, which sometimes became coldness and repression. She now appeared no longer to esteem others more highly than herself; but her tone became authoritative, and even—so far as was consistent with good-breeding—dictatorial. To the astonishment and grief of her early friends, she was now seldom seen associating with those whom she formerly prized for their piety and goodness. In short, she was becoming worldly in her feelings and conduct

Not that she was, in any sense, dissipated. She was attentive to the external duties of religion, and her name stood prominent among the ranks of the charitable and benevolent. By her acquaintance, at a distance, she was regarded as a pattern of piety and wisdom. God alone knows what was passing in the recesses of her heart—how it was with her, in the privacy of her own chamber, and when she drew near to Him who seeth in secret. But it was too evident to her pious and loving relatives, that she had greatly declined in the divine life.

"The birth of children called forth new affections, and brought trials before unknown to her. They were unhealthy, and she idolized them. She seemed to forget that they were a 'heritage from the Lord,' and looked upon them as altogether her own—to be cared for by her exclusively, and with intense and overweening anxiety. Alas! instead of yielding to the sweet influences of infancy and childhood, and becoming humble and trustful in heart, and meek as a little child, she became irritable and exacting; suspicious of her servants, in whom she placed no confidence, and from whom, consequently, she could receive no efficient assistance. This unhappy spirit occasionally bordered upon asperity and harshness.

"Yet, amidst all this, she seemed unconscious of any change in herself. She maintained the same regular and punctilious observance of what she believed to be her duty; was always anxious to attend the ministry of the gospel; responded readily to all claims upon her time and liberality in cases of charity; and was known to have a remarkable eloquence in prayer, when she occasionally presided at domestic worship, during the absence of her husband.

"About fourteen years from the time of her marriage she fell into ill-health, and at length symptoms of consumption began to appear. It was very natural that her friends should then attribute much of the impatience and irritability of temper she had shown to the latent seeds of that disorder; but though this may, doubtless, have been in part the case, yet she afterwards, in the midst of much more aggravated suffering, evinced the utmost calmness and self-possession. But I am anticipating what happened after the time when I can speak of her from personal observation.

"At the close of my month of probation, I accompanied Mrs. F—— and her young family to Bath, where, during the autumnal season, she appeared rather to improve in general health. It was, however, increasingly evident that the terrible disease which was undermining her constitution made steady progress, and as soon as the cold weather set in she became fearfully worse. This sudden access of illness was occasioned by an imprudent exposure of herself, against which I had vainly remonstrated. From that time she was unable to leave the house; and before long was confined to her chamber. Still, however, her spirit remained unchanged. She seemed not to perceive her real condition; in fact, her eyes were, evidently, blinded to it. A melancholy thing it was to hear her arranging for the future, giving directions and forming plans which it was evident she could not survive to carry into execution.

"It became at length morally certain that her dissolution was near; and it was dreadful to those who loved her that she should remain thus unconscious of her danger; yet, in her then enfeebled and highly irritable state, the attempt to enlighten her was fearfully dangerous.

"At this critical period, her brother, who had been abroad several months, returned home, and learning her condition, hastened to visit her. He was a truly pious man, and it was his early friend who had been instrumental in the conversion of this his favourite sister. The arrival of this beloved relative was welcomed with as much energy as her weakness permitted. From his lips it was she learned the sad truth that, in all probability, she had but a few short weeks to live. He spoke to her with perfect frankness, saying how much he had been disquieted on her account, and that the same uneasiness was felt by others who loved her. He adverted to the unhappy change in her conduct and temper, which they had long witnessed and deplored; and he added that they felt the deepest concern on account of the little evidence they had that her thoughts were *even then* directed to heaven. She looked astonished, and became violently agitated. She declared herself quite unconscious of any alteration in her conduct, and appealed to the general estimation in which she was held. Afterwards she said that, as she should doubtless spend a sleepless night after such a conversation, she would pass the hours in praying that, if she were in error, it might be made apparent to her.

"She did, indeed, pass a sleepless night—a night of burning fever and anguish; but it was also one of earnest supplication. The next day she was too much exhausted to be capable of the smallest exertion. It was passed—with a few short intervals of sleep—apparently in deep thought and silent prayer. On the following morning there was a decided improvement. She seemed to have recovered the shock. Her tone and manner were greatly changed. She requested to see her brother; and taking his hand said, in a low voice, 'You almost killed me; but oh! how can I find words to thank you? It was a great mercy. I did not know myself.' She then entreated him to repeat, with unspar-

ing fidelity, all her particular faults and errors; and while he did so, she listened with eager attention, confessing that it was all true, and lamenting her unworthiness and sin. 'Oh, how has my heart deceived me; it has proved false; and my eyes were blinded. But yet there is hope. It is not too late, and I shall find mercy.' It was an unspeakable blessing that, though she seemed quite self-abased and trembling, she was yet sustained by an inward hope in looking to the Saviour. She went, without hesitation, to the cross for help and healing, and there she obtained all that in her extremity she needed.

"From this time, her life was mercifully prolonged for some weeks; and notwithstanding the distressing bodily sufferings she endured, they were weeks rich in hope, mercy, and blessing. All was changed with her. With sweet resignation, she yielded up the charge of those family concerns, about which she had hitherto been so tenacious. Her countenance, which had formerly worn a mingled expression of pain, asperity, and dissatisfaction, was now meek and placid; and her words were full of tenderness, humility, and love. As she approached the borders of the eternal world, the grace of God was increasingly imparted to her. She became even more deeply contrite and humbled, yet more assured. Her lips expressed her inward peace and satisfaction; and she uttered, as she was able, the praises of her God and Saviour. She would have sung them had it been possible. She had been an exquisite songstress, and once or twice she endeavoured, in low, sweet notes, to warble a few verses, but the effort was too much; her panting chest compelled her to desist. 'Ah,' said she, 'it must be—

> 'Then, when my voice expires in death,
> My soul shall praise Him best.'

"The last night of her life, it was my turn to sit up with her. She had not been worse than usual in the day; and her husband had retired to seek rest, having obtained the promise that, in case of any change, he should be immediately called. Shortly after midnight she was seized with a sudden attack, which rendered her for a time insensible; but the phlegm which distressed her being removed, she recovered a little, and seeing Mr. F——, who had been summoned, standing beside her, she took his hand, saying, 'My hope and comfort remain the same. Pray for me.' He complied with her request; and then repeated, from time to time, some supporting texts of Scripture, with short ejaculations for strength and victory. She thanked him, but, as her sense of hearing was rapidly failing, begged him to speak louder.

"Presently she desired to hear part of 1 Corinthians chap. xv.; and when he came to the 55th verse, she repeated, again and again, the words, 'Oh death, where is thy sting?' She then remained silent. After a time, her husband, anxious to know if she still retained consciousness, asked if all were well, and if she knew him. She replied, very distinctly, 'You are my husband: all is well.' After that she spoke no more. The faculty of speech was gone, and her eyes closed for ever. But she was still sensible, for she pressed the hand of her faithful friend, and her head being turned toward him, she every now and then smiled, as though to assure him that still it was well. At length, about seven o'clock in the morning, she ceased to breathe."

TONGUES IN TREES.

Maria was a Christian lady, who had suffered great affliction. She was of a very sensitive and affectionate disposition, strongly attached to her relations and friends, highly accomplished in the true sense of the word, and had a keen appreciation of the comforts and elegancies of life. She was sincerely pious, and "had served the Lord from her youth up." Benevolent and active in doing good, she was faithful to all the duties of her station. Yet she had defects; and who is without them? They were not, however, manifest to others; and few persons were more cordially loved and esteemed by their friends and acquaintances, and deservedly so.

Perhaps some will say, "What ware these faults?" I will specify some. She was apt to feel too strongly about trifles, to be too much disturbed by *little* troubles; she allowed her heart to be set very strongly on the comforts and refined enjoyments of life. Her husband and children filled her thoughts at times so entirely, that heavenly things were almost excluded. It might also be the case that she was tempted to regard with more than just complacency the respect she received from all around her, and the affectionate regard with which she was treated by a large circle of friends. In short, she was in danger of setting her affections on things of this world as a *portion*, and in some degree *forgetting* "the things that are above." These are the dangers of prosperity; and it is to counteract them that our heavenly Father so often exercises his people with afflictions. He does not willingly afflict, but for our profit.

Maria was at times conscious of this worldly tendency, and prayed against it; her prayers were answered, but in a way she little thought of.

After a long course of prosperity, it pleased

God to visit her with great adversity. In the middle of life, trouble followed trouble, and wave upon wave broke over her. One painful bereavement succeeded another; she lost parents, husband, some beloved relations, and both her children, in about five years. Added to these distresses, came losses of property; and though she still had enough for comfort, she was called to give up those many elegant indulgences in which she had taken so much delight.

Her distress was extreme; and utterly broken down by these heavy calamities, her exclamation often was, "All these things are against me!" Friends still were left who dearly loved her, and did all in their power to comfort her. She deeply felt their kindness, and endeavoured to rouse herself for their sakes; but in vain. Her dejection increased, and her inward thought was, "I can never again see good." She attended to all her duties, forced herself to take an interest in the affairs and troubles of her neighbours and friends, and confined her sorrows to her own bosom; but her friends saw with pain that her heart seemed broken. Her health gave way, and they feared she would never rise above her grief.

This state of things continued long; but it happened that she was persuaded during the winter season to visit a friend residing in a distant part of the country. This lady, whose house was surrounded by beautiful grounds, had a very fine and choice collection of ornamental shrubs; indeed, there were none to equal them in the country round. She was very proud of them, and so careful of their appearance, that she would allow no one to touch them, or gather even a few sprays, unless under her immediate direction. They were remarkably luxuriant and beautiful at the time of Maria's visit, and her friend frequently called her attention to their loveliness; and she, on her part, was quite ready to pay her tribute of admiration to their surpassing beauty. Being the month of December, it was the proper time to cut and prune them; and one morning Maria, coming down into the breakfast-room before her hostess, was astonished to see the lawn and borders thickly strewn with branches from those cherished favourites, and a strange gardener cutting and hewing away; while his assistants were busily employed in carrying to the rubbish heap the luxuriant branches of those beloved shrubs. Her friend entering the room while she was gazing on the work of destruction, she exclaimed, "Oh, Amelia, how can you bear to see your favourite trees so cruelly mangled? They will be totally ruined. Do stop him!"

"I could not let *any one else* do it," said her friend, "but *he knows what he is doing*. They will be the more beautiful for all this." And she sat down very composedly to make the breakfast.

Maria looked for some moments with painful emotions at the scene; but the expression, "*He knows what he is doing*," struck her forcibly. The words of Scripture, "Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth, that it may bring forth more fruit," came to her mind, and were sent home with power by the Holy Spirit. Her whole feelings were suddenly changed. "Shall I not," thought she, "put equal confidence in the discipline of my heavenly Father? Does *he* not know what he is doing? Are not *all* his ways mercy and truth to those that trust him and lay hold of his covenant? And I know that I do lay hold of that covenant; for it is all my desire and all my hope. Shall not all my losses and trials work for my good, even as the close pruning of these beautiful shrubs will make them more luxuriant and lovely? Oh, how blind, foolish, and sinful have I been in my sorrow! Lord, pardon me; help me to trust thee and to repine no more."

Tears flowed down her pale cheeks as she thought thus; but they were not bitter tears. Her kind friend observed them, and tried to console her; but Maria told her her thoughts, and they had some sweet converse upon them, which helped to deepen the impression.

From that moment she became different. Her health returned, her spirits revived; and though she could never forget what she had suffered, and those beloved ones she had lost, the painful edge was taken from her grief, and she was able to go on her way rejoicing. She lived many useful happy years, and never forgot the lesson she had learned that bright winter's morning from the pruning of the shrubbery.

Thus she found "sermons in trees," and thus it pleased the Lord to make use of this simple circumstance to comfort and raise up his afflicted servant.

How many things daily pass before our eyes which would afford us instruction, encouragement, and consolation, did we rightly regard them. "Whoso is wise, and will consider these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

OUR LORD'S PROPHECY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

In a passage which the martyr Stephen applies to our Lord in the seventh chapter of Acts, Moses predicted—"A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear." Scattered through the Gospels are many prophetical allusions of the Saviour to his own death, second coming, the day of judgment, etc.; but all

through the Gospels there is only one instance of a long and connected prophecy in the style of the prophetical writings of the Old Testament. The instance in question is a most remarkable one as regards the time and place of the delivery of the prediction, the exactness of its fulfilment, and the fact that some of those who heard it uttered lived to see it come to pass. It has, therefore, constantly been appealed to as a proof of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and one of the evidences of prophecy to the truth of holy writ.

Recorded in three of the Gospels, (Matt. xxiv., Mark xiii., and Luke xxi.,) this prophecy is omitted in the fourth, for the obvious reason that St. John's Gospel being written after the fall of the city, there was no need to narrate it. It is also clear, from conclusive evidence, that the first three Gospels were given to the world, and two, if not all, of their writers were dead, before the event took place, thirty-seven years after the resurrection of our Lord.

In the latter part of these chapters, and mingled with the prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, are revelations of the second coming of Christ and the day of judgment; while at the same time these passages, according to the frequent custom of the Scriptures, allude to the fall of the city. There is an instance of this kind of double and simultaneous prophecy of one event close at hand, and another more important at a distance, in Isaiah, where the prophet refers at the same time to the return from the Babylonian captivity and to the coming of the Messiah. In the Psalms, too, there are various allusions relating at once to David and to his greater Son—to Solomon, and to Him whose kingdom should know no end. At present we shall not consider the secondary bearing of the passages mentioned at the beginning of our article, but confine ourselves to the references to the fall of Jerusalem.

The first thing is the consideration of *when* and *where* the prophecy was delivered. That life was nearly finished which had been spent in doing good to men; the closing scene was drawing nigh, for it was the week of the crucifixion. Early in the morning on the Saviour's return to the city from Bethany, the disciples had perceived the fulfilment of the curse on the fig-tree, designed to show them their Master's power to destroy as well as to restore, though he graciously exerted it only on a tree, and not on any of those who so soon afterwards treated him with every indignity. Jesus then proceeded to the Temple, where the day seems to have been spent in giving utterance to a series of wonderful discourses, which terminated his public ministry. The parables of the vineyard and the wedding feast, the discussion on the resurrection, the commendation of the widow's mite, and that graphic description of hypocrites which cut the Scribes and Pharisees to the heart, were all delivered on that day. Our Lord took his final leave of the Temple in these touching words: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Leaving the Temple by one of the gates that opened towards the valley of Jehoshaphat, our Lord crossed the brook Kedron, and ascended the Mount of Olives, most probably as the shades of evening drew round, on his way to spend the night, as the other nights in passion week were spent, in the beloved seclusion of Bethany. (See Matt. xxi. 17; Mark xi. 11, 12.) Wearied with climbing the acclivity, we can fancy the little party sitting down to rest on the brow of the hill, and turning their faces towards Jerusalem, which, from the peculiar slant of the city towards Mount Olivet, lay spread out like a map before them.

The view of the city from that spot is very striking and beautiful even now, when "she is become a widow that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces." What then must it have been, newly enriched by the many magnificent buildings which Herod the Great, whose passion was architecture, had caused to be erected! Girdled by the triple chain of tower and rampart, that so long defied a Roman army, Mount Zion was still crowned with the palace of her kings and the dwellings of her nobles; while preeminent above all the rest rose the glorious Temple of the Living God, its courts and pillars of whitest marble, and the beams of the setting sun caught by roofs and pinnacles covered with pure gold.

When they had quitted the Temple, its beauty had stirred the disciples, accustomed as they must have been to the sight, and they had extolled the massive architecture which seemed destined to live for ever. The Lord replied to their expressions of admiration by declaring that the structure would be so utterly destroyed that no stone should remain on another afterwards. When they were seated on the mount, looking at the Temple—as Mark, by far the most minute of the evangelists, tells us—Peter, Andrew, James, and John came privately to enquire the meaning of our Lord's startling prediction. "When," said they, "shall these things be? What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" We shall confine ourselves

now to the answer to the first of these questions.

Our Lord begins by rapidly sketching the events of the next thirty or forty years. He bade them beware of the false Christs who should rise. Even during the time of the apostles there were such, and Josephus tells us that the land was overrun with impostors, who drew the people after them in multitudes into solitudes and deserts, to see the miracles they promised to perform. Simon Magus, Dositheus the Samaritan, who pretended to be the lawgiver foretold by Moses, and Theudas, are mentioned by name among these deceivers.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars; nation shall rise against nation." Roman historians state that before the destruction of Jerusalem the most violent distractions prevailed in the empire, of which the fact that four successive emperors, Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, perished by assassination in the space of two years, is sufficient proof. In Judea itself, through all the principal cities, there was constant conflict and bloodshed. As an instance of the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, it may be mentioned that Josephus records that Bardanes and Vogeanus successively declared war against the Jews, although in neither case was the intention carried out; and again, that the Roman governor of Syria contemplated leading an army through Palestine, but was prevented by the death of Tiberius.

"There shall be famines." In the reign of Claudius there were no less than four. The one foretold by Agabus (Acts xi. 28) was particularly severe, and is mentioned by four profane historians. Many persons are said to have perished at Jerusalem for lack of food.

"And great earthquakes." Several of these catastrophes are recorded, and there was one of unwonted severity during Nero's reign, by which the cities of Laodicea, Hieropolis, and Colosse were overthrown, and Pompeii injured.

"Pestilences." Two plagues are mentioned, which swept off multitudes.

"Fearful sights and great signs from heaven." Josephus gives wonderful details of the portentous sights witnessed in the doomed city, and he is fully corroborated by Tacitus in the following remarkable passage. "Portents and prodigies announced the ruin of the city; but a people blinded by their own national superstition, and with rancour destroying the religion of other states, held it unlawful by vows and victims to deprecate the impending danger. Swords were seen glittering in the air, embattled armies appeared, and the Temple was illuminated with a stream of light that issued from the heavens. The portal flew open, and a voice more than human denounced the immediate departure of the gods. There was heard at the same time a tumultuous and terrific sound, as if superior beings were actually rushing forth."

The preceding predictions refer to calamities common to the whole world; but the verses which follow warn the disciples of the grievous sufferings that would come upon them, as the followers of the crucified Redeemer. "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you, and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." To see how fully this came to pass, we need only look at the history of the apostles, eleven of whom were put to death in different ways at various places. Or, if we turn to the epistles of Paul and Peter, we find expressions like these—"the fiery trial"—"partakers of Christ's sufferings"—"in heaviness through manifold temptations"—"unto you is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake"—"always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus"—"the trial of your faith, though it be tried with fire;" and again in the sixth and eleventh chapters of the second epistle to the Corinthians, we read St. Paul's touching descriptions of the tribulations endured for the gospel's sake.

Tacitus, too, an indifferent observer, gives a harrowing account of the sufferings of the Christians, speaking of the persecution under Nero, during which it is supposed the apostle Paul was beheaded. "They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burned alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night. For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favour of the Christians."*

Tertullian says: "The very name" was the signal for persecution and death; and if a man did but call himself a Christian, however great his virtues might be, that itself was crime enough.

"They shall deliver you up to councils; and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten; and ye shall be brought before kings and rulers for my sake, for a testimony against them. The brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." A reference to the

* Tac. Annal. book xv. chap. 44.

JERUSALEM, IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

epistles will show how sadly this was fulfilled in the list of those who had fallen away from the faith; and in the apostle's touching declaration that on his first trial, "no man stood with me; all forsook me." Tacitus, too, in the passage already quoted, mentions that many were betrayed by others, who had formerly believed.

Coupled with the declaration that the Saviour's followers must stand before kings and rulers, was a gracious promise, destined to cheer the hearts of many in the day of trial. "When they shall deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak. For I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist." Was not this accomplished in the fervid eloquence of Paul, so that when he spake one of his judges trembled, and another was almost persuaded to become a Christian; and in the army of martyrs, who, from Stephen downwards, have witnessed a good confession.

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations." Immediately after our Lord's resurrection, we find the number of his disciples when they were all assembled, only one hundred and twenty. In a very few years, we find them spread over all Europe. Paul is said by his fellow labourer, Clement of Rome, "to have journeyed into the extreme west." Early tradition relates how Matthew penetrated into Egypt, and Thomas into India, where the remnant of the church he planted is believed to exist among the Malabar Christians. Within thirty years of Christ's ascension, we find epistles written to flourishing churches in Rome, Corinth, Galatia, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Colosse, Pontus, Asia, Cappadocia, and Bythinia. Yet only three days after this prediction, what could seem more unlikely than its accomplishment; when the author of this "gospel which was to be preached to all the world" hung as a malefactor on the cross—

> "At once betrayed, denied, or fled
> By those who shared his daily bread."

How unpromising also were the instruments by whom this mighty work of evangelization was to be wrought—a few ignorant fishermen, who till then had manifested no particular talent, or aptitude even to learn, far less to teach.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER AND THE TONGUE.

THE wisest of men has declared that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city." King David records a sacred resolve of the past when he writes, "I said, I will take heed unto my ways, that I sin not with my tongue;" while an inspired apostle affirms that "if any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." (Prov. xvi. 32; Psalm xxxix. 1; James iii. 2.) The control of the temper and the right use of the tongue, are thus represented in holy Scripture as matters of vital importance. They bring with them a nobler victory than any achieved by the most successful warrior, and they are closely connected with the development and completeness of the Christian character. The subject before us, therefore, demands earnest and prayerful attention.

What is meant then, first of all, by TEMPER? You know how frequently we are wont to speak of "temperament" as well as "temper," and it is not to be forgotten that the one is closely allied with the other. There are some whose temperament is passive and lethargic; they are calm, equable, and not readily excited on any subject. Such persons are constitutionally slow to anger. There are others, who possess the nervous temperament; whose emotions are vivid, vehement, and intense; whose eyes are now radiant with the looks, and whose lips now overflow with the words, of kindness and good-will, and anon flash forth the lightnings of wrath, or give loud utterance to the words of passionate resentment. But how many there are, indeed the great majority of men, who hover between these two extremes; the current of whose temper and language, so to speak, is not so much like the broad river, rolling its volume unchecked towards the sea, as like the stream, which now gently meanders through the flowery meadow, and which by and by, entering the rocky glen, frets and brawls around the rocks which impede its progress, and sometimes rushes over the precipice in the plunge and roar of the angry cataract.

Observe, then, that the Divine Spirit, in the work of regeneration and sanctification, finds men with various temperaments, tendencies, and tempers, and deals with them accordingly. Each Christian experiences the great change, is born from above, passes from death unto life; each is destined for perfection, and gradually and surely the Mighty Agent transforms the soul of each into that image of God, "knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness," which by reason of the fall it had lost.

Who, then, does not perceive that Christian piety and progress, Christian character and influence, are modified greatly, and helped or hindered greatly, *by temper?* A man naturally amiable and gentle, after conversion will become like Moses, "exceeding meek;" and whilst like Moses he may be moved to anger under sudden temptation, yet this will not be his besetting sin.

But what if it be true of most of us, that we are not "slow to anger," and therefore are often "rash with the mouth?" What if oftentimes, stung by the sense of some real or imaginary wrong, we have given expression to our passionate resentment in words of bitterness? Is it true that, because you are constitutionally irritable, therefore *your* anger is not sinful in the sight of God? Do you not thus grieve that dove-like Spirit who will not dwell in an angry bosom? Child of God! will you plead at the bar of conscience, as a sufficient excuse, that "you could not help being angry," that you were "surprised" into that fit of passion? For what end were you redeemed by the blood of Christ, justified by his righteousness, and renewed by his grace? Was it not that you should be conformed to his image? He was the "meek and lowly in heart," and "when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." Instead, then, of pleading weak and irritable nerves, made so by loss of health or by the pressure of worldly cares, and instead of pleading that because of gross provocation it was but right and manly to resent the wrong, are you not bound by your oath of allegiance to Christ, by your influence for good or evil, (by means of a gentle forgiving spirit on the one hand, or by wrathful temper on the other,) resolutely and prayerfully to strive against sinful anger?

Not all at once, perhaps, may you be able to acquire this mastery over your own spirit; but with holy watchfulness, and with constant supplication for the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, you may cherish the well-founded hope of final victory. *The control of the temper is not impossible.* If so, why should the duty and

advantage of ruling the spirit be set before us in God's word; why should commands be given to "cease from anger," "not to let the sun go down upon our wrath," and that "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking" should "be put away from us, with all malice?" Our Father in heaven never requires from us the discharge of any duty for which he is not ready to strengthen us; and our gracious Redeemer says to every tempted one, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh for the spirit of him who, conscious of his weakness, and relying solely on the "sufficient grace" of his Lord, exultingly declared, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Through grace, then, combined with holy sustained, self-denied effort, *temper* has been subdued and conquered by others, and it may be ruled and mastered by you. "Who is he," asks one, "that says he cannot help being angry, or sullen, or peevish? I tell him, he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so, when our interest or decorum requires it, and when we are near those whom we know not to be bound to bear any of our whims or to resent them to our injury. *But what strangers will not endure, we cast upon our friends.*

"That temper *can* be corrected, the world proves in thousands of instances. There are those who set out in life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection, and effort—not to speak of piety—have rendered, as they became mature, meek, peaceful, loving, generous, forbearing, tranquil, and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it."

Begin, then, the contest with temper *at home*. In domestic matters, "temper is every thing." Husbands and wives! you are expressly enjoined "to live together as heirs of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." There is danger lest the occasional outburst of evil temper should mar your peace and retard your spiritual prosperity. You are not perfect. With the kindest and happiest pair there will be need of constant forbearance,

> "And something, every day they live,
> To pity and perhaps forgive."

Oh, then, exercise watchfulness, patience, forbearance, that thus hand in hand you may tread the various paths of life, and may rejoice together in the rich communications of Divine love.

PARENTS! "provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." Beware lest, by constant chidings, or by passionate outbursts of severity, instead of appealing to their consciences and hearts, and drawing them with the cords of love, you thus drive them to defiance, rebellion, and reckless despair. How many unhappy children have been thus ruined!

And ye MASTERS AND MISTRESSES! beware of that proud and froward spirit towards your servants, which will cause you to trample on their feelings, and to play the part of the tyrant over them, as if they were a band of slaves. "It is a more deformed thing," says the holy Leighton, "to have a distorted, crooked mind, or a froward spirit, than any crookedness of the body. How can he that hath servants under him expect their obedience, when he cannot command his own passion, but is a slave to it; who on every slight occasion breaks out into reproachful speeches or proud threats, contrary to the rule, 'forbearing threatening, knowing that your Master also is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him?' (Ephes. vi. 9.) Think, therefore," he adds, "when you appear before the judgment seat of God, that your carriage and conduct shall be judged as well as theirs; and think that, though we regard much those differences of masters and servants, yet they are nothing with God; they vanish away in his presence."

And YOUNG PERSONS! what if it be true that some of you are ofttimes the occasion of grief and anxiety to your parents, as well as of annoyance to brothers and sisters of the same household, because of a proud and impatient temper? What if by fits of sullenness, or by angry and petulant language, you throw a cloud over an otherwise smiling scene, and check the innocent gladness that circles round the domestic hearth? Yours, in such a case, is a grievous sin. Call it to remembrance this day, confess it before God with shame and sorrow, seek forgiveness for it through the blood of the Lamb, and begin at once the conflict with temper which has been waged and won by him "who ruleth his spirit." Ruling the spirit! be this your high emprise. Go forth to battle with this guerdon before thee. The world has been ringing with the fame of feats of arms, of deeds of unparalleled heroism. The page of history gleams with the names of conquerors who have subdued kingdoms and levelled the fortified city to the dust. But Christian soldiers! for thee there is a nobler warfare and a victory better far! And deep upon thy heart be engraven the memorable words—let them be as watchwords to thee in thy conflict with evil tempers, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit better than he that taketh a city."

[To be continued.]

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

It is a duty we owe to the church of God, to put upon record any clearly marked and well-attested instances of long-deferred but strikingly answered supplications; and the following, we think, will be read with interest and perchance yet deeper feelings, by some pious parent, or even by some unbelieving child whose eye may happen to glance on these pages. It will form an appropriate sequel from real life, to the narrative entitled, "Tom Ray," which recently appeared in these pages.

In a very small and deeply secluded village in one of our inland counties, there resided a pious couple who were passing into an advanced stage of life at the period when the writer knew them. They held a very large farm, and were possessed of considerable property. Their cultivation and intelligence rose far above those of the same rank in rural districts. But they were still more eminent for their consistent piety than for their culture or thought so unusual in their class, and derived from the superior education of their early years. We must not dwell very minutely on other circumstances in their history, as our wish is simply to concentrate the interest of this narrative on *their character as parents*, and on the final and now realized results of their prayers and efforts. They had a family of five sons and two daughters. It may be said with perfect truth that their children, to all of whom they gave the best education, bore marks of a superior strength of intellect, which, if united to sterling piety, promised to fit them to become eminent blessings in the sphere of life they might occupy. They were trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Family worship, conducted by the father, and in his absence by the mother, bore with it a solemnity and earnestness, and faith withal, like those of the puritan times. Yet the inculcation of piety was not ordinarily made a direct matter, and never wore the aspect of austerity and gloom. These parents trusted much to the blessing of God on the exposition of divine truth, and to the effect of an affectionate, cheerful confidence towards their children, joined to the maintenance of consistency in their own temper and conduct. They prayed much and earnestly for their children in the family, and prayed with still more wrestling and tears for them in private. A practice, too, was adopted by the devout and anxious mother of frequently, while her children were young, stealing in to their bedside at night, after she judged them to be asleep, and then, in lowly tones, breathing forth her desires to God for their early conversion and life-long usefulness. How many times in the extended space of that admirable Christian's life, these prayers rose to heaven, from some one room or another in that neat farmhouse, not even herself could have conjectured. But thus she acted, and thus the years passed on.

Nor did these parental prayers fail of their reward. Their children, as they rose up to intelligence and reflection, one after another, gave themselves to the Lord and to his people, and exhibited the like standard of piety and of devotedness to the cause of the Saviour for which the parents were so distinguished. The sons, we have said, did so; but not all; there were two not of this number, and with these the remainder of our narrative concerns itself.

These sons had been alike and equally objects of the fondest solicitude to their now aged parents. They showed not less devoted regard to their father and mother, than their brothers and sisters. They were strictly moral in their conduct, and applied themselves with earnestness and success to their professions. When at home, they attended with seriousness at the sanctuary where their parents worshipped, and where the sabbath-days of their childhood and early years had been spent. They gave token, neither in action nor in word, of a state of feeling alien from that reverence for religion in which they had been brought up. But they gave no evidence of the hoped-for change, which had been so happily realized in the rest of their family; nay, in secret, a sad alteration had been the result of frequent and long absence from home. They had become decidedly infidel, though this fearful fact they studiously shrouded from the suspicion of parents they so fondly loved and revered.

Years now passed away. Age stole with heavier step on the once hale strength of the father, who was by many years his wife's senior. His constitution at last broke down, and the patriarch of the village lay on his death-bed. All his children were gathered round him, and amongst them those for whom his prayers had not been answered. But with regard to these, he neither felt nor evinced despair. He persisted in death, when parting with them, still to pray, and still to hope on.

After the father's decease, their mother had now to maintain alone the struggle of prayer and hope. And how does she bear up under her discouragement? We remember her well; we remember wishing we could gain a glimpse of her thoughts regarding these sons; but those thoughts were too sacred for intrusion, and the whole subject involved too much that was hopeless, at least as viewed by others, to be in the remotest manner alluded to. It is now believed, however, that as she was not, perhaps, fully aware of the deeply sceptical obduracy of her

sons' feelings, so, even if she had known it, she would still have maintained the same calm attitude of hope which had all along characterized her. She never appeared to lose the fond expectations of earlier years. She could not believe that her prayers for these sons as infants, and as boys, and then in the bright dawn of their manhood, had fallen to the ground, "like water that could not be gathered up again." She persisted, against all the evidence deducible from their fixed hate towards evangelical truth, against all the probabilities of their present history; she persisted to believe that her early words to them were rather the good seed of the kingdom cast into the ground, which would be seen again, in other form and richer produce, after *many* days.

But *how many?* She must in her anguish, though not despair, have often asked herself, or rather pleaded with her Saviour, "How many?" "How long, O Lord?"—a question not unfamiliar to some who are watching through the like interval of suspense, delay, and trial. Will the day of hope never come? Must she too descend to the grave without seeing any token of the fulfilment of her prayers?

Her course was ended—her last prayer uttered, and her farewell and blessing spoken to her children. They met at her death-bed, in diminished number, and her unbelieving sons were there; but it was not given her to see these last in any sense altered from what they had always seemed to be.

Every hope, we think, had forsaken all who knew them, as to a spiritual change in them. They seldom went to the house of God. They gave themselves wholly to the pursuits of the life that now is, and disbelieved in any other existence. Years rolled on, and they became more and more estranged from the religious friends of their parents. But knowing, as the writer did, the Christian walk of those parents; knowing their high attainments in the inner life, their absolute faith in God, and their simple, steadfast reliance on the good word of his grace; knowing that life-long prayer and pleading had been persisted in, for these sons, by parents now departed to be with Jesus—it often, very often, occurred to him to muse what might "the end be of these things."

Will it not then delight the Christian parent, who may have followed us in these lines, to know that these same sceptical sons became, in after years, genuine examples of devoted piety, which even their sainted parents did not surpass? We are not writing fable; we are not relating a tale; we are narrating simply and strictly what is fact, and what has passed within the sphere of our own observation. Attached to different religious communities, moving in different spheres, and in different professions, these sons became one with all the saints of God, in the verities of evangelical truth, in the faith of Jesus, and in earnest endeavours to be instruments of blessings to others. It would have been something to that aged widow, now these many years in her quiet grave, could she have heard the tones of her eldest boy's voice, proclaiming to the poor the unsearchable riches of Christ; or could she have listened to the words of counsel and hope let fall by the younger of them, at the bedside of the sick and the dying. But of all this, most probably, she may have had some cognisance in that higher rest where she awaits the happy reassembling of her children, and amongst them, these, "who were once lost, but now are found."

It is natural to ask on what occasion, by what process, or instrumentality, a change so utterly hopeless came to pass. Was it the remembrance of the prayers of those whose voice had long been hushed in death? Was it manly resolution to think into the whole question for themselves, and to face honestly the claims of Christianity? We have it not in our power to give a precise answer to these questions. We have full assurance of the result, but can furnish no explanation of the process. It is probable that as their irreligion was speculative, so their conversion came not without many struggles of thought. But who can doubt that the secret influence, prompting to deeper and more conscientious thoughtfulness, was connected with their parents' training in earlier years. Perhaps it occurred to each to ask, was that piety an illusion, which gave so much worth and loveliness to those that are gone? Their principles were not a pretence, their happiness in devotion was not forced or feigned. They seemed even to have an apprehension of things unseen, to have lofty aims, to seek their joys in God, to live a life in Christ, to long for admission to his glorious presence. They welcomed death. They departed in full assurance of being present with the Lord, when once disengaged from the earthly tabernacle. How was this, might these sceptic sons have reasoned; was it illusion all? Nay, it bore the fixedness, it maintained the constancy, it asserted the force and effect, of *a life in the soul*. If so, it was a divine life. It was not a principle originally in our parents any more than in ourselves. *We* must go, they must have argued, to the book which they accounted as the oracle of truth and hope. *We* must go to the Saviour there revealed. We must cast ourselves, guilty as we are, at his feet. We must ask that Saviour for his Holy Spirit.

Was it thus they reasoned? We cannot pretend, dear reader, to trace the precise order and

series of their thoughts in their coming to the Saviour, but some recollections doubtless of that piety which wore an aspect so bright and steady to their gaze, must have mingled with, if they did not prompt, the earliest movements of their thoughts, to seek their rest and refuge in Jesus. Perhaps this narrative has awakened some such remembrances also in *you*—remembrances in which the voices of dear departed ones are once more addressing you. May they come clothed with a force and love infinitely mightier than their own. May the Saviour speak in them. May it be yours to hear and obey the voice of the Good Shepherd.

CAROLINE FRY.*

As a child, Caroline Fry was intensely sensitive. "Back to seven or eight years, she could remember an intense, unreasonable, almost maddening anguish, which was produced by a sense of unkindness, or injustice, or discouragement, often imaginary, always exaggerated." And the discipline of a too indulgent father was not much fitted to correct these morbid sensibilities. She enjoyed a home education of a high order, so far as education is comprehended in mere instruction; and literary tastes were cultivated from childhood. "The exact morality of her father's house was such, that she did not remember to have ever heard a free expression, or an indelicate allusion, or a profane or immoral word in jest or earnest. The very name of vices and follies were strange to her ear; and all her knowledge of the living world, its passions and pursuits, was no more than she learned from those parts of the newspapers which her father desired to hear, and which were generally read aloud." "Her earliest remembered pleasure was the first-blown flower of the spring, or the new-born lamb in her father's meadow; she knew distinctly—and never returned to her native place without a vivid recurrence of the impression—where she used to go with her nurse to see if the wild snowdrop was budding, to gather the first primroses, to hunt the sweet violets from among the nettles, where they were yearly to be found."

Of such an one, trained amid the finest influences of nature, it will be said by some that she needed no conversion, and that a divine life must have been natural to her. We shall see how far she formed this judgment of herself. Her religious position in early life she describes thus:—"Caroline never learned to fear sin, as sin—least of all as measured against the law of God. Her first notions of right and wrong were such as she gathered from her reading; a purely heathen code, in which heroism and high-mindedness stood as the first of virtues, weakness and pusillanimity as the worst of vices. To be faultless, to be perfect, were her early and long-continued desire and determination; and much of the suffering of the first part of her life arose from her conscious ill success in the government of herself. No one ever told her where she might have help, or why she could not be perfect. The only thing, of which she never thought, for which she never asked, never felt, never cared, was religion. True, it was never brought under her observation; but that was true of many other things about which her curiosity and consideration were insatiable. The religion of her father's house will seem almost a caricature in these bestirring days; but it was common enough then. Caroline does not remember an individual in the family ever omitting to go to church twice on the Sunday, except from illness—it would have been thought absolutely wicked; neither does she remember any instance of the sabbath being profaned by week-day occupations and pleasures; certainly she never heard in jest or earnest the holy Name profaned, or his word and power disputed, or irreverently treated. But, except on Sunday, the Bible never left its shelf, and religion was not anybody's business in the week. During the Sunday, religious books, if they may be so called, came forth out of their hiding-places, and all others disappeared. The children learned and repeated the collects and the church catechism, the only lesson which to Caroline appeared a hardship, and with good reason, for no one ever told her what it meant, and how she was interested in it."

"No nurse nor mother ever talked to her of Jesus' love, nor told her stories of his sufferings, nor ever warned her of God's displeasure. Her infant mind was never stored with sacred words, nor her memory exercised with holy writ. When she listens now to the exercises of the infant or the Sunday school, deeply can she estimate, while they cannot, the value of the instructions thus received in preparation for the day of grace. Her reading of the Scriptures was confined to a chapter read every Sunday evening by each of the four younger children to their parents and the family assembled; but as they always chose what they would read, it seldom varied beyond the stories of the Old Testament—David and Goliath, Joseph and his brethren, Daniel in the lions' den, etc. Never applied, never remarked upon by any one, this was followed by one of Blair's, or other similar lectures, read aloud by some one of the elders,

* Caroline Fry; born at Tunbridge Wells, December 31st, 1787; died at the same place, September 17th, 1846. She was known in Christian circles as the authoress of "The Listener," and other works of merit.

and then religion was dismissed till the next sabbath. The only unseen world that occupied little Caroline's attention was that of the classic poets." These statements are her own.

Young's "Night Thoughts" fell into her hands at a time when she was prepared to take the poetry of life, of time, and of eternity, in the stead of its realities. She was enraptured with Young's poetry, and acquired from it, at the least, a quickened sensibility to the follies of life: viewed however only as follies, not as sin; weighed by reason and philosophy, not by the word of God. Of the period between fourteen and seventeen years of age she remembered nothing afterwards "but happiness, freedom, mirth, hilarity, good humour with every one, and delight in everything." By consent of her family, she was "its wit, its life, its plaything, its spoiled child, from first to last." And more than twenty years from this period were given to her to try that world of fashion and gaiety after which she now began to long, before she found her rest in God.

We now find her in London, under the roof of a relative of polished manners and brilliant wit. In her father's house she had never heard a profane or licentious expression; nothing came amiss here to point a jest, provided it was not coarse or low. "Caroline does not remember to have been shocked." The drive in the park was more frequent than the visit to church. On occasion of [illegible] absence from home, his wife and Caroline Fry, wanting something to do, would go to church on the Sunday morning to pass the time. In one of these books "she heard for the only time, that eminent man of God, Mr. Cecil, but it was with absolute offence and disgust." She had heard the same doctrines before in lady Huntingdon's chapel at Tunbridge Wells, whither she went occasionally after her father's death, and she understood them, but her heart rejected them. In the midst of the gaiety of London she "ceased to perform the ceremony of prayer in her chamber night and morning (she has no reason to believe that she had ever really prayed), from that time never more to bend the knee in private, or her heart anywhere, before the God of heaven, until of his sovereign mercy she was born anew."

Before this great event took place, Caroline Fry descended into a still lower depth of irreligion than we have indicated. At her relative's table there was a frequent guest, of literary reputation, of venerable age, courtly and high bred, whose "wit spared nothing human or divine: friends, life, mortality, religion, nothing barred the jest." "As was most natural, Caroline attached herself entirely to this fascinating old man." Her own account of his influence over her is most instructive. If his insidious flattery "failed to make any impression on her delicacy, artlessness, and purity of thought and feeling, there was that in which the influence of his corrupt companionship did not fail, she was too innocent for his immorality, she was just ready for his irreligion. Never, perhaps, at the early age of nineteen and twenty, in a heart of such simplicity and uncorruptness, and real ignorance of evil, was the enmity of the fallen nature so developed. We wish to call attention to it (she wrote many years after); and if we have been writing what seems useless to detail, we have done so on purpose to give the full value to this particular point. It is written that the natural heart is 'enmity' against God. Who believes this as a universal truth? When vice has indurated the heart, when habit has dictated and the world corrupted it, it may be so; but what virtuous, happy, young, and unpractised nature ever thought of hatred towards the God that made us? Fearlessness, carelessness, forgetfulness, are natural; but not, surely not, 'enmity.' Perhaps there are very few believers looking back upon their days of gay and joyous godlessness, that can at all verify the Scripture statement in themselves—how should they have hated the being they never thought about and cared for, who never crossed their path with present ills, nor marred their pleasures with fear of retribution? But here, in the bosom of a simple girl, brought up in all the virtuous regularity and real religious observance of a sectional country life, a stranger to all that is worldly evil, to a degree that would not be credited if it were fully explained; with a mind solidly instructed, and unused to any manner of evil influence by books or company, hitherto a stranger to sorrows, wrongs, and fears, that tend to harden the ungracious heart—in this unchastened, unworldly bosom was manifested at that early age, clear and strong to her memory as if it was of yesterday, a living, active hatred to the very name of God. She persuaded herself there was no God, and thought she believed her own heart's lie; but if she did, why did she hate him? Why did she feel such renovated delight when his name was the subject of the profane old poet's wit? 'No God' was probably with her, as it probably is with every other infidel, the determination of the heart, and not of the judgment. Thus, while she thought herself above all religious doubts, she seized delightedly on every manifestation of infidelity in those around her, and laughed with the very utmost zest of gratified aversion at every profanation of the holy Name."

After three years of London life, Caroline Fry found another home in the country. But now she was "an atheist in heart, and only not

quite one in understanding." She was no longer, however, uninformed upon religion. "She had read books, heard preachers, known saints—several of her own family were already under the influence of Divine grace; she knew and hated all, and most intensely him of whom is all . . . . To the few who would speak to her upon religion she listened with silent amenity, or studied philosophical indifference. They had a right to their opinions; she would not have disturbed them on any account; since they liked to think so, there was no harm in doing it." . . . . "She had no dislike to hear the truth preached, or to the conversation of those who believed it, or to their persons. She would as soon have thought of disliking the Copernican system or its advocates, or any other scientific controversy. Her eldest brother was at this time a distinguished minister and writer in the church of Christ—a man of acknowledged talent and learning. Caroline had heard him preach, and read his works, and held him in very high esteem and much affection; but his religious opinions had not the smallest influence. He considered Caroline as the most hopeless of his family, several of whom were beginning to be spiritually affected."

"She did not dislike to hear the truth, but there was that which she did dislike, which she hated—the word that taught it. Neither the poetic beauties, nor the historic interest of the Bible, could give it any charm. She could not endure it, she would not read it, and when read before her, she deliberately determined not to listen." How was a mind to be reached that was thus trenched and fortified?

At this momentous period Caroline Fry was residing in a family where everything was against the probability of her receiving religious impressions, "except the restless, unsatisfied, unhappy state of her own mind, displeased with everything around her and within her; weary and disgusted with the present, and gloomy and hopeless of the future, without a single sorrow but the absence of all joy." Living in the utter neglect of prayer, there were times when, not upon her knees but on her bed, she would give mental expression to her feelings thus: "God, if thou art a God, I do not love thee, I do not want thee, I do not believe in any happiness in thee; but I am miserable as I am; give me what I do not seek, do not like, do not want, if thou canst make me happy; I am tired of this world; if there is anything better, give it me."

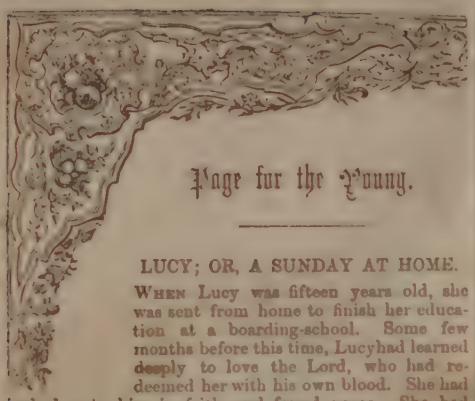
"In the destitution of her affections at this moment, Caroline fixed them with vehement partiality on the daughter of a clergyman in an adjoining parish." This young lady was beautiful and fascinating, but disappointments of a painful character had made her moody and melancholy. She denounced the world, she wished to leave it, she talked much of its vanity; she was, or thought she was, of a consumptive habit, and not likely to live many years; she talked much of death, and much of eternity, and much of God. "I do not remember," says Miss Fry, "that she ever spoke of Christ, of atoning merit, or redeeming love; I believe she knew them not. She talked of the world's emptiness, levity, and injustice. I do not remember that she ever spoke of her own sin. I believe her religion was purely sentimental."

To this friend Caroline never spoke of her unbelief, nor confessed the total absence of religious feeling in her bosom. But she continually bewailed her impetuosity and want of self-control, compared with the composure and philosophy manifested by her friend on all occasions. Friendship, however, looked through the cover of silence that slightly concealed Caroline's infidelity. And her friend addressed a letter to her, to tell her that religion was the source of all the advantage over her which Caroline had so often noticed and so often envied—all that she called philosophy. The truth, the bare, bald truth—that religion was the one thing needful that she had not—struck conviction to Miss Fry's soul; it pierced to the very depths of her moral being. Her first emotion on perusal of the letter was a paroxysm of grief and indignation—grief that the idol of her affections should condemn her, and indignation that she should presume to teach her; the next was a determined resolution that her friend should not influence or persuade her. On three successive days she attempted to answer the letter, but could not. "Before the third night arrived, the struggle was over, the battle had been fought and won; the strong man armed was vanquished; the banner of Jesus waved peacefully over the subdued and prostrate spirit of the infidel despiser of his word, the conscious hater of his most precious name."

"The most immediate result of this change of heart was, the happiness to which it had at once restored her; at peace with God, she made up her quarrel with all things. The zest of life returned; she no longer quarrelled with her destiny, or felt distaste of all her pursuits, or grew weary of her existence without any reason. The void was filled."

The believer in Holy Scripture will not hesitate to see in all this the operation of a power that is more than human, and it would not be difficult to maintain that no other *rational* solution can be given of the change.*

* From the "Divine Life in the Soul," by the Rev. J. Kennedy. A very important work on the philosophy of conversion, if we may so term it, just published by the Religious Tract Society.



Page for the Young.

LUCY; OR, A SUNDAY AT HOME.

When Lucy was fifteen years old, she was sent from home to finish her education at a boarding-school. Some few months before this time, Lucy had learned deeply to love the Lord, who had redeemed her with his own blood. She had looked unto him in faith, and found peace. She had been forgiven much of youthful sin; therefore she loved much, and earnestly desired to live according to the will of Him who had done so much for her.

In her new circumstances, however, Lucy found a great deal to try her principles and her courage. Three other girls, about her own age, shared the same bedroom with her; and of these, only one ever attempted to bend her knee in prayer, and she was too often interrupted by the laughter and mockery of the others.

At first Lucy felt very strange and lonely, but by degrees her kindly manner and willingness to oblige won her many friends. Often, when rainy weather prevented their getting out for a walk, she would, when school-hours were over, take some interesting book, and read aloud to her companions whilst they worked. This was a very favourite amusement with the sharers of Lucy's bed-room; but at length it led to a great trial of her courage. One Sunday, it so happened that the rain poured down in such a manner, that there was no chance of their getting to church; so the prayers were read at home by a teacher, and then the young people were left to their own devices. The reading of prayers had occupied only a small portion of the morning, and by-and-bye the elder ones began to feel weary of idleness, and to look around them for amusement. One of them went up to Lucy, who was quietly seated with her Bible, and begged her to come and read some book aloud to them; but to her great surprise, the hitherto obliging Lucy declined; and much disappointed, the applicant retired, to repeat to the others the story of her ill success. Then they all came to urge and beg Lucy to oblige them.

"Oh, *do* come, we are so tired: *why* won't you come?"

But by this time Lucy had had a moment for thought and prayer. She remembered her Saviour had said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed before my Father in heaven;" and with one earnest prayer for strength, she resolved to confess her Saviour before men, and own that it was obedience to Him and his law which had made her refuse before. It was a great effort, but she knew her duty, and gently said: "You would not like any book which I should think it right to read on a Sunday."

Struck and awed at once into silence by this simple avowal, they left her, and went away; and Lucy, thanking God for the strength He had given her, went on reading with a peaceful heart.

Soon, however, it seemed the others found the weariness more than they could bear, and after a whispered consultation amongst themselves, one of them came again to Lucy, with the request that she "would bring the prettiest religious book she had, and come and read to them."

How joyously now did Lucy consent, and how thankful did she feel that she had not suffered the fear of offending her companions to draw her from the right path. Had she yielded before, where would have been the sweet peace of conscience she now felt? Now she was doubly happy, for she saw she might have an opportunity of doing good to the souls of her companions. Cheerfully she rose, and looking over her little store, chose "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." A small circle was quickly formed in a quiet corner, their school-boxes serving as seats, and the four girls sat down—one to read, the three to listen. The little party looked as though they thought it a very comical affair, to be sitting of their own accord to listen to a *religious* book, and at first they all smiled and seemed much amused. Lucy, however, read quietly on; and by degrees as the appeals of the book came more home to the conscience, she felt rejoiced to see that one face became grave, and after a time was hidden in her lap. By-and-bye a second listener also grew grave, and in like manner hid her face in Lucy's knee. It was evident the truths they were listening to had taken hold of their minds; and the book, at first resorted to as a refuge from the weariness of idleness, was now continued with intense interest.

The third face was touched, but not so deeply: its owner had been more religiously brought up, and more accustomed to such appeals; and it is an awful truth, that, *when heard in vain*, each one of such appeals tends only to harden the heart of the hearer. What a warning to those who, when conscience smites them, still it with the idea of repentance at some future day!

From this eventful "Sunday at home," a marked change came over the little party. Religion was no longer scoffed at, but earnestly pursued; their Bibles were consulted daily, and earnest endeavours made to conform their conduct to its dictates; with fervent prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit to cleanse their souls from sin, and help their weakness. They looked to Jesus for pardon for the past, and found it. And having found it, they loved Him, and sought to become like Him in all things.

Lucy had a small book containing prayers and meditations, and also some questions for daily and weekly self-examination. This became now a great favourite; and it was a touching sight to see the four girls at night gathered round their one candle in their bed-room, reading over these questions one by one, each girl giving honestly the answer her conscience dictated. This self-examination over, each of the four named some one prayer from the book which she felt best suited to her need; and then all kneeling around one bed, Lucy read aloud the chosen prayers, then closed the book, and each one continued her own private devotion as long as she pleased. Often their candle was removed ere they had finished, and they had to undress in the dark; but it mattered little, they had light within. Sometimes a kind teacher, seeing how they were engaged, would leave the light for them to put it out themselves. Occasionally they took advantage of this to have a longer reading; but whenever they did so, they took care that one or other of them secretly dropped a halfpenny into the governess's pence basket; for they were scrupulously honest now.

Oh, how happy was Lucy then! How pleasantly passed the remainder of her school-days! for now she had companions who could enter into her feelings, and with whom she could talk of her beloved Saviour. Her trials from fear of mockery were over. Had she faltered in her duty then, how different would have been her situation! Now she had good reason to hope that the book she had read, had been used by God as an instrument in bringing these souls unto himself; whereas, had she yielded, they might have remained always in their ungodly state.

Young reader, you may have similar trials and similar opportunities; will *you* "go and do likewise?"

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

RETURN OF THE HORSE WITHOUT ITS RIDER.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. VII.

"We have just received a letter from aunt Ellen, nurse," said Miss Ashton, a few days after the departure of that lady from Thorntree End, "and in it she mentions having told poor Katherine of her danger, and that she received the information with a composure which surprised them all. How greatly I was interested in the account you gave the other day of the illness and death of Mrs. F——. The conduct of her brother particularly struck me, it showed so much true moral courage. Did you see more of him afterwards?"

"I afterwards lived for nearly half a year in his family, and attended his daughter in her last illness. Mr. Linton possessed, as you have rightly judged, great strength of mind and firmness, to which qualities were united much tenderness and kindly feeling. His heart was a deep well, where lay hidden springs of love and sympathy, ever ready to rise and overflow at the call of duty or affection. I think it would interest you to hear something of him and his sweet daughter; and, if you please, they shall be the subject of my next narrative."

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This proposal was gladly accepted; and the young ladies, accompanied by their brother George, a spirited lad of sixteen, just come home for the summer vacation, made their appearance in nurse's room at the usual time, and asked for her promised tale. She thus complied.

"I will begin what I have to say with the account of an incident which occurred shortly after I went to live in Mr. Linton's family. They were, at that time, spending a few weeks at Swallowfield, a quiet and picturesque village, where they had a pleasant summer residence. The master of the household evidently enjoyed the leisure and repose he found in this retired spot, and eagerly availed himself of the opportunity to pursue, free from interruption, his beloved literary studies. His hours of relaxation were spent in the domestic circle in instructive and cheerful conversation, while he regularly devoted a certain time each day to the education of his son.

"Miss Henrietta—my especial charge—was about eighteen years of age; the other daughters (there were five younger ones) were bright happy children; but none gave promise of such intelligence and mental power as she possessed; while, at the same time, her simplicity and gentleness made her seem child-like and innocent in a remarkable degree. Her father, who was naturally of a pensive and somewhat melancholy turn, was peculiarly soothed and cheered when in her presence. Gentle, playful, and winning, yet inflexibly truthful and upright, she was greatly endeared to him, and the affection she bore him was most ardent. They seemed never more happy than when, in the mellow warmth of the fine September days, they rode or walked together, while the genial air and invigorating exercise appeared to check, for a time, the progress of that disorder which already had made deep inroads upon her constitution.

"But I am forgetting the incident I promised to narrate. We had not been long in the country when, one evening, as the family party was sitting at the tea-table, a messenger from the neighbouring town drove up to the hall-door and delivered a letter, which I carried into the parlour and handed to Mr. Linton. A few minutes after he left the room, and desiring that his horse might be instantly saddled, made preparations for a ride. He seemed to be in great haste, and evidently his mind was preoccupied, for he forgot to put on his boots. This was not discovered until he had left home several minutes; and then the exclamations of the young ladies were numerous: 'Only think! Papa has gone in his shoes! and in that antique pair, too, which he discovered yesterday in an old closet, and which we were so much amused at his taking a fancy to.'

"Mrs. Linton, who had been reading the letter her husband put into her hand as he left the room, replied to these remarks that their father had been hastily summoned on important business to the neighbouring town; adding: 'I am sorry it is so late. He will hardly get home before eleven. However, there is a bright moon to light him on his way.' And she seated herself to her knitting, while the young ladies amused themselves in various ways.

"Miss Henrietta seemed unusually weary that night. As I assisted in undressing her, she spoke to me of a project her papa had been devising which she much wished should be accomplished. It was that they should pass the winter abroad, in the hope that the entire change of scene and air might benefit her. 'If we go, you will accompany us, nurse. Papa says he shall prefer to settle down for the winter at Tours, which is a very attractive place, on account of the beauty of the surrounding country, and is favourable for invalids, the climate being considered warmer than with us, the cold season lasting but a short time.' She would have gone on chatting, but was interrupted by a severe fit of coughing, which exhausted her, and made her very glad to lie down: happily, she soon fell asleep.

"The young people all retired at their usual time, and Mrs. Linton remained alone, waiting the return of her husband. The hour she had mentioned passed by, and midnight was approaching; still he did not come. At length she became too anxious to sit quiet, and desired the man-servant to accompany her to the high road, hoping to catch the sound of her husband's approach, and evidently relieved by the feeling of doing something. I begged permission to go with her; and we were soon beyond the grounds, and on the turnpike road. For a long time we listened in vain; at length I thought my ear caught a faint sound in the distance. We all stopped and listened intently. In a few seconds the noise was heard again. Certainly it was no fancy; presently there was the distinct sound of a horse's tramp, which gradually became louder. At the next turn of the road we saw a white speck, which we instantly knew to be Mr. L.'s grey horse. Imagine the alarm we felt on perceiving that he was without a rider! No time was lost in considering what must be done. We hastened on, at our utmost speed, the man every now and then hallooing, in hope that his master might be within hearing.

"We had gone, perhaps, two miles, when we heard a shout in reply; and to our great joy and surprise, soon afterwards saw Mr. Linton slowly advancing. We quickly came up with him, and learned that his horse had suddenly stumbled and fallen, throwing him over his

head. When he arose he found his left leg entangled in the stirrup; and in the efforts he made to free himself, he frightened the horse, which threw up his heels and ran, dragging his master with him. 'My situation,' he continued, 'forbade the hope of human aid, and prevented all efforts of my own; but I committed myself to the care of my heavenly Father with as much calmness as my mind was capable of. The horse made several turns; some so short that he almost trod on me. I am not able to judge of the precise distance, but he must have dragged me a number of rods. At length, my foot was disentangled, and I arose without feeling any serious injury. Indeed, I believe I have received no harm, excepting some bruises caused by my being dragged on the rough ground. I was detained at G—— to a very late hour, and was feeling uneasy lest you should be alarmed. The accident did not happen more than half an hour since. How rejoiced I am that you came to meet me.'

"You will easily imagine, without my attempting to describe it, the scene that presented itself the next morning at the breakfast table. There was no satisfying the eager enquiries of the young people, who wanted to hear every particular of the accident. A secret shudder ran through each heart at the thought of the imminent peril which had endangered a life so precious and endeared. Mrs. Linton had been silent and thoughtful. At length, turning to her husband, she asked if he were conscious by what means his foot was eventually released.

"'Ah, Louisa!' he replied, 'you have now touched on the striking point of the whole. Do you know that, in my haste, I left home having on only those old shoes the children laughed at me about the other day. *It is probably to that fact I owe my life.* The horse, in plunging, pressed my foot so far forward, that the stirrup came over the shoe-buckle, and there hung. The leather, being old and tender, gave way, and the strap which held the buckle was torn off with a part of the front quarter. Had I worn my boots, in all likelihood my foot could not have been released. Life turned upon this small chance—this mere accident; or rather, my dear ones, let us acknowledge it was of the Lord. "The way of man is not in himself; and a horse is a vain thing for safety." To the great Preserver of men let us look up with admiring gratitude. It is very pleasing to my heart that this is the sabbath morning, and that we shall have an immediate opportunity of rendering our thankful acknowledgments in the house of the Lord in the midst of his people.'

"Mr. Linton was much beloved in the neighbourhood, and the news of his accident quickly spread through the village, so that there was no one who did not understand on whose behalf the thanks of the congregation were that day requested, and many a hearty thanksgiving was breathed in response."

"I wonder," said George Ashton, as nurse paused for a few moments, when she reached this point of her narrative, "I wonder what became of that vicious horse. If he had been mine, I would have had him shot."

"One might have imagined you were in Mrs. Linton's counsel, young gentleman. I heard her, the next morning, as she crossed the hall to the breakfast parlour, ask the man-servant to tell the gamekeeper she should want him at noon, and that he must bring his gun, well loaded. She afterwards arranged a pleasant excursion for the young people, and requested their father to accompany them. No sooner were they gone than she called for the keeper, and gave him directions, the result of which was that, before the return of the party to dinner, the grey horse lay buried in the old marl pit, at the corner of the oak-meadow, adjoining the turnpike road. I believe no enquiries were ever made as to his fate. Possibly Mr. Linton might conjecture what it had been; at all events he asked no questions.

"A few weeks after that time, we left Swallowfield, and proceeded to London, where we stayed but a few days, and on the 23rd of October sailed for Havre, which we reached the next morning. Six days after, we arrived at Tours, and were soon established in a pleasant house, from the windows of which we commanded a fine view of the high roof and towers of the cathedral, the bridge, the river, and the city itself, lying beyond, with the undulating outline of hills in the distance.

"Our residence in this city was prolonged for six months, and very pleasantly and profitably they were spent. The usual routine of daily studies was kept up; the time being regularly distributed, as at Swallowfield. Mrs. Linton herself devoted about five hours a day to the education of her daughters. She had taught them all from their earliest age, beginning with reading and spelling as each child attained the age of four years. In these duties she was assisted by her husband, who, in addition to the time given to the instruction of his son, read with the elder girls an hour or two every evening. He was able during the time they passed at Tours to be much with his children. They were the daily companions of his walks, and in the evenings they occupied the same room. With the tenderest solicitude he watched his fading flower—his eldest and best loved daughter; and she, though fragile and drooping, was cheerful and happy, and evidently enjoyed the novelty of the scene in which she found herself. Throughout

her illness, she had never seemed to suspect that she should not recover; and during the winter used to talk of her return to dear England in the spring, and form plans for the future. Even till within a few days of her death, she continued her usual habits in the family. Her weakness then very rapidly and alarmingly increased, and it became evident that her end was approaching. She had not been warned of her danger, her parents thinking it better to wait till she should herself introduce the subject. They feared that in her weak state of body it might agitate her spirits too much, and perhaps hasten her end. They felt that she was prepared for the result, and in that conviction they rested. It was not until the last day of her life that she enquired of her mother whether there were any chance of her recovery. She was then told the truth. Instead of being alarmed and overwhelmed by the intelligence, she assumed a new energy, pointing out to her mother and sisters passages of Scripture which she desired they would read to her, and repeating those texts which peculiarly suited her own case and theirs.

"With touching affection, she sought to console her sorrowing parents. 'Dear papa,' she said, 'do not grieve for me; I am going to be happy with my Saviour. We shall all soon meet again, I trust, where there will be no more separation.' Observing her mother's tears, she tenderly soothed her, and bidding her think of these words: 'Despise not the chastening of the Lord; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth,' she exclaimed: 'Oh, dear, dear mother, how sorry I am to leave you; but then, I am going to Jesus.'

"In taking leave of her younger sisters, she bade them study attentively the Bible, and she enjoined on her mother to see that they neglected not this injunction. Her Bible was placed on the bed; and she kept her right hand upon it, constantly returning it to the same position after removing it for a time. Looking full of thought, she exclaimed at one time, 'My heart is very ungrateful. I have not loved my Saviour as I ought. I have been very worldly all through my illness, thinking only of getting well, when I ought to have been thinking of heaven.' To one of her sisters she gave her little bird, of which she was very fond, begging her to keep it for her sake, and when she heard it singing to think she who gave it was then, perhaps, singing the praises of God in heaven.

"Towards the close, she suffered acutely from grievous spasms, affecting her throat and chest; but still her faith and patience were preserved; and she said, after a momentary expression of impatience, 'My Saviour endured more than this for sinners.' Her mother afterwards enquiring whether she were happy, she answered, 'Happy, happy!' After these pains had held her for nearly three hours, she suddenly placed her cheek upon her pillow, in the attitude of one asleep, her countenance calm and placid. Those who watched her thought that she had dropped into a sleep, in an interval of suspended pain. But she was quite gone; her pains had ceased for ever; they were exchanged for the rest of heaven.

"After her death, her little pocket Bible, given her when she was six years old, was taken by her mamma, as a precious relic of her beloved child. All had been aware that she made it her habit to read it every day. But it was not until the small volume was carefully examined, that her parents understood how diligently she had studied that holy book. The marks in pencil with which she had filled the margin in various places, proved how carefully she had sought and appropriated the passages best suited to her wants and character.

"In a little book which was given her by a friend, shortly before she left England, she had written a few thoughts and observations. On her own last birthday, when she had only a few more weeks to live in this world, she wrote: 'Christmas day. This day, the Lord of heaven and earth took our nature upon him, and became one of us, yet without sin. Oh, the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge! He left his throne on high, and bore the sins of the whole world, that he might become the Mediator of men with God. Oh, my Saviour, teach me to feel more deeply this great kindness.'

"Shortly after Miss Linton's death, the family returned to England, and my services being no longer required, I left them. Perhaps you may be interested in hearing that Mr. Linton survived to the age of seventy, and that he continued those literary pursuits which had throughout life been to him so great a happiness, and which he prosecuted with constant reference to the Divine favour and blessing. By his published works, he gained for himself a very high and extensive reputation in the learned world, and advanced the interests of classical literature; while at the same time he served that cause which was dearest to his heart, by the deep tone of piety and sound religion with which all the labours of his intellect were pervaded. Those who knew him most intimately, were aware that he regarded the particular course of literary labour to which he devoted himself as a especial duty, marked out for him by his God that viewing it in this light, he pursued it t the latest period of his life; and that in all h efforts he sought for Divine help, and ascribe his success to the aid which he implored. A the time of his disease, he was engaged in preparing an epitome of one of his principal work

and he frequently desired during his last illness to be able to complete it, as it would form so satisfactory a termination to his literary labours. It was carried on till within a few days of his death, and of him it may be truly said, that his labour ended only with his life."

SKETCHES OF PHILIP DODDRIDGE.*

PART I.

THERE are two great gateways in this world of ours, through which all human beings pass; the first admitting mortals into life, opening its portals for the advent of souls to this the house of their pilgrimage; the last folding its doors upon them as they vanish hence, and hiding them for ever here from those who follow. It is an affecting thought, as one treads the thoroughfares of a great city, that houses are being passed within which those gates are found opening and shutting; whither mortals come and whence immortals go; where births are giving joy, or deaths mourning. So it will be to the end, and so it has ever been. And as the birth-gate lets in new spirits to fulfil their earthly course, how little do those who hear of or who welcome the little strangers know what that course will be, and whether honour will crown or shame curse the new wrestlers on life's arena.

At the beginning of the last century, in the year 1702, people passed an oilman's shop in one of the streets of London, where, as a child entered the world, there was more than the usual excitement, for it was a boy, the twentieth born of his mother; and so feeble and puny was the little one that he was laid aside as dead. It could not be thought then how much depended on that fragile existence; what a momentous event was that birth; how much, under God, the boy was destined to do; how others to be born after him would bless his name. Father and mother, and the rest within, dreamt no more of that than the casual passer-by outside. Providence preserved the child, the parents were godly people, and they brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Their name was Doddridge, and they called their son Philip.

And now see him, when about six or seven years old, with his good mother. There they are, on a winter's afternoon, in a little back parlour; and she, with her high cap, stomacher, and apron, is sitting with him between her knees; and as his fingers play with the folds of her gown, he is looking intently on the Dutch tiles which line the ample fire-place, whence the fresh stirred blazing coals are throwing bright flashes over the whole apartment, as the early evening comes stealing on. And on these tiles, in blue colours, may be seen quaint objects representing Noah's ark, and Abraham's sacrifice, and Joseph and his brethren, and Moses at the burning bush, and many more stories out of holy writ, about which he asks questions, and his mother gives answers, telling him of wondrous things recorded in the Bible, and striving to lead his tender heart into the knowledge and love of God and Jesus Christ his Son.

Mrs. Doddridge is the daughter of Master John Bauman, a minister of the old city of Prague, in Bohemia, a confessor of the Protestant faith, who, owing to the troubles of his country, had been forced to flee in early life. She accordingly tells young Philip about his grandfather; how he got away from Prague by stealth, with a hundred pieces of gold hidden in his leathern girdle, and Luther's Bible in his pocket; and how the next day after he had quitted the Bohemian capital he lost his girdle, having left it at an inn, and how he went back in sore trouble and trepidation; how he ascertained that the servant had seen it and thrown it away amongst some lumber as a useless thing; how, through his request and promise of reward, she searched for it, and found it in an old cupboard under the staircase; and how, with his recovered treasure, he went on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Doddridge, the father, comes in and sits down, and follows up his good wife's history of her father, by giving one of his—also a man who had suffered for conscience sake—an ejected minister, who had a family of ten children unprovided for, but who quitted a living of two hundred pounds a-year rather than wound his conscience. He also speaks of Sir John Doddridge, as connected with his line of ancestry—a very worthy upright judge, long since buried in Exeter cathedral, where may be seen his monument—a man who used to say, "I am old and have one foot in the grave, and therefore will I look to the better part as near as I can." These ancestral memorials no doubt stimulate the boy, for youth is very impressible under such relations, and the rehearsal of the virtuous and holy fame of his forefathers is a great spur.

Young Doddridge, when ten years old, was sent to the grammar-school at Kingston, where his grandfather Bauman had been master. While there, he lost his father and mother. Piety was already rooted in his heart; he had learned to love and serve God in those very early days, and he could say, "God is an immortal Father; my soul rejoiceth in him; he has hitherto helped me and provided for me; may it be my study to approve myself a more affectionate, grateful, and dutiful child."

* In this and the following papers, great use is made of Stoughton's "Philip Doddridge: his life and labours: a Centenary Memorial." London: Jackson and Walford.

He next went to school at St. Albans, where he found a kind friend in his master, Mr. Nathaniel Wood, and another in the Rev. Dr. Samuel Clark, minister of the dissenting congregation, and well known as the compiler of "Scripture Promises." The youth's conduct at St. Albans was exemplary, and his predilections were manifest. In his diligent study of the Scriptures we may discover an early pledge of the future theological professor and biblical critic; and in his painstaking visits to the poor for their religious benefit we discern an early prophecy of the future model pastor of Northampton. No doubt being entertained of his piety, he was admitted to the church in his nineteenth year, when his hallowed ambition to become one of the shepherds of Christ's earthly fold began to manifest itself with unmistakeable distinctness. But there were difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of his holy desire. In some quarters he was discouraged; but he found an efficient helper in Dr. Clark. One day, a letter came from him to Doddridge, offering a home and such aid in preparatory studies as might be requisite. "This I looked upon," said the warm-hearted young man, "as an answer from heaven, and while I live I shall always adore so seasonable an interposition of Divine providence. I have sought God's direction in this matter, and I hope I have had it. My only view in my choice hath been that of more extensive service, and I beg God would make me an instrument of doing much good in the world."

He afterwards entered a dissenting academy at Kibworth, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Jennings, where he was trained for the Christian ministry. He was a diligent student, laying the foundation for that extensive general scholarship which distinguished and adorned his after years, and especially preparing for that critical and expository learning which so aided his preaching, while it fitted him to become an eminent commentator. He spent much time in secret devotion, and availed himself of such helps in the cultivating of spiritual life as he recommends in his "Rise and Progress of Religion." He drew up a formal covenant with God, sketched out rules for the government of his conduct, and kept a diary. Such things may be hard and barren forms to some, may lead to self-delusion, or may end in hypocrisy; but in the case of Doddridge, who was a man of great sensibility, earnestness, and devotion, they seem to have proved aids to decision and consistency.

Not that Doddridge came up to his ideal. He was a man of imperfections. His ingenuous, frank, and unsuspecting temper often led him into imprudences which he himself bewailed. He was social in his disposition, and loved agreeable society; he was fond of conversation and letter writing; his heart was very impressible; his affections were easily entangled; and so he was exposed, as young men are, to many dangers, injury from which he did not wholly escape. But with all his occasional levity, there were principles working in his heart which gained the mastery over his infirmities, and caused him to come forth into mature manhood crowned with victories over self won in the battles of youth-time.

Doddridge preached his first sermon in the little meeting-house at Hinckley, taking for his text words which gave a tone to his whole subsequent ministry: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." Two persons ascribed their conversion to that discourse. A rich full gospel was proclaimed by the young minister; and as he began, so he continued, ever witnessing repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor was it mere formal truth that he proclaimed. Not hard cold propositions did Doddridge propound to his hearers, but the living facts and doctrines of Christianity, which had passed through his own heart ere he set them forth by his lips in the hearing of his people. What he said, he felt. What he preached, he aimed to be himself, albeit amidst conscious imperfections and inconsistencies which he sorrowfully bewailed. How many ministers, how many Christians, can sympathise in the lament: "I preached concerning Christ as the physician of souls, from Jeremiah viii. 22; and having, among other particulars, addressed to those sincere Christians who, through a neglect of the gospel remedy, are in a *bad state* of spiritual health, it is evident to me, upon a serious review, that I am of that number. I know by experience that my remaining distempers are painful. God knows they are the great affliction of my life; such an affliction that, methinks, if I were free from it, any worldly circumstances would be more tolerable, and even more delightful, than that full flow of prosperity by which I am so often ensnared and injured. I know Christ is able to help me, and restore me to more perfect health than I have ever yet attained; and my experience of his power and grace is a shameful aggravation of my negligence. Therefore, with humble shame and sorrow for my former indifference and folly, I would now seriously attempt a reformation."

Very interesting it is also to notice the following entry:—"Nov. 12th, 1727. I preached this day from those words, 'I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.' I endeavoured to fix upon unconverted sinners the charge of not loving God, and described at large the cha-

racter of the Christian in the several expressions of that affection. My own heart condemned me of being deficient in many of them. I humbled myself deeply before God, and do now, in the divine strength, renew my resolutions as to the following:—1. I will endeavour to think of God more frequently than I have done, and to make the thought of him familiar to my mind in seasons of leisure and solitude. 2. I will labour after communion with him, especially in every act of devotion through this week. For this purpose I would recollect my thoughts before I begin, watch over my heart in the duty, and consider afterwards how I have succeeded. 3. I will pray for conformity to God, and endeavour to imitate him in wisdom, justice, truth, faithfulness, and goodness. 4. I will rejoice in God's government of the world, and regard his interposition in all my personal concerns. 5. I will pray for zeal in my Master's interest, and will make the advancement of his glory the great end of every action of life. 6. I will cultivate a peculiar affection to Christians, as such. 7. I will study the Divine will, and endeavour to practise every duty. 8. I will be diligently upon my guard against everything which may forfeit the favour of God, and provoke his displeasure. I resolve particularly to make these things my care for the ensuing week, and hope I shall find the benefit of it, and perceive, at the close, that my evidences of the sincerity of my love to God are more stable and flourishing than they at present are."

Religion is not a form, not a creed, not an ecclesiastical system, but a life: it finds expression in forms, creeds, and systems, but *they* and *it* are not the same. Doddridge had a well-spring of spiritual life in him. God renewed his heart, and put the grace of the Spirit into his soul, and through that inward secret source of all goodness, made him all he became, and enabled him to achieve all he did. Remembering this for the present, and intending to return to it in our next paper, let us look at Doddridge in his maturer life, after he had settled at Northampton as the pastor of the Independent church, and had become the head of a dissenting academy. Observe him as preacher, tutor, and author.

1. As *preacher*.—He began as preacher at Kibworth, but was not ordained a pastor till he took the oversight of the Northampton flock. To this service, and to the work of Christ at large, he was solemnly set apart in the year 1730. And now go into Castle Street meeting-house, and hear him preach. It is not grand oratory which entrances you as you listen to that tall slender man, with his kind expressive countenance and impassioned mien. His thoughts are not like Alpine mountains, piercing heaven, or reflecting the glories of the sun; they come not dashing down like waterfalls; more like are they to quiet home scenes here in England, where you have corn-fields, orchards, and gardens, with rivers and running brooks. He preaches usefully and to the heart. He feeds the flock with knowledge and understanding. He tells us himself that his object is not to compose an harangue, to acquire to himself the reputation of an eloquent orator, but to prepare food for precious and immortal souls—ever dispensing the sacred gospel which his Redeemer has brought from heaven and sealed with his blood.

Here he is in the oak pulpit of his plain meeting-house, with the Northampton people about him, full of life's cares and troubles. Merchants, shopkeepers, farmers, workmen, and servants, are sitting in their pews. He opens the Bible, and takes for his text, Habakkuk, chap. iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig tree should not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation." He dwells upon the calamitous circumstances here supposed, the deprivation of all the pleasures of life, the want even of its necessaries—such a concurrence of troubles that providence seems to interest itself in disappointment and sorrow; and then in futurity a most melancholy prospect. Immediately, he proceeds to exhibit the heroic temper of the prophet; how he would fly to God as his refuge in the midst of all his calamity, maintain a holy composure of soul in all these distressing circumstances, indulge in a holy joy in God, and expect after all help and deliverance. And then the preacher recommends to the serious regard of his congregation, and to their ampler meditation, such practical remarks as these: "Let not the children of God be surprised or discouraged if they be exercised with dark dispensations of providence"—"Let not the children of this world glory in so precarious a portion as theirs"—"Let us all make it our great care to secure an interest in God through Christ;" and "Let those of us who hope through grace that he is the God of our salvation, make ourselves easy with regard to all future uncertainties." It cannot be said of Doddridge's hearers, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Greatly do they relish their pastor's instructions. How many eyes glisten with tears of joy as the soul feels how truly this is a word in season. And then the minister gives out with much feeling an original hymn founded on the text and sermon, and the people, having sung the simple suitable words, wend their way

home through the streets of Northampton, blessing God for their good pastor.

2. As *tutor*. The house in which he lived and kept his academy is still shown. It stands in Sheep-street, and is now divided into four tenements. A row of pilasters runs along the front, showing that originally the dwellings were united. We visited the old building some years since, in which, among many altered rooms, one is shown which was Doddridge's study, where, it is said, he composed much of his "Expositor." He had many pupils first and last, some studying for the ministry and others for secular employments. He was exceedingly diligent in his professional duties, meeting the young men at six o'clock on a summer's morning, reading the Hebrew Bible with them at a later hour at family prayer, and then delivering his lectures on various branches of learning and divinity, of which the heads and outlines and references are preserved. With earnestness rising to vehemence he inculcated on his ministerial students the necessity of preaching Christ; and on the Saturday previous to the communion, he solemnly warned them against the evil and danger of neglecting souls. At family meals he kept the end of their residence with him in view; and would sometimes take one or two with him on pastoral visits to the sick, or to the private performance of baptism. Occasionally he heard his pupils preach; and how the humble and grateful soul of God is seen in the following entry in his journal:—"This day Mr. —— preached one of the best sermons I ever heard concerning the happiness of the children of God. I had preached one on the subject some time before, but when I considered how much superior his was to mine, it shamed and humbled me; yet I bless God it did not grieve me. If any stirrings of envy moved, they were immediately suppressed; and as soon as I came home I solemnly returned my acknowledgments to God for having raised up such a minister to his church, and honoured me with his education. I recommended him to the Divine blessing with the tenderest affection, leaving myself in the hand of God; acquiescing in the thought of being eclipsed, of being neglected, if he shall so appoint; at the same time adoring him that, with capacities inferior to a multitude of others, I have been providentially led into services superior to many of them, in comparison with whom my knowledge and learning is but that of a child."

3. As *author*. Doddridge devoted all the powers of his mind and heart to the interests of religion. It was not that he was incapacitated for attaining eminence in the republic of letters; that he could not rank high in scholarship, criticism, and philosophy. In all these respects, had he devoted his mind to the pursuit, he would have attained eminence and won fame, but he preferred, from conscientious convictions of duty, and from the strong impulse of spiritual life within, to expend his energies in the service of Christ's church and the rescuing souls to him. The memorable passage, often quoted from his sermon on the evil and danger of neglecting souls, shows the settled purpose of his mind and the self-denial it involved. "You must judge for yourselves; but permit me to say, that for my own part, I would not for ten thousand worlds be that man who, when God shall ask him at the last how he had employed most of his time while he continued a minister in his church, and had the care of souls, should be obliged to reply, 'Lord, I have restored many corrupted passages in the ancient classics, and illustrated many that were before obscure; I have cleared up many intricacies in chronology or geography; I have solved many perplexed cases in algebra; I have refined on astronomical calculations, and left behind me many sheets on these curious and difficult subjects, where the figures are arranged with the greatest exactness and truth; and these are the employments in which my life has been worn out; while preparation for the pulpit, or ministrations in it, did not demand my immediate attendance!' Oh, sirs! as for the waters which are drawn from these springs, how sweetly soever they may taste to a curious mind that thirsts for them, or to an ambitious mind which thirsts for the applauses they sometimes procure, I fear there is often reason to pour them out before the Lord, with rivers of penitential tears, as the blood of souls which have been forgotten, while these trifles have been remembered and pursued."

It is not our intention to enumerate or criticise Doddridge's works. Many of them no doubt are well known to our readers, and they may rest assured that the same spirit which pervades one, pervades all. It is remarkable how the grand aim of his life—the promotion of the spiritual good of souls, and the glory of God and of Christ—is seen throughout. Like Watts, he condescended to write hymns for children, and it is interesting to know that he sent a copy of his "Principles of the Christian Religion, in plain and easy verse," to his friend Dr. Ayscough, for the use of his pupil, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.; and we remember ourselves hearing, from a relative of one of his majesty's servants, that he once said to him, "If I know anything of religion, I owe it to Dr. Ayscough; and that at an early age." It is more than likely that Doddridge had something to do, through the simplest of his productions, with the formation of the best part of the character of that king of England who sat longest on the throne.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

PART II.

LET us now offer some suggestions as to the government of the tongue. We have not, you will observe, spoken of this first, because that on the government of the temper mainly depends the right use of the tongue. If you rule and master the spirit, then, Christian, you may hope to attain to that lofty standard of which St. James speaks: "If any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." And how forcibly does the same apostle describe the evil results of an ungoverned tongue! "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, who are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." (James iii. 5—11.)

Who shall estimate the importance of the right use of the tongue! When thus employed, it is the "glory" of man, (Psalm xxx. 12,) and in itself distinguishes him from the voiceless stars above him, and from the silent woods and hills, as well as the dumb animals around him. This is "the rudder that steereth human affairs, the spring that setteth the wheels of action a-going."

"By words merely," says Barrow, "do princes rule their subjects, generals command their armies, senators deliberate and debate about the great matters of state; by them advocates do plead causes, judges decide for them, divines perform their office and minister their instruction. Whatever almost, great or small, is done in the court, or in the hall, in the church, or at the exchange, in the school, or in the shop, it is the tongue alone that doeth it; it is the force of this little machine that turneth all the world about."

And, Christians! let me add, it is this which is given you to glorify God withal. Think how with this, you are bound to "sing praise to him, and not to be silent," to "speak of the glorious honour of his majesty, and to declare his greatness," to

> "tell to all the world around
> What a dear Saviour you have found;"

to invite, entreat, persuade others to choose the good part, to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life! What words of sympathy may fall from your lips, like sweet music on the ear and heart of the widow and the orphan. What instruction may thus be imparted to them that are ignorant and out of the way; and how may one or another to whom you have given by words that "faithful rebuke" which "is better than secret love," bless your name, even when you are dead and gone, for that friendly smiting which arrested their steps when on the brink of a precipice, and brought them back to God!

What beautiful examples are presented to us in holy Scripture of the right use of the tongue, consecrated to the honour of God and the welfare of man. In an Abraham pleading for Sodom; in the fervent, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," of wrestling Jacob; in the triumphal song of Moses and the children of Israel over their Egyptian foes, or in David singing to his harp the sweet pastoral strain, "The Lord is my shepherd;" in the rousing appeal of an Elijah, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" in the defence of Paul before Agrippa, or his reasoning before Felix, of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come, while the judge becomes a trembling culprit at the bar of conscience and of God; in the protomartyr's last words, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit—Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" or, later still, in Luther's defence before the Diet at Worms; or in the expiring cry amid the flames of the martyr-pyre, "None but Christ, none but Christ! So, too, was it in the case of a Wilberforce in the senate demanding the abolition of the accursed slave trade, a Buxton urging that the oppressed should go free; with a Whitfield in Moorfields pleading with sinners; a Mrs. Fry, in Newgate, reclaiming those whom crime had unsexed and brutalized; a Judson in Burmah, a Williams in Rarotonga, a Henry Martyn in Persia, a Schwartz in India, a Vanderkemp in Africa, a Brainerd among the American Indians;

each setting forth "death and life, blessing and cursing." Think of examples like these, and then acknowledge to what noble uses may be directed the tongue of man, when it is governed and directed by the indwelling Spirit of God!

But have you weighed well the difficulty of its government? Have you found it an easy thing in your experience to bridle it? If "life and death are in the power of the tongue," have you never used it to pour the leprous distilment of false principles, or of impure suggestions, into another's ear? Have you always spoken the words of truth and soberness? Have you not indulged sometimes in foolish talking and jesting rather than in giving of thanks? From the fear of man, wherewith cometh a snare, have you never been sinfully silent when you should have boldly testified for truth and right? Have you no self-accusations as to words of vain-glorious boasting? Have you never flattered with the tongue for selfish ends? Have you never spoken "lying words," or been guilty of the equivocation which, literally true, was yet designed to deceive by conveying a false impression?

Can you say that you have never been tempted to indulge against another those "words of cursing and bitterness" which make up that awful thing, "the swearer's prayer?" Have you not found yourself ready to "take up an evil report of a neighbour, and to speak harshly and uncharitably of the absent?" And have you not sometimes been in danger of acting the vile part of "the talebearer," who "separateth chief friends," instead of being found among those blessed peacemakers who "shall be called the children of God?"

Let me, then, in conclusion, urge upon all the importance of the proper government of the temper and the tongue, and let the following suggestions be prayerfully pondered and practised.

1. Seek by earnest prayer, and strive with holy ardour, after the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." 1 Pet. iii. 4. The meekness of wisdom—how precious the attainment! "The world counteth it," says Manton, "an effeminate softness; God counteth it an ornament. This is the best Christian temper. Fierce ruffianly spirits do not become Christianity. Man is won by love."*

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," says Hugh Binning, "is both comely and precious. It is like the heavens on a clear day, all serene and beautiful, whereas an unmeek spirit is for the most part like the troubled sea, tossed with tempest and dashed with rains. A meek spirit is like a clear running fountain, that you see the bottom of; but a passionate spirit is like a troubled fountain, and in it the shadow of truth cannot be seen. The one is like a mirror which, pure and clear, renders the image lively. The other is like that glass besmeared with dust, in which you can see nothing."

2. Be on your guard against sudden provocation. Drink into the spirit of David: "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue." Mark how Solomon first counsels you to guard the spirit within. "Keep *thine heart* with all diligence;" and then adds, "put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee."

Alas! how has experience taught us that because of evil tempers and angry words—(so rapid is the intercourse between the heart and the lips)—"the beginning of sin is like the letting out of water!" What need to go to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, there to wash the leprosy of these sins away! And remembering how often we have been surprised into anger, or tempted to speak words unworthy of our calling and dishonouring to him who has bought us with his most precious blood, how fervently and constantly should the prayer ascend, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." (Psalm cxli. 3.)

3. Remember that there is a time to be silent as well as to speak, and that "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." "He that refraineth his lips is wise." "A prudent silence," says Dr. Bates, "will be more effectual to end a quarrel, than the most sharp and piercing reply that confounds an adversary." How does this truth bear upon the happiness of home! How, if when the wife is reproached, she but answers by a meek look and an eloquent silence—how, if when in the social circle the tongue of slander begins to defame, there were nought but the blank silence of disapproval—how, if when the storm of passion was suddenly roused in your breast, its embittered utterances, about to burst forth, were with a strong effort, and as in the presence of your God, suppressed—would every family thus become a nest of doves, every social circle a scene where slander was unheard, every heart happy, life made sweet, and heaven begun below!

"Once," says a Hebrew fable, "an Assyrian was wandering through the city, and he cried—'Who will receive the elixir of life?' And rabbi James said to him, 'What is the elixir of life which thou art selling?' And he said, 'Is it not written, "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? *Let him keep his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.*'" LO, THIS IS THE ELIXIR OF LIFE!"

* Manton on James iii. 13.

4. Lastly, let Christians occupy their tongues in profitable and gracious discourse. What sweeter entertainment than for fellow pilgrims to take counsel together—to encourage one another amid the hardships of the way, and mutually to refresh their spirits by talking of that rest which remaineth for them in Emmanuel's land.

Thus going on your way, and as you travel inviting one and another to join you, saying, "We are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said I will give it you—come thou with us, and we will do thee good;" you shall arrive at last at your Father's house in peace, and there look back on all the way he has led you, and with enraptured hearts and tongues, extol his power and grace. Oh blessed prospect! May it be indeed yours and mine. Oh glorious rest! May it be ours in full possession.

"Then we, with all in glory
Shall thankfully repeat,
The amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesus' love so great.
In that blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell;
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell!"

A LEAF FROM A SURGEON'S NOTE-BOOK.

One afternoon I was in my surgery writing prescriptions, and superintending the preparation of medicines for those whom I had just left on sick-beds, when I was startled by hearing these words pronounced with vehement earnestness: "Quick! quick, sir! or it may be too late! life's sands are running out with awful swiftness, and in an hour the dear sufferer may be beyond all earthly help!"

The speaker was a young lady about twenty years of age, the sister of a patient of mine, whose critical state I had been most anxiously watching for some time. Her beautiful countenance was worn with grief and distress; and as she looked up into my face, her tears fell in a thick rain upon her hands, which she was clasping in an agony of solicitude. I had already seen her brother that morning, and had done for him all that my medical knowledge and experience could suggest; but knowing how consoling to the relatives of the sufferer the presence of a doctor is in the house of affliction, I prepared instantly to accompany the weeping messenger. I did so with some reluctance, for it is so sad to be the witness of sorrows which one can neither alleviate nor remove; and on the way I endeavoured to school myself for the harrowing scene which I knew awaited me in the dying boy's chamber.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" and to all human appearances, as his sister had said, the silver cord would soon be loosed, and the soul set free from its tenement of clay. He was a youth in connection with whose future the fondest hopes had been cherished—the most devout wishes entertained. And justly; for he had been to his widowed mother all that a dutiful and loving child could be; affectionately aiming to fill up the dark void which the loss of her husband had created, and studying most diligently in the public school to which he had been sent to fit himself for a useful and honourable calling in life. In the mysterious dispensations of Providence, however, while gaining the approbation of his friends and tutors, and carrying off prize after prize for good conduct and intellectual acquisitions, he was visited with an illness, which, like a killing frost, threatened to nip in the blade the promise of the future harvest. From the school in which he was fast rising to eminence, and from the studies he so passionately loved, he returned home in the middle of the session, apparently to die.

Thus vain is our dependence upon the future, however bright and cloudless it may open to our vision! Thus soon are our most sanguine anticipations blighted and levelled in the dust of disappointment and quick-coming desolation!

It had been my lot, during a professional career of some years, to enter many a house which calamity had suddenly darkened, and to see the abode of gladness speedily changed into the house of mourning. I had witnessed many times the separation of the dearest earthly friends and heard the last faint farewell of dying lips. I had seen the most tender ties inexorably severed by the hand of our last enemy, and death in every shape was no stranger to me; but it was with the feeling of one wholly unused to scenes of suffering that I now approached the elegant residence of Mrs. R——. My fair companion was breathless with fatigue and excitement, and her haggard looks attracted the notice of many a passer-by. Straw had been thickly placed before the house, that the tumult of the street might be deadened, and as carriages and conveyances rolled past, their muffled sounds seemed a mournful prelude of death's silence.

Mrs. R—— had been wistfully awaiting our arrival, and had seen us as soon as we entered the street. We were no sooner on the steps leading up to her house than the door was opened, and rushing past the servant who had admitted us, she exclaimed—"Oh," in tones so wild and strange, "can nothing more be done?"

"My dear Mrs. R——," I replied, "the case of your poor boy is now in higher hands than

human, and unless He decides in favour of life, vain is the help of man. Has any change taken place within the last two hours? But, stay—if you will allow me, I'll try and judge for myself."

She had lost all power to reply to my question, and was rushing up to her son's room. I gently detained her, and with a stony, tearless look of blank despair she fell upon her daughter's shoulder. She was unable to give vent to her sorrow in tears; the luxury of weeping was denied her, and like a hidden fire, her woe burnt unexpressed within her heart.

Signing to her daughter that I wished to be alone, I went up-stairs. The patient was in a heavy slumber: his breathing was hoarse, stertorous, and irregular; and his brow, when I laid my finger gently upon it, was wet with the dews of man's last slumber. One wasted hand lay outside the coverlid; upon the other his wearied head was resting. His finely marked features were emaciated through illness, and looked gaunt and rigid: death, as I thought, was rapidly claiming his own. Upon enquiry of the nurse, I found that this slumber had lasted nearly an hour, and that it had been preceded by a most painful attack, in which the sufferer seemed all but gone. I was contemplating the prostrate figure before me, and sorrowfully thinking of the numerous diseases which were still beyond the physician's power to grapple with and subdue, when Mrs. R —— noiselessly entered. She was perfectly calm and collected now, and I had no occasion to enjoin silence. She had gained a victory over the surging emotions which, like an angry sea, rose and fell within her, and was nerved for the worst. For some moments only the laborious breathing of the sick boy sounded painfully through the chamber. What his waking might bring with it—whether, indeed, he would ever wake again—we knew not; but in prayerful silence our hearts were uplifted to Him who held in his all-wise and unerring hand the keys of life and death.

"Is it his last sleep?" the widow asked presently, in a whisper almost inaudible.

"Our refuge is in prayer," I whispered in return. What meaning she put on the words I know not, but their effect upon her was perfectly inspiriting. Her face for a moment shone, as if under the influence of some great feeling which had now, for the first time, taken full possession of her heart. The settled gloom which during the last few days had overspread her countenance like a sombre cloud, was, for an instant, enlivened, as we have seen the sun by one bright flash of glory changing the whole appearance of a darkened sky. She grasped my hand and then left the room.

The door had no sooner closed upon her than, with a start that shook his frail frame almost to dissolution, the youth awoke from his lethargic slumber. He gazed earnestly round the room, as though he missed something to which he had become familiar; but he was far too weak to express disappointment or regret. I saw at a glance that consciousness had returned, and was now trying to shine through deadened senses and a dying frame. The silence of death reigned in the room. The crisis was at hand, and any sudden excitement or surprise at this moment would have been fatal. I could, as the common saying is, hear my own heart beating in the anxiety I suffered lest the mother should return, and the only chance of life be overthrown. I took upon myself the office of nurse, and moistened the dear youth's parched lips and gently wiped his aching brow; and without speaking, I quietly soothed him into sleep again.

This was more than I could have reasonably expected, and I rejoiced with trembling. This time his breathing was more even and regular, and gradually the skin became moist and warm. An hour passed away, and still he slumbered on. Neither his mother nor his sister had once entered the room, and without a word the nurse and myself had sat watching the sleeper. Being determined to remain in the house that I might see the effect of a certain medicine I proposed giving to him upon his awaking, I went down-stairs to send off the prescription to my surgery, and also to speak a word of comfort to his sorrowing mother and sister. But as I passed the door of the breakfast-room I heard words which irresistibly chained me to the spot. They were words of prayer, uttered with strong crying and tears, and Mrs. R—— was the supplicant. I had never before heard a woman's voice in prayer. Anything at once so tender and so earnest, so calm and so agonizing, as the tone in which she breathed forth her wish into the ear of Him who was able to save unto the uttermost, I have never since heard equalled. The room in which she prayed seemed holy ground to me for a long time afterwards, and the prayer she offered is as fresh in my recollection as if I had listened to it but yesterday. It was on this wise:—

"I hope I believe in thy goodness and perfect wisdom. Yes, I do feel that thou art too wise to err and too good to be unkind. But I cannot feel this as I want to feel it. Wilt thou remember that I am dust, and come to my aid?"

There was a pause for a moment, as if she were trying deeply to realize what she had said ere she proceeded with her petition. Then she went on:—

"Thou art not less tender and loving than Jesus was; he was the express image of thy person, and what he was while here on earth, thou art at this very moment. I will cling to that!"

Again she ceased speaking; and when she resumed her prayer, her voice sounded as though tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"And he pitied poor mothers who had sick children; and he gave back from the dead the son of the widow of Nain. Oh, that he were on earth now! But he is here. He is in this room with me now, and I believe he is listening to my poor words."

She was for some time apparently struggling with her unbelief. I began to think that she had concluded her prayer, when she once more continued:—

"Thou hast power over the hearts of all men, and I believe that thou canst suggest to the doctor the means of cure. If it be thy will that my dear boy should live, I beseech thee to do this; but if thou hast ordained otherwise, oh give me strength to endure thy will. I give up my will into thine, and desire to say, 'Thy will and not mine be done.' Merciful Father, help me! Help! help!"

The last word was scarcely audible, and she had no sooner uttered it, than she fell heavily to the ground. I heard the door of an adjoining room quickly open, and ere I could enter, the daughter was supporting her in her arms. She had fainted away. Leaving her in the care of her daughter, I hastened to write the prescription. But, reader, *not the prescription I had intended writing.* I did not know this until it was made out, and the patient was beginning to reap the benefit of it; then I found that the treatment which at the crisis I had considered doubtful, on account of the poor youth's weakness, was the one which I had almost instinctively adopted in the prescription I had written.

All that night I scarcely left the house, and in the morning it was with thankful joy that I could report to the mother and sister a decided change for the better in the sufferer. To describe their gratitude is next to impossible; we were all grateful to the gracious God who had appeared on our behalf, and had made the hour of human weakness and extremity the hour of his own mighty power and love.

I could soon with safety pronounce Mrs. R——'s son out of danger; he had no relapse; he daily gathered new strength; the roses began to bloom on his cheeks once more, and he who had been close to the gates of death, once more bade fair for life and vigour. At my suggestion, as soon as he began to recover strength, and was able to bear the change, his mother and sister made arrangements to take him for awhile to the sea-side, and the evening before they set out, they invited me to join them at tea.

We were seated in what I have ever since called the praying-room, and our thoughts naturally recurred to the past.

"Who will ever doubt the power of prayer again, Mrs. R——?" I said.

"I had never known what wrestling with God meant before that hour of despair, in which I left you alone with my poor boy," the widow replied; "but it is not usual to hear you scientific men speak much of prayer."

"Prayer, dear madam, is higher than all our science, deeper than the profoundest skill. It has power with the God in whom our breath is, in whom we live, move, and have our being."

"I shall ever believe it," said the thankful mother; and tears which her son affectionately kissed away began to flow down her cheeks. We had a happy evening; the sorrow and anxiety of the past did but increase the quiet bliss of the present, and in calm confidence in God we looked forward to the future. Before separating, we read and prayed together and commended each other to the God of all grace and consolation. In bidding Mrs. R—— farewell, she put into my hand a small packet. It proved to be a book-mark, on which these words were neatly worked:—

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes."

"It was a trifling gift," she said. I shall keep it to my dying day.

I have often mentioned this case as an encouragement to true prayer. As believers in revelation, we have no sympathy with those who hold that man is the mere slave of a thing called "the order of nature." We believe in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has assured us that whatsoever we ask in faith, we shall receive. And to those who talk largely about "laws of nature," we would put the question, How know you that prayer is not one of the laws under which the Almighty has placed our moral being? We believe that it is the condition of our receiving blessings from on high, and that unless it is complied with, we are as much breaking a law of our moral nature as the drunkard breaks the law of his physical nature through his intemperance. It is not for us to attempt to explain how our feeble and imperfect prayers influence the Divine mind. It is enough for us to be assured of the fact, which is so authoritatively stated in the glorious revelation which the Supreme Being has given us of his will. Therefore, let us pray always, knowing that on a throne of grace a God of

grace is seated, and that his loving question to every applicant is this: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" A mighty power has been put into our hands—a power which we can use on behalf of ourselves and our children; on behalf of the church of Christ, and the wide, wide world. "Prove me now, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour down a blessing so plentiful and rich, that there shall not be room to retain it." What blessing are we needing? What anxiety has taken us captive? What want do we require satisfied? We are not straitened in God: for he who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, shall he not with him also freely give us all things? He has condescended to liken himself to an earthly parent in the expression of his willingness to answer prayer. "What man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

The affection that a human heart has towards his offspring may be deep and wonderful, but what is it when compared with the love of God for a sinful humanity? He who gave up his Son to bleed and die for us, will not withhold from us any good thing. "Let us, then, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help us in every time of need." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHAVIN.

Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, the greatest lyric poet that Russia has yet produced, and the author of the sublime and unequalled address to the Deity of which we append a translation, was born at Kazan, in the summer of 1743. His family was of Tartar origin. His youth was spent in the gymnasium or high school of his native city, from which, having decided upon a military career, he passed into the corps of engineers. In this department of the Russian service he acquired considerable distinction, in consequence of his eminence in mathematical science and its practical application to professional purposes. In active service, his merit and bravery attracted the notice of his superior officers, and he rose successively from the rank of lieutenant to the governorship of Olonetz and Tambov, until at length he left the army on being appointed Secretary of State by Catherine in 1791. We afterwards find him filling the posts of President of the College of Commerce, Treasurer of the Empire, and Minister of Justice. He retired from the public service to his estate of Zoanka, Novogorod, in 1803, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred in 1816.

His busy and eventful career did not prevent him from cultivating literature. To him it was what a well-spring is to the weary and sun-parched wanderer in the Arabian desert. From onerous duties and the carking cares of office he turned to it for solace and joy. Verily, he was no "bread-artist," but a lover of poesy for its own sake, and being so, it yielded at his bidding its richest treasures and its enchanting beauty. The finest of his productions date from the busiest portion of his military life. The emotional, the artistic, and the practical, were rarely and finely combined in him. Administrative ability, military skill, heroic daring, and the calm exactitude demanded by mathematical pursuits were exhibited by him in turn, and underlying all, a deep and intense love for truth, goodness, and beauty, and an earnest fervour and exquisite taste in the utterance of what he felt and imagined. He was speedily acknowledged as the first of his country's lyric poets. He was equally successful as a prose writer. His essay on lyric poetry, among other works, shows how closely and severely he studied the principles of the art of which he proved himself to be so eminent a master.

When we call to mind the state of society in the midst of which he lived, the principles of the government of which he was a member, and the profession to which his youth and ripe manhood were devoted, his productions become all the more remarkable. Licentiousness, perfidy, and every baseness grew luxuriantly in the camp and court of Catherine. The influences by which he was constantly surrounded were those that wither and destroy every pure, unselfish, and holy feeling; yet his freshness and purity were preserved, and his works are worthy of note, not only for their vigorous conception, originality, and living beauty, but for their high moral and religious tone, altogether so foreign to that which generally characterises the literature of Russia. The "*Oda Bog*," or Ode to the Almighty, which we present to our readers, has been translated into several Eastern and European languages, and is justly considered as perhaps unrivalled by any similar composition.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no god beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone.
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays: but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious! great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles on the sunny rays
Shine round, the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to those art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, when heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I then? Nought.

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god;
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived, unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes: Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
(Though worthless our conception all of Thee)
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence. Being wise and good!
Mid'st Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

In this poem it will be perceived no reference is made to the mode of access to the Deity opened up through faith in the Son of God. It is, therefore, so far defective. Still the whole composition is an eminently sublime one, and is calculated to give us exalted views of the condescension of the great and infinite Creator, in inviting us, the sinful children of a day, to love him and become his friends.

DEATH OF A HUMBLE WORTHY.

Agnes Mitchell, aged 73, died not long ago. She was the daughter of the late John Mitchell, a cabinet-maker, in this town. She lived for the last forty-one years in the family of Isaac Braithwaite, Esq., where she was greatly respected for her faithful services as cook and housekeeper. She pursued the even tenor of her way, always mindful of her duty, and was an example of Christian watchfulness and humility. Although treated with confidence and almost intimacy, she was uniformly respectful, always keeping her place with propriety. She was as careful of her master's interest as though the house had been her own, and never thought it a trouble to visit the poor and to prepare things for their comfort. She was much attached to the ministry of the Rev. W. Whitelock, during his residence at Kendal, and as long as she was able she was never absent from church; no weather kept her at home; and she fully carried out the views of her master and mistress in preparing everything beforehand to set herself at liberty for the duties of the sabbath-day. She was a person of few words, and always approached religious subjects with reverence; she loved her Bible and read it daily, and during her last illness she imparted with much feeling the consolation she derived from its contents; she showed that she was deeply versed in them, that through the Holy Spirit they had been indeed food to her soul, and she dwelt with peculiar comfort on the hopes of a glorious resurrection through her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She was respectable yet frugal in her dress; and her personal economy enabled her to be liberal to the poor during her life, and to save out of her wages, which were always moderate, a considerable sum of money; and with the hope that it may encourage others to put by part of their earnings, and to prove how much good such humble individuals may do with their means, we subjoin a list of the legacies bequeathed by Agnes Mitchell, in addition to those left to her relations and friends:—British and Foreign Bible Society, 19*l.* 19*s.*; Society for promoting Female Education in the East, 19*l.* 19*s.*; to the Sunday-schools in Kendal, established 1785, 19*l.* 19*s.*; Religious Tract Society, 10*l.*; Church Pastoral Aid Society, 10*l.*; Irish Society, of London, 10*l.*; London Missionary Society, 5*l.* Besides the above, a sum of 60*l.* was left in trust, the interest of which is to be divided annually amongst eight poor women, resident in Kendal.—*Westmorland Gazette.*

A Chapter for Parents and Children.

A LIFE PRESERVER.

Farmers publish their new discoveries or improvements in tillage in the agricultural columns, and physicians speak through the medical papers, and ministers and other public speakers tell what they wish to say; now why should not mothers publish any new aid in the pleasant but important work of training children? A mother has made successful use of a life preserver for her little ones, which never fails to secure them against fire or drowning, and a variety of accidents. She lives on the bank of a river whose deep dark waters would soon close over them, if they had a chance, yet she has no fear, although often absent from home several days at once, while they are left in the care of a house-maid. Another mother, who uses the same life preserver, lives close by a railroad depôt, where the cars are passing at all hours. Their iron wheels would not be impeded a moment by one of the delicate limbs of a little child, but would crush it as you could a worm beneath your feet. Yet she fears no danger, although two of her little ones are forced to cross the track to go to school. Another father, whose wife is dead, has a flock of motherless children to bring up, with no one but an aged mother to assist him. He is a miller, and a swift-running mill-stream rushes by his house. The large wheel is ever turning from morning till night, and he is too busy to watch his children to keep them from being drowned or crushed to death in the dreadful arms of the mill-wheel; and the grandmother is too slow of step and dim of sight to watch the little feet that patter about the garden, orchard, and meadow. But this life preserver, which the father keeps in daily systematic use, sets her aged heart at rest from all fear of danger.

Another mother, dwelling among the mountain forests, was forced to live many weeks without a curb to a deep well near her door. Yet she feared not for the precious lives of her little ones. Sometimes passing travelers would smile their heads, and ask her how she dared run such a risk, and sometimes would even laugh at her confidence in her life preserver; but as she kept it in constant use, no accident occurred.

It is no new invention, but we have reason to think is as old as the days of Abraham. It has become so sadly neglected for worthless modern inventions, that some young mothers regard it rather as a relic of antiquity than the best help in bringing up a family. Such persons leave home with a load of anxiety on their minds, lest their children fall in the cistern, well, or off some steep bank. If they live in the city, there is a constant anxiety lest they get under the wheels of a carriage or cart, or stray away and get lost. So children are often excluded from the fresh air, and grow pale and puny, looking through nursery windows, and longing for freedom, when with this valuable preservative they might lead as happy, frolicsome lives as the young lambs in the meadows. Such mothers have no rest. If a bottle or tumbler contain a poison or bitter medicine, it must be placed far out of the reach of little hands, and even locked in some high closet, where they cannot climb after it. All sharp-edged tools must be hid, and even the mother's work-basket is considered too dangerous to be left near them, lest they put out their eyes with the bodkin or scissors; and all this toil and watching for want of a simple invention.

This invention is not cheap; not that it is in the hands of a monopoly, who keep the price above its value, but because, from the nature of things, each parent or guardian must make the life preserver for himself—must know the nature, temper, and inclinations of his child, and adjust it accordingly. It is very hard to fit some children with the life preserver. In such cases the parent must begin very young, and proceed with care. If this course is followed, success is certain.

I could say much more in praise of this rare invention, but I have already trespassed beyond my limits. Solomon, whose large household must have furnished him with much experience in family government, added to his superior wisdom, alludes to it in distinct terms. It is no more or less than simple obedience, exacted from earliest childhood, and mingled with a greater or less degree of tenderness, as the nature and education of the parent dictates. This is a sure life preserver against most of the ordinary accidents of childhood. Why will not mothers try it? Not after the boy has begun to run away, and astonish the neighbourhood with his roguish feats, but while he is playing about his mother's knee, and learning to put his first words into sentences; before he has begun to dash the china from the table as he sits in his high chair, or pull the hot coffee-pot over upon him. Strict unwavering obedience, even in trifles, among the children of your care, will make you rest easily upon your pillow, and give you hours of liberty and enjoyment, while they are kept from danger and accident. They can be allowed privileges which must be entirely denied to an ungoverned family, because you are sure they will keep within the prescribed limits; and what is more than all, they can be protected from moral danger, from the influence of low associates, by that wondrous life preserver. And you too, dear children, be persuaded to try the benefits of this life preserver at all times. The obedient child will be a happy child.

> "Let children that would fear the Lord,
> Hear what their teachers say;
> With reverence listen to their word,
> And with delight obey."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

54. On what two occasions are we expressly told that the Saviour wept?

55. Where is the deliverance of Israel from Egypt spoken of in Scripture as a national redemption?

56. We read in the Bible of the tree of life. Can you refer to the passages alluded to?

57. What are the only two recorded acts of the apostle Philip?

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME.:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

SCENERY ON THE SHORES OF LAKE GEORGE, AMERICA.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. VIII.

"I AM going to take you across the Atlantic with me, this evening, my dear young ladies," said Nurse Grand, to her little party of listeners, as they were taking their accustomed places around her on the following Sunday. "That is to say, I invite you to listen to a story, the incidents of which occurred in America. I had a very vivid dream last night, recalling to me a simple narrative related by one of my ladies, which will, I think, interest you. As I was retiring to rest, I thought of you, and asked myself, 'What shall I tell them to-morrow evening?' With this question I dropped asleep; and in my dream I seemed to have the answer: for, during the night, I had a most life-like interview with Mrs. Dunlap, the lady to whom I have referred, and recalled, in every particular, a history she once related to me.

"She had been a great traveller, and had visited almost all the places most celebrated for their attractions, whether of natural scenery or historical interest. Being of a very benevolent nature, she delighted to give pleasure, and finding with how much interest I listened to her animated descriptions of scenery, would often,

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while I sat working beside her couch, entertain me in that manner.

"'Of all the exquisite lake scenery I have beheld, in the course of my wanderings,' said she, one afternoon, 'there is none I remember with greater delight, and with a sense of more intense pleasure, than Lake George, in the state of New York. About the year 1823, I visited this lovely spot, deservedly reckoned the gem of American scenery. It is one of the few objects in nature which did not disappoint me, after reading the descriptions of travellers; and I verily believe that, in point of beauty, it has not its superior in the world. I have sometimes heard it compared with the lakes of Switzerland; but I decidedly give it the preference to them for romantic beauty. This magnificent lake is thirty-four miles in length, and from two to four miles in width. The approach from the south is eminently striking, being formed by two vast ranges of mountains, which commence several miles south of Fort George, and continue for a distance of about one hundred miles. Both these ranges alternately approach the lake, so as sometimes to touch its very margin; while in other places they recede from it, to the distance of two or three miles. They are generally clothed with forests, and are of the most varied and picturesque forms.

"'Of the exquisite purity, sweetness, and transparency of the water of the lake, all travellers have spoken with delight, and I will add that it has a peculiarity in its hues, which I do not remember to have observed elsewhere. When seen from a short distance, it presents a bright luminous azure, and appears as though a soft lustre undulated everywhere upon its surface, with a bright coruscation. This charming appearance is, however, only occasional. One of the great additions to the loveliness of this lake, is the number and beauty of its islands. These are very numerous, and present the greatest variety imaginable, both in form and vegetation. Thick coppices, impenetrably interwoven, clothe some of the lovely islets; while on many the lofty pine, with its separate boughs, lifts its head above every other tree, waving majestically in the sky. The beech, maple, and oak, with their clustering branches and lively verdure, adorn others. In short, the diversified beauty of the islands of Lake George, which number no fewer than three hundred, are among its principal attractions.

"'I said that I visited this far-famed lake about the year 1823; and I will relate to you an incident which occurred while I was there, that deeply touched both me and my dear husband. Mr. Dunlap was at that time feeling the first symptoms of the malady which eventually carried him to the grave; and one principal object in visiting these waters was the benefit of his health. We had left England the preceding autumn, and spent the winter in New York, whither my husband was induced to go on important business. It was the early spring, and we were just emerging from a long and severe winter. Many months had passed away since we enjoyed the delights of the open air, and the bright green of the country, as we now hoped to do. Our trip was to be a foretaste of a long summer of out-door delights; and with an almost child-like glee, I made preparations for our departure.

"'This part of America is well-known: for, independently of the natural beauties of the district, it is full of interest, as the scene where many a warrior bled in the great revolutionary struggle. The French and Indians used to pour down upon the settlements in the plain, by the passes of lakes Champlain and George, and near these were fought some of the severest battles recorded in American history. Even the passing stranger can scarcely help feeling emotions of the liveliest interest awakened within his mind, as he surveys the ruins of the old fort on the lofty eminence commanding the finest prospect of Lake George, once a horrible scene of butchery—now waste and still, tangled with bushes, and inhabited only by birds and reptiles.

"'It was a bright sunny morning in the month of May when I first explored the ground about this fort; and as I stood there, and gazed around, the foliage of the woods seemed actually to expand in my very sight, under the summer-like warmth of the day; and the soft green tinge which is so beautiful in its loveliness and in its promise for the future, appeared to unfold around me like a verdant screen. The exquisite blueness of the lake, with its tufted islands shut in by mountains, charmed my eye, and I eagerly assented to the proposal of my husband, that after dinner we should take a drive along the western banks. The road wound in and out, up and down, on the mountainous barrier of the waters—for here there was no beach nor other level.

"'As we were riding, I gazed around, enchanted with the succession of views, of new promontories and islands, and novel aspects of the opposite mountains, and was continually pointing out to my companion the different objects that interested me. At one point my attention was fixed upon a white speck which I observed on the eastern shore, standing at the extremity of a narrow glen, a few rods distant from the water's edge. It proved to be a white-washed cottage; a little cove run up from the lake, between the rugged mountain on one side and the southern skirt of a glen on the other; I

saw, half-way up the heights that rose on each side of the ravine, to the east of the cottage, the eagles fluttering over their nests, which were perched on those lofty elevations. The white-washed cottage and the swelling mountains around formed a pleasing and romantic picture; and as I looked, I proposed that we should turn our steps in that direction next day, and if the weather proved favourable, take with us a basket of provisions, and pass the hours in botanizing and sketching in that neighbourhood.

"'The skies smiled propitiously on the morrow, and we carried our purpose into effect. During the early part of the day, we explored the eastern side of the lake for some distance on foot; and I still remember with a thrill of pleasure the noonday hour we spent, sitting on a steep grassy bank under the pines, with our feet overhanging the clear waters that glanced joyously in the sunbeams. We had crossed the lake in a boat, which was tethered in the little cove that led to the narrow glen, at the bottom of which nestled the pretty white cottage I had seen the preceding day.

"'After resting awhile, my husband wished to go in search of some ferns he expected to find in the mountains, and bidding me keep within call of the boatmen, left my side. When I had basked a little longer in the delicious sunshine, I rose, and slowly sauntering along the beach, approached the cottage, beside which was seated an elderly and venerable-looking man, who was evidently, like myself, enjoying the pleasures of the weather and the scenery. After the usual salutations of strangers, he politely invited me to take a seat beside him on the rustic bench before his humble dwelling. There was some-thing about him which interested me, and I soon found I had introduced myself to a plain, open-hearted man. His appearance inspired respect; he was probably some sixty years old, and the snows which whitened his head added to the feelings which his grave and staid deport-ment excited. His countenance was intelligent, but there was a shade of sorrow upon it. With great readiness and natural eloquence, he spoke of the beauties of the scene around us, and it was evident that the lapse of years and the weight of labours and cares had not rendered him insensible to the charms of nature.

"'Our conversation, by-and-by, took a more personal turn, and I learned some particulars of his history. This old man had been a witness of many of the most striking adventures in the military events of former times, and had himself taken an active part in the struggle. He had been advanced to a station of some honour and trust in the American army, and had served in several dangerous and hazardous enterprizes. The war-worn veteran gave me a short history of his life; and after narrating some interesting particulars of what had fallen under his own eye during the war, he told how, the struggle being ended, he had retired exhausted and en-feebled, incapable of hard labour, to cultivate the fields of this little glen, from whose produce he had obtained a scanty but comfortable support. Though he appeared to possess an imagination which enabled him to soar above the mountains which surrounded him, and visit the busy abodes of man beyond, he yet seemed like one insulated and shut out from the world and its interests, and as if, with few regrets, he could have parted with it for ever. There was, however, one tie to life which bound its fond chain around his aged heart. He had one only daughter—the apple of his eye—the dear delight and joy of his soul. Her mother had died when she was little more than an infant, and for seventeen or eighteen years the bereaved husband had been left with no other object on which to rivet the affections of a nature evidently capable of powerful and enduring love.

"'He led me to a retired nook in one corner of his little farm, and pointed me to a small enclosure, where lay the remains of his wife. In faltering accents he spoke of her who was slumbering there; and told how good and loving she had been in the bright happy days of their union, and how with her last breath she had blessed him, and commended their little one to the Saviour, in whom she had believed, and to whose protection and favour she committed those who were about to be bereft of her love and tender care.

"'My sweet Jane,' continued the weeping father, 'is the very image of her mother. She has the same temper, and the same dutiful desire to please and make me happy. Though she never knew her, you would say she was formed after her model, and, it is true, I have been accustomed, ever since she could under-stand me, to tell her of the virtues of her who was taken from us, and to picture her to the mind of the child as best I could; and often has she mingled her tears with mine as I have spoken to her of her dear, lost mother.'

"'I asked if his daughter had always been as good and dutiful as she was now; and learned that, in her early girlhood, she had been some-what wayward, and disposed to manifest the levity of youth. 'About two years ago,' said her father, 'a missionary called here, and gave her that little Bible you saw standing upon her shelf. His visits made her very thoughtful. She took to reading that book, sometimes by the hour together; and then she would sit deep in thought, and often I caught her silently weeping. At first I wished she had never seen this stranger, whose coming had affected my

darling with such grief; but, after a time, the cloud passed away from her spirit; she seemed to have found a new and unknown happiness; and joy sparkled in her eyes and sounded in the sweet tones of her voice, as she sang me psalms out of her beloved Bible. Ever since she has been beseeching me to become a Christian. Indeed, she is just what her mother used to be, and often have I heard her praying for me in the same manner and place as her mother used to pray before her.'

"'I ventured to express a hope that these loving supplications had been answered, and that he too was a partaker of the same precious faith as dwelt in the hearts of these dear objects of his love. He replied: 'There was a time when I was a disbeliever in the Christian religion, and when I thought it was a cunning fable and a device of man. But after my marriage the conduct of my wife convinced me that, at all events, the belief in itself has a good influence on the heart and life; and witnessing, as I now daily do, in my dear girl the same results produced by the same cause, I am constrained to feel that blissful is the portion of those who so believe.' He fetched a deep sigh, and would have proceeded, but his attention was diverted by the loud, joyous barking of a fine Newfoundland mastiff, which had hitherto been lying, in an apparently dormant state, at the door of the cottage. Looking up, we saw a boat approaching the shore; it had come near without our perceiving it, and was now within a stone's throw of the beach. In it two figures were seated; one a young girl, who I rightly conjectured to be my host's daughter; and the other a youth, who at this moment stepped to land, and carefully handed out his companion, with whom he remained in apparently earnest conversation for a few moments, after which he resumed his place in the boat, and plying the oars, was soon far from shore.

"'Aye,' said the old man, soliloquizing, 'no wonder master Allan was fain to see my darling safe back; it is plain he loves her dearly as life; and she—but here she comes.' And at the same instant the maiden appeared, turning the corner of a huge rock, which had concealed her a few seconds from our sight. She was a pleasant creature, her form tall and lithe, her aspect fair and comely; full of health, and glowing with the freshness of the morning of youth. Her face was like sunshine, so radiant with good nature and love; and though by no means handsome, it had so much expression, that you asked not if it were beautiful, and only felt it was lovely.

"'Oh, father! I am so glad,' she began; but seeing a stranger, stopped short, and blushing, curtseyed to me. The old man bade her come forward, and introducing her to me, asked fondly what had pleased his pet so much. 'I was going to tell you, dear father, that Allan says the good missionary who was here two years since is coming this way again soon; and I feel sure he will then visit us.'

"'She would have said more, but was interrupted by one of the boatmen who had brought us to the cove, who, walking up to me, said that he saw Mr. Dunlap coming toward us, and that, as the afternoon was now far advanced, we had better get to boat without delay, for it was Saturday afternoon, and the people at the little inn in the village would make a point of all the work of the establishment ceasing at sunset, according to the sabbath customs of New England. Rejoicing in my heart that such good and Christian observances prevailed in this 'far nook of the wide-peopled earth,' I hastily took my leave of the cottager and his daughter, not however, without receiving an invitation to return and repeat my visit, which I promised to do shortly.

"'Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene we beheld during our return. An opening lay before us between the mountains on the west and those on the east, gilded by the departing sunbeams. The lake, alternately glassy and gently rippled, of a light and exquisite sapphire, stretched in prospect to a vast distance, through a great variety of larger and smaller openings. Beyond these, a long range of distant mountains rose, tinged with a deep misty azure, and crowned with a succession of lofty pines. Above the mountains, and lying upon each other, were spread, in great number, long streaming clouds of the finest forms, all painted with red and orange lights, in all the diversities of hue. Between them the sky was illumined with a vivid yellow lustre, while the tall trees on the western mountains lifted their heads in crimson glory, for this background displayed their fantastic forms with a distinctness and beauty never surpassed.

"'As we gazed admiringly, we joined, with one accord, our voices in hymning the praise of him whose wondrous works so charmed us. Never was a picture more fitted to inspire the lines:—

> "When day with farewell beam delays
> Among the open clouds of even,
> And we can almost think we gaze
> Through golden vistas into heaven.
> Those hues which mark the sun's decline,
> So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine."

Happily, we reached our destination just in time. The last rays of the sun were gushing out on either side the mountains in the rear of the village as we entered it, and the shutters of the little 'store' were in process of being

up, preparatory to the approaching sabbath. By the time twilight drew on, the place was in a state of Sunday quietness and repose.'"

TIME.

Say, is there aught that can convey
An image of Time's transient stay?
'Tis an hand-breath; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courier's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh—
Reader, be prepared to die!

OUR LORD'S PROPHECY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Continued from page 709.

The verse in our Lord's prophecy, "there shall not an hair of your head perish," is considered to refer to the wonderful preservation and protection vouchsafed to the Christians during the troubles at Jerusalem.

The signs of the immediate approach of the downfall were twofold—Jerusalem encompassed with armies, and the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place. The word "abomination" is frequently applied in the Old Testament to the idols of the heathen, as in Exodus viii. 26. It therefore seems to denote, in this place, the idolatrous ensigns of the Roman army encamped round the holy city—ensigns to which the soldiers were accustomed to offer sacrifices; indeed it was the only kind of worship they performed. It would appear at first sight, that the fact of Jerusalem being invested with a hostile army would be a proof that the time for escape was past, and not a warning that the hour for flight was come. But, wonderful to relate, most minutely was every part of this prediction fulfilled. Josephus tells us how Cestius Gallus appeared before the town, with his army, in the year A.D. 65, and, contrary to all expectation, and without any apparent reason, withdrew again, although some of the chief men had engaged to open the gates, and the greatest panic prevailed inside the walls. A few years later, Vespasian invested the city on every side, when the news of the death of the emperor Vitellius induced him to raise the siege and hurry to Rome. Thus was the last warning given; many of the chief inhabitants fled, and among them all the Christians, as from a ship that was ready to sink. Josephus indeed ascribes it to the just indignation of God, that the city was not then taken, whereby the war would have been finished at once and much misery averted.

We have now examined those signs by which Jesus Christ warned his disciples of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, and enjoined them to take measures for their flight from the doomed city. Our Lord goes on to give directions for their escape to the mountains, and to admonish them of its difficulty and danger.

"Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of the house; neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes." The former part of the injunction appears impossible, unless we call to mind the structure of eastern houses, which are usually built with staircases leading down outside, from the flat roof to the streets. In some cases, too, the tops of the houses form continuous terraces leading to the gates, so that the mode referred to would be the easiest mode of egress. Besides, the number of persons assembled in Jerusalem to celebrate the passover was so vast at the time that Titus invested the town, that if any Christians had delayed their escape till then, the tumult and confusion must have been so great, that literal obedience to this command may have been their only chance of deliverance.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter." The Judean winter, though not characterised by the severe cold of northern countries, is subject to drenching rains and violent storms of thunder and lightning, which render travelling difficult and painful, especially among the mountains whither the Christians were to betake themselves. Most of them fled to the city of Pella, in the mountains of Gilead beyond Jordan: and so, amidst all the horrors that followed, we do not hear of the death of a single Christian: not an hair of their head *did* perish.

The premonitory signs fulfilled, and the disciples safe, now was the measure of the iniquity of the Jews filled up, and the vials of God's just indignation poured out on their devoted heads. "For there shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time—no, nor ever shall be. There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people. These are the days of vengeance. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword,

and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." Josephus in his narrative uses almost the same expression as that in this prophecy. "It appears to me that the misfortunes of all men, from the beginning of the world, if they be compared to those of the Jews, are not so considerable as they were."

At the feast of the Passover, in the year A.D. 67, Titus with an army of 60,000 men, appeared before the city. Far from being desirous of bloodshed, it was the anxious wish of the Roman general to obtain a peaceable entrance into the city, and to save it and the temple. He repeatedly offered advantageous proposals of surrender, and ordered their countryman Josephus, his prisoner, to harangue them on the folly of imagining they could resist so overwhelming a force. But every offer of mercy was rejected with scorn and insult; the infatuated Jews repulsed all efforts to bring them to reason, and deluded themselves with the idea that God would never allow his sanctuary to fall into the hands of the heathen. Blinded by unbelief, they perceived not that the curse pronounced on them, ages before, by Moses, in case they should turn from the Lord, was being fulfilled. "And it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken to the voice of the Lord, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes, which I command thee this day, the Lord shall bring against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee." There are peculiar circumstances which render the destruction of Jerusalem more grievous and horrible than any siege before or after. Not only were the dwellers in the city itself involved in its ruin, but an immense proportion of the population of the whole country, who had come up at that time for the feast of the Passover, shared the same fate, so that, as it were, the whole nation was cooped up within the walls, as in a prison, and the town was besieged, while crowded with great multitudes from all Palestine. It is a singular fact that previously no foreign nation had attacked the Jews during their solemn festivals, and the event now happened in direct accordance with the divine will, that God's judgment upon them should be the more terrible and striking.

Jerusalem standing on a plateau, surrounded by steep declivities and deep valleys on all sides but one, was naturally very strong, and its defences were considerably increased by art. Three walls, one within the other, ran round the town, and Herod had added several massive towers, and also done a great deal to strengthen the royal palace on Mount Zion. The Temple too was extremely strong, and formed a sort of citadel, "a fortress to guard the city." Titus commenced by completely investing the town with a wall of circumvallation, which his army, animated with extraordinary zeal, threw up in the almost incredible space of three days; thus verifying our Lord's words—"For the day shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave within thee one stone upon another."

That their fortifications were strong was the only advantage possessed by the Jews. Faction reigned within the city, different parts of which were held by three parties, who hated one another almost as much as they hated the Romans. In their madness they had even burnt some of the granaries, and the prospect of impending danger scarcely induced them to forego intestine conflict. The multitude, hemmed within the walls, soon suffered the most grievous pangs of hunger; the details given by Josephus are very horrible. No table was set, no regular meal eaten in Jerusalem. The rich sold all they had for one measure of corn, and secreted themselves to eat it unground and unbaked. The poor crept forth at night, as far as the Roman guards, to gather the grass and weeds on the slopes below the walls. Loathsome things were devoured, things especially abhorred by the Jews. They ate their girdles and their shoes, and even gnawed the leather from their shields. All ties of natural affection were disregarded, and in the extremity of famine the fearful prophecy of Moses was fulfilled: "The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter; for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly, in the siege and straitness, wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Nor did this fill up the measure of the misery of the Jews; pestilence followed on famine; the undisciplined soldiery, in their searches for food, committed dreadful enormities on the defenceless portion of the inhabitants torturing and tormenting them. And if they tried to flee from the city, the Roman soldier-

put them to cruel deaths, crucifying the fugitives till there was no room for the crosses, and crosses were wanting for the bodies. Yet the Jews fought desperately, contesting each step of the way; and though Titus entered the lower city in May, it was August before he reached the Temple. He was exceedingly anxious to preserve that beautiful building, one of the wonders of the world, and to which several Roman emperors, at different times, had presented costly gifts. Strict orders were therefore given to save the Temple, and when the cloisters were on fire, picked men were chosen to go in and quench it. But a greater than the Roman general had decreed otherwise. Let us follow the Jewish historian in his graphic account of the last scene in this fearful tragedy.

"One of the soldiers, without any orders, and actuated by a divine impulse, snatched something out of the materials on fire, and being lifted up by another soldier, he set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the north side of the holy house. As the flames went upwards the Jews made a great clamour, and ran together to prevent it, and spared their lives no longer, since the holy house was perishing for whose sake they had kept such a guard. And one came running to Titus and told him, as he was resting in his tent, after the last battle; immediately he rose in great haste, and ran to the holy house to put a stop to the fire. Then he called to the soldiers and signalled to them with his hand, bidding them quench the fire; but they could not hear what he said on account of the noise, neither did they attend to the signals he made. For neither persuasion nor threatening could restrain the violence of the soldiers; they pretended not to understand their general's orders, and those behind encouraged those in front to set it on fire. And now when Titus was no longer able to restrain the fury of the soldiers, and the fire increased more and more, he went into the holy place of the Temple with his officers, and saw it, with what was in it; he saw that its beauty had not been overrated, and was the more desirous of saving it. And as the flames had not yet reached the inner sanctuary, he returned in haste, and endeavoured again to persuade the soldiers to extinguish the fire, and ordered a centurion and one of the spearsmen with him to beat the soldiers that were refractory with their staves, and to restrain them; but all was of no avail, for the fury of the soldiers surpassed their regard for Titus and dread of displeasing him. Besides, when he left the sanctuary, a soldier entered, who with a firebrand lit the hinges of the gate in the dark, so that the flames immediately burst forth. Thus was the holy house burnt down without Titus's approbation. While the house was on fire everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those who were caught were slain. The flames were carried a long way, and because the hill was high, and the Temple buildings extended very far, one would have thought the whole city was on fire. Nor could there be a more terrible noise, for there was at once the shouting of the Roman legions, as they marched together, and the sad groans of the Jews surrounded by fire and sword. The multitude also in the city joined in the lamentation of those on the Temple mound; many of those that were worn away by the famine, almost expiring, when they saw the holy house on fire, exerted their utmost strength, and broke forth in words and moans, till the hills round the city echoed the cries of lamentation."

The rest of the city soon fell into the hands of the Romans, who set up their ensigns in the smouldering ruins of the Temple, and worshipped their idols in the spot consecrated to the true God. They then proceeded to divide the captives and the spoil. The sacred vessels saved from the conflagration were reserved for the triumph; so was the flower of the captives. Josephus estimates the number of prisoners at 97,000, and the number of those who perished in the whole siege as 1,100,000; he founds his calculations on a census taken in the time of Nero of those who came up to the Passover. The captives were sold for slaves, till the markets were glutted with them, and there were no buyers; Titus made presents of a great number to the provinces, to be destroyed in the amphitheatres by wild beasts; and the remainder were sent to labour in the Egyptian mines. Some thousands died of hunger while their fate was being decided, for the corn failed for so many. Thus was fulfilled the last portion of the curse pronounced by Moses: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, and among these nations shalt thou find no ease; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. And the Lord shall bring thee into Egypt again, and there ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bondsmen and bondswomen, and no man shall buy you."

And herein was fulfilled a more awful curse, invoked by the inhabitants of Jerusalem themselves, "His blood be on us and on our children." It was their rejection of Christ that brought on the Jews the ruin of their city, and the overwhelming calamities that accompanied and followed it, as St. Paul affirms in the epistle to the Thessalonians: "They both killed the Lord Jesus and their own prophets, and persecuted the apostles, and so filled up their sins, and wrath came upon them to the uttermost." May we, too, take warning from so solemn an example?

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

"If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."—*Exodus* xxxiii. 15.

SUCH was the prayer of Moses, the man of God, when he almost despaired of ever conducting the Israelites to the promised land. The people had by their sensuality and idolatry grieved the God of heaven, and they were told that Jehovah would no longer go before them, and visibly declare himself to be their leader. "I will not go up in the midst of thee, for thou art a stiff-necked people." But to be deprived of the Divine guidance was, in the eyes of Moses, to be left utterly powerless and helpless. He could see dangers and difficulties awaiting them which the proud and ignorant Jews could not see, and to attempt to lead them onward apart from the direction of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, was a vain and hopeless task. "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

Such a prayer *we* may with propriety use, with regard to the conduct of our earthly life. We have a journey to take. Our life in this world is a journey to the unseen, a passage from time and time's occupations to eternity and eternity's realities. And as our path is winding and intricate, and beset with enemies who seek our destruction, it becomes us anxiously to seek the Divine protection and guidance, that we may pass safely through the dangers of the desert, and arrive at last at the eternal kingdom.

While we do not think it wise to spiritualize the Old Testament history, until facts are so diluted and weakened as to be almost unauthentic and valueless, we may nevertheless find an instructive analogy between the journey of the Israelites and our progress through time; between God's leadership of his ancient people and his leadership of us; between the promised land unto which they were conducted, and the heavenly Canaan unto which Christians are journeying now.

1. In looking, in the first place, at the journey of the children of Israel, we may notice, that it was from a house of bondage and a land of tyranny that, at the command of God, they set out.

We have on record a very touching description of the sufferings they endured under the harsh dominion of Pharaoh. The Egyptians afflicted them and made them serve with rigour. They made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field. Every son that was born unto the Hebrews was commanded to be thrown into the river. Heavy burdens were laid upon them, and with cruel stripes were they chastised. But God heard their sighing, and their cry went up unto him by reason of the bondage they endured; and he raised up for them a deliverer, who, notwithstanding all opposition, led them forth triumphantly with songs and shouts of victory. The moral teaching of this is evident.

From a house of spiritual bondage, and from the dominion of the prince of darkness, the young convert steps forth at the command of the Holy Spirit, and through the mediation of the great deliverer of our race. Most cruel is the bondage of sin; bitter is the remorse that it engenders, and hard, very hard is the service of the evil one. As in adamantine chains, the soul, with all its noble faculties and powers, is bound, until by faith in the Saviour it is led into the liberty which he hath wrought out for all who believe. Then the house of bondage and the land of tyranny are left behind, and rejoicing in the justification which is by faith, the soul sets out on its new and heavenly race.

We may observe also, that, although freed from the tyranny of cruel taskmasters, there was much in their bondage which appeared preferable to their liberty. The children of Israel frequently murmured against Moses. "Would to God," they said, "that we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full." And when they thirsted for water, they were almost ready to stone their leader, who, in their judgment, had brought them into the wilderness to slay them through hunger and thirst. "Who will give us flesh to eat?" they cried. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the onions and the garlick: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes!"

There is an analogy here worth observing. At times when the young Christian contrasts the pleasures of the religious life with those which he enjoyed when under the dominion of

sin, he feels a lingering after old habits and associations. In the very commencement of the Christian life there stands a cross, and these words are addressed to all those who desire to follow the Saviour: "Whosoever taketh not up his cross, is not worthy of me!" The world, with all its attractions and allurements, has to be given up; the pleasures of sense have to be given up; worldly associates are to be parted with; ungodly amusements and habits have to be renounced, and frequently worldly loss is to be sustained. And when the enjoyment which springs from a brief religious experience is compared with the pleasures of sense and sin, the balance sometimes seems in favour of the latter, but only in a moment of thoughtlessness and severe temptation. For what would we go back? To sin, to shame, to remorse, to everlasting hell! As we look at the world from this point of view, it loses all charm and fascination for us. Before us is happiness and the heavenly inheritance, behind us is the city of destruction with its woes that never cease, and as for the sin we never be questioned. As rational beings, which do we prefer? Egypt, with its pleasures of sin for a season, or the path of duty which ends in rich reward and glory.

We may remark again, that as the Israelites pursued their journey to the promised land, they had to contend against many mighty foes. Sihon, king of the Amorites, Og, king of Bashan, the Amalekites and the Moabites, opposed their progress, and to these they had to oppose earnest battle. And not less earnestly must *we* fight if we would reign. Our enemies are very real, although they do not stand before us encased in steel. There is an evil heart of unbelief within each of us, and this heart is constantly being acted upon by a world, a flesh, and a devil around us. There is a false world beside us which seeks to blind us to all spiritual and eternal things; there is a sensual nature which seeks to be the grave of every noble and pure aspiration; there is a devil which seeks to make us utterly godless, worldly, and unholy. O! very real, very numerous, very persevering are our foes, and we must meet them in a very real and devout spirit, and clothed in the whole armour of God, an armour prepared expressly for the Christian's journey through an enemy's country.

Did space permit, we might notice other analogies between the journey of the children of Israel and the Christian's journey through time to eternity; such as, the wilderness they travelled through, the losses and bereavements they experienced, the number of years they had to wander, and the perilous extremity to which they were at times reduced. But we proceed, in the second place, to speak of the true guide in the journey of life.

II. In olden time the Divine being was frequently spoken of under the character of a leader. His ancient people loved to think of him as the Shepherd of Israel, who led them like a flock. He went before them in the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and brought them forth by the right way unto a city of habitation. All the way he led them for forty years in the wilderness, their raiment waxed not old, neither did their feet swell. And what God was, he still is. He is unchanged as to character and attributes, unchanged as to his merciful willingness to help the children of men. In confidence we may look up to him as to a guide who never misleads, but who is willing and able to conduct us to the heavenly rest. Observe what kind of a guide he proved himself to be to the children of Israel. He was one who knew every part of the way they had to take. To them the journey from Egypt to Canaan was an untried way; they had not passed this way heretofore. Nevertheless, they were encouraged to advance, for Omniscience was their guide. He who was God from the beginning, and from the light of whose countenance nothing was hid, even he went before them as a light unto their feet and a lamp unto their path. And their Guide had all power at his disposal, to bring his chosen ones whither he would, and to deliver them out of the hands of all their enemies. Pharaoh boasted much of his power, and seemed disposed to maintain his cruel despotism against the arm of heaven itself; but how soon was his pride humbled when the arm of Omnipotence was uplifted on behalf of a suffering people. With his own right hand and with his holy arm did he get himself the victory.

Further, as the guide of his people, Jehovah was never absent from them. He beset them behind and before. He encamped round about them like a wall of fire; when they cried he was near to answer; when they were wholly puzzled how to act, when they looked on the right hand and behold there was darkness, and on the left, and behold there was no outlet, then an ever-present God brought them by a way that they knew not. The Lord was near, and manifested his power to help in the hour of man's utter extremity.

And what a patient and all loving guide he proved to his ancient people. Frequently did they grieve and tempt the Spirit of God, yet he bore long with them, and with loving-kindness did he remember them. There is no history which so clearly brings to view the long-suffering and goodness of God, as the history of the children of Israel. What blessings were bestowed upon them, but what cold heartlessness

and ingratitude they were continually exhibiting! Yet he remembered them in love, in patience, and in pity. Love called them forth from the bondage of Egypt; love shone in the fiery cloudy pillar; love bore with their discontent and rebellion; love took them, at last, into the promised land.

These characteristics, then, we notice in God's guidance of Israel. There was omniscience to light up every path, however dark and intricate; there was omnipotence to level all obstacles to their progress, and to overcome all their enemies, however numerous or mighty; there was omnipresence, like a heavenly shield girding them round, and giving them the conviction of safety and success; there was, finally, an all-loving patience, which suffered long, not entering into speedy judgment with transgressors.

Who could fail with a guide like this? He is willing to be our guide, dear readers, and to manifest on our behalf the same attributes which characterised his guidance of the Israelites. And although we have no visible wilderness to walk through, and no visible enemies to attack and overcome, yet, so dangerous is our moral position that, without this guidance, we shall make shipwreck of life altogether. As a vessel without a rudder, as a captain without his chart, as a traveller in a strange land without a map, so is man, unless the Divine Being becomes his guide. Having him for our guide, we are safe. An untried way may be before us, and with great anxiety we may be thinking of what the future may unfold. But if we have the Divine Being as our leader, we are sure that whatever we may be called upon to suffer will be under his loving direction and control. He is already in the future, standing by the very thing that we dread; there he waits until we come up to it, and then imparts grace and strength equal to our day. Omniscience is our leader, and therefore we need not fear. Omnipotence will fight for us, if need be. An omnipresent God will be our guard, and a throne of grace stands ever open to us, before which we can confess our sins, and find grace to help us in every time of need. Let us all, by the help of the Holy Spirit, obtain this guide, and then our life will be a safe and certain journey to the heavenly Jerusalem, the Canaan in the skies.

Unto the promised land, to the city of habitation, the Israelites were brought at last by their guide. And unto the heaven of repose and glory which awaits the Christian shall we at length be brought, if we will obey our guide. We are but pilgrims and strangers on the earth, we have here no continuing city, but are seeking one to come. Through many changes, man comes at last to the end of his labour and toil, and enters upon the better inheritance.

What will the hour of death be to thee, dear reader? Up to that hour thou art surely coming; all the ten thousand roads that men take to go through the world, meet at last in that one solemn terminus; and how sad to be without a guide then; to go out into an eternal storm without a pilot! Give the matter serious thought and attention, and as the God of all power and might is willing to be your guide, oh receive him, that your journey through life may end in eternal blessedness and glory.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

PART II.

Doddridge's course was useful, if that of human being ever was; and all his usefulness sprang from the spiritual life which had been wrought within him. In his case we have some of the secrets of that spiritual life recorded by himself.

He shows us that it was a battle from beginning to end; what great trouble he had with his thoughts and affections, and how much decision of purpose and help from heaven were needful in order to the subjection of the whole soul to the authority of Christ. Childish things, boyish follies, wild luxuriant imaginations, fondness for company, extreme buoyancy of spirit, the love of human approbation—these things from within, and many more; the low state of religious feeling, the deadness of the churches, the formalism of their ministers, the prevalence of error, and the general condition of society—these things from without, and many more; were evils with which Doddridge had to contend, and which produced in him care, trouble, and sorrow. It is very common to think, when we see a good man running a useful course, that all within his breast is quiet, contented, peaceful, and happy; whereas when, in any way, a window is opened into that breast, it is found that in proportion to the usefulness accomplished, and the good apparent in the individual's life, is the toil of inward watchfulness and service, and the conflict and the struggle that get victory and yield peace.

"I took some time," he says on one occasion, "for extraordinary meditation and prayer this day, in which I endeavoured to consider myself as the steward of God, and shortly to give an account; the subject I had been insisting upon in public. I charged myself before him with the many talents I have received from his hands, and humbled myself before him for the mis-improvement of them. Particularly, the powers of my soul; that my understanding hath been no more cultivated, no more employed in the contemplation of the highest and noblest objects;

that my memory hath been stored with so many trifles; that my affections have been fixed too fondly upon 'things seen and temporal,' but cold and dead to my Father and God, to my dear Redeemer, and to that eternal state of glory which is so well worthy my most ardent and vigorous pursuit; that my conscience hath been no more reverenced and consulted, as the vicegerent of God, and that the dictates of it have been in so many instances overborne. As to my bodily powers, I humbled myself before God, that my senses have not been more the means of leading me to admire that God who formed the organs in so surprising a manner, and hath so suitably adapted them to the external objects with which I am surrounded; that my eyes and ears, my hands and feet, have been no more employed for him; especially that my tongue hath been so often silent, when his glory and the instruction of others have been concerned. As to my possessions, I lamented that they have been no more regarded as coming from God, nor more carefully employed for his honour and and service. And as to my influence and authority over others, that I have not duly improved it for his glory and their benefit. I lamented the misspence of my time, and neglect of many extraordinary as well as common advantages of doing and receiving good. I owned the Divine goodness in many merciful providences and visits of his grace; and that, notwithstanding my defects, I had a comfortable reflection on many days and many duties, in which, I hope, he accepted my labours. It is my desire to return to him from my wanderings, and to give myself more faithfully to his service. The communion I have had with him this day in reading, secret prayer, and other duties, especially in public worship, is a token for good that I shall do so; as such I accept it, and humbly adore the name of God for it."

In another of his new-year meditations, January 1st, 1726, he called upon the glorious and eternal God, the creator, preserver, and ruler of all, saying: "I call thee to record upon my soul that I am grieved and ashamed to think how wretchedly I have been alienated from thee, and I do now seriously determine that I will endeavour in every action of life to approve myself in thy sight, and to behave as thy faithful servant." And then he goes on to specify particulars included in this general arrangement; such as, care in the improvement of time, redeeming it from unnecessary sleep, useless visits, impertinent discourse, idle speculation, negligence in business, excessive recreations, and the endeavour to conquer pride, and to behave with constant kindness, prudence, and gravity, and to labour after ardour in devotion, especially by preparing the heart, praying for the Spirit, and keeping up ejaculatory prayer, and using the assistance of Scripture.

No war can be carried on successfully, no service can be efficiently performed, without *method*. It is eminently true of the spiritual life. And no one knew this, or more practically showed it, than Dr. Doddridge. On the one side of Christian experience, no doubt, there lies the danger of a superstitious reliance on forms and rules, and modes of self-discipline; but on the other side there also lies, still more terribly, the danger of a loose, irregular, and inconsistent conduct of human life. Doddridge, without being insensible to the first, was tremblingly alive to the second. He knew that he could do nothing without the grace of God; that the breath of heaven must fill the sail of his bark on its heaven-bound voyage; he did not rely on chart, compass, or helm, but he *used* them with the utmost care, diligence, and precision. He lived by rule, not in bondage to mere rule, but in cheerful accordance with it, as the means of preserving liberty from the bondage of temptation and evil. He held by God's Magna Charta law, and framed all other regulations as bye-laws to that. He aimed high. The ideal of his life was exalted. It was purity, holiness, zeal, and love, apostolic and Christ-like. In the spiritual as in the temporal building, if we do not aim at perfect *uprightness*—if we willingly tolerate the least inclination from the perpendicular line—the work we do will tumble to pieces, we shall become "as a bowing hall and a tottering fane."

It was in no spirit of self-dependence that Doddridge laid down and pursued his methodical plans for self-improvement in spiritual things. All was done with prayer. His habit of enlarged and frequent intercourse with God is the most striking and obvious of all the facts which meet us in the records of his life. He reckoned, as we are told by his biographer, Orton, a diligent serious care in the performance of private prayer, a great evidence and support of real religion. He deemed it the food and breath of all godliness, inasmuch that be believed if a man were to keep a particular and accurate journal of his own heart but for one month, he would find as real and correct a correspondence between the temper of his soul at the seasons of secret devotion and in other parts of his life, as we find between the changes of the barometer and the weather. He greatly lamented when his heavy duties interfered with his practice of private devotion, and remarked: "My weight of business does, in some measure, rob me of the greatest pleasure I have in the world—I mean the hours I would wish to spend in secret devotion, without which there is no sweetness, no calm and serenity of mind, and, therefore, very little capacity for managing

business. For so it is, though it may seem a riddle, that when I pray and meditate most, I work most."

On certain occasions, he devoted a large portion of the day to supplication and other religious exercises. There remains, attached to the old meeting-house on Castle Hill, Northampton, a small vestry, which Doddridge calls in his diary, "my asylum." The chair and the table are still there which the old man used for reading, writing, meditation, and prayer, when to that little room he repaired for seclusion and divine communion. We were much affected when we visited the spot, thinking of the experience once realized and recorded there; how it became a "slough of despond" and "a wicket-gate;" an "interpreter's house" and a "hill difficulty;" a "valley of humiliation" and an "enchanted ground;" a "delectable mountain" and a "land Beulah;" and all of them, perhaps, by turns, in the course of the spiritual vicissitudes of one short day. As observed in the centenary memorial of Doddridge, John Huss once dreamed he saw on the one side the powers of the world busily effacing from the walls of his chapel of Bethlehem the pictures of Jesus, and on the other, angels' hands restoring them in more than their original beauty and brilliancy. And as we look on Doddridge in his vestry, do we seem to see the image of Christ brought out in fresher colours by the heavenly influence of prayer and meditation, after earthly and still more potent powers for evil had been striving to wipe it out.

Perhaps there were no seasons in the ministerial life of Doddridge when the power of his hallowed affections was so visible as at the Lord's table: that divine feast created within him a glow of spiritual ecstasy sometimes, which the world would call enthusiastic. Many of his sacramental addresses are preserved, full of devout thought and impassioned aspiration. They remind us, by their intelligence and ardour, of the sea of glass mingled with fire. The earthly vessel sometimes seemed on the point of bursting, through the fulness of the spiritual treasure. He remarked, in a letter to his wife: "Last Lord's day was our sacrament day, and, indeed, it was a most comfortable one to me. My joy at that ordinance was so great, that I could not well contain it. I had very much ado to forbear telling all around me, as well as I could, for it would have been in a very imperfect manner, what a divine flame I felt in my soul, which, indeed, put me greatly in mind of Mr. Howe's 'full stream of rays.' Were it possible to carry such impressions through life, it would give the soul a kind of independence, far too high for a mortal existence. It was, indeed, in the most literal and proper sense, a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Such transports are, no doubt, peculiar to Christians of very eminent attainments; and to them only at special seasons, under extraordinary communications of light and grace from the Eternal Spring of goodness; but joys milder and subdued are part of the inheritance of all Christian believers, and to be numbered among those fruits of the Spirit common to such as are grafted into the living vine. Such joys are described by Doddridge, when, after a sacrament sabbath, he wrote the following simple and beautiful words: "It is pleasant to read—pleasant to compose—pleasant to converse with my friends at home—pleasant to visit those abroad, the poor, the sick—pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done—pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsty for it, and others dying without it—pleasant on the week day to think how near another sabbath is; but oh, much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven."

But Doddridge's spirituality, though gushing out at times with more than wonted freshness, beauty, and power, was no intermittent fountain; it was an ever-running spring. It bathed and purified his every-day life; it clothed his whole character with moral verdure; it was seen in his intercourse with his family, his students, the church, and the world. Religion exalted his conversation and enabled him in an effectual manner to check what was evil, and to encourage what was good. He sought to make his visits useful, to turn the conversation to edifying purposes, and even note down hints to assist him in his efforts. His letters breathed the pervading sentiments of his heart; and though some of the earlier ones contain things which one cannot but reprehend, the remains of his correspondence in mature and later life, and they are very abundant, present delightful evidence of a heart full of love to Christ and aspirations after perfect holiness. In one of these, writing to a friend, he shows how he endeavoured to make his highest thoughts habitual, how he sought to raise the whole level of his experience, not merely to *visit* the upper regions of faith and heavenly fellowship, but there to *dwell*—there like the eagle to have his home. Is it not possible, he asked, by the blessing of God on proper attempts, that we may in a short time make it as natural and habitual to our thoughts to centre in God and the Redeemer, and the important hopes of eternal glory, as ever we have found them to centre on a favourite creature? At least let us not conclude the contrary till we have tried.

The root of Doddridge's spiritual life was

faith in the things not seen. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. He looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. He had respect unto the recompence of the reward. He had joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he received the reconciliation; whom having not seen he loved; in whom, though he saw him not, yet believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. His sermons, letters, and diary prove that the foundation of his spiritual life and experience was what these words of holy writ so clearly describe. His faith was evangelical. His trust was in the Divine Redeemer alone. His hope anticipated the heaven where he dwells.

Doddridge's faith grew as his years advanced. You see its progress in the records of his biography. There was first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. Very strong at times that faith of his became. It was his strong faith that caused the devout raptures which occasionally filled his soul. Faith gave him transporting views of God, and Christ, and heaven. We remember, some years ago, when performing a pilgrimage among the Oberland Alps, that as we descended from the summit of a mountain covered with cloud, where all was dreary, cold, dark, and wet, suddenly the mists opened, a rent was made in the great vapour curtain that hung over the landscape, and lakes, and rocks, and woods, and villages were disclosed to us in forms and colours of ravishing beauty. Views of heavenly things, more glorious far, broke on Doddridge's soul as he performed his earthly pilgrimage; clouds of concealing thoughts broke away, and there was the goodly land before him. He had a beautiful dream once: he dreamed that his spirit soared away to the other world; he was astonished to find its beauty so like to earthly types, but was told to wait till other glories should be revealed. He stood in a palace, with a golden cup before him, on which was embossed a grape-vine, signifying Christ and his people. The majestic presence of the Redeemer was revealed, and the cup was put by his hand into that of his servant. He shrunk from an honour so amazing, but was told, "If thou drink it not, thou hast no part with me." Left for a while alone, he thought he saw pictures hung round the apartment, illustrative of the perils and conflicts of his own past life, and how did he exult that now they were all over. The dream only gave imagery and colouring to his waking thoughts. Christ the vine, and the cup of his salvation, and the palace of the great King, and communion with him, and the final victory, and everlasting safety; these were themes to which he oft recurred, on which he long dwelt; and thus he told his joys:—

While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth twines no more around my heart;
For oh! 'twere better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoy, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to that bright throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

That blessed interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

To see heaven's shining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crowned;
And while his form in each I trace,
With that fraternal band embrace.

As with a seraph's voice to sing,
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
To exalt, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands.

Yet with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
And in thy service here below
Confess that heavenly joys may grow.

Remember, reader, it was because Doddridge had been regenerated by the Spirit of God, because he had been born again from above, and because he was renewed day by day, that he walked by faith, and dwelt in love, and yielded fruits of holiness. We must have the same mysterious power abiding in us or we shall be strangers to spiritual life. We may have it if we earnestly ask for it.

A SABBATH AT PATMOS.

"It has not happened," writes Dr. Hulley of Manchester, "to many ministers to spend a sabbath on the coast of Patmos. Probably none ever spent it there in circumstances so favourable as those in which I and my companion, Dr. Raffles, spent the 28th of May. The sky so clear, the sea so calm, the weather so fine, the ship's company so quiet—all things around combined with the hallowed time and place to make that interesting and delightful day ever memorable. It was 'good for me to be there.' Near 'the isle that is called Patmos, I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.'

"My mind had been in some degree prepared for hallowed impressions by the events of the few preceding days. Having left Constantinople, where we heard of little else than wars and rumours of wars, and passed through the Dardanelles, in sight of the French encampment at Gallipoli, and the green tents of the Turkish soldiery, wondering 'whereunto these things would lead,' we came through the strait between

the island of Tenedos and the plains of Troy. Although, as it may be supposed, with the tumuli called the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus in sight, my first thoughts were of 'the fields of Troy divine,' the train of thought was soon directed towards a more sacred object. I saw Paul, excluded from Bithynia, Mysia, and Asia, led by the Spirit to Troas. But why, I inquired, could he not have seen the vision of the man of Macedonia as well in Mysia, where the sea voyage would have been shorter, or in Asia, in whose busy harbours were so many ships, as on the plain of Troas? To this inquiry I think I found the answer on the spot. Along that coast, by far the most striking object is the lofty height of Samothrace, rising like a dark cloud directly over the island of Imbros, and forming with its bright and sunny hills a very remarkable contrast. No one can pass along that coast without being struck with the appearance. But that lofty island was the first European land which the apostle had ever seen. I thought of him, as walking on the shore before me, perhaps as the sun was setting behind the rugged mountain of Samothrace, feeling an earnest desire to preach the gospel to the people of Europe. 'And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over and help us!' Did not that man appear standing on the mountain, the only part of Europe which the apostle had ever seen? 'Therefore, loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothrace;' went direct to the island he had seen on the coast of Troas, and probably had seen in the vision.

"But, be that as it may, I was so much impressed with the thought, as to be unable to divest myself of its influence. I became a companion of the apostle in his subsequent voyage on that coast. 'We went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul, for so had he appointed, minding himself to go on foot.' Sailing on the track of his companions, I thought of Paul walking across the cape which we were doubling. Passing the ruins of Assos, of which much of the amphitheatre remains in good preservation, I could realise the scene, 'And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in and came to Mitylene.' We passed Mitylene in the evening, and spent the night in the magnificent bay of Smyrna. Having left Smyrna on Saturday evening, I rose early on sabbath morning, as the sun was rising over the island of Chios. Before me, on the left, was Samos, and beyond it the high land of the Asiatic promontory, which denoted the situation of ancient Trogylium on one side, and the ruins of Miletus on the other. 'We sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios, and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogylium; and the next day we came to Miletus.' These associations with St. Paul were strengthened by the fact, that we also were going 'with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes.'

"But I inquired of the officer on deck, 'When shall we see Patmos?' 'As soon as we pass that headland,' said he, pointing to the extremity of the island of Nicaria. After breakfast, Patmos was clear and full in view on the larboard-bow—a bleak and rugged island, with a precipitous coast, and peaks rising to a considerable height.

"We had previously arranged with the captain to have morning-service at half-past ten o'clock, at which time we were just opposite the north end of the island. Had we known the exact course we could not have fixed the time more appropriately. During the service we were passing the ten miles of its rocky side. The town, strangely built around the monastery of St. John's, which crowns the summit of a lofty hill, was distinctly in view. Not a ripple was on the sea, nor a breeze in the air, nor a cloud in the sky, nor a sail on the water. We worshipped God, 'on the Lord's day,' with nothing earthly but Patmos in sight. The ship's crew came in their Sunday clothes with their Bibles in their hands, and sat attentively under the awning. Two Greek passengers joined in our devotions. Even the Turks, of whom about twenty were on board—pilgrims to Mecca—looked with apparent interest upon the island and upon our congregation. Dr. Raffles read the morning service of the church of England. The captain led the responses. If ever 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day,' it was on that memorable occasion. Although I had intended to speak from another passage, no text seemed so appropriate as Revelation i. 9: 'I, John, who am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.' After directing the attention of the audience to the exile of the apostle to the rocky island on my right hand, I preached the gospel by explaining 'the testimony of Jesus Christ,' and exhorted the sailors, if ever they again passed the isle of Patmos, to associate with it 'the testimony' which was that day delivered unto them. Although, they were told, the town on the hill before them might perish, like the old popular cities which once flourished on the neighbouring continent of Asia, yet the rock would remain, it might be, a witness against them on a future day.

The remainder of that Lord's-day, until Patmos faded like a shadow in the distance, was spent in thinking of that glorious revelation which Jesus there made to his servant John.

Page for the Young.

THE INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.

Sarah G. was the child of poor and irreligious parents. What little knowledge she had obtained in reading and writing, had been acquired at the village school, and all her ideas of religion had been received there, for at home she saw nothing but sin and vice; she never there heard the name of God spoken but with irreverence. At the age of seventeen, by the help and assistance of the wife of the rector of the parish, she got out to service. But her parents were such, that no one expected that Sarah's prospects would turn out well. She had, moreover, the disadvantage of possessing an untidy and unpleasing appearance. Having been [illegible] up without control, she found it very hard at first to settle and conform herself to the wishes of others. She had certainly many trials to contend against, and not the best of tempers to bear patiently with them. Yet Sarah was anxious to remain in service, having found it by experience to be a much more comfortable and happy way of living than at her own home.

At last, after many changes, she became situated in a pious family as nurse; and there it was that Sarah first felt the force of religious instruction, and it was from the lips of a child that she first heard those great truths with any advantage. She had two young children under her immediate care; but the family was large, and it was generally the custom of one of the little girls, a child of ten, to go into the nursery, and read to her younger sisters during one part of the day. The child had been carefully taught, and was fully capable of answering all her little sisters' enquiries on the subject of religion. She would, after reading to them, show them the necessity of love and obedience to God and their parents; how they might, young as they were, do good to others for his sake, and how important it was for them to restrain their little evil tempers, and yield one to another, as kind and forgiving little children. It was during such seasons as these, when Sarah sat and listened to the young child's conversation, that God mercifully put it into her heart to feel her own sinfulness, and gave her the desire for further instruction, even from the lips of infants. While listening, she felt her own ignorance, and consequently her own helplessness to contend against the evils of her heart. She joined in the questions of the little ones, and learned from her young teacher the blessed truths of salvation; how that Christ had died to save her, if with a true and penitent heart she would seek him. God's mercy came to her ere it was too late; for not many months afterwards, Sarah was taken ill and laid on a bed of sickness, from which she was never more to rise.

She had been walking with the children one day near the edge of a fish-pond, and the bank being wet and slippery, the youngest fell in. Sarah being near the branch of a tree, immediately seized it with one hand, and plunging into the water, caught the child with the other. It was but the work of a moment, and the child received no further injury than getting wet, for she was scarcely a minute in the water; but Sarah, either from neglected cold, or fright, caught a fever which confined her to her bed for some weeks. She recovered partially from the fever, but a cold settled on her lungs and proved fatal.

It was now that Sarah rejoiced in having learned to know and love her Saviour; to look to him for support and comfort, during days of weariness and nights of pain. She received much kindness from her master and mistress, who, through gratitude to her for the preservation of their child, procured for her every comfort and advice that it was possible to obtain. Sarah thought much of her parents, and evinced great anxiety to speak to them of their state, and of the necessity of turning to God before it was too late, as they would find no consolation in their old age if they refused to listen to the call of the Saviour. It was her great delight to be read to, and accordingly the members of the family spent always a part of each day in reading to her; but from none did she enjoy it so much as from the little girl who had first been the means of her conversion.

Even before her illness, little Alice—for that was her name—had attached herself to Sarah. There was a bond of sympathy between them; and now that Sarah could no longer read to herself, the child would spend all her spare time in the room of the invalid, taking a delight in reading again and again their favourite chapters, and singing to her the hymns which Sarah had been accustomed to hear her sing to her little sisters.

At last Sarah grew so much worse that she was able to bear no exertion, not even to hear the reading. One day, when after a night of much exhaustion and suffering she had sunk into a quiet slumber, Alice had gone to sit for a short time with her, during the absence of the woman who usually attended to her. While the little girl sat watching her pale, calm face, Sarah opened her eyes, and seeing the child, asked her to repeat part of the 14th chapter of St. John. During the time, Alice noticing her countenance suddenly alter, would have rung the bell; but Sarah took her hand, and made a sign for her to stop, and in a few minutes breathed her last. She passed off so quietly that Alice thought she had again fallen asleep, and remained perfectly quiet until the arrival of the nurse. Thus her spirit fled from its earthly tenement, to become a perfected spirit, rejoicing before the throne of God, and in the presence of that Saviour whom she had loved and trusted on earth.

And who, by God's grace, had been the means of Sarah obtaining this knowledge? A young child. Thus we perceive that none are too young to sow the good seed. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has God ordained strength. What an encouragement for parents to train up their children to distribute their gifts to others. Let our young readers be liberal of their *time* as well as wealth, and be taught that self-denial on their part will never be thrown away; but will at some time or another bring forth its fruit, though they may not always be able to trace direct results, as in this case.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE BODY OF THE DROWNED DAUGHTER RECOVERED BY A DOG.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. IX.

"We were early astir the following Monday, and, determining to take the cottagers by surprise, turned our steps first in the direction of their abode. The sun was pouring his cheerful beams along the ravine between the lofty mountains, as we approached the place. All was bright and glistening with dew, and a thousand birds sang their matin carols. But everywhere around and about the cottage was hushed and still; no human sounds reached us except the whistling of the far-distant fishermen, who were plying their boats, in various directions, across the bosom of the clear blue lake. Nor did we see a creature, save the large Newfoundland dog, which lay at his wonted post beside the door. As we approached the dwelling, I thought I heard a voice. The sound, however, was soon hushed, and unwilling to disturb the inmates of the cottage, we seated ourselves on the bench beside the porch, to rest awhile before we announced our arrival. Again the sounds of a voice; and now we could distinctly hear through the open lattice the sweet clear tones of the daughter. She was reading the parable of the Prodigal Son; and with an emphatic but tremulous

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accent, pronounced the words—'I will arise and go to my father; and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' At this point, a low sobbing interrupted her; and then all was hushed again. After a few seconds the daughter said, beseechingly: 'Father, dear father; God will receive you if you will go to him as this poor prodigal went to his father.' The old man's voice murmured a few words in reply; but we did not wait to hear more, feeling that we had no right to intrude on the sacred privacy of this humble family. What we had thus accidentally overheard made us still more desirous of prosecuting our intention of visiting them; and it was not long before we saw the old man open the door, and look in the direction of the path we had chosen. He immediately recognised, and came forward to welcome me; and was presently talking quite at his ease with my husband; while I took the opportunity of chatting with Jane, who, hearing the sound of voices, had come to the porch, where I joined her. I found her very [illegible] and yet [illegible]. Perfectly free from awkwardness, she possessed a native refinement which would have commended itself to the good taste of the most fastidious; and I caught myself, as I left the cottage, involuntarily murmuring—

"Some flowers are born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

"We were destined to see our new friends again in the course of that day. A heavy shower came on in the afternoon, as we were returning from our ramble; and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of sheltering beneath their roof. My dear husband took the opportunity which thus presented itself; and, observing Jane's neat little Bible standing on the shelf, asked permission to take it down, and read the 51st Psalm, pausing as he proceeded, to comment upon the necessity of true, genuine, heartfelt repentance. The eyes of the daughter brightened as she listened; and it was evident she rejoiced in finding the stranger transformed into a Christian friend who could sympathize with her in that which lay nearest her heart. She took me to her chamber for a few minutes before we left, and there she told me that for many months past her father had been evidently looking forward with seriousness to a future world. He seemed, she said, anxious to secure the better portion, but complained that his heart was hard, and that he could not repent. The poor girl wept as she thus confided her anxieties to me, and at the same time entreated our prayers on behalf of her beloved parent, that he might be brought to enjoy the peace of the gospel.

"I felt assured, from what she told me, that he was deeply convinced of sin, but that the pride of his heart was as yet unsubdued; and the same impression was produced on the mind of my husband by what fell from his own lips. His anxiety, we could not help thinking, was not produced by penitential fear, but was the result of conviction merely. The principles of a depraved heart were in vigorous exercise within him, and prompted him to reject the humbling offers of gospel mercy and salvation.

"For several days we continued in the neighbourhood of Lake George, much enjoying the delightful excursions we made, and the health of my husband seemed greatly benefited by the exercise, and the free enjoyment of air and leisure. We paid several visits at the cottage during this time, and became increasingly interested in the father and daughter, while they, on their part, always welcomed us with evidently heartfelt pleasure. Occasionally Mr. Dunlap conversed on religious subjects with the former, and endeavoured to instruct him. But his efforts were evidently unavailing; indeed, he was well instructed as to his duty, and needed not that any one should teach him; his remarks were acute and always to the point; but there was an unsatisfactory tone of feeling about him which was painful. We could perceive that he was uneasy and unhappy; and there seemed a [illegible] obduracy of spirit which would not suffer him to open his heart to the soft influences of redeeming mercy and love.

"At length the time approached when we were to leave this enchanting spot; and we determined, before doing so, to spend a long, delightful day in visiting some of the most beautiful islands. We accordingly took boat directly after breakfast, on the morning preceding that fixed for our departure, and were soon on the bosom of those sweet waters which the poor Indians called "Horicon," a musical and appropriate word, meaning "pure water," the name originally and rightfully belonging to this lake. The weather was remarkably clear and warm, and scarcely a breath stirred the surface of the azure mirror, which reflected every object around, and was of such transparency that I could see all that was going on under our keel; every tuft of weed, every movement of the fishy tribes, and where the water was not too deep, all the pebbles at the bottom of the lake. We were particularly struck that morning by the unceasing variations of light and shadow, which were so diversified and striking as to engage and fasten our attention. Everything, whether on the land or water, was affected by the changes of the day; and the shadows of the mountains, floating slowly over the bosom of the lake, and then softly ascending the sides of

those on the opposite shore, presented the uncommon and pleasing appearance of one vast range of mountains gradually moving up the ascent of the other.

"The first island on which we landed was a delicious spot; the shady side cool and musical with the rippling waves; the opposite side warm as July, and the waters so still that some flowers I threw on them seemed loth to float away. Here I lay long ensconced in a recess of rock, among the dry roots of an old beech tree, and watched with interest the busy little insect colony which flourished there. A kingly bee hummed his song at my approach, and as I lay reclined upon my mossy couch I saw the spider weaving his airy den overhead, while the grasshopper, the beetle, the cricket, and the hornet, each found his abode in this old stump, at whose root the toiling ant had raised her hillock of sand. The profound stillness that prevailed, together with a certain sultriness in the atmosphere, disposed me to sleep, and my slumbers were peopled by imaginary visions of the former occupants of these solitudes. I seemed to behold the graceful forms of the Indians, decorated with their eagle plumes, the gay feathers of the scarlet bird, and the skins of the animals they had killed in the prairies; and I listened to the song of the dusky-skinned squaws as they lulled their infant charge, and watched their children sporting before the doors of their wigwams. The voice of my husband roused me and called me back to the present. He was anxious to proceed on to the most famous as well as one of the most beautiful islands on this lake—Diamond Island, so called from the fact that it abounds in crystallized quartz. It is half a mile long; a gay, flowery gem, literally carpetted with the blue flowers of the forget-me-not—the last place in the world you would think of as the scene of a battle, yet here was fought a bloody conflict. The British held a garrison in this place during the revolution, and were attacked by the Americans, whom they defeated, after a long and severe struggle, and compelled to a most painful retreat over the almost impassable mountains in the vicinity. Hardly was it possible to realize that these shadowy groves, now tenanted only by myriads of birds singing their songs of love and peace, could ever have resounded with the dismal sounds of horrid war.

"It was three o'clock in the afternoon before we left the island, and we were rendered somewhat uneasy by observing the summits of the mountains spotted by the shadows of several dark clouds which floated slowly and solemnly over their summits. Our boatmen pointed to these indications of a coming storm, and eagerly plied their oars. In about half-an-hour the sky became overcast, and threatened us with rain; but, for a time, it kept off. At length the wind came down upon the bosom of the lake, ruffling the waters, and curling its smooth surface, and presently the big rain-drops began to fall—harbingers of the coming torrent. Next minute a peal of thunder resounded through the mountains, seeming to be caught up and repeated by the echoes of the surrounding heights. We were wholly unprotected, and it was a great relief to see not far off the little cove, with the friendly cottage. There seemed nothing better for us to do than to make for its shelter, which we did.

"As we approached the shore, we perceived the figure of our aged friend cowering under the shelter of a rock, and eagerly straining his eyes across the troubled expanse of waters, in a direction opposite to that by which we were approaching. My heart misgave me as I looked at him, and my first eager enquiry on reaching him, was for his daughter.

"'She is gone to visit a sick friend who sent to beg that she would spend the afternoon with her. It was just past noon when she left me; and her last word was a promise to return before darkness set in. She has never passed a night away from her father's cottage, but I hope she will not attempt to return this evening.'

"He then courteously invited me to accompany him in-doors. Scarcely had we entered when the storm came on with great violence, and we beheld one of those terrible gusts with which Lake George is sometimes visited. The heaving and white-foaming billows made a gloomy contrast with the surrounding darkness. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall, and a deep dusk, caused by the storm, hung over the face of things. We could with difficulty discern any objects, even before the twilight closed in, owing to the thick misty vapours which filled the atmosphere. The roaring of the winds and the blustering of the waves alone told us what havoc was going on abroad.

"Silently we stood by the window, straining our eyes in the vain effort to penetrate the obscurity, and intently listening. Suddenly there was a momentary lull in the war of the elements, and we thought we heard a cry of distress. The next instant we were rushing down to the beach. It was now so dark that we could distinguish objects only at the distance of a few yards. At this moment the dog uttered a loud bark, as of recognition. It was answered by a second cry. This was the last. The father's heart died within him, for he knew it was the voice of his daughter. The sound was evidently at no great distance from the shore. What could be done? The question was answered by

the faithful animal, who, barking, bravely dashed into the boiling lake, and speedily disappeared into the darkness. He was absent a long time, during which we vainly endeavoured, amid the howling of the tempest, to distinguish any sound that might serve as a clue to his movements. At length we perceived him within a few yards of the place where we stood. He was evidently much exhausted, and barely able to support himself above the surface of the waves. His movements were cumbered with a burthen which he would not relinquish, and which, after many a struggle, he succeeded in dragging ashore. Alas! it was the lifeless body of the drowned girl. After carrying it to the cottage, we tried every means to restore suspended animation, but all was unavailing. The precious spirit had flown for ever, and the forsaken clay, pale and motionless, lay cold and rigid in death.

"Alas! for the unhappy father. It was heart-rending to witness his helpless grief, the paroxysms of his hopeless despair! He flung himself in agony beside his dead child, and yielded to the tempest of his feelings. We knew it would have been worse than useless to try to soothe him. We respected his misery, and were silent.

"That night was indeed a fearful one. As it wore away, the storm continued to rage furiously without, but after a while all was hushed as the stillness of the tomb within. The poor old man was the first to break silence. In plaintive moaning accents he bewailed himself: 'Oh, Jane, Jane! it is hard indeed thus to part with thee—for ever too! In one short hour torn from my aged arms. Thou only one, thou darling, thou art gone! Never again wilt thou pray for thy poor father. Never more shall he hear thy sweet voice pleading with heaven on his behalf. Would to God I were like thee; but I am a sinner and undone. There is no hope for me.'

"Here his feelings found relief in tears; and at length, after a while he resumed, in softened accents: 'No hope? She bade me hope: 'Hope in the Lord,' said she, 'for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.' It was the text she repeated to me for this morning; I had not thought of it till now. And now, oh God help me! Saviour of sinners, I come to thee! Lord, save, or I perish!'

"I may not dwell longer on the eventful scenes of that night further than to say, it was spent partly in prayer beside the bed of death, and that there were many words spoken by the mourner which caused us to hope that the Spirit of God was convincing him "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come."

"So soon as it was practicable, we sent our boatmen to the neighbouring settlement to procure the attendance of some of poor Jane's friends on the melancholy occasion, after which we took leave of the mourner and quitted the cottage. The morning was bright and lovely. What a contrast to the terrors of the storm was presented by the aspect of nature, smiling in her brightness around us! With grieving hearts we walked towards our boat, and as we proceeded a short way along the beach, we saw a little skiff lying stranded there, and at a short distance from it a man's hat, which told us that Jane Bertram was not the only one who had fallen a victim on that fatal night.

"The melancholy tidings of this sad catastrophe were quickly spread far and wide, and deep was the sympathy excited in every breast along the shores of Lake George. Jane had been known and loved by many simple hearts, and the tears shed upon her coffin were numerous and heartfelt. The missionary, whose coming she had looked forward to with such pleasure, arrived next day, and performed the last sad offices at the grave of the deceased. This excellent man was well known to my husband, and from him we learned many particulars of what occurred subsequently. He was much impressed by the manner and appearance of old Bertram on the day of the funeral. He was calm and self-possessed, and it was evident that unwonted feelings were at work in his breast. The few words he uttered gave a clue to his changed deportment. He spoke shortly to those who gathered around the grave, and intimated that though his sorrow was deep and unspeakable, it was not a sorrow without hope. He was even enabled to bless the hand which had taken away from him his cherished treasure, for he recognised in it that of his heavenly Father. 'I was a lost sheep, and would not hear the voice of the Shepherd calling me to himself,' he said; 'but now this stroke has humbled me, and I feel that there is yet hope for me in his mercy.'

"For several days the missionary was a constant visitor at the glen, imparting consolation and instruction to its now solitary inhabitant; and he had the satisfaction of perceiving a constantly growing evidence that the good work of grace was commenced in his heart. He seemed to feel a peaceful serenity which almost amounted to happiness, and which forcibly contrasted with his former taciturnity and obtuseness when addressed upon the concerns of the soul and eternity. He often, indeed, was found weeping beside the grave of his beloved child, yet he declared that there was a consolation in his very grief, for he was able now to entertain a hope beyond the tomb, and felt that they who lay there were not lost, but only 'gone before.'

"At length the missionary took his departure from that neighbourhood, but before doing so he endeavoured to ascertain the true character

of the old man's views and feelings, and he was convinced that a real and divine change had passed upon him; that he had renounced all self-confidence, and was looking for salvation to the mercy of God, through the cross of Christ as his only hope.

"Several months passed away, and we heard no more of the cottager of Lake George. At length, in a letter written by the excellent man who had ministered to him in his affliction, we received the tidings of his death. He wrote: 'A few weeks since, I had occasion again to visit Lake George. I went to the glen to pay a visit to the cottage, but it was without an inhabitant. I then bent my steps toward the spot where the mother and daughter lay buried, and there I saw a third hillock. Jane was lying now between her parents. On inquiring, I was told the old man had died shortly before my arrival. I learned that since his bereavement he had lived so as to convince all who knew him that the grace of God had been really imparted to him. He lost no opportunity of speaking to those who visited him of the 'great salvation,' and repeatedly said, that since the loss of his beloved child he had begun to live indeed.

"'He died alone; no one was near to receive his last words or soothe his dying moments. Probably he expired during the night, for he had been seen the previous evening standing beside his door; and in the morning, some one calling and receiving no answer when he rapped, went into the cottage, and discovered him lying dead in his bed. A small table stood close by, and upon it poor Jane's little Bible. It was open, and the old man's spectacles were laid upon the page. On examination it was found that the place where they were placed was the parable of the Prodigal Son!'"

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

PART III.

Manifold are the varieties of a summer's sunset. Sometimes the orb of day goes down amidst dark rain clouds, struggling as it were with the dense and leaden-looking vapours, and flinging out of the midst of the gloom, at intervals, flashes of refreshing light; and sometimes he descends in triumphant glory, riding along a roadway of gold, encompassed by mountain-like banks of gorgeous and many-tinted strata—a very king in a conqueror's car; and sometimes he retires amidst a calm splendour, the soft and gentle cirri gathering about him as he sinks to rest, and lower and lower he glides, till he touches the hill-tops, and then dips slowly behind the far horizon, drawing towards it the eyes of the traveller, who watches and watches till the last segment of the edge of the blazing fire-ring becomes thinner and thinner, and is seen no more. And so, like the moments of a summer's sunset, are the last days of Christian men. Sometimes they leave the world amidst doubts and fears, over which, however, their hope gains the mastery, and you see that after all they know whom they have believed; and sometimes they die in rapture, and an abundant entrance is administered, and all heaven seems coming out to meet them; their faith in the resurrection and the life is so triumphant, that death is shown indeed to be abolished. Sometimes they quietly disappear; foreseeing their end, they feel no dismay. There is not rapture, but there is peace; there is neither ecstasy nor terror, but a tranquil falling asleep in Jesus.

The last days of Doddridge were like a summer's evening—his death a calm, glorious sunset. In December, 1750, he went to preach at St. Albans a funeral sermon for his old friend Dr. Clark, and caught cold in the journey. The effects remained throughout the winter. He improved on the approach of spring; but when the summer came, he was much worse. Pulmonary disease had commenced. He was urged by his physician to suspend his labours, but his spirit full of a zeal, in this case too eager and ardent, would not brook restraint. He persevered in his studies and in his preaching, and seemed to get higher and higher above the world. "I bless God," he said, "earth is less and less to me, and I shall be very glad to have done with it, once for all, as soon as it shall please my Master to give me leave. Yet for him I would live and labour, and I hope, if such were his will, suffer too. I thank God that I do indeed feel my affections to this vanishing world dying and vanishing every day. I have long since weighed it in the balances and found it wanting; and my heart and hopes are above." He felt he was going, and put his house in order, for he knew he should die, and not live. The last time he administered the Lord's supper to his beloved flock on Castle Hill, was a memorable season. He took for the text of his sermon the glorious passage, "Ye are come to the general assembly and church of the first-born:" and then, at the Lord's table, he spoke sweetly of him "who walks among the golden candlesticks, and holds the stars in his right hand." The final sermon at Northampton was from the words, "Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." He meant it for what it proved —a farewell discourse to the people whom he loved, and the closing labour of all. His last public work on earth, was the part he took in the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Bewd-

ley, when his pale countenance and trembling voice gave premonitions of the coming end.

He went to Shrewsbury to see his attached friend, Job Orton; and while there, he received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Barton, of London, from which, on account of its extraordinary impassioned style, we make an extract.

"Lessingham, Neal, and Barker are too nearly interested in that precious life, which now appears in danger of being cut off in the midst of its days, to hear of its waste and languishing without great concern and fervent prayer to God. How your letter affected my heart in public, your friends are witness; but what I felt for my dear brother and the ministers and churches of Christ, God and myself only know. I will not now say, why did you speed so fast? Why did you not spare yourself a little sooner? I will rather heartily thank you, that you use all the means you can to repair your frame, and restore and prolong your usefulness. It is the kindest thing you can do, and the highest instance of friendship you can now show us; and I acknowledge your goodness to us in this point with tears of joy. Consent and choose to stay with us a while longer, my dear friend, if it please God. This is not only needful to Northampton and its adjacent towns and villages, but desirable to us all, and beneficial to our whole interest. Stay, Doddridge, O stay, and strengthen our hands, whose shadows grow long. Fifty is but the height of vigour, usefulness, and honour. Don't take leave abruptly. Providence hath not directed thee yet on whom to drop thy mantle. Who shall instruct our youth, fill our vacant churches, animate our associations, and diffuse a spirit of piety, moderation, candour, and charity through our villages and churches, and a spirit of prayer and supplication into our towns and cities, when thou art removed from us? Especially, who shall unfold the sacred oracles, teach us the meaning and use of our Bibles, rescue us from the bondage of systems, party opinions, empty useless speculations, and fashionable forms and phrases; and point out to us the simple, intelligible, consistent, uniform religion of our Lord and Saviour? Who shall—but I am silenced by the voice of him who says, 'Shall I not do what I will with my own? Is it not my prerogative to take and leave as seemeth me good? I demand the liberty of disposing of my own servants at my own pleasure. He hath laboured more abundantly. His times are in my hand. He hath not slept as do others. He hath risen to nobler heights than things below. He hopes to inherit glory. He hath laboured for that which endureth to eternal life; labour, which the more it abounds, the more it exalts and magnifies its object, and the more effectually answers and secures its end. It is yours to wait and trust; mine to dispose and govern. On me be the care of ministers and churches. With me is the residue of the Spirit. Both the vineyard and the labourers are mine. I set them to work, and when I please I call them and give them their hire.'

"With these thoughts, my passions subside, my mind is softened and satisfied; I resign thee, myself, and all, to God, saying, 'Thy will be done.' . . . Yet how glad should I be to hear that God is pleased to prolong thy life on earth, to declare these glorious truths, and teach us to improve them! In this your friends, with you and many more in every place, join, and make it our common petition to the great Disposer of all events. Use every means you can for the recovery of your health, for the sake of your friends, among whom is your faithful and affectionate, J. Barker."

This letter overpowered Doddridge. "I was apprehensive," says Orton, "he would have sunk under it." He then went to Bath and Bristol, where he found skilful physicians and kind friends, but they could only alleviate his malady. Some of the principal members of his congregation came to visit him, with expressions of sympathy, assurances of love, and the promise of their continued earnest prayers. Though very weak, though dying daily, the warmth of his spiritual affections, far from abating, increased, and nothing could prevent him from telling his inward peace and joy, both by his lips and by his pen.

Another climate was recommended: Lisbon was fixed on. He went down to Falmouth in the autumn, and took his passage to the shores of Portugal. Pecuniary consideration had caused him to hesitate at incurring such expense; but generous friends soon relieved him on that account, and the famous Warburton, his intimate friend, procured an order from the post-office to the manager of the packet-boats, to facilitate his voyage, and provide him the best accommodations. He improved a little on his way to Falmouth, but became worse after reaching that place, so much so that Mrs. Doddridge hesitated whether to proceed. "The die is cast," said her husband, "and I choose to go." Then he dispatched his last letter, in which he said: "Let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that. If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it. If not, all will be well; and, as good Mr. Howe says, I hope I shall embrace the wave that, when I intended Lisbon, should land me in heaven."

When the vessel put out to sea, Doddridge was revived by the fresh sea breezes. He sat one day in an easy chair by the cabin window, and as the warm rays of a September sun came

pouring in, it was but the outward type of an inward and better brightness; for he said to his beloved wife: "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had. Such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express." He says in one of his hymns:—

"When death and nature fail my soul,
And all the powers of language fail,
My [illegible] breaks,
And *mean* the thanks I cannot speak."

He now experienced and exemplified the force of his own beautiful words.

The vessel was becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, and the excessive heat of the weather so weakened the patient, that it seemed doubtful whether he would reach his destination. But, at length, the heights of Cintra came in view. He was greatly refreshed and revived by the beautiful scenery at the entrance of the Tagus, and the magnificent approach to the city of Lisbon. For two hours he continued on deck, as the ship made its way, amidst the multitude of sails which swarm that capacious port of the south.

Doddridge was received into the house of Mr. King, a son of one of the old members of the Northampton church. The most delicate attention was paid to him by this worthy family; and while entertained by them, he met with Dr. Watts' "Treatise on the Happiness of Separate Spirits," and told his wife, with the greatest joy, that he had unexpectedly found that blessed book; and in reading that book, Dr. Watts' hymns, and especially the sacred volume, he used to employ himself, as much as his strength would admit. Still his mind enjoyed a delightful calm, full of joy and thankfulness, which was often expressed by his words, and always by his looks.

The following passages from an unpublished letter by his wife, give a vivid picture of little circumstances connected with the dear sufferer's condition, and inspire a tender sympathy in such cares and sorrows as she here records.

"Our lodgings were about three miles out of Lisbon; and though he was conveyed in a sedan-chair and carried very slow, yet he was so extremely fatigued that he wanted to have gone to bed as soon as he got in; but notwithstanding the repeated charges that had been given, and the promises of the person of the house that the rooms and beds should be thoroughly aired, when I came to examine his bed, I found it so damp that I was forced to have large fires made, and every part of the bedding aired; so that he could not be got to bed for more than three hours. What still increased this melancholy scene was my maid's being taken ill, I think the very next day, and incapable of doing anything for us for several days. The sudden change of weather, which came on soon after we got into our lodgings, cut off everything I had to hope from air and exercise, and by the manner in which it affected him, I doubt not was the appointed instrument of Providence to cut shorter his few remaining days. He never was out of his room but once after the first night. He was put to bed, which was on the Wednesday about the middle of the day; the weather being fine, he walked, with my helping him, into another large airy room that we had joining to our lodging room."

On Thursday, October 24th, he was seized with diarrhœa, under which his little remaining strength speedily declined. But he retained his vigour of mind, and told Mrs. Doddridge how he could have wished to live a while longer in his Master's service, but that now the only pain he felt in the prospect of dying was his fear of the grief it would occasion her. "But I am sure," he lovingly said, "my heavenly Father will be with you. It is a joy to me to think how many friends and comforts you are returning to. So sure am I that God will be with you and comfort you, that I think my death will be a greater blessing to you than ever my life has been." And then he asked her to remember him to their dear children, to his flock, and to all his friends, and to assure them of his gratitude and of his prayers on their behalf. Afterwards he lay for some time apparently asleep, but said just afterwards that he had been quietly renewing his covenant with God, and though he had not now felt all the comfort and joy he had often done, yet he was sure the Lord was his God, and that he had a rich and a sure hope through his Redeemer's mercy. Gentle slumbers followed, which lasted till an hour before he died. A few deep sighs on the morning of October 26th, and the mortal life of the great and good Philip Doddridge was ended.

The centenary of Dr. Doddridge's death occurred in October, 1851. It had been arranged that the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales should be held that year in the town of Northampton, and that a special service should take place in honour of the memory of Doddridge, at which a discourse on his life and labours should be delivered. The Rev. John Stoughton of Kensington was requested to perform that office; and on Thursday, October 17th, a part of the memorial prepared was read in Castle Hill meeting-house, where Doddridge preached. The building, but little altered since Doddridge's time—his vestry the same as when he occupied it, the pew where Colonel Gardiner used to sit scarcely changed, the old pulpit just as when Doddridge stood there and proclaimed the word

DODDRIDGE'S HOUSE AT NORTHAMPTON.

of life—contributed to produce almost a complete realization of days then gone by a hundred years. The place was crowded with ministers and people, to whom the name of Doddridge was most grateful; and there came over all a feeling as if the honoured man had only just left the world, and his funeral oration was being pronounced. In the report of the Congregational Union for the next year it is remarked: "It would be impossible to convey any adequate impression of the deep, thrilling, saddening emotion which attended the delivery of the memorial on Dr. Doddridge by our beloved brother, the Rev. John Stoughton. The effect was universal and unmistakeable, and it is hoped that the publication of the entire essay,* a part of which was read only for want of time, will revive, perpetuate, and extend the hallowed feeling which was then so graciously produced." The excitement was heightened by addresses afterwards delivered, during one of which, by the Rev. W. P. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, the son of Cowper's friend, there was produced the very MS. of the sermon written by Doddridge on the death of his beloved little daughter, part of which was composed over her coffin. The general result of the whole service was holy and beautiful; and while all felt the memory of the just as blessed, many, it is hoped, were stimulated to become more earnest followers of "them who by faith and patience inherit the promises."

Being dead, he yet speaketh by his writings. The influence of Doddridge's writings indeed none can measure; but there happen to be facts recorded respecting one of them, which strikingly illustrate the chain of causes and effects in the production and transmission of spiritual food from soul to soul. Through the reading of the "Rise and Progress of Religion," Wilberforce was stimulated to holy thoughtfulness, and out of that came the "Practical View," which excited so much attention, and did so much good, when the religious principles known by the name of evangelical were not so prevalent as they are now. Legh Richmond read the "Practical View," and was thereby converted to Christ; and linked to that conversion are the beautiful tracts of "The Dairyman's Daughter" and "The Young Cottager," which have been the means of carrying spiritual life and healing to many.

It may be added, further, in immediate connection with the "Rise and Progress," that Dr. Chalmers, after having in his earlier and unenlightened days denounced it from the pulpit, as full of enthusiasm, came to value it as a precious book, and was greatly benefited in his early religious course by the "Practical View" of Wilberforce, who owed so large a spiritual debt to Doddridge. His was indeed a noble life, and well did he exemplify his family motto:—

Dum vivimus vivamus.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the passing day;"
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies;"
Lord, in my view, let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

* Philip Doddridge: his Life and Labours. A Centenary Memorial. London: Jackson and Walford.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

XI.—LORD OF THE SEA AND THE STORM.

THERE are no less than five miracles illustrating Christ's title to be so called. The first instance in which he appears as Lord of the sea, is that of the miraculous draught of fishes. The disciples had toiled all night, and caught nothing; but at his command they let down the net, and the morning scene was the opposite of the night; the hauling of the immense number caught into the boat, being a fisher's harvest, bountifully contrasting with the vain labour of casting out nets where no fishes were, and all this through the word of Christ. He thereby showed himself to have power over those creatures whose element was the water, and proved that they were all subject to his bidding. He is here seen extending his sway into the hidden deeps of nature, reaching out his sceptre into regions most mysterious.

Another miracle in which Christ appears Lord of the sea, is the last of all his miracles—one which he wrought after his resurrection, the counterpart outwardly of the first miraculous draught of fishes. The third we would refer to in this cycle of wonders, (coming chronologically not long before the last,) is that of the fish caught with a piece of money in its mouth, showing the minuteness of Christ's power, even as the others do the stretch and sweep of it; showing how he could individualize as well as control in the mass, how each tenant of the deep was his servant, how the most trivial thing connected with it was known to him, and could be employed by him.

But as we dwell on these instances of Christ's lordship over the sea, we are invited to pass beyond their boundary. They are but specimens of what, if it goes thus far, must go farther still. If over the fish of the sea he asserts dominion, he must have dominion over all living things. If the mysteries of life down in the chambers of the water, in the secret hiding-places of the deep, be his domain, surely the mysteries of all life in the earth and in the air, the life of beast and bird, must be under law to him. And drawn forward by our Lord's wonderful words to his disciples, "I will make you fishers of men," these quiet lake scenes become parables. The catching of these creatures becomes typical of drawing souls into the gospel net—of drawing souls to the shores of immortality—of drawing souls into holy use and service. We have here a blessed study for Christian workers. We sit down on the sunny beach of the inland sea of Galilee, and as we behold the hardy sons of toil, after having all night caught *nothing*, letting down their nets at Christ's command, in faith, what a lesson have we to encourage us to persevere, and let down our nets once more at Jesus's bidding, believing that the Lord of souls is nigh, and will not permit what is done in obedience to his command to be done in vain. And, then again, as we see the apostles after the resurrection with their miraculous draught, which they drag, not to the ship, but to the shore, are we not enlivened and quickened amidst our present labours, by the thought of the grand consummation shadowed forth, as some have thought, by the second miraculous draught, as distinguished from the first—even the gathering of men, not as at first, into the vessel of the church, but upon the shores of heaven?

Nor do we think it fanciful to carry out the idea suggested by our Lord, in his first miracle of lordship over the sea. When we come to the wonder of the money in the fish's mouth, we look on that as the shadowing of men's subserviency to the control of the Lord of the church in the way of supplying holy tribute for holy needs.

But to tarry no longer in what is but the porch to our main subject, let us come now to Christ's lordship over the storm, which we shall find as applicable to the Christian sufferer as his lordship over the sea is full of instruction to the Christian worker. And here, first of all in chronological order, comes the stilling of the tempest.

One evening Christ enters a boat, with his disciples, to cross the lake—the same lake over the living things in which the miracles already noticed proved him Master and King. He lies down to sleep on a pillow in the hindermost part of the vessel. Christ asleep! What a picture that is for mute wonder! Oh, what a mystery is there folded up in that silent form. It is not, when one comes to think of it, really as startling as what follows. The storm increases, and the disciples cry, "Master, master, carest thou not that we perish?" And then he gets up in the dark night, and while the wind whistles, and the boat creaks, and the waves come rolling up and dashing in, and those experienced seamen can only see death on the

wings of the storm, he just speaks, saying, "Peace; be still," and the wind ceases—lies down and sleeps, as he who spake to it had done—folds up its angry wings, shuts its mouth, and is quiet. The tempest is a little child in the presence of Jesus Christ. "Hush, be still!" Immediately the boisterous storm is as silent and as quiet as a lamb-like infant in your arms. How grand is this, and how naturally the awe, inspired by the storm, becomes transferred, and rests on him who has quelled it. Men bow down their heads with fear before the great powers of nature when unloosed; and so well might these men bow down their heads in holy fear before the greater majesty of him who now bound and silenced with his word those very powers. And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

Again: the mountain-girdled lake spreads around us; again it is covered with the gloom of night; again the tempest roars, and again we descry the boat of the apostolic fishermen; not, however, with Jesus in it now. They left him on shore. The men are rowing hard, making head, as they best can, against the wind. They long for the day and for the calm; and perhaps [illegible] master were in the boat with them. About three o'clock in the morning, they discover a majestic form nearing the vessel. No merely human creature can that be. Smitten with fear at such an appearance, believing in ghosts, and thinking this is one, "they cry out." They see him, and are troubled. Coming close to them, he reveals himself. "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." The wind ceased, and again their wonder changed, and rested on their Master once more—this Lord of the wonder. "They were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered."

We shall not dwell any longer on the lordship of nature here so majestically asserted, but shall proceed at once to what is so involved in both miracles and in Christ's language respecting them, namely his lordship over faith. As Lord of the storm and of faith, he permits faith to be tried. In the miracles of water made wine, the storm, and the healing of the nobleman's son, we see Christ only producing and strengthening faith; here he first tries it. He let loose the storm for this purpose. His going to sleep in the midst of the storm, his strange appearance on the stormy waves, his appearing as though he would have passed by, was for the same end. As Lord of the storm and of faith, he rebukes faith when it fails or is infirm. He rebuked the disciples in general for the defectiveness of their faith when they thought they should perish. According to Matthew, he said, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" According to Luke, he said unto them, "Where is your faith?" Mark reports it more strongly: "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" In substance the accounts agree, though in exact phraseology they differ. They convey, with different degrees of force, the same rebuke. Their terrors in the presence of their Lord, who had proved before that he had supernatural power, indicated how small their faith was—so small that it might be a question what had become of it; indeed it looked as if they had no faith at all.

How strikingly all this illustrates the failure of faith, and how deserving of rebuke under such failure is the church of God, viewed as a company on board a vessel—as the crew of a ship storm-smitten, wind-tossed—that figure of the church collectively, which in poetry, and art, and our own most obvious thoughts, when taking an allegorical turn, so commonly recurs. Often does the faith of the church waver, when, for the trial of that faith, her Lord permits persecution, or faction, or errors, or corruptions, to trouble it. The cry "The church is in danger," may be heard from other lips than those of worldly, and bigoted, and proud, and selfish men. The words have come full of sincere anguish from hearts most lovingly bound up in the weal and the woe of that church which they value as the purchase of the Redeemer's blood. They think sometimes its spiritual interests are really in danger of being drowned by assaulting evils, as though the Divine Pilot, who appears to them asleep, had relaxed his vigilant care over his people and his cause. Then faith seems lost in fearfulness; so "little" it becomes, that it looks next to nothing. Deserving of rebuke is this, yes, of sterner rebuke than the disciples received; because the safety of the church is so much better assured to us, than the security of the fishers' boat on the lake of Galilee could be to them; because we have such plainer demonstrations of the loving and almighty solicitude of the Lord Jesus for his redeemed ones, than they could have of his regard for them, in that early stage of their relationship to him.

He rebuked, in particular, the defectiveness of the faith of Peter, in that beautiful and touching by-scene which occurs in the great drama of faith-trial in the storm, when Jesus walked upon the waves. "And Peter answered him and said, If it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he was on the water to go to Jesus. And when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me; and immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

A very remarkable passage is this in the life of the warm-hearted and eager-minded apostle—of increased interest still, when studied in connexion with the history of another fall of his, another sinking into what was worse, more terrible, and more perilous than the cleaving, yielding waves—all through a failure of faith. And in both instances that failure originated in a look at what was *beneath*, instead of a look at what was *above*—in thinking of the boisterous wind, and not of him who held the winds in his fist; in reverting, with an absorbed mind, to the mockery, and the frowns, and the persecution of enemies, and not to the goodness, love, and all-protecting power of his Divine friend. And how affecting it is to compare the verbal rebuke on the sea, with the silent rebuke in the judgment hall—the words, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" with the unutterable expression of reproachful tenderness, when the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.

Most instructive for us is the whole of this occurrence to the disciple on the sea. He comes before us an example of that overboldness which, though it be not at first wanting in faith, yet has in it much of self-importance and sufficiency; of pride, of display, of a craving after preeminence in exploits which excite wonder and bring renown. And we see how such overboldness, so directed, brings men into peril, how they choose to rush into danger, and how faith gets smaller as the peril gets greater. In presumptuously venturing upon offices and undertakings to which they are incompetent, how many men have become involved in trouble and dishonour; and then, when the difficulty pinches them, they look *down*, not *up*—to the sea under them, not to Christ above them.

As Lord of the storm, of nature, and of faith, Jesus Christ revives and comforts faith by the revelation of himself, and by his hushing of the storm. And turning, "he talked with them, and said unto them, Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid; and he went up unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased."

We would look upon Jesus walking on the sea—upon this picture of him in the sacred narrative—as a symbolical embodiment of the nature, and end, and purpose of revelation. Revelation shows us Christ as the Lord of nature, and providence, and souls. It places before us God in Christ as our Lord and Redeemer. We know and feel that there is a power above us, a power on which we are dependent, a power from which we cannot escape. Confused, half blinded, frightened nature looks on that power as an angry spirit. The gospel points us to Jesus Christ, the image of the invisible God, and says, There study his life, his words, his ways, his death, his redemption, and learn what that power is that rules the world and nature, providence and you. It is not fierce and inimical, but gentle, loving, friendly. The voice of Christ is the voice of God. "It is I, be not afraid." "I and the Father are one." "I am come that ye might have life." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

"And Jesus arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still; and the wind ceased and there was a great calm." A heathen poet has described Neptune asserting his kingship over the sea. This truth is grander than that fable. Such restoration of peace in the outer field of creation is a parable of his restoration of peace in the nearer home fields of divine providence, and especially in that innermost field of divine operation, our own souls.

We cannot think of that frail bark, now made to float on calm waters, without recurring to corresponding events in the history of the church, when, at the Lord's bidding, persecution has subsided, wrath has been quelled, faction has been quieted. We cannot but think how the faithful have outridden storms which they thought would drown them, and have found themselves presently afterwards in safe and quiet anchorage. Nor can we forget providential deliverances vouchsafed to individual believers, reduced to extremity by poverty, by want, by hard-pressing claims, by terrible disappointments, by treachery, by the dishonest conduct of others, by sickness, by bereavement, by cruel aspersion, by malice, by falsehood, and what not; driven to the last shifts, struck down helpless, having no resource in action left, but only in faith and prayer; they have pleaded, they have cried, "Carest thou not that we perish; Lord, save, or I perish;" and then, next to a miracle, the scene has changed, help has come, friends have come, comfort has come, peace has come, for Christ has come. The winds cease, and there is a great calm.

We have mentioned that innermost field of divine operation, the soul. We would regard the hushing of the tempest as especially symbolical of that. The walking on the waters, the coming of Jesus to the disciples in the ship, his own voice assuring them, "It is I," typifies the external revelation of truth, love, and salvation in Christ. The waves lying down quietly at his feet, the winds ceasing their roar and their murmur at his bidding, the whole face of nature becoming quiet and contented, and happy as soon as it hears its Master and Lord—what a type have we here of the internal realization and enjoyment of truth, and love, and salvation through Christ! He, speaking by his Spirit to the inner man, the tempest of conscience is

stilled; remorse, and agony, and fear are stilled; doubts and conflicts are stilled. Have you troubled hearts, full of spiritual conviction, terror, and distress; is your poor mind like the Galilean lake, and does Christ seem asleep in the boat? We can only say, Cry to him, and he will hear, and rise, and speak. But you must cry earnestly, not, as we sometimes do, careless whether Christ hears or not. We must cry as those who feel they are between life and death. Such crying never reached his ear in vain. He will not say to your prayer, "Peace, be still," but he will say to the soul-storm, "Peace, be still."

THE PARDONED CONVICT.

John Leadbetter was a native of North Neots, in Lancashire, and was born in 1787. He was apprenticed to a cotton-weaver; he afterwards removed to Liverpool, where he met with many reverses, and, under the power of temptation, committed forgery. During his imprisonment, his mind received much good from the kind attentions of the chaplain, and also from suitable tracts which were given him to read. Leadbetter was convicted, and the sentence of death passed on him. His life was spared by his sovereign, and in the summer of 1821 he was removed to the "York" convict ship, moored off Gosport.

It appears, from Leadbetter's statement, that it was not until he had been some time on board the "York" that he was led to depend entirely on the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. He thus wrote on the subject to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society: "I had not been long in this place before a kind lady, then quite a stranger to me, sent me some of your valuable tracts; among the rest was one called 'The Christian Indeed;' and to that little tract I am indebted for all the comfort I now enjoy. That tract was the instrument, in the hands of a merciful God, in bringing me, a guilty sinner, to the foot of the cross. It brought me to the Bible and the closet, and also to trust in him who is a present help in trouble; and, when it had pleased God to show me the value of my own soul, I became anxious for the welfare of others; and knowing what comfort I had derived from your little messengers of peace, I began to read them to those who could not read themselves, and gave and lent to those who could. And, blessed be God! I can truly say, my labour has not been in vain. Much good has been done, no one can deny; and much more, we may still hope, will be done."

A few particulars of the history of John Leadbetter, and his occupations during his imprisonment, will be given from letters he wrote to the Society. The first was in 1824:—"I am desired by a few of my fellow-prisoners, to thank you for the tracts sent us. It is pleasant to see the anxiety of some among our number to possess them. Although there are but few on board that are inclined to be serious, yet, I trust, there are some who have been brought, by the power of Divine grace, to see their awful state, and, with penitent hearts, have fled for refuge to the blessed Saviour of guilty men. They desire me to send you a small mite which they have subscribed, hoping that the Religious Tract Society will accept it as a token of gratitude for the good they have received through their benevolent exertions. I recollect, when first I came on board the 'York,' reading the Bible or religious books was considered an insult to my fellow-sufferers; and as to prayer, it was never thought of, even under circumstances of distress. The holy name of God was never mentioned, except in horrid oaths. I got a few tracts, and distributed them among my fellow sufferers, such as 'The Swearer's Prayer,' 'The End of Time,' and the one 'On Eternity;' these I distributed, but not without persecution, ridicule, and scorn; but what grieved me was, to see these tracts torn in pieces before my eyes, to light pipes with; so that I almost came to a determination never to give another; but, on considering how many sermons are preached without any impression being made on the hearts of the hearers, and yet ministers do not refrain from preaching, this encouraged me to continue distributing tracts, as often as I could get them, although it appeared like casting pearls before swine: but there is nothing like drawing a bow at a venture. So great is the change that has been produced, that I can now go on the sabbath day, and, in almost every ward, find the prisoners reading the blessed Bible and religious tracts; and, instead of the tracts being torn as formerly, many who have collected a few together have got them bound, to prevent their being injured. And, what is still more, I find a few collecting together in a private corner of their ward to pour out their souls to God in prayer, though they have to contend with great persecution. As a convincing proof of their sincerity, I beg leave to state, that the penny-a-week society, which we formed last year, is greatly on the increase; and I hope, through the Divine blessing, we shall have a very good collection by your next annual meeting."

In his next letter, the spiritual results which followed the efforts made for the good of the convicts are thus detailed:—"Should any one inquire what good has been done by your publications, let them come here, and converse

with a few poor ignorant men, who have spent the former part of their days in rebellion and sin. I say, let them come here, and see what sovereign mercy has done; and I know they will be constrained to say, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!' I could, sir, mention many instances wherein God has been pleased to bless your publications; but, in my present situation, I think it more prudent to be silent, lest I should be thought too bold. I shall, therefore, content myself with saying, that 'the Lord is good and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin.' Accompanying these imperfect lines, I forward three pounds nine shillings, which I hope the Religious Tract Society will accept as the returning prodigals' mites; being a weekly subscription of a few poor ignorant convicts, whose hearts overflow with gratitude for the kind and comforting assistance they daily derive from your publications."

The grants of tracts were continued from time to time to Leadbetter and his companions on board the "York;" the Committee were encouraged in this by the simple statements sent them in his letters. In one of these he writes:—"Blessed be God! a few poor, despised, and neglected convicts on board the 'York' have, I trust, tasted that the Lord is gracious, and are now numbered among those whose sins are washed away by the blood of the ever-blessed Jesus. The same grace that changed the heart of Saul and Manasseh has, I trust, wrought a saving change in the hearts of some of my fellow-sinners. That a great change has taken place in their life and conduct, no one can deny; and for this change we are indebted to the Religious Tract Society; for it is by reading the Society's tracts and valuable books that this ignorant people have been brought to the knowledge of their own sinful state, and been led to fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel. I gave tracts to a poor man, who appeared to be very glad to receive them. I make it a rule to visit each ward on the Lord's day to distribute tracts, and to inquire what benefit they have derived in the past week from what they have read. Coming to the poor man, to whom I had given the tracts, he, in the most affectionate manner, thanked me for them, and said, 'Oh, that I had known the precious truths contained in these books before! I now find great comfort in reading them; and if you will give me a few to send to my poor children, I shall be happy, and hope that God will bless them to the good of their souls!' I gave him a few, for which he appeared very thankful. He has become a weekly subscriber, and says, by the blessing of God, he will subscribe to the funds of the Society the remainder of his life. It is with great pleasure I inform you that three pounds will accompany this letter."

The smaller publications, as is almost invariably the case, excited a desire for larger books. This led to an application for a library, forwarded in very proper terms, accompanied by these interesting statements:—"Last week many of the poor men, who are anxiously thirsting for knowledge, came, requesting me to write to the Committee, begging them to send the library for the use of the hundreds of prisoners who are, from time to time, confined on board the hulks in this harbour. My answer was, 'I cannot think of asking the Committee for so many books; consider how kind they have already been.' Tears rolled down their cheeks. The sight would, I am sure, have moved the hardest heart; and, believe me, though I am delighted to see such a thirst for knowledge, at this time the sight was truly distressing, and my feelings were no longer able to resist their entreaties. I then proposed to write and plead for them, if they would subscribe something which would show the Committee that they were in earnest in seeking for knowledge; and, oh, how was I astonished three days after, when they brought me *three pounds* towards paying for them. At this, I think the Committee, and every true lover of Jesus, will rejoice, to see poor convicts coming forward with a cheerful spirit, and freely giving their last farthing that they may obtain the knowledge of a crucified Saviour. Yes! this is enough to make the whole world rejoice: and who can doubt that angels in heaven are rejoicing at such a sight!"

After the library reached the convict ship, Leadbetter wrote:—"I am sure the Committee would be delighted to see these people rejoice over so rich a treasure, each anxious to taste of the bread of eternal life, and to drink from those little streams the water that flows from the fountain of eternal truth. Oh, may God, of his great mercy, hear my unworthy prayers! May the mind be enlightened by Divine grace, so that all who read may understand! May the Holy Spirit melt the stubborn heart; and may every one who reads the Society's books on board these ships receive the truth as it is in Jesus!"

When Leadbetter had been a prisoner seven years, from the time that his sentence was commuted to fourteen years, the captain and the chaplain of the "York" thought that an application might be made to the Secretary of State for his liberation. Besides the efforts from his native place, Lord Skelmersdale, and a member of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, united with the officers of the vessel in bringing his case under the consideration of Government. The applications being successful, he

obtained his discharge. Before Leadbetter returned to his family, he was anxious to see the Depository of the Religious Tract Society—an institution to which he felt himself under peculiar obligations. The day after he left the "York" he reached London, and in the fullest strains of gratitude offered his thanks to the Committee and officers of the Society.

After Leadbetter obtained his liberty, he first engaged in the sale of the Society's books, as a *colporteur*, and afterwards became an agent of the Liverpool Town Mission. Here he found his favourite tracts great instruments of good. An anecdote may here be given from his journal. After mentioning a Roman Catholic, who had a book which told him (and he believed the falsehood) that there were six thousand errors in the authorized Protestant English Bible, but who, by Leadbetter's perseverance, was induced to read the tract, entitled, "Search the Scriptures," he writes:—"This was the instrument which God the Holy Spirit employed to remove the veil of ignorance and prejudice from his mind, so that he resolved to read the word of God, and to judge for himself. In a short time he sent his wife to ask for another tract, and I gave him 'The Good Old Way,' which was the means of further enlightening his mind." After reading this tract, the Romanist sent for Leadbetter, who, during the visit, gave him the tract, "Christ the only Refuge," from which he derived much good. "At length," states the journal, "he began to feel the plague of his own heart; his whole delight was in the word of God, which, whenever I call, I find open by his side, as he sits at work. He has lately become a member of a Christian church, and his wife is anxious for the same privilege. This poor man is now a zealous missionary to his benighted neighbours, going among them with his Bible in his hand, seeking to convince them of the truth, and he has been successful; for there are six persons who have been induced by him regularly to attend my meetings."

Leadbetter's health failed in the midst of active and useful labour. During his illness he was sustained by the blessed promises of the gospel; and on the morning of April 15th, 1841, he breathed his last; without a sigh or struggle; thus peacefully closing his chequered life at the age of fifty-four.*

STARS.

The more we study the word of God, the more we shall see how exactly it harmonizes with his works; the more we investigate nature, the more we shall recognize the value of the testimony borne, and the instruction conveyed by her, as the handmaid of revelation. "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Throughout the sacred volume we shall find much reference to the stars, as proof of creative power and wisdom, to be devoutly studied; as objects of superstitious regard and reverence; and as emblems of persons or things, of moral beauty and brilliance, distinction and dignity. In the opening pages of Genesis we read, as a definite step in the work of creation, or as a parenthetical confession of God's majesty and might, "He made the stars also;" and in the closing chapter of the Revelation, the exalted Jesus announces his human descent and his Divine epiphany: "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

From the earliest ages the stars have been attentively and admiringly observed, their motions calculated, and their influence on the interests and destinies of man made the subject of curious and ignorant inquiry. In the countries first inhabited, those treated of in holy Scripture, the dryness of the climate and purity of the atmosphere must have rendered the nightly studies more easy and attractive than among ourselves. At all times the number of stars visible to the naked eye appears much greater than it really is, and there may seem somewhat of the hyperbole of eastern language in the promise given to the father of the faithful, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." But if we consider the doctrines of modern astronomy, that the stars which can be seen by the naked eye are as nothing compared with those which we need the aid of powerful telescopes to discern; that the milky way, and those other patches of cloud-like light, are made up of masses of stars, indistinct from the very closeness of their grouping; that each star is a sun, and the centre of a system like our own, and that their distances from each other and from us, if calculable, are incomprehensible by our finite powers, we may well be lost in astonishment. Still more shall we deem it rather figure than fact, when prophesied to Abraham that his seed should be multiplied as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore. And surely the ascription is

* Jubilee Volume of the Religious Tract Society

worthy of the infinite attributes of God, "He telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names." The Almighty reproving and remonstrating with Job, for self-righteousness and rebellion against his counsels, claims the direction of the stars as his own prerogative: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or, canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" How sublime the thought, from the same Divine argument, that when the creative work was finished, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!" A Christian poet has said, "An undevout astronomer is mad." A Hebrew poet, chosen and inspired by God, indited as a hymn of praise to be set and sung by the chief musician of royal state or of temple service, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Before such stupendous contemplations what need have we of self-abasement and humility. And how should we adore the condescension of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible," in revealing to us his ways, and bestowing on us his grace.

We have evidence that from remote antiquity the stars have not merely excited such holy and suitable emotions as David would encourage, but that they have been looked on with mystery and awe, have been supposed to exert a power over the events of this lower world, and have even been elevated into objects of religious worship. The prophetess Deborah admits or suggests this popular belief, when she exclaims in her song of triumph, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

There is a dependence between all the parts of the physical universe; all were created by the same hand, all are guided by the same grand but simple laws, all receive and return the same mutual attractions. But we have no authority from reason or religion to suppose, that the stars have aught to do in determining our destinies or framing our fortunes; in predicting or procuring war, famine, or pestilence, or any calamity that can afflict nations or individuals. This vulgar error is not yet quite exploded; though all humble and earnest Christians must admit that it virtually denies the supremacy and providence of God, and weakens the obligations of man's responsibility; and will therefore reject and denounce it, as dangerous and delusive, as well as false and foolish. The prophet Isaiah, declaring God's judgments against Babylon, appeals to those who sought to derive from this superstition emolument and renown, and shows the absurdity of their pretensions. "Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame." When Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a dream, and Belshazzar saw a vision, that perplexed and troubled, they sought the aid of the "magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers," but their art availed not to make known the interpretation.

Still further has gone man's blindness and presumption. Stars, from their real beauty, or their imaginary power, have been exalted into divinities; the creature has been adored and served, instead of the ever blessed Creator. Moses, delivering to Israel the message of God, cautions them lest they lift up their eyes to heaven, and when they see all the host of heaven should be driven to worship them. But in their after history we find this very sin charged against them. The king of Assyria took Samaria and carried Israel away into Assyria, for so it was that they had left the commandments of the Lord their God, and amid much grievous disobedience, had made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven. And notwithstanding this proof and pledge of the divine displeasure, Manasseh, king of Judah, perpetuates the abomination, for he built again the high places which his father Hezekiah had destroyed, and worshipped all the host of heaven and served them. Surely, from such examples we may learn the deceitfulness of our own hearts, we may detect our lurking love of idols, we may acknowledge and bewail our own provocations of the mercy and forbearance of the Most High.

The stars will teach us other lessons, if we regard their use as emblems in the book of God. It was a prophecy of Balaam, unerring though unwilling, "there shall come a star out of Jacob.' This prediction was fulfilled at the birth of Jesus, when wise men came from the east to Jerusalem, saying, "We have seen his star, and are come to worship him." In his message to the churches through his favoured evangelist, he appropriates to himself the symbol. Christ, in the purity of his teaching, in the brightness of his example, in the value of his atonement, is the sinner's star of hope and joy and safety, the polestar of his confidence, the attractive centre of his love and holy worship, his guiding star to glory. So is the confession, the reception, the love of the gospel of Christ, compared by Peter to the daystar arising in the heart. In the letter to the church at Thyatira, Jesus promises to them that overcome that he would give them the morning star, that is, that he would give them himself, his light and truth, or that he would make them partakers of those glories of which,

as we shall presently see, these are symbols. It is the privilege of Christians that they should reflect the image of their Master, and that in their relative degree the same attributes should be assigned to them as he enjoys and claims. Thus are the angels or messengers or ministers of the seven churches of Asia ("the priest is the messenger of the Lord of hosts") represented under the figure of stars. Upheld by his right hand, the ministers and stewards of the mysteries of Christ should be as burning and shining lights, to allure benighted wanderers from the paths of ignorance and sin, and to guide their feet into the way of peace.

The beauty of the image is more fully developed in the prospects and predictions of a future state. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." All who believe and obey shall be saved, but while some shall be saved, "yet so as by fire," to others shall be ministered an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom. Those who in this the season of probation shall have done most for the glory of God, shall in the rewards, not of merit but of grace, distributed at the great day of account, be invested with the fairest heritage, the highest dignity, the purest and fullest enjoyment. Then shall wise teachers, faithful ministers, consistent labourers for Christ—"the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs"—"shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

A Thought for the Female Sex.—The Judge of worth estimates actions, not according to bulk and splendour, but according to their utility, their importance, and the humble and self-denying principles from which they are performed; and in his view, a female moving within the vale of life, filling up her station with cheerfulness and decorum, and discharging duties which, though they are common and seem little, are the most essential to the welfare and happiness of the human race, is worthy of more praise than a Semiramis or a Zenobia, ruling nations, heading armies, and lauded to the skies. —*Jay's Lectures on Female Characters.*

Poetry.

THE EXILE'S VISION.

The blue Ægean's countless waves in sabbath sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that lone island wild;
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved," such views sublime were given,
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him, upon whose [illegible] breast,
At the last supper's solemn feast his weary head found rest;
One "like unto the Son of man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest gold.

His head and hair were white as wool; his eyes a fiery flame,
Not tearful now, as when he trod this world of sin and shame;
His countenance was as the sun, his voice was as the sound
Of many waters murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before his feet, as dead, the loved disciple fell,
How gently deigned the Prince of life his servant's fears to quell!
And gave him strength to see his face, whom highest [illegible]
The [illegible] who "liveth, and was dead," and lives for evermore!

Oh, then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory streamed;
He saw the land of love and light—the home of the redeemed;
He [illegible] by life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music rolled
Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angels [illegible] unknown,
Go up from [illegible] unto Him that sat upon the throne;
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial sphere,
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

Within the [illegible] walls of heaven, with jewelled splendour bright,
He saw the countless multitude arrayed in saintly white;
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never dim,
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's suffering bore;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry saith, Come.

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free and fresh and fair,
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there!
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever* will!

Oh, blessed voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim his own again,
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so, Amen!"

JOSEPHINE.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE RETURN OF THE LONG-LOST PRODIGAL.

NURSE GRAND'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. X.—RICHARD DARLING

"I AM sure, my dear girls," said Mrs. Ashton to her daughters, one morning, as they met at the breakfast-table, "that the tidings I have to communicate will grieve you. Your dear aunt is very unwell. She sprained her ancle a few days since, and the pain and confinement have brought on low fever. Dr. Lucas is anxious that she should try the effect of sea breezes; and as she must have a skilful person to accompany her, she has set her heart on Nurse Grand, if we can make up our minds to part with her for a few weeks. I am glad that I am at present so much better that the request need not be negatived on my account; and as I have ascertained from nurse her willingness to go, I shall write an answer in the affirmative. It is important that no time should be lost; and she would leave to-morrow, were it not Sunday; on the Monday she will, I hope, be ready to go."

The young ladies were very sorry to hear these tidings, and little Kate could scarcely refrain from tears as she assisted in the various preparations nurse made for her departure.

The next day the Ashtons walked as usual to church, nurse accompanying them. On their

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PRICE ONE PENNY

way home from the afternoon service, an old soldier, who had been seen sitting in the aisle, followed the party, and taking the opportunity when nurse was a little behind, accosted her, and said that he was the bearer of a small packet from a fellow-soldier, whose death-bed he had attended shortly before he left India, which was now some long time since, but he had not been able till then to fulfil the promise he had made to deliver it safe into her hands.

The young ladies saw that nurse was much affected as she looked at the handwriting, but they delicately abstained from asking any questions, and taking Kate's hand, left her to follow alone.

In the evening they met as usual in her chamber; and then she told them that the letter she had that afternoon received was written by a brother of her late husband, who had for some years been in the army, and was in the same regiment with them while they were in India. "He was a true friend to me when I was left a widow in a strange land," she added; "and the sight of this packet deeply touched me, knowing as I did that the writer of it is now no more. It contained, besides his farewell letter to me, a manuscript which he wished me to preserve and give to one of his early friends. It is left open for me to read; and as I felt desirous of learning the events of his early life, I have taken the opportunity thus given me to acquaint myself with them.

"He had been a rebellious son, and had run away from his father's house and enlisted as a soldier. When I knew him, he was no longer young. A course of years, fraught with trials and sorrow, had passed over his head, and he looked, I dare say, far older than he really was. This narrative gives an account of his return, after the lapse of five or six years, to his native land. Full of repentance and eager to obtain the forgiveness of his father, (he had lost his mother in his childhood,) he hastened from Portsmouth, where he landed, to visit the place of his birth. His father's abode was a farmhouse, about a mile from one of the principal towns of the county of Devon; and after alighting at the inn, where the coach by which he was a passenger stopped, he proceeded on foot in the direction of his home."

Here opening the manuscript, nurse continued: "I think you may like to hear the narrative in his own words. They run thus: It was night, and pitch dark. The wind blew in gusts, and the rain fell thick and heavy. I was completely drenched before I reached the well-known wicket gate that led up to the door. As I passed through it, I saw a light gleaming across the boughs of the laburnum I had planted at the entrance. The sight was cheering; and I stepped aside to look in at the window of the keeping-room from whence it proceeded. Clearing the dripping pane, I eagerly gazed within in the hope of seeing that form I so longed to behold. But my father was not there. 'Nay,' thought I, 'he is, I dare say, just at this hour in the yard seeing after the cattle.' And again I looked, and saw a piece of plain needle-work hanging at the back of an arm-chair. It was my aunt's sewing-work I felt sure; she always hung it so; 'and she is in the kitchen,' said I, looking around, and recognising the old furniture. It was the same; but there were a few alterations that struck me. A rough sketch of me, drawn by a school-boy friend, and thought like me by the dear old aunt who had taken the place of a mother to me, had been removed from the wall where she had hung it. The old clock, too, so handsome and venerable in my eyes, which had ticked away in the corner year after year, was gone; and in its place a new and showy piece of furniture appeared. It seemed to me an intruder, and the sight of it jarred upon my feelings.

"Hastily turning to the door, I rapped with my hand upon the panel. A sedate matron opened it, and looked at first somewhat startled at sight of a stranger. I asked if Mrs. Rebecca were within? 'You are enquiring, sir, for one of the former tenants, I suppose?'

"'The former tenants! Is not this John Darling's house?'

"'It was so; but it is now ours. My husband bought it when he left. Poor man! if you knew him in his better days, you'll be sorry to hear that he wholly failed in business, and at last was bankrupt. He was an honest, industrious man, I have heard, as any one could wish; and all went well with him till, in an evil day, his only son took to soldiering. Father and son disagreed, they say, and Richard—that was his name—ran off and 'listed into a marching regiment, and soon went abroad. From that day the old man never prospered. He neglected matters, and by degrees things went to ruin.'

"'Where is he now?' I faintly gasped out.

"'Dead, sir! dead and gone, and buried under the old beech tree in the churchyard where his young wife was laid some five-and twenty years before him. He might have kept here and welcome; but he was a proud heart and would not be under obligation to a stranger so he died in Tom Abel's cottage.'

"Well did I know the cottage and its owner. He was my father's principal farming man, and I needed none to guide my steps thither. Having spoken a few words in acknowledgment of the courteous offer to send a man with a lantern to accompany me, I turned from the home of my boyhood, and once more plunged

into darkness and solitude. Wading through pools of mud, and drenched with rain, I at length reached the lonely dwelling. Its owner soon answered my knock, and ushered me into the low, smoky kitchen. Muffled up as I was, he appeared not to recognise me. I asked, in smothered accents, for Mrs. Rebecca Darling, and said I must see her immediately, having a message for her from her nephew. The man bade me follow him, and I did so.

"Ascending a steep and narrow stair, we reached an upper chamber, and there, sitting beside a little table which was placed near the fireside, I beheld the delicate and minute form of my venerable relative. She was employed in reading, and did not instantly change her posture; for she was intent on her book, and heeded not our entrance. The momentary leisure thus afforded me sufficed to show that, changed as she was, she still preserved much of the style and appearance of former days. The same unmistakeable air of simple dignity and grace told that she was a real gentlewoman, and there was still the wakefulness of worldly care observable in her countenance, but the expression there was sweeter and more gentle than of yore. A softened air of resignation and calm submission was perceptible, amid all the marks of sorrow and suffering indelibly written on her brow. The crosses and trials of her lot had evidently been sanctified to her growth in charity, and her spirit had been purified in the school of adversity.

"Around her were various little relics, saved from the wreck of her family fortunes. I recognised them instantly. Ah! the old Bible, from which my father read aloud to us, and the old oaken chest on whose lid I had idly carved the initials of my name. And, opposite her seat, dear old aunt! she had hung that schoolboy likeness of her lost and truant nephew. She loved me still, I knew, as I looked at that, and my heart beat audibly. I had paused at the threshold, while Adams—who had stepped into the next room for an instant—presently approached her chair, and asking her pardon for interrupting her, said that a stranger wished to see her, who had brought some tidings from her nephew. She started, and removing her spectacles, passed the glasses through the folds of her apron, and replacing them, looked anxiously toward the door.

"I advanced, and dropping the broad collar of my coat, which had hitherto concealed my features, said, in low tones: 'Have you forgotten Richard, aunt?'

"At the well known sound of my voice, her whole frame trembled, and she sunk back in her chair, while I hastily passed my arm around her to support her. At the same instant I dropped on my knee, and as I did so, the light of the candle fell full on a face marred with suffering and the fierce passions of war. Her hand grasped mine, and a tide of emotion flooded her eyes and convulsed her lips.

"At length she moaned out the words, 'Ah me! can this indeed be our own darling child?' and again she wept and groaned in anguish.

"'Alas! it is indeed I,' dearest aunt; 'but oh! be calm; compose yourself, I beseech you, if but for the sake of one whose punishment seems greater than he can bear—my father.'

"I was unable to proceed, and wept bitterly. She was a woman of strong mind, and with a powerful effort at length regained, in some degree, her composure; but the sight of my wan face and emaciated form again and again renewed her grief, and called forth fresh gushes of sorrow. It was evidently her only consolation that her beloved brother had been spared the sight of such a wreck. 'He has indeed been taken from the evil to come,' she exclaimed.

"Before long the kind and gentle feelings of her nature came into exercise on my behalf. She saw how much her distress affected me; she beheld with pity the sufferings I was enduring, and then, with fondest care, she tended me, soothing my anguish, and by gentlest sympathy alleviating the mortal weight of woe that threatened to bear me down to dull despair. She spoke to me of the sweet hope and calm resignation that had attended my father's dying moments. She told how his last words had been a blessing on my head. She added that ere he expired, he expressed his firm conviction that God had heard his prayer, and would, in due time, recall me from the ways of sin, and bring me to himself; and that, though we should meet no more in the flesh, we should be reunited in a better world.

"As she spoke, she removed, with her own hands, my soiled and dripping raiment, and insisted on my immediately retiring to rest. She then fetched from the old oaken chest the finest sheets she had preserved from the full stores of our family linen, and aired and spread them herself. Next she regaled me with the spiced wine, made by her own skill from the grapes that grew on the sunny south wall of our old garden; and finally, she sat beside my couch, and listened till past midnight to the long tale of my adventures.

"The reports that had from time to time reached her ears respecting my misconduct, had been grossly exaggerated, and my statement of facts evidently relieved her, and called forth occasionally an expression of thankfulness. Before she left me that night, she bent over and blessed me with the tenderness of a mother,

while she whispered: 'Can you indeed say, Richard, that you have seen the error of your ways, and by God's grace, will henceforth turn from them?'

"'Not for worlds would I be again as I have been, God knows,' I replied; 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"'Amen!' she gently said; then retiring, left me to repose.

"It would be too long a story were I to relate the particulars of the next few months. A few days after my return, I accompanied my dear aunt to Wales. One of her early friends had settled there, and had sent her an earnest invitation to reside with him. He now included me in his hospitable offer, and, worn and enfeebled as I was, I felt anxious to breathe for a season the invigorating air of the mountains. Above all, I longed to quit the country of my birth, and the scenes where all recalled the too painful memories of the past. So we journeyed together, and reached in safety the place of our destination. But, alas! a long season of sickness and suffering awaited me. An internal wound occasioned me great anguish, and a consuming fire within seemed preying on my vitals. Week after week my beloved aunt watched beside my sick bed, and tenderly nursed her prodigal. I certainly owe my life to her care and unwearying love; and I owe her far more. As she watched and ministered, she poured forth the most fervent supplications on my behalf at the throne of grace, day and night importuning mercy for the hapless sinner, and saying, with the energy of living faith, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless him.' That intercession produced fruits apart from providential interposition. It revived in my desponding soul the hope of comfort from above, and gradually the daystar of hope dawned upon me, and I could look on the accumulated transgressions of my past life, as they rose in black review before me, without despair, for I had learned that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and I sought and obtained mercy at the foot of the cross."

At this point of the narrative, nurse closed the manuscript, and said, "With the rest of his history I am well acquainted, having heard it from himself. His excellent aunt died, somewhat suddenly, a few months after his recovery from the illness he has here mentioned. In the course of time, he went abroad again, and was eventually located in one of the government military stations in India. There I became acquainted with him, and had abundant opportunity of witnessing his simple, earnest, and devoted piety. Many a poor young prodigal, whose career resembled that of his own early days, was, through his means, recovered from his wanderings; and in more than one instance, he communicated with the friends and relatives of these poor outcasts, and obtained assistance and the means of retracing their steps. For my part, I owe him a debt of loving gratitude, which time will never efface from my remembrance; and while I live the memory of Richard Darling will be sweet to me."

The young ladies thanked nurse, and then began to talk with her about her approaching departure. Much as they loved their kind relative, they rejoiced in the thought that she would have such a useful and skilled attendant; and dear little Kate consoled herself and nurse for their temporary separation, by promising to write to her very often. "And when you come back again, nursey," she said, "it will be nearly winter; and you must tell us some long sunny tales about India, to make us forget the cold."

THE PHILANTHROPIC GARDENER.

It is very pleasing and refreshing to the soul to alight on the history of a pious and loving spirit, of whose name we had never heard until it came suddenly before us, fragrant with all the odours of true Christian excellence. Some real comfort flows from the thought that our world contains many faithful servants of God in all the various grades of life, Israelites indeed, who are unknown to us, but have long been regarded with an approving smile by him who seeth in secret, and will hereafter reward openly. And that which is true of our living worthies is equally true of those who have departed to their everlasting rest, many of whom were unknown to fame, and scarcely recognised among the disciples while on earth. Sometimes a pious Christian who had faithfully served God in his generation, and passed away almost unnoticed becomes better known to the future than to the men of his time. Like the apostle Peter, he has endeavoured that those who lived after his decease should have always "in remembrance" the truths which gave life and holy joy to his own heart. Like Mary, who honoured the Saviour with her costly offering, his name becomes honoured and fragrant wherever the gospel spreads. In illustration of these thoughts, we have to tell the little history by which they are suggested, and which is fitted to teach us lessons we cannot too diligently learn.

It is now more than one hundred and twenty-six years since the interment, in the Poor's ground, Hackney-Road, of "Mr. Thomas Fairchild, of Hoxton, gardener, who departed this life on the 10th of October, 1729, in the 63rd year of his age." Comparing his age with the date of his death, we find that he was born in 1666

the year of the great fire of London. He carried on the business of a gardener in the grounds known as Selby's gardens, extending from the west end of Ivy-Lane to the new North Road. He was a benefactor of the boy's school in Kingsland-Road, and was very skilful in his primitive and healthful occupation. In illustration of his skill as a gardener, we have the following quotation from Bradley's Encyclopedia of Gardening, in which he speaks of "that curious garden of Mr. Thomas Fairchild, at Hoxton, where (says the writer) I find the greatest collection of fruits that I have yet seen, and so regularly disposed, both for order and time of ripening, and good pruning of the several kinds, that I do not know any person in Europe to excel him in that particular; and in other things he is no less happy, in his choice of such curiosities as a good judgment and universal correspondence can procure." It appears, further, that Mr. Fairchild was known to the Royal Society by some new experiments relating to the different and sometimes contrary motion of the sap, and the account of which appears in the 33rd volume of the Philosophical Transactions. He also is said to have assisted in making experiments by which the Linnean system was illustrated, and the doctrine of its great author confirmed.

In 1722 Mr. Fairchild published "The City Gardener," his design in writing which was "that every one in London, or other cities where much sea-coal is burned, may delight themselves in gardening though they have never so little room, and prepare their understanding to enjoy the country when their trade and industry has given them riches enough to retire from business." This interesting volume, (our copy was formerly in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks, and is enriched with his autograph,) displays the great importance which the Hoxton gardener attached to his occupation, the persevering enthusiasm with which he followed it, and the devout and contemplative spirit which he cherished amidst his pursuits. "For whoever," he writes, "understands and loves a garden may have content if he will, because he has opportunity every day of contemplating the works of the creation, and of admiring the power and wisdom of the Creator, which I think is the greatest happiness."

We must come, however, to the characteristic act of this good man's life—his remarkable bequest to the trustees of the charity children of Hoxton and their successors, and the church-wardens of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, and their successors, of the sum of twenty-five pounds, to be by them placed out at interest, for the payment of twenty shillings annually for ever, for the preaching of a sermon by the lecturer of the said parish, or such other person as they shall think proper, in the afternoon of the Tuesday in every Whitsun week in each year, on the subject following, viz:—The wonderful works of God in the creation, or the certainty of the resurrection of the dead proved by the certain changes of the animal and vegetable parts of the creation.

It is gratifying to find that the benevolent and pious desires of Fairchild have been fully realized, so that from year to year, on each succeeding Whit-Tuesday, the pulpit of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, has been occupied by some learned divine, who has adduced the combined testimonies of nature and revelation to the animating doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. The humble legacy of the Hoxton gardener was soon after his death increased by voluntary contributions to 100*l*., in order to afford "a generous recompence to preachers for their trouble and expense who should be disposed to come from far to put their private stock of vegetable riches into one common public fund; and thus devote both to the glory of their Creator and the good of their fellow-creatures." This fund is now in the safe keeping of the Royal Society, with whom it rests to appoint the lecturer for each returning anniversary.

In the list of "preachers of Mr. Fairchild's lectures," extending from 1730 to 1855, we find the names of men who by their natural tastes and studies were eminently qualified for the task assigned to them, and who appear to have discharged their duty very conscientiously. Some of them delivered the lecture but once, others lectured for many years in succession; the Rev. Dr. Denne, the vicar of Shoreditch, from 1733 to 1758, and the Rev. J. J. Ellis, rector of St. Martin's Outwich, Threadneedle Street, from 1805 to 1854. The lecturer of the present year was the Bishop of Oxford, who brought to his great argument all the aids of modern science, natural history, and fervid eloquence.

Of the hundred and twenty-six lectures which have been delivered in consequence of this bequest, some have been printed and handed down to our day. If those which have been preserved are specimens of the whole series, the wishes of the founder have been very carefully fulfilled.

A few remarks from some of their discourses may be useful; and at a time when the vegetable world is undergoing the great sleep of nature, may lead us to look forward to the period of spring that awaits it, and the rich emblematic lessons connected with that season.

Dr. Denne, in his learned discourse on Gen. i. 11—13, delivered May 15th, 1733, says: "What pleasure is there in all the busy scenes of life, unless we can now and then be relieved from the hurry and fatigue of them by rural

retirements and entertainments, where the vegetable world receives us with all the sweetness and freshness of air uncorrupted, which alone is often able to revive us when past recovery by all the powers of physic. We are there treated with a gay and smiling countenance, but without hypocrisy and deceit. . . . . There are as many beauties and as great curiosities growing wild in common fields, as can be collected at a great expense in the best of gardens. The country, without much art, opens into an inexpressible variety of scenes, which diversify the face of the earth, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of images, so that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another; or if one is, we may sit down with delight under the shadow of vegetables. And that all these pleasures may not be quite lost to those whose business or fortunes immure them to this metropolis, the founder of this lecture thought it worth his while to contrive a city garden for them." The lecturer here refers to a public garden which the founder of the lecture had opened. At the conclusion of the discourse, a faithful warning is given to those who misimprove all the Christian privileges with which they are surrounded, whose ungrateful return for all the care they receive is like that vineyard described by the prophet Isaiah (chap. v.), which brought forth wild grapes. Having described the woes of the unfruitful, the preacher adds: "These, my brethren, are the punishments which God in justice threatens to inflict in this world upon such men as are here figured by an unfruitful vineyard; and no doubt the whole vegetable creation will rise up in judgment against us on the day of his Son's coming to receive our fruits, and will condemn us to be hewn down and cast into the fire, if under all these natural and providential advantages we do not break up our fallow ground, or if when it is thus enriched in everything unto all plenteousness, it prove barren, unfruitful, or bring forth evil or wild fruit. But if we now abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, and in the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God, we shall then be like trees planted by the rivers of water, prospering and flourishing in this world; and when we die, we shall be transplanted into a better soil, and a happier climate; we shall be blessed, and receive a right to eat for ever of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

On the 1st of June, 1852, the Rev. J. J. Ellis delivered his forty-seventh lecture, the text being Genesis, chap. i. 11, in which he showed the analogy of nature in favour of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection from the dead, as shown by the renewal of the plant from the root, the tree from the seed, and the decay and revival of all vegetable creation.

The remarkable vitality of seeds and of certain lower forms of animal life may, indeed, well strengthen the faith of the contemplative Christian, as he anticipates those long years that will elapse between death and the resurrection. The "Spring" volume of Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons" repeats a number of most interesting facts on this subject, which were collected by a writer in Professor Jameson's journal. The writer in question states that the seeds of various plants and flowers which have lain dormant in the ground through a succession of ages, have either by being exposed to the air been enabled to vegetate, or been brought into action by the application of some compost or manure agreeable to their nature. He mentions that in boring for water at a spot near Kingston on Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of 360 feet, which was carefully covered over with a glass to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, and yet in a short time it produced plants. It is stated on the same authority, that some ground in Bushy Park, which had probably been undisturbed by the spade or the plough since the reign of Charles I, was turned up in winter, and in the following summer was covered with a profusion of tree mignionette, pansies, and wild raspberry-plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood. We may notice also the remarkable fact mentioned by Ray, that after the great fire of London, in 1666, the entire surface of the destroyed city was covered with such a vast profusion of a species of cruciferous plant—the *sisymbrium iris*—that it was calculated that the whole of the west of Europe did not contain so many specimens of this plant. Still more remarkable is the fact that seeds discovered in the mummy cases of Egypt have germinated and fructified. How it confirms our faith to look at such facts as these, as we read the delightful promise—"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs."* Bishop Lowth more correctly renders the words,

> "Thy dead shall live; my deceased they shall rise:
> Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust!
> For thy dew is as the dew of the dawn."

The animal kingdom presents a number o phenomena still more remarkable than those we have just noticed in seeds and plants, from the circumstance that the revivification takes place more rapidly, and is more striking in its results

* Isaiah xxvi.19.

The *rotifer redivivus* derives its specific name from the curious fact that the vital principle after being suspended for years can be restored. This animalcule can live only in water, and is commonly found in the water which has remained stagnant for some time in the gutters of houses. It may be deprived of water, and reduced to perfect dryness, so that all the functions of life are completely suspended, without the destruction of the vital principle, and yet restored in a few minutes by being supplied with its native element. The *vibrio tritici*, an animalcule resembling an eel in shape, and infesting diseased wheat, when dried, appears like a fine powder, but on being moistened it soon resumes its life and activity. There is also the hair worm, the *gordius aquaticus*, which inhabits stagnant pools, and remains in a dry and apparently lifeless state when the pool is evaporated, but is reanimated as soon as the water is restored. Here we see among the lowest forms of life, the exercise of that revivifying power which the Almighty Saviour employed at the grave in Bethany when "he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin;" and when "Jesus said unto them, loose him, and let him go." We read that "many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen these things which Jesus did, believed on him." With a little careful observation and study, we may witness the constant recurrence of miracles in the natural creation, which will show us how the hopes of the Christian are sustained by those grand analogies which are traceable throughout all the divine operations. How perfectly do the facts we have just noticed harmonize with the inspired reasoning of the apostle when he says to us, "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead shall dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

Among the "changes in the animal parts of the creation" to which the attention of this contemplative gardener was frequently directed, it is probable that we ought to give great prominence to the transformation of the insect from the chrysalis to the imago state. Look at the poor caterpillar now creeping on the soil or the coarse vegetable on which it feeds. Now its humble life is drawing towards its close, and it proceeds to weave the shroud in which it must lie interred. This is a picture of mortal man toiling on this earth until his short span of life is ended, and the grave and the shroud await him. But, "lo, the winter is passed," and the little coffin in which the caterpillar was immured is burst asunder, and a winged creature, instinct with life and clothed with beauty, springs forth, no longer to crawl on the earth and feed on coarse food, but to mount up into the air of heaven, and play in the sunbeam, and sip the nectar of the fairest flowers. In this is a lively picture of immortal man, redeemed and sanctified, and raised from the tomb to life eternal.

HEAVEN'S REGALIA.

'Twas night! a Christian lady slept,
And dreamed a dream of heaven;
She thought within its pearly gates
To her was entrance given.

She stood upon the sea of glass,
Amid the white-robed throng;
She walked the golden streets and sang
The everlasting song.

The conquering palm was in her hand;
She tasted bliss untold;
And on her radiant head she wore
A crown of shining gold.

Oh, clime of glory! no regret
May ever mar thy rest!
Yet sighed the sleeper as she dreamed,
She was not wholly blest!

She marked the flashing diadem
O'er many a princely brow,
Resplendent with the diamond's blaze
And the rich ruby's glow!

O'er turquoise fair and priceless pearl,
The emerald's glory streamed,
But in *her* heavenly crown, alas!
No radiant jewel beamed.

Oh, that to grace *her* coronet
One gem she yet might win!
Oh could she but return to earth
And save *one* soul from sin!

For well she knew what jewels gave
Those crowns so rich a blaze;
They were the souls of sinners, shown
The error of their ways!

She woke—and lo! 'twas but a dream,
But in the book divine
She read who in the courts of bliss
Shall first in glory shine;

That they who unto righteousness
Do many sinners turn,
Like stars in heaven's firmament
For evermore shall burn!

JOSEPHINE.

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

BY REV. THOMAS DALE.

"Why dost thou bear the mystic rod?
Why rule o'er Jacob's host in vain?
Thy speech is of a Father-God,
Thine acts are of a Brother-Cain.
Say'st thou, we saw the billows rise?
We saw th' oppressor's watery grave?
Ay, but the death of burning skies
Transcends the horrors of the wave.
Alone the warriors perish'd in their pride;
But we!—our best beloved are withering at our side.

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

"Why didst thou guide our heedless way
Through this drear land of drought and doom?
The fire by night, the cloud by day,
Were these to curse and to consume?
Woe for the hour, when first thy word
Betray'd us, while it seem'd to bless!
'Twas thou, false Prophet, not thy Lord,
Who lured us through the wilderness;
And now, thy dupes, thy victims, we must die
Upon a scorching sand, beneath a cloudless sky.

"Fools that we were! we might have known
The desert could but yield a grave;
A land of barrenness alone,
Where never golden harvests wave;
Where not the fig its fruit bestows,
Nor vine with generous clusters graced,
Nor limpid fountain freshly flows,
Nor dews revive the thirsty waste.
We perish! Prophet! Priest! seek aid by prayer,
Or dread a nation's burst of vengeance and despair!"

Calmly he heard, that aged man;
No tear was in his upraised eye,
No flush suffused his aspect wan:
He stood, prepared, resign'd to die.
But onward as the living flood
Swept, fierce and frantic with despair,
And blasphemies with yells for blood
Were mingling, Moses knelt in prayer,
Then rose, and waved his rod. Straight all was still.
As when with glistening brow he came from Sinai's hill.

Again he waved that mystic rod:
Then, as the rebel host he viewed,
Defying man, accusing God,
Deep scorn of their ingratitude
Came o'er him; nights of sleepless prayer—
Long days of weariness and woe—
All he had borne, and still must bear—
Rush'd to his heart with torrent flow.
And then he spoke, but not the word of Heaven;
He smote the rock in wrath—and yet the rock was riven.

Instant the living water gush'd
From the cold rock, at Heaven's command.
Onward th' exhaustless fountain rush'd,
Scattering afar the scorching sand;
And many a mother, wan and wild,
Press'd onward—not to drink or lave—
'Twas for her child, her fainting child:
Oh! is she yet in time to save?
She is; he is not dead—he shall not die!
Light dawns upon his brow; life kindles in his eye.

Alas! while every heart beat high,
While every voice the Lord confess'd,
A cloud was o'er the Prophet's eye,
A sword was in the Prophet's breast.
He heard the still small voice of God:
"I bade thee speak My word alone,
Not smite the rock with lifted rod.
Why hast thou grieved the Holy One?
In Israel's sight I gave thee power to save,
But thou hast shared their sin, and thou shalt share their grave!"

From "The Christian Souvenir."

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

XII. THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

JERUSALEM was surrounded by walls built after the captivity. These walls had different gates, such as the fish-gate and the sheep-gate; the latter so called because the sheep destined for sacrifice in the temple were driven through it. Just by this gate, a pool or bath was situated, having a colonnade or cloister, running round it on five sides, forming five porticoes to the bath. It partook more of the nature of a medicinal bathing-house than of an hospital, and it just afforded shelter for the diseased who were brought there for the sake of the waters. It is very natural that an attempt should be made to identify the spot in what remains of ancient Jerusalem. There is still to be seen, near St. Stephen's gate, on the north of the temple site, a reservoir, three hundred and sixty feet long and one hundred and thirty wide. The sides are walled, and the stones are fastened with iron cramps. The cistern now is dry, and about it grow, pomegranates, tamarinds, and nopals. On the west side are two arches, part of an aqueduct connecting the pool with the temple. This is said to be the pool of Bethesda. Dr. Robinson believes the tradition to be unfounded, and considers that this dry reservoir forms part of what was originally a deep trench, separating the fortress of Antonia from the adjacent hill. He and Bartlett are inclined to point out the pool of Siloam, still existing, as identical with Bethesda; and the latter remarks: "The remains of pillars at the side, and in the basin, seem to indicate that at a former period it must have been wholly or partially covered. With reference to this view, it is a great difficulty that St. John, in another passage, expressly mentions the pool of Siloam. One can hardly conceive he would call the same spot by two such different names; but it is unnecessary to clear up this point at greater length. In the fourth verse we read, "For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." Dr. Doddridge's remarks on this passage are very sensible. He imagines that the pool was remarkable for some mineral virtue attending the water, the more probable as Jerome says it was of a high colour. Some time before the passover, an extraordinary commotion was observed in the water, and providence so ordered it that the person who next stepped in found an immediate cure. The like phenomenon was observed after a second commotion; and these commotions and circumstances might happen periodically, perhaps every sabbath, for some weeks or months. This the Jews would ascribe to an angelic power, though no angel appeared. And they might reasonably do it, as it was the scriptural scheme, that these benevolent beings are the instruments of good to man. We may add, that such an idea rests on a deeply religious view of nature—a view of nature as connected with and influenced by powers above nature, and is in itself infinitely more reasonable than that view of nature which would resolve the whole of terrestrial existence into a mere affair of mechanics, chemistry, and physiology, cut off from all mysterious influences, angelic and divine.

In the porches "lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water," wistfully watching for the angel's advent; those who can, looking eagerly for the first ripple on the surface of the pool, ready to dart forward, with the help of friends, to catch the healing power when it comes. The feeling of desire becomes envy and jealousy in the heart of some, at the sight of neighbours who have taken up a better position, nearer the margin of the flood, or with stronger arms to help them down. "And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years." He is particularly mentioned, of course, on account of what was about to be described of his cure; yet, independently of that, the very length of time itself during which he had been afflicted, renders him worthy of notice; for truly he was one of the most pitiable sons of sorrow, one of that class, whose, humanly speaking, incurable disease has darkened long years, and is throwing the gloom of despair over the future, save as some rare felicitous help may come from heaven. "Thirty and eight years" of weary helplessness, and (as we may conclude from his complaint, that "he had no man when the water was troubled to put him into the pool,") years also of poverty and destitution, were in painful review behind him as he lay there, lifting up his pale withered face to look around him, and then to gaze upon the waters. And such years of sterility and waste, sadness and gloom, cover the memory of many in our

world at this day, making life a burden, such as we in health have little notion of, and serving to inspire us with the keenest thankfulness for our exemption from a load so galling to the soul. "Shall we," says Matthew Henry, "complain of one wearisome day, or one ill fit, who perhaps for many years have scarcely known what it is to be a day sick, where many others, better than we are, have scarcely known what it is to be a day well?" How discontent under some little ailment is rebuked by this instance of long and heavy affliction. Yet can such long and heavy affliction, yea longer still, be so sanctified in the experience of the people of God, as to be, not only without complaint, but to be accompanied by notes of thanksgiving.

"How great a mercy was it to live eight and thirty years under God's wholesome discipline," says Baxter. "Oh, my God, I thank thee for the like discipline of fifty-eight years. How safe a life is this in comparison of full prosperity and pleasure." He who wrote these words thought more of a safe life than of a pleasant one; thought more of its connection with the future than of its passing circumstances, of its moral discipline than of its physical condition. Wise man, true Christian sage, and spiritual philosopher, was that Richard Baxter, above all stoics and cynics, all Zenos and Diogeneses. Be the days of our calamities few or many, let us pray for the spirit so largely poured on that brave Christian soul. "Thirty and eight years" of physical infirmity is, then, when God's grace sanctifies and consoles, not so sad as the world may judge.

But it is sad—sad above all other sadness, that a man should be thirty-eight years, or much less than that, to say nothing of more, perhaps much more, under moral infirmity, under the infirmity of a cold, insensible, fruitless, impenitent, unbelieving, irreligious heart. To remain all that time spiritually paralyzed, so bowed down with earthly things as not to be able to lift up oneself, to be tied and bound with the chain of manifold sins, to have a mind callous to the appeals of the gospel and the voice of Jesus Christ. Thirty and eight years under sin and God's deserved curse, and in resistance of gospel healing. Thirty and eight years spent in spiritual impotence and uselessness, and that for want of seeking the gracious and Divine healer whom Christianity reveals! Thirty and eight years of spiritual darkness, in the neighbourhood of perdition, just on the edge of the burning pit. How old are you, reader? Somewhere about that very age, perhaps, or about that age in point of moral responsibility, about that age reckoning your moral life from the time accountableness began. Paralyzed all that while! Under an infirmity all that while! And Jesus the healer standing by every moment, and you refusing to be healed! This man with his thirty-eight years' infirmity, Richard Baxter with his fifty-eight years of pain and troubles, and many a long-diseased saint of God, turn on their weary beds to look with pity upon you. They in sickness are more to be envied than you in health.

"When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case"—knowing it through that supernatural power which he had of reading all life's secrets, so that every man's face was to him a book with the records of the past inscribed on it—"he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?" There was a deeper meaning in the question than the poor man saw at first. He from his answer, it would seem, took it to signify no more than, "Are you come to Bethesda that you may be healed?" Jesus meant, "If you are willing to be made whole, I am willing and able to make you so." The leper came to him, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." He had been prepared to believe in the power of Jesus by a previous knowledge of him. He only wanted to know his willingness. But to this impotent man there comes the offering of a cure unasked. It is Jesus presents the sick man with the blessings of his goodness; yet reminds him of a will on his part to be brought out and exercised in unison with the will of a divine healer. Instructive words for us. So comes Jesus now, asking men in the first instance to take what he has to give. He is not a silent looker-on, dumb till we by prayer open his mouth. We lie in the porches of the house of mercy, and he comes and stands before us, while we look not at him, and think not of him, and at once he speaks, saying, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Here is divine healing—will you have it? Here is truth which will be in you a new life—will you have it? Here is peace with your Maker, an end to the long war you have carried on at such a cost of wretchedness and misery to yourself—will you have it? Here is hope fairer and richer than imagination ever dreamed, stronger than reason ever formed—will you have it? We are not left in darkness and silence to brood over our sin and peril till some desire of itself grows up out of the inward confusion. Christ comes to us and drops in a word of mercy, which is a divine seed of hope. He creates the desire of healing through holding out the hope of healing.

And his appeal is to the will. Mysterious power. I will that all men be saved—wilt thou be saved? Not while the will is chained and asleep does the Lord's forgiveness, with peace and hope and holiness, come into the soul. The will must rise to meet and welcome the incoming angel. The door of the soul must open, and the will must open it. Grace does not burst the door, but waits for

the opening, or rather wondrously inclines the inmate of the dwelling—the tenant will—to unbolt the door herself, and push it back upon its hinges, and then, with open arms, to take in the proffered gift, and with bended knee to adore the donor.

"The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." How like is that to the rivalries of earth. One poor crippled wisher after good is beaten by another stronger than he; "another steppeth down before me." Many for want of help lose golden opportunities. "I have no man to put me in."

Jesus saith unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked." He now answered the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" by practically acting on the cure received. So far it was an exercise of will. First he did not know who his healer was. Jesus came to him, as it were, incognito. He had not any idea, even a dim one, of his greatness and majesty. He had not connected the notion of any superior power with the stranger who had so unexpectedly accosted him. The gift of new life, after thirty-eight years of infirmity, had been bestowed on him anonymously. Temporal blessings so come to us oftentimes, without any mark showing who was the divine sender. The Author of our mercies makes himself invisible, hides himself in the crowd of passing events, "conveys himself away, a multitude being in the place." We are startled at the boon he has left us, and delight for awhile absorbs us, till we ask, or he who has done the great thing for us of himself makes us feel, who he is.

"And on the same day was the sabbath. The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." As the man was bearing home with joy the bed or matting on which he has been meanly lying so long, these men, who stripped the sabbath of its blessedness and made it simply a day of rigorous gloom and ritual observance, told him, though they must have known of the cure, that he was doing a thing unlawful. The nature and objects of God's holy and beautiful day of rest and peace were thus wholly misconceived by them. And so still, the first day of the week, our English pearl of days, is sadly abused on two different sides; some, unhappily, making it what the Pharisees made of the seventh day—a day of intolerable gloom and grievance; and others striving to make it a day of recreation and amusement, involving the toil and labour of some in ways rendered necessary by such recreation and amusement. Jesus stripped the Jewish sabbath of all sackcloth and ashes, and revealed it to the people as a day of healing, benediction, and gladness—not of the world's coarse and sensual kind, but with the stamp of a heavenly nature and service upon it. And the commemoration of his own glorious resurrection day he will surely have not less merciful and joyous, leaving his wise-hearted followers to carry out the spirit of their blessed religion in this most privileged of days, seeking not to make it burdensome on the one hand, but to preserve its sanctified joys unabridged and untainted on the other. To the remark, "It is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed," the man replied with most commendable good sense, "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk." As if he had said, I am surely not doing wrong in obeying him who has wrought this cure upon me. His word of healing must have been a word of God. Is not his word of command too a word of God? It is an answer characteristic of a man whose eyes begin to be divinely enlightened, and who sees at once through the sophistries of carnal and inimical minds. Thus with a touch, people otherwise simple, when the Lord has given them his wisdom, will break down ingenious arguments and melt to nothing what was thought to be unanswerable. Truly whatever the world may say, we can never think wrong, can never do wrong, in thinking and doing what he bids us think and do, who has wrought in us, as we know, a wondrous work of salvation. It is good sense to bind all religious belief and practice to the word of a redeeming Christ. Enough for me if I can cite the authority of him who hath made me whole.

"Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk?" They shirk the point which the man had so wisely put. They evade the ground on which he has placed the controversy; they drop all mention of the cure; and instead of asking who healed him, they ask what man it was that bade him take up his bed and walk. The authority was dependent on the cure. They ignored the cure that they might dispute the authority.

"Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee. And the man departed and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole." The healer is here discovered to the healed. The man sees at length who it was from whom he had gained his healing. The incognito is thrown off, the gift is no longer anonymous. And with our Lord's words, Behold thou art made whole! came there not the higher healing? Was there not the true spiritual faith wanting at first? Fell there not the light and strength and joy of a new spiritual morn upon his soul? Went he not

forth from that presence another man? And was there not something significant in the form of his proclamation—significant not of a spirit of self-vindication, but of grateful love and zeal for the honour of his Saviour? He did not say, It was Jesus who bid me take up my bed and walk, but, It was Jesus who made me whole.

So we, probably, see here again how a temporal blessing was a stepping-stone to a spiritual one, how a miracle on the outer man made way for the birth of faith in the soul; we are reminded, too, of that flash of spiritual light which comes flooding all the fields of our past life, when God gives us faith, and how we see him working through Jesus Christ in all our past mercies, in every healing and every deliverance and every blessing, and no good thing is seen without the divine name written on it; no benefit remains in our eyes anonymous. "All things are of God, who has reconciled us to himself through Jesus Christ," are words now written on every page of past life. And that "sin no more," what a warning is it against relapse into our old state when we are full of joy with a fresh deliverance, thinking that all danger evermore is past. Leaving any chamber door of sorrow, with a heart elated, how salutary the admonition, "Sin no more." Sin is the secret of all sorrow; keep free from sin and all will be right; nor think that safety will come without heed and caution; nor imagine that freed now from a great calamity, you are free from all temptation leading to calamity again. A worse thing may come unto thee; a worse thing than eight-and-thirty years of infirmity. "If after they have escaped the pollutions of the world, through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning; for it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they had known it to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

CHAPTER I.

A RAINY Sunday evening! Who cannot picture the heavy, settled rain, the quiet, wet street, the overflowing gutters, and the dripping roofs and pouring spouts? Who cannot recal such an evening, and fancy himself sitting, book in hand, at the misty window, listening to the pattering against the pane, to the splashing on the pavement without, to the musical chimes from the old church towers, or to the quick reverberating toll from the more modern steeples; seeing now and then some earnest person, manfully bent on reaching his accustomed place of worship, and doing battle victoriously with wind, rain, and restive umbrella; and ever and anon some unfortunate pleasure-seeker, returning drenched and weary from his fruitless expedition, with Sunday garments ruined past reparation, and with limbs aching, and looks jaded by the long wretched walk which has brought only "vanity and vexation of spirit?"

On such an evening, three ladies were sitting in the large drawing-room of a house in Abercrombie Square, Liverpool. One, older by twenty years than either of her companions, sat by the fire, which blazed cheerfully enough, on this wet, chilly, April evening. Her face was peculiarly calm and cheerful, albeit a tinge of sadness, like the abiding shadows of a mighty bye-gone grief, lingered on the quiet, tranquil features, and dimmed the light of the dark, serious eyes, which might otherwise have sparkled with somewhat of the fire and buoyancy of youth, for the lady was still in the summer-time of her days, and at an age when many have hardly forgotten the brilliant visions of their girlhood, nor scarcely yet gained the sad experience that "all is not gold that glitters." Her dress was simple, but not studiously so, and equally removed from inconsistent display, and from that affectation which, repudiating ornament, grace, and colour, is sometimes as much the mere badge of a party, as the feathers and *tulle* of the votaries of Terpsichore are the distinctive mark of the gay daughters of a thoughtless world. Her costume was that of a Christian gentlewoman, neat, pretty, and befitting her age and position.

Her companions in that spacious and splendid room were two young girls, of the respective ages of eighteen and sixteen. The elder was a beautiful, stately creature, with a brow that might worthily have worn a diadem; the younger, fair, fragile, and slender, looked mournfully like those tender blossoms which are doomed to fade before the time of their perfect expansion. Katharine and Ellen Seaton were the motherless daughters of a Liverpool merchant, who stood very high in the mercantile world. Long years of unremitting diligence, of successful speculation, and of unwearying toil, together with a reputation for the most spotless integrity and honour, had made Mr. Seaton a very rich man. His words and his transactions were quoted on 'Change; his tall and grim warehouses lined the busy quays; his ships rode proudly on the broad waves of the restless Mersey; and his name was as a talisman in many a city and island, far away over the deep blue sea. People said Mr. Seaton himself did not know how much he was worth, and his daughters were universally quoted as extremely wealthy heiresses.

"How I do hate a wet Sunday evening," said

Katharine, wearily. "Ellen! do leave off playing that dismal Gregorian chant. Mentoria! how *can* you sit there reading hymns out of a little dingy book, with a bad type?"

"Mentoria," it must be remarked, was a pet name bestowed by the Misses Seaton on their friend and governess, Mrs. Williams.

Mentoria made no answer, but she looked up and smiled pleasantly, and then resumed her reading. Ellen rose from the piano-forte, and sat down by the window, gazing out abstractedly on the wet deserted square, and on the dripping, wind-tossed shrubs in the centre thereof.

"The bell sounds dismally through the rain, and the wind pines and moans as though it were heart-broken," she remarked, as she leaned back wearily in her chair. "I feel very low-spirited to-night. I think I shall go to bed as soon as it grows dark."

Again here was silence, broken only by the crackling of the fire, and the chirping of Ellen's canary, and the single bell of St. Catherine's church, tolling its final strokes.

"What are you dreaming about, Mentoria?" asked Katharine at last. "*You* do not seem at all moped, while Ellen and I are dying of ennui."

"I was thinking of a question which was asked me many years ago," replied Mrs. Williams. "It was not on an evening like this, but in the calm, soft radiance of a sabbath in June, when the skies were cloudless, and the week-day hum of the great city was hushed, and things were very different with me from what they now are. I had never known sorrow then; life looked to me beautiful as a fairy tale; and I remember how strangely those words sounded in my ears —words really trivial in themselves, but never forgotten by me, and recalled this evening by the hymn I have just been reading."

"And what were the words? tell us the strange question," cried both the sisters simultaneously.

"'Please, ma'am, can you tell me the way to Mount Zion?'"

"Dear Mentoria, were you in Syria?"

"No, Katharine, I was in London; and as I said, the question in itself was a very simple one, though at the time I was puzzled, and stood staring stupidly enough at my interrogators, who were two rosy country girls, about as old as you and Ellen."

"Well, what *could* they mean?" demanded Ellen.

"Only this, Nellie; they wished to be directed to a certain chapel, which went by the name of Mount Zion. You know, dissenters never dedicate their places of worship to departed saints, as does the established church, so they distinguish their chapels, sometimes by the street in which they are situated, and sometimes by a name of Scripture signification, as 'Mount Zion,' 'the Tabernacle,' and 'Ebenezer.'"

"There is no harm, is there," asked Ellen, "in dedicating our churches to the memory of holy men who have died and gone to heaven?"

"None whatever; it is one of those minor points of difference between churchmen and nonconformists, which bigotry alone can convert into a stumbling-block; though I do think we had best confine ourselves to New Testament saints, and abjure such apocryphal personages as St. George, St. Anne, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. Still, in any point of view, the way to Mount Zion is a question of infinitely more importance than the dedication of buildings, or the settling of disputes about robes and liturgies."

The young people seemed completely bewildered; Ellen looked her perplexity; but Katharine said: "I do not see your meaning, Mentoria: the way to the real Mount Zion is not, I imagine, a question of *vital* importance; besides it is so far away, and not more than one person in a thousand ever dreams of visiting it; then, we are in no uncertainty about the road; we all know that Mount Zion is a part of Jerusalem, and Jerusalem is in Palestine; and I dare say in this year of locomotion there are hand-books for the Holy Land, as well as guide books for the Rhine or the German Spas."

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great king," said Mrs. Williams, in a low voice, as though she were speaking to herself rather than to her auditors; "but I was not thinking of the sacred hill of Zion, where the temple of Solomon shone forth in its pristine glory; it was not her bulwarks and her palaces that filled my mind. I thought only of the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, where are gathered, not only the Hebrew worshippers of old time, but the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; God, the judge of all, the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant; and it was the first verse of a favourite hymn which recalled to my remembrance that summer sabbath evening so long ago, when the question lightly asked, and still more lightly answered, awakened thoughts in my heart which, by the grace of God, were never banished till his blessed Spirit had taught me the road to Mount Zion and led my wandering feet into their homeward path; for you know, my dears, that Mount Zion of which I am now speaking is the Christian's final home and his everlasting abode."

"No, I do not know, Mentoria," replied Katharine, trying to speak carelessly. "Ellen

and I are both too fond of this world to think much about the next, and we are so young yet, and life has so many pleasures that we are longing to enjoy."

"But, Katharine, 'passing away' is written on all this world contains. Ellen's favourite song is no mere poetic fancy—it is a stern and undisputed reality:—

'It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day,
It is traced in sunset dyes,
Passing away

'It is written on the heart!
Alas, that there decay,
Should claim for love a part,
Passing away!'

'*Sic transit gloria mundi*' might be inscribed on all things here below, from the palace of the Cæsars to the miserable hovel of the mendicant. 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God abideth for ever.'"

"Mentoria, I cannot bear to hear you talk in this dismal strain; besides, it is unlike you—you who are always calm and happy—you who look as if nothing could make you utterly wretched! Would you have us become anchorites?

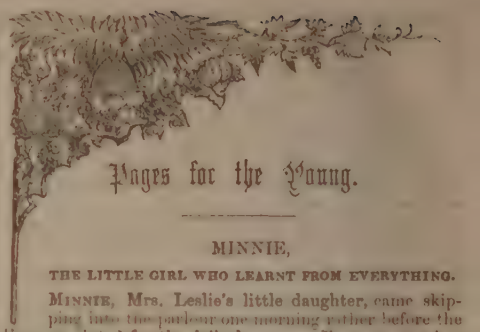
'Who ere flung a rose away,
Because that rose must fade?'

Must we cast away our wealth, because riches make to themselves wings and fly away? Must we cease to love each other, because death, the spoiler, is come into the world?"

"No, love, but if this world be our *all*, if our affections are centred entirely on earth, the result must be disappointment, anguish, and despair. The true Christian never really loses anything; if his silver and his gold fail him, he has a treasure laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt; if the home of his fathers pass from him, still he possesses the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; if pain and sickness overtake him, he thinks of Mount Zion and its innumerable company of angels, where there is no more pain nor sickness; if those who are dearer to him than his own life go down into the grave, he has still the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and the dead in Christ will meet again in joy everlasting. The Christian can sing through his tears:—

'We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone:
He will make His people one,
When they meet around His throne
In the New Jerusalem.'"

Katharine's dark eyes were full of tears; Ellen had covered her face with her hands—those little transparent hands that looked as if disease had already smitten that slight girlish form.



Pages for the Young.

MINNIE,

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LEARNT FROM EVERYTHING.

MINNIE, Mrs. Leslie's little daughter, came skipping into the parlour one morning rather before the time appointed for the daily lessons. She ran up to her mamma, who was sitting at work, and having kissed her, said, "Oh, mamma, I have come down sooner this morning, because I want to ask you something. May I talk to you a little before I begin my lessons?"

"What have you got to talk about that is so very interesting that you cannot wait till after lessons?" asked Mrs. Leslie, smiling.

"Why, you know, mamma—" began Minnie.

"No, my dear," said mamma, "I do not know till you tell me."

"Ah! but you are laughing at me. Well, you know old Mrs. Bell came to tea with nurse last night. You said she might ask her. And, do you know, she said, while she sat at tea with us, 'It does me so much good to see all the *little dears*,' (she always calls us *little dears*,) 'they behave so pretty, and are so good.' For, mamma, though nurse often finds fault with us, Mrs. Bell always admires our behaviour."

"And is *that* all you have to tell me? there is nothing very wonderful in that."

"Oh no," said Minnie; "I shall soon come to it, if you will let me go on. She said: 'Nurse, I always learn so much from seeing these children. I shall think about them when I am sitting alone at home, and feel quite the better for it.' I laughed when she said so, and I said, 'Oh, Mrs. Bell, how can you learn anything from us? you are such a very, very old lady, and we are only very, very silly little children!' Then she smiled and said: 'Ah! Miss Minnie, I can learn something from everything I see, and so may you if you will try.' And then nurse and she went on talking what I did not understand. I told nurse, when Mrs. Bell was gone, I was sure that what she said was not true, and she told me I had better ask you. Now, mamma, is it true? Can I learn from everything?"

"Well, dear, I think Mrs. Bell was right. I am sure, if we were to try, we might gain some useful lesson from everything we see. But I can hardly expect a little girl like you to understand or enter into the meaning of such a thought."

"I want to understand it very much indeed," said Minnie. "I want to learn a great deal, and be a very wise woman when I grow up. Don't you think, dear mamma, you could make it plain to me? Why, if I could learn from everything, I might be always learning, because, you know, I am always seeing something, except indeed when I am asleep."

"I will try, dear," said mamma; "but, first, you had better do your lessons. Afterwards I am going a long walk; you shall go with me, and we will talk the matter over on the way."

"Do talk about it first, mamma," said the child. "I shall be thinking of it all the while I am reading, and I cannot do anything well if I am thinking of something else. You know you said so yourself yesterday."

"No, my dear, the lessons must come first."

Still Minnie hesitated, and pleaded for her own way; whereupon her mamma, looking towards the window, called to her to come and see what was passing.

"There is only a man and his dog," said Minnie.

"Look a little longer, and see what they are doing," said mamma.

Just then the man threw a stick he had in his hand to some distance, and ordered the dog to fetch it; the docile animal instantly obeyed. This was repeated several times. At last the man walked out of sight, followed by his faithful dog.

"There is nothing wonderful in that," said Minnie, as she and her mother turned from the window. "Our Tray will do so a hundred times, when Richard sets him to do it."

"I did not tell you to look at that dog because it was doing anything wonderful," said mamma, "but because it was an opportunity of *learning* something. Can you tell me what lesson *you* might learn from what you have just seen?"

"Why, mamma!" said Minnie, with surprise; "how could I learn from a dog? I cannot carry a stick in my mouth." And she burst out laughing at the very thought.

"True, my dear; and if you could, it would be a very disagreeable accomplishment. But there was something the dog did which you can do. Try and find it out."

Minnie was not at all fond of taking trouble, and after thinking a minute or two, declared she could never guess it.

"Do tell me what you mean, mamma; it is so tiresome to try to guess it."

"The dog *obeyed*, and *obeyed instantly*," said Mrs. Leslie. "That was the lesson you might have learnt from him."

Minnie coloured up to her ears, then she said, "Well, I will learn it, mamma." And she ran and got her books, and went to her lessons immediately.

She applied very diligently, and did them all very nicely, so that her mother was able to praise her. When they were finished, she ran up into the nursery, calling out as she went up-stairs, "Oh, nurse, I have been learning from a dog!"

Nurse, who had forgotten the conversation of the preceding evening, wondered what she meant; and while she was dressing her to walk with her mamma, enquired. Minnie, who was excessively eager and animated, began to tell her the events of the morning; but as her dressing was completed before the story was ended, she left off in the midst, and flew down into the hall, where she found her mamma waiting for her.

"Now, mamma," said she, as they walked along, "I think I understand what you mean. Will you let me try to see whether I can find out what I may learn from everything we see as we walk along."

"That will be a good plan," said mamma.

"But will you help me, if I cannot find out myself?" said the child.

"Yes, most willingly, my dear."

Their way led them through the high-road, across fields, and down a charming lane. They also had to cross the river by a rustic bridge. Then they were to go into the village to call on some poor people, and also to go to the shop.

As they walked, Minnie chatted away. "There are some birds sitting on a tree; well I cannot learn anything from them. And these sheep, I cannot see what they can teach me, poor silly things! Oh, look how they are running! What can be the matter? Ah, I see; there is a dog worrying them. I am afraid I shall not see anything I can learn there. Oh, there is old master Sutton! Well, I am sure I cannot learn from him, he is so stupid and ignorant. Papa said one day he thought he was hardly as intelligent as an animal. I wish I had got a halfpenny to give him, poor fellow! Can you lend me one, mamma? I have got some in my bag at home. I will pay you tho very minute we get home."

The mother gave her a halfpenny, and she ran with great kindness to give it to the poor man, who was half an idiot, but very harmless. When she returned, Mrs. Leslie said, "So you cannot learn anything from poor master Sutton?"

"Why no, mamma," said Minnie, with very great astonishment; "he knows nothing; how could he teach me anything?"

"He teaches me a great deal, whenever I see him," said her mother; "try if you can find out what."

But Minnie was quite puzzled, and she reminded her mamma of her promise to help her.

"Well, my child," said Mrs. Leslie, "he teaches me to be thankful to God, who has given me all my powers of mind, and to be humble when I think how imperfectly I have improved them. I might have been a poor half-idiot, like that poor man. Now *you* may learn the same lesson."

Minnie looked very serious. "Dear mamma, I never thought of that. I never thought how good God was to me, in making me able to know better than poor Sutton. I will try and remember what you have said every time I see him. I wish to be thankful, and to love God."

"I hope you will, my dear. He has been very good to you."

By this time they had come to a fallow field, which a man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen.

"How stupid," said Minnie, "these poor oxen look. Horses are much prettier than bullocks. Can I learn anything from them?"

"I want you to find out for yourself," said her mother.

"They look very dull and melancholy," said Minnie. "You do not wish me to learn to be melancholy. But they are also very industrious. Ah! that is the thing: I can learn from them to be industrious. That will be a very good lesson. And I have thought of another thing; they are very patient. I may learn to be patient. You know that is a very good thing. You sometimes say I want patience very much."

"You do indeed," said mamma, laughing.

"I wonder what will come next?" said the lively child. "Oh, there is the baker's cart; I cannot gain anything from that. There is the squire's carriage. What pretty horses! And there is old farmer Blake, with the grey pony. All these are of no use to me."

As they were now in the high-road, they were rather annoyed by the dust, of which Minnie complained.

"This is a good time to put in practice the lesson you learnt just now from the poor bullocks," said mamma.

Minnie being in a very happy temper, laughed and said it would be, and complained no more of the dust.

When they came to the entrance of the village, they met a poor boy walking on crutches, he having lost one leg. As soon as Minnie saw him, she said to her mamma, "Look at poor James Hill; is it not a shocking thing that he was obliged to have his leg cut off? Oh, I could never, never have borne it."

"Do you know how it happened, that he was obliged to lose it?" said mamma.

"Oh yes, nurse told me all about it. He would ride after the hounds, though his papa had expressly forbidden him; and the pony fell, and hurt him so much, that the doctors were obliged to cut off his leg, or he would have died. How sorry he must be now that he did not mind what his papa said. I must not learn from him, because it was so wicked. Oh yes, I see what you are thinking, mamma," said she, as she looked up in her mother's face; "I can learn from him too. I can learn what a dangerous thing it is to be disobedient."

"You can, my love; and I pray God that the lesson may sink deep into your heart."

They had now come to the cottage they were to call at; and on going in, Minnie felt very much disgusted at

its disorderly and dirty appearance. Her mother did not make her visit long, and they were both glad to get out of the wretched place. As they walked to the next house they were going to, Minnie said: "How very poor these people must be whom you have just been to see. Why did you not give them some money, mamma?"

"What makes you think them so very poor, my dear?"

"Why, it was such a very dirty place, and the woman and children were all in rags," said Minnie.

"They are not so poor as many very clean and tidy people. The man earns good wages; and I did not give them money, because they would only waste it. I carried the tart for the poor sick child, because its appetite is bad, and it longs for such things. It would be *no* charity else."

On coming out of the next cottage, Minnie expressed her delight at its clean, neat appearance, and said how beautiful old Mrs. Carter looked in her white cap and apron, which looked as if they had just been put on. "I cannot think she is so poor as the others, mamma."

"But she is a great deal poorer, I can assure you, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie. "What makes her look so comfortable is her neatness and industry."

"Well," said Minnie, "I will learn from her to be very neat and careful of my things. I cannot learn anything from those other dirty people."

"Yes, you can, my child," said her mother. "You may see in them the evil consequences of untidy, wasteful habits, and so be incited to avoid them. You sometimes grumble when nurse insists upon your putting your things away carefully, as I have desired you should alway do; or when I reprove you for spoiling your clothes. When you are tempted to be vexed again at these things, think of Atkins' cottage, and be afraid of becoming like them."

When they had finished all they had to do in the village, they turned homewards. As they walked along the lane, Minnie saw on the ground two or three very choice flowers, which seemed to have been dropped from a bouquet. She picked them up, and walked beside her mother, admiring them. At last she said: "These are very pretty, but they are of no *use* to me. I cannot learn anything from them."

"Many lessons might be learned from them," said her mother; "but perhaps they would be beyond my little girl's comprehension."

"I cannot think of any," said Minnie; "for flowers do nothing but look pretty. And I cannot make myself look pretty. You know aunt Carpenter said one day, I was not pretty at all."

"You cannot alter your *features*, my dear, I know," said her mamma; "but there is a way in which you may even make yourself look pretty."

"Is there?" said the child, wonderingly. "What can it be? do tell me."

"When a little girl," said Mrs. Leslie, "has a cheerful, kind expression on her face, it little matters what her features are. Goodness is the most beautiful thing in the world; and a countenance which strongly expresses goodness must always be pleasing. Now you can be *good*. You can try and check all angry and unkind tempers, and cultivate carefully a dutiful, affectionate, cheerful state of mind. If you do this, and persevere in it, your face will wear the impression of your inward feelings, and will become sweet and calm. Do you at all understand me?"

"A little, mamma. You know Jessie Lambert always looks cross and disagreeable; and nurse says it is no wonder, for she is always fretting and quarrelling."

"Well, then, do you try and imitate the flowers. Be good and kind, and you will look so; and that will be far better than having even the long curls you so much admire in Mary Jones."

"I should like to be good, always good," said Minnie, "but I can't. It is so hard, so very hard, never to do anything naughty. And you know, mamma," she added, after some moments' silence, "the Bible says there is nobody *quite* good."

"True, dear; but the Bible tells us how we may become good. It tells us that our kind Saviour will give us his Holy Spirit to help us to be good."

"But may little children like me ask him for it?"

"Yes, my dear; Jesus loves little children. You know when he lived upon earth, he took them in his arms and blessed them, and was displeased because his disciples wished to keep them from coming to him. He is as kind and merciful now as he was then."

"Will you help me to pray to him for the Holy Spirit?" said Minnie; "I don't know what to say."

"Willingly, dearest child," said her mother; "we will begin this very day."

They walked the rest of the way in silence, for Minnie's little heart was full of thought. A chord had been struck to which all her feelings responded. The remark of the good old lady had given birth, by the blessing of God, to resolutions and desires which bore precious fruit.

When they reached home, Minnie told her papa the history of her walk, and the various lessons she had learnt by the way. He was a pious and wise man, and he deepened the impression made in his little daughter's heart, by a few serious, earnest counsels.

Minnie's flowers were put in water, and placed where she could look often at them, that she might remember to *look pretty* like them. To draw lessons for her own instruction became her favourite employ when she was walking or riding out, or at any time that her thoughts were free. I need not say, that her simple but heartfelt and earnest prayers for the help of the Spirit, to make her a good child, were heard. Such prayers must be heard; for we have our Lord's own assurance that they always are. Minnie found it true. The whole temper and character became in the course of time altered: from a hasty, irritable, careless child, she became patient, gentle, and extremely careful even in the smallest matters, and truly conscientious in the least things. She was in her early youth a true disciple of the Saviour; and her countenance, on which every amiable quality was, as it were, engraven, was so pleasing that she was often thought *beautiful*, though quite plain in features. She grew up an excellent woman, the comfort and joy of her parents, and highly useful in her own sphere. She would often remark, when grown up: "Good old Mrs. Bell was indeed right; I *have* been able to learn from everything. Oh, how much pleasure and profit do I owe to her simple words."

"A word spoken in season, how good it is."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

50. See 2 Chron. xxxvi. 20, 21. "Them that had escaped from the sword carried he away to Babylon; where they were servants to him and to his sons until the reign of the kingdom of Persia: to fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years."

51. Matthew i. 5. Rachab and Ruth.

52. See Nehemiah ii. 1—8; where we find Artaxerxes, a heathen king, inclined by God, in answer to Nehemiah's prayer, to allow his servant to repair the desolations of Jerusalem. The pious servant says: "And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE MISSES SEATON AND THEIR GOVERNESS, IN THEIR PROSPERITY

THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

CHAPTER II.

THE twilight had fallen on the wet deserted streets; the luxurious drawing-room of the wealthy merchant lay in shadowy gloom;

> "Shadows from the fitful fire-light
> Danced upon the parlour wall;"

and still the little party gathered round the hearth retained their position. At length Katharine spoke.

"Mentoria, when you speak of these things, I also long to be a Christian; I think it would be better to give up everything, and become religious."

"Religion requires you to give up nothing but what a Christian cannot enjoy. The way to Mount Zion is not a dull, dusty, uninteresting road. You need not become an ascetic, in order to become a Christian."

"What then must I become?" asked Katharine, passionately. "I too must set out for Mount Zion; tell me the way."

"'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' are the words of our Saviour, Katharine, and there is no other way. A thousand by-paths branch off from the King's high-road; but they all lead

to Destruction, not to Mount Zion. Once believe in the Lord Jesus, and you are safe and happy, betide what may."

"Ah! but it seems so hard to believe. Of course I believe that Christ is God, and that he alone can secure my salvation; but the devils believe thus far; such belief cannot, I am certain, avail anything. I cannot *feel* as if he would save me."

"Have you ever asked him, Katharine?"

"Certainly, very often: I frequently pray that I may be taken to heaven when I die."

"Do you ask also to be made an heir of the kingdom now? Do you wish at once to be a subject in the kingdom of grace, as well as hereafter a citizen in the kingdom of glory? Can you say—

'I ask to serve Thee here below,
Then reign with Thee above!'

Do you ever beseech God, for his dear Son's sake, to change your heart, and give you new desires, new affections, new hopes; in short to regenerate your whole nature by his Holy Spirit?"

"No, Mentoria, never;" and Katharine sighed heavily. "I believe the truth is, that I wish to enjoy the privileges of a Christian, without sharing the Christian's struggle. I would win the crown; but I have no inclination to bear the cross. Those glorified spirits of whom the Bible tells us, with their spotless robes and victorious palms, and their ceaseless hallelujahs, often seem to beckon me upwards; but when I think of the path they trod—when I read that 'they came forth out of great tribulation'—I shrink back: do you understand me, Mentoria?"

"Quite, Kathy dear, for once I felt just the same. I too longed to share the Christian's triumph, but I shrank from engaging in the Christian's warfare. When on that long past sabbath evening I was asked the way to Mount Zion, I knew nothing of the heavenly road; my heart was a stranger to the peace which passeth all understanding; my soul clave unto the dust; it was of the earth, earthy. But those words rang in my ears day and night: 'The way to Mount Zion!' I saw the road ere long; I watched many who walked therein; I read how 'the ransomed of the Lord should return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' that they should obtain 'joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing should flee away.' And how was I, with my whole heart, clinging passionately to things of this world, to follow their footsteps? Day after day I deferred the commencement of that journey; sometimes the very desire itself seemed to die away; sometimes I felt almost content to give up to a more convenient season the momentous question of eternal life; but God loved me too well to leave me to the deceitful promptings of my own heart. He darkened my earthly sunshine: he took away that which I loved best: and then, when the darkness was deepest, a new light arose in my desolate heart. By the grave of my lost idols, the old rebellious feelings passed away; pride and self-will were made captive. One who loved me before I loved him spoke to my widowed, lonely heart; and in that hour of keenest anguish, that voice which has now cheered my pilgrimage for many long years first penetrated the icy strata that had so long encrusted my spirit, and I found that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' I learned to say, 'Thy will be done;' and, Kathy dear, Nellie dear, till that lesson is learned, there is no true rest, no enduring peace."

"Mentoria," said Katharine, with a gravity strangely contrasted with her previously assumed carelessness, "you have told me often how dearly you loved your noble-minded husband and your sweet little child. Is it possible that in mourning over the graves of those beloved ones, you *could* say from your very heart, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

"Thank God, Kathy, I could and did say so, but not by my own might and strength. When the tones that were sweetest music to my soul were silenced for ever on earth, I heard a voice saying, 'Come up hither;' 'Set your affections upon things above;' 'Lo, *I* am with you always;' and so

'In grieving for the worst,
I learned what is the best.'

I saw that God had not smitten my flowers, but transplanted them into a purer and happier air; that every seeming judgment was but a mercy in disguise; that all things work together for good to them who love God."

"Did you not wish to die and be re-united at once to those you have lost?"

"Yes, at first I earnestly hoped death was very near; it seemed too hard a thing to live on alone and bereaved in a cold, unsympathizing world; and often, Ellen, I repeated those lines you found the other day in my desk:—

'To die for what we love, oh, there is strength,
And faith, and joy in the true heart for this;
It is to live without the vanished light
That strength is needed.'

And strength was given: notwithstanding my long sickness, health slowly returned, and I saw that it was God's will that I should yet return to my place in society. I doubted not that he had work for me to do, and that in his own time and in his own way, he would set me the appointed task, and show me how best to perform it. I think, indeed I am certain, my work was found when your aunt married, and your father requested me to leave my secluded

Welsh home, and take charge of his motherless girls."

"And a most happy finding for us, Mentoria. Well, the evening has slipped away wonderfully, and I believe it has ceased raining. Yes, the sky is quite clear, and there is one lovely star shining like a glorious jewel in the deep cloudless azure. Before we ring for lights, say that beautiful hymn that you read to us one day when we were in Scotland, about light at evening time. I do not quite see the force of it, but I like it."

"At evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark has been my way;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, buds, and blossoms cheered my way.
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there shall be light,
For God hath spoken; *it must be*—
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see:
'Tis evening time, and there IS light.'"

Very soon these young girls could say, "Yet rose the morn divinely bright." Brightness was soon with them to be spoken of in the past tense.

CHAPTER III.

Again it was Sunday evening. It was two months later in the year, and the same little party was assembled in the same room, and yet it was not the same; all things were changed. Katharine and Ellen were orphans. After years of unbroken success, reverses, heavy and frequent, came upon the firm of which Mr. Seaton was the principal partner. Partly owing to political influences, partly to an unfortunate speculation, and still more to the dishonesty of a junior partner, ruin in direful array threatened the proud and wealthy merchant, who had reigned as a king in the busy commercial world. He saw the evil afar off; he watched the rising of the storm; but he was silent, and made no lamentation; he only strove with all the energy of his strong firm mind to grapple with the impending foe, and, if possible, avert the overshadowing calamity. It was in vain; loss upon loss defeated every plan, and then the dishonour which was attached to one with whom his name was coupled in the mercantile world, fell overwhelmingly on his hitherto indomitable spirit, and crushed his already tortured mind.

It was the old tale; it happened to him as it has to many others: the ruined man recklessly exposed himself to tempestuous weather, refused to nurse a violent inflammatory cold, and fought off the languor and weariness of incipient fever, till disease had gained ground and baffled every effort of the physicians. A few days of torturing anxiety, of mournful watching, and hoping against hope, and the scene closed. Mr. Seaton was dead, his affairs were in irretrievable confusion; it could not be known, for a length of time, whether anything remained for his orphan daughters, and friends who had gathered round those grief-stricken girls in brighter hours were no longer to be seen.

When the first shock was over, Katharine, stronger in heart and braver in mind, began to review their actual position. She set herself steadily to contemplate existing circumstances; and she resolved to become forthwith dependent on her own exertions for her maintenance, and, if possible, for that of her sister, for Ellen was altogether crushed and helpless. Day after day she lay on the sofa, seldom speaking, seldom moving, and frequently it would seem without any definite subject of thought. It was very clear that Ellen, in her present state, must be cared for by others. The very couch on which she lay, the very objects on which her listless gaze dreamily rested, were hers no longer. Everything was to be sold; but she, poor child, did not know it; if they had told her, she would scarcely have comprehended the extent of her misfortune. And Katharine moved about the stately rooms as if she were in a painful dream, and with colourless cheeks and compressed lips handled tenderly the various articles of furniture, and the many costly trifles that ornamented the apartments, as though she were caressing things capable of returning her tenderness.

Some of the creditors had generously spoken of a reservation; but Katharine at once decidedly refused it.

"My father's name," she said, "shall never be spoken with reproach; the widow and the orphans shall never blame the dead while I, his daughter, possess one superfluity."

And so she surrendered even her ornaments, and her mother's jewels, and most of her private library; even her harp, which she was entreated to retain, was unhesitatingly devoted to the liquidation of her father's debts.

Sorrow had given her new strength; the petted child, the capricious, indolent girl, had become the deep-hearted, resolute woman; the old life was gone; henceforth she must be alone and self-reliant in the wide battle-field of the world, and combat, single-handed, with all the foes that beset youth and beauty, impoverished and unprotected.

Ellen was to find her home with Mrs. Williams,

who had a small but regular income, which had accumulated during her residence under Mr. Seaton's roof, and also a cottage in Wales, a few miles from the foot of Snowdon. Katharine was to accompany them, and take a few weeks' repose before entering upon the arduous duties which awaited her in her future position as resident governess. She determined immediately to seek an eligible situation, and commence, as soon as her strength and spirits were a little recruited, the life of toil which would probably be hers for the remainder of her days. In vain Mrs. Williams urged, almost implored, her to relinquish this plan, and reside entirely with Ellen and herself at Capel Coed; in vain she represented that her income, if carefully managed, would suffice for all three in that secluded spot, where appearances were little regarded, and where provisions were cheap. Katharine held firmly to her decision; but she shed more tears than she had done since her father's death, and promised that the cottage should be always her home, and that she would not leave her sister and friend till quite late in the autumn. She was young, she said, and healthy; much care and money had been expended on her education; all her acquaintances had applauded her playing and singing, and declared her drawings to be thoroughly artistical; and as to her French, she knew that was undeniable. Alas, poor child! she had but just opened her bitter page of experience; she had as yet perused but a line or two; she did not know that the flattering plaudits so liberally bestowed on the fashionable heiress would never greet the ears of the penniless girl, seeking her first governess situation.

PASTOR DUMPELMANN AND PASTOR STRAUSS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ABOVE the house door of the old parsonage at Deilinghofen—once, we believe, the site of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastical edifice—is the inscription:—

"The nunnery that once stood here
Is gone and numbered with the past;
However snug one settles here,
Death comes and leads him forth at last."

On the hearthstone were other inscriptions surrounding the somewhat rude carving of our Lord's baptism, one of which was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Before the hearthstone, and the warm homely fire which burned thereon, sat once, in the middle of the last century, two clergymen engaged in friendly converse. The one was old pastor Dumpelmann, the other the then young pastor Strauss. The time was near Christmas, and these two brothers united in the Lord, spake of the old year and the new year, of what they had preached during the former, of the deaths of believers which had occurred in it, of the progress of their communicants, and of many a dear departed one whom they would gladly have retained in the church below, and whose grave was nothing but a door which, though dark-looking, led to a glorious marriage chamber.

"You can't think," said the elder, "how I feel when I take leave of a dying Christian brother, and give him the hand for the last time. I can then only leave the chamber backwards, to keep him in sight as long as possible, and sometimes my pipe (for in Germany, at the time of my story, by a custom not to be admired, both pastors and people used to smoke) goes out directly outside, and I am glad then to turn back again. Indeed, I really thought my heart would break when I left old Meier, to whom I owe that I myself have found the Lord. He was a true disciple of Jesus, so ardent and so meek, so strong and yet so humble; and when I looked at him, I always thought of the Lord, when, as Mark says, 'he entered into a house, and would have no man know it.' So it was with old Meier; he always seemed to me like a king who wore beggar's clothes, or travelled incognito, or like a general who put on a smock frock over his regimentals; but the royalty and dignity would shine through."

Here the old pastor paused, and Strauss replied in the childlike and imaginative way peculiar to him, even in his most advanced age.

"When I see dying Christians, they always seem to me, with their dim closing eyes, like people who have gazed a long time at the sun, till, completely dazzled with its brilliance, their eyelids close. Oh! it must be delightful out of the night of this earth and the dark death-chamber, to be received into the light of eternal life, and to complete and realize the text, 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' I have been thinking this Christmas time, that when I get hence I will seek out one of the shepherds of Bethany, and get him to relate to me how they felt when they saw the glory of the Lord hovering over them. Lately, as I was preaching about the deluge and describing its terrors, I resolved to get Noah to relate me the whole story. Indeed, I will begin at the beginning with Adam, and have the whole Bible history related to me gradually, and I am only afraid that eternity will be too short, especially when we come to the passion, for then I shall get it related separately by every one who was present; and if Paul could say even on earth, 'I determined not to know anything amongst you

but Jesus Christ and him crucified;' or, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world;' or when he tuned his song of triumph already upon earth, 'Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus'—what must it be to hear him in heaven glory in the Lord alone!"

Warmed with this discourse, the two friends began to sing a part of a German hymn, the words of which were as follows:—

"Accept on earth this lowly praise,
My God, in whom I would rejoice;
In heaven I'll sing thee nobler lays
When I receive an angel's voice;
There in the great choir will I sing
Loud hallelujahs to my king."

The sun had set long ago; but the hearth-fire, with its bright flames, illuminated the inscription, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and Dumpelmann said: "I have often thought that as these words stand in the glowing stones, so should the word of God be engraven deep in our hearts, as with letters of stone; and these letters must also be written in flame, and the heart where they are written must glow with living fire."

In such converse, after the evening meal, the two pastors long sat before the hearth, and as it became later and later, sleep, that visitor with noiseless steps, stole upon them, wearied with the previous labours of the day. As nobody put on wood, the fire also slept, and was soon entirely out, even to the little sparks in the ashes. When the house-cock crowed, sleep went away also, but the younger and more lively Strauss could not come to himself on first waking and cried out, "Brother, where are we?" And when Dumpelmann had struck a light and spoke to him, he wondered not a little at the old man's tears, for the latter had sweetly dreamed on of the subject of their talk, and answered, "Ah, when we first reach heaven, we shall ask each other—'Brother, where are we?' for we shall be like dreamers; then shall our mouth be filled with laughter, and our tongue with praise."

Both then retired to their chambers to complete their rest, and when the day broke, they parted, for a long time. For after three or four days came an old man from Deilinghofen to pastor Strauss, and begged him to preach a funeral sermon there. He looked very sorrowful and depressed, and upon the question if any relation of his were dead, he answered that his father was gone. Strauss was astonished at this, for the man was himself very aged; but yet it was in a sense true that it was his father who was dead. For a messenger had come to pastor Dumpelmann, *one* whom nobody had seen or heard, viz., *death*; and I have often heard people talk of the funeral sermon Strauss preached for him, and this was the text—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Both are now together again; the last parting lasted fifty-two years; but that is not long compared with eternity.

In Deilinghofen and the neighbourhood are still many trees standing, which the old pastor Dumpelmann planted, and his memory is still fresh amongst them, though many who came and went after him are forgotten. I wonder what sort of trees the writer means.

ESTHER.

Occasions sometimes arise to the Christian, when a difficult duty, involving, it may be, peril to his dearest temporal interests, comes across his path. Fain would he confer with some earthly adviser, but in the providence of God he is removed, perhaps, far from all those human props upon which he might otherwise have leant for succour and counsel. What shall he do in such painful circumstances? The answer is plain, let him seek direction from his Heavenly Father, and strength to go forward. He will find the lions which threaten him to be chained, as those were which menaced Christian in his pilgrimage. The story of Esther, and more particularly that portion of it which is represented in our engraving, illustrate this truth. She is there exhibited as going, with her life in her hand, into the king's presence, and triumphing in the path of duty.

The following observations on her character are from the pen of an elegant female writer.*

Esther's patriotism prevails over her fears. Not in blind rashness, or culpable ignorance of danger, or stoical indifference, or proud reliance on her personal charms, will she undertake the difficult mission. No; she will seek for higher aid than any human arm can give. She will go in the strength of him "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice." Not only will she seek this help by personal fasting and prayer; she believes that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and requires that Mordecai "gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: *and if I perish, I perish.*" Oh, noble abandonment of selfish fears! strong

* "The Women of Scripture," by Clara Lucas Balfour

resolution, founded on faith in the might of prayer!

It is remarkable that, so soon as Esther resolves on the course that she will pursue, her character assumes a new aspect. She makes her own conditions—lays down her own plan of action. It no longer becomes her to do "the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him." Her knowledge of the personal character of the king and the usages of the court require that she should be guided by her own judgment solely, as to the details of her plan. Not a mere messenger or passive instrument in the hands of Mordecai, but an enlightened patriot, a discreet tactician, is Esther.

The rigorous fast was over, and Esther, with a fair spiritual beauty shining in that face paled by severe abstinence, the light of high resolve beaming in her eyes, arrayed herself in fit attire, and entered the inner court of the king's house, and stood where Ahasuerus might behold her. Strong as was the determination couched in the words, "If I perish, I perish"—complete as was Esther's faith in the devotional services that had been rendered by and for her—her prudence was very memorable. She did not fall into the error of supposing that prayer was to supersede prudence—that divine interposition was to dispense with human discretion. Some are prudent in worldly wisdom, but neglect the efficacy of prayer; others are devout in prayer, but negligent of prudence. The combination of both is essential to well-arranged effort. It was quite in accordance with Esther's prudential proceedings that she "stood" timidly in the court before the king: no precipitancy marked her entrance; a deep humility characterised her manner, and pleaded for her with the despot. He beheld that shrinking form, doubly graceful in its half-retiring, half-entreating attitude — that downcast face, pale with mingled apprehension and heroic resolve —'twas a sight to call up every latent emotion of tenderness in the fierce heart of the king. She finds grace in his sight—he extends the golden sceptre to her. Esther draws near, her brow crimsoning with hope, and touches the symbol of her royal husband's favour. Ah! Esther found the difference between approaching this earthly king, and drawing near to the King of kings. How proud in his selfish seclusion was the human monarch—how accessible in his infinite condescension the divine Sovereign!

* * * * *

The request was complied with. The king and Haman attend the queen's banquet; and again the king inquires, "What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed." Some circumstance of manner or turn of conversation must have suggested to the discreet Esther the propriety of further postponing her plea, and at the same time the necessity of ingratiating herself still more with the king. The knowledge that the decrees of the Medes and Persians are irrevocable when once put forth is so formidable an obstacle to her plan, that all her skill will be necessary to introduce a request involving a decree already passed, and therefore she again contents herself with entreating the king and his powerful minister to come to a banquet on the following day; letting him, however, know that this request is not the only one she has to make, but that she will fully declare her petition on the morrow. This time it is evident she wished to stimulate the curiosity of the king, and thus make an impression on his mind. Amid the luxury of the eastern monarch's court, his spirit necessarily became sluggish and languid in the dead calm of uninterrupted power. Every desire was gratified—every want anticipated—every appetite satiated. That most wretched craving, the want of a want, made his life tideless, stagnant. There was wisdom in rousing this apathy by the stimulus of curiosity. Any unusual excitement she knew would be welcome to one so surfeited with enjoyment. It was quite probable that his deeds of cruelty and injustice were but the powerful reactions and morbid excitements of a nature too constantly lulled on the enervating lap of prosperity.

Haman left Esther's presence "joyful and with a glad heart;" but like the threatening shadow of his evil destiny was the erect form of Mordecai, as Haman passed out of the gate. His proud heart is bursting with rage at the sight; by a powerful effort he refrains from expressing his wrath. Arrived at his own house, he calls his kindred and wife, and recounts the honour he has received in being the guest of Esther, and after all his boasting enumerations concludes with the pitiful complaint, "Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." His household participated in his evil nature, and rendered counsel they well knew would be pleasing to his malignant spirit: "Let a gallows be made of fifty cubits high, and to-morrow speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon: then go thou in merrily with the king to the banquet. And the thing pleased Haman; and he caused the gallows to be made." Not content with the murderous decree already granted to him, which would at no distant time extirpate Mordecai and all his people, the savage heart of Haman longed for immediate and ignominious revenge. The most degrading death, with the fullest publicity of the disgraceful punishment, was selected. But Haman might

work—a retributive Providence was working likewise, even that very night, and bringing his plans to nought.

Ahasuerus could not sleep on that eventful night; probably thoughts of what could possibly be the petition of Esther disturbed his slumbers. He commanded the chronicles of the kingdom to be read to him; and the narrative of the treason of the two chamberlains, which had been discovered by Mordecai, was the subject of the night's reading. Then comes the inquiry, "What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" and the answer, "There is nothing done for him." Just at that moment the king wanted the advice of his minister as to the honour to be conferred on Mordecai, and the minister came to seek the king for an order to hang Mordecai. The thoughts of both rested on the same object; with what different intentions! The vanity of Haman's character prepared a snare for him. The king's question, as Haman entered the presence, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" was music to the ears of the self-absorbed minister. Himself and no other must be meant by the inquiry. Instantly he mentioned accumulating ostentatious honours and obsequious courtesies, which delighted his own mean nature, as the rewards becoming royalty to offer to the man it delighted to honour. What a thrill of disappointment and agonizing mortification must have darted through Haman when he heard the command, "Make haste and do as thou hast said to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate!" He, the bitter enemy of the contumacious Mordecai—he who had built a gallows that very night for the despised Jew—he who came to solicit for his death-warrant—had he been beguiled by his own vanity into planning a public triumph for his purposed victim, and must he assist at this triumph! Oh, agony of conflicting passions! surely none are such self-tormentors as the wicked!

The command is imperative, and the morning sun that Haman had hoped would have shone upon the lifeless form of Mordecai, a spectacle of horror and contempt, gilds his triumph, as, arrayed in kingly apparel, Haman leads him through the streets of the city, and proclaims, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour."

The hateful pageant that he himself had devised was no sooner over than Haman hasted to his own house, overwhelmed with his well-merited mortification. His wife and kindred, with a truer wisdom than marked their former advice, give him the caution, "If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him." The wonders wrought in favour of that peculiar people are not unknown to the Persians, and a dim awe of the providence that guarded them is felt. Haman has scarcely time to collect his distracted thoughts when the chamberlains come to take him to the queen's banquet.

Ahasuerus, at this memorable banquet, for the third time asks Esther, "What is thy petition?" Not often had he to repeat his questions. The gracefulness of feminine ingenuity had parried his question on former occasions, to enhance the interest in her answer. Now reply can no longer be delayed, and the young Hebrew queen ventures her statement. There is a tender eloquence appealing to his gentler feelings, in the words with which she commences: "If I have found favour in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage." It will be observed that, though at first she appeals to personal feelings entertained by the king for her, she goes on to speak of the cruelty of the decree in forcible language. Nothing less than a cruel death in prospect would have emboldened her to utter the remonstrance. There is a mournful significance in her declaration that if sold to bondage, the would have held her peace. Alas! her people are captives in a strange land—is not that bondage? They are used to bonds and exile, and their condition would be little altered by an exchange of masters. Jerusalem was afar, the harp of Judah was hanging on the willows, the observances of their worship were sorely interrupted, their altars were in ruins: yes, bonds and captivity were familiar, their freedom and glory had departed. "Nevertheless," the blood-money of the cruel Haman could not in any way "countervail (recompense) the king's damage." Could it pay for human life? could it cover the iniquity of the deed? could it supply the place of quiet, industrious sojourners in the land? Humanity, kingly dignity, national policy, all answered, No!

Ahasuerus is roused by the affecting earnestness of the youthful pleader. She has unfolded a strange matter to him. Her life! his beautiful bride menaced with death! Could not his power shield her, his splendid home ensure her protection? "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" "In heart," even supposing the evil be not ripened into action, it is a presumptuous daring of heinous enormity in the eyes of the aroused king. "Who, and where" is the offender? is his sudden inquiry. Then comes the climax of Esther's eloquence: appeal is changed to accusation.

ESTHER IN THE PRESENCE OF AHASUERUS.

The light of indignation flashes in those eyes usually so gentle; the graceful form rises erect in the majesty of injured innocence, the consideration of her people's wrongs makes her "soul spring up, full statured in a minute:" in the concentrated voice of deep emotion, she exclaims, "The adversary and the enemy is this wicked Haman." The storm has burst full on the wretched Haman; his iniquitous hopes, like worthless stubble, are consumed by the lightning of those eyes fixed on his guilt-stricken face. Face to face with her enemy stands the patriotic Esther, "severe in youthful beauty." Ah! doubtless, Haman felt "how awful goodness is."

The wrath of Ahasuerus, strong as his other passions, so overpowered him that he rushed into the palace garden. Haman read his doom in the king's departing glance, and then began the agonizing plea, urged in all the wildness of despair, for life, dear life. The destruction of Haman was characteristic. He was a compound of littleness: paltry ostentation, puerile craving for obsequious homage, contemptible vanity, petty malice, cruel in proportion to its meanness, and nerveless horror at the exposure of his baseness, make up a character consistent in its unvarying wickedness and weakness. The entire loss of all self-possession in alarm for his life made him approach Esther with the wildness of panic, forgetful of her rank, and the ceremonials that in so jealous a court guarded the wife of the king; so that Ahasuerus entering suddenly, and glad of any plea to justify the ecstasy of his wrath, and to throw on the miserable Haman all the guilt which he himself participated in, imputes to the most insulting motives the strife of despair which prostrated Haman on the queen's couch. At his word the myrmidons of his court cover the agonized face of Haman, and force him from the royal presence.

In the fall of Haman we have an instructive lesson on the fleeting nature of prosperity: a single hour had passed, and the sun of court favour that shone so brightly was suddenly eclipsed. Oh, instability of human greatness; fickle, fleeting breath of flattery! who that is really wise, would rely on thee? In the hour of triumph, when human applause greets the ear, and human approbation steals with seductive sweetness to the heart, then it would be well to remember the fate of Haman.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

XIII.—THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE sympathizing are sure to gather sufferers around them. Love and power must needs attract crowds of those whose sorrows ask for relief from love and power. One qualified for doing good, and bent on doing it, as he passes through this world, will be as a centre drawing together the children of pain and want. Hence the Lord Jesus Christ, whose pitiful love and healing power as far transcended all mere human help as the heavens are higher than the earth, is seen in the beautiful narratives of his life, not encircled by the gay, the rich, and the great, but followed by such as they too commonly would have despised—by such as would have felt no drawings towards them. When he returned from the coast of Tyre and Sidon, and had come again to the sea of Galilee, we are told that "great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet, and he healed them."

This is the account given by Matthew; but Mark, with his characteristic minuteness and picturesque style of detail, seizes upon one remarkable instance of the Redeemer's miraculous working, and brings it before us in the following distinct and graphic manner. "And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosened, and he spake plain. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." (Mark vii. 32—37.)

He was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech. Such is the account of Mark; but Matthew, evidently referring to this very same case, says that Christ healed the dumb. It is probable that the man's affliction amounted to dumbness, that is, he could not readily talk—could not utter articulate sounds, so as to be easily understood. He had some power of speech, but then it was accompanied by "an impediment." His tongue was tied. It would seem that there was some organic defect in the tongue; but independently of this, his deafness might have a great effect on his dumbness. The late lamented Dr. Kitto, who was perfectly deaf for many years in consequence of an accident, was of opinion, from his own experience, that deafness in the case of mutes is attended by a physical inability to speak; that the organic disease in the ear is connected with an organic disease in the tongue; that the organs of hearing and speech are most closely connected, and that what deranges the one also deranges the other. But in addition to this, the fact of a person's not hearing creates an indisposition to speak; and when a child has been dumb from its birth, it has not had the means of learning to speak. Learning to speak is an imitative process; it is a process dependent upon hearing others speak. If, then, a person never hears others speak, how can he speak himself? The description of the man's affliction in the case of our Lord's miracle, confirms the idea of Dr. Kitto; but then, it leaves us room to conceive that his dumbness had been affected by his deafness in the manner we have described.

The calamity of being deaf can only be estimated by those who are deaf. We remember, on a certain occasion, when, in company with the late Dr. Pye Smith, he wrote on a piece of paper, in the midst of a loud and animated discussion, words to the effect that all was as deadly silent to him as if he were alone on the summit of Mont Blanc. "The wealth of sweet and pleasurable sounds," observes Dr. Kitto, "with which the Almighty has filled the world—of sounds modulated by affection, sympathy, and earnestness—can be appreciated only by one who has so long been thus poor indeed in the want of them, and who, for so many weary years, has sat in utter silence, amid the busy hum of populous cities, the music of the woods and mountains, and, more than all, of the voices sweeter than music which are in the winter season heard around the domestic hearth."

The same writer particularly describes the affecting incident, that after the injury which deprived him of his power of hearing, and for a long while rendered him quite insensible, he

had hard work to understand what was the matter with him. He saw lips moving, and yet could hear nothing. He supposed they were whispering to prevent his being excited. "Why do you not speak?" he asked; "speak, speak." They exchanged significant looks, and a person then displayed upon his slate the awful words, "You are deaf." This gentleman, though in some measure he lost for a while the power of talking, afterwards recovered it. What must it be neither to hear or speak—to be thus perfectly isolated from the outer world! Not only is "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out," but thoughts and feelings are, at the only common and natural door of exit, quite shut in.

The following passage from the first report of the Dublin asylum for the deaf and dumb, touchingly illustrates the privation suffered by such a man as the evangelist describes.

"Thomas Collins—a pupil whose progress was afterwards considered remarkable—being present where some gentlemen were conversing on a subject that interested them greatly, he watched the varying expressions of their countenances, with the most minute and anxious attention, as if endeavouring to catch some knowledge of what seemed to afford them so much entertainment, and striving, as it were, to burst the bonds which withheld him from the social circle. He repeatedly asked by signs to be informed of what was the source of their obvious gratification; but the subject of their conversation being beyond the range of his attainments at that time, he could receive no answer that was calculated to satisfy his curiosity. Finding all his efforts to participate in their pleasure fruitless, and productive only of disappointment, the poor child at length turned away his head, with a countenance expressive of the deepest regret, and almost bursting into tears, made use of the few words which he had at that time learned, "*Deaf and dumb is bad—is bad—is bad.*"

We would add another fact. In general, the deaf and dumb, before instruction, suppose death the end of existence, and therefore regard it with an intensity of horror, which it is difficult for those whose minds are familiar with the higher hopes of religion even to imagine. Mrs. Whelan, describing a deaf and dumb lad, to whom she was instrumental in conveying a knowledge of the leading truths of revelation, observes: "I never beheld anything so striking as the avidity with which my poor John caught at the first intimation of a resurrection from the dead. It evidently removed from his mind a most oppressive weight of anxious doubt; and I think I may safely assert, that during more than seven years following, scarcely as many days passed on which he did not refer to it with delight."

Now, one effect of the review of such facts should be, the deepest gratitude to Almighty God for the use of our senses. The commonest mercies are among the most forgotten, and yet the commonest mercies are by far the richest. To be able to hear, to have the doorway of sound open, whence come in pleasant guests for our thoughts and feelings, music and song, the voice of the bird and the speech of man, sounds of nature, awful and beautiful—the storm's echo, the winds whispering; to be able to speak, to have the tongue a ready and willing servant, on which to imprint ideas, by which to send messages, and through which to reveal the soul—how should we prize it! What a treasure of untold worth! and what gratitude and praise it should awaken toward Him who plants the ear and inspires the tongue! For what a wonderful, as well as gracious, thing is God ever doing, through these gifts of seeing and hearing and speech! When we hear, we little think of all the delicate machinery and all the mental training by which sounds come and suggest to us thoughts and images; and when we speak, we little think of the mysteries of the tongue, and of what is implied in the knowledge and use of language. And just consider the amazing gift of God to man, in this inheritance of words which we all possess—words listened to, words uttered—not mere noises, but intelligible signs, coined for the expression of thought as well as feeling, indicating the most delicate and refined distinction, revealing all the varied colours and blushings of the soul, conveying definite notices of the subtlest exercises of reasoning, awaking love, and hope, and joy, pouring in knowledge, exciting thoughtfulness, rousing to action,—words that have grown up in distant times, hoary with age, bringing to us rich treasures of meaning, which they have gathered and concentrated through ages and ages—words that fell upon our ears in our infancy, that came dropping upon the soil of our minds as fruitful seeds, which grew up one "knoweth not how"—words that we learned to use, and which we now use without any trouble, linking mind to mind, and heart to heart, in inexplicable sympathies—words without which preaching were impossible, through which the reader and the writer can have a oneness of instruction and a community of thought. These words, these cheap, plentiful, easily used things, how much more wonderfully precious they are than silver, nor can gold be weighed for the price thereof. And it is all God's doing for us. It is his gift—his blessing. How, then, ought we to employ these ears which we have wherewith to hear, in hearing his own words, in listening devoutly, and as loving children, to the holy and beautiful voice of our heavenly Parent, speaking to us of our

sins and his salvation. How then ought we to employ these tongues in thankfully celebrating his praise—singing to the honour and glory of his name, and in proclaiming to all we can reach the blessed things of which he hath himself spoken. And let us add, that in the perfect possession of all our senses, how we are rebuked, how we should be humbled, if we are not using our ears and our tongues in the acquisition and conveyance of what is good, holy, Christian, useful; seeing that the deaf and dumb, often in spite of their privations, attain to eminent knowledge and usefulness, of which Kitto was a striking example, and others less noted may be read of in connection with deaf and dumb institutions. The energy and zeal which overcome natural defects should put to shame useless Christians who have no natural defects.

The people besought Christ to put his hand upon the deaf man. We are then told that Jesus took him aside from the multitude. Different reasons have been assigned for this, but we have never seen clearly stated what appears to us an obvious thought in connection with the circumstance. There seems a special propriety in curing a deaf and dumb man, not amidst the noise and clamour of a crowd of people, but in solitude and silence. The tumult of many voices would have been too much at first for the opened organ of hearing. Floods of boisterous sound would have come with disturbing effect on the sensorium of the man, and would have bewildered and distressed his mind—would have stunned him with the uproar. And, moreover, the restored faculty of speech needed quietude and silence for its first efforts. It was meet that the patient should be alone with the Healer. The circumstance of our Lord's taking him aside from the multitude appears most beautiful. It was considerate, wise, and tender—the act of a good physician and a thoughtful healer. There was retirement and silence, that the man might hear the voice of his Divine restorer, and that to him in return he might gratefully speak.

It is further said that our Lord "put his fingers into his ears, and that he spit and touched his tongue." Here was a man deprived of two senses; Jesus Christ would give him to understand that he was about to restore them. How could he better awaken the mind of the man to the expectation of the blessing than by the employment of signs, if we may so speak, talking to him with his fingers, and thereby telling him what he was about to do? The man could not hear, but he could see and feel, and so this wise and gracious One gave him premonitions of his coming cure, by putting his fingers in his ears, to open the door for sound to enter; by moistening his tongue by touching it, to unloose the string by which it was bound.

Then looking up to heaven, Jesus sighed. The look he lifted heavenward, and the sigh he heaved, are they not both significant? Did not the look indicate communion with the Father in heaven; "that what the Father doeth, these things doeth the Son likewise;" that, though he was on earth, he saw heaven; that there was a mysterious sense in which he could say, "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven?" And did not that sigh reveal his compassion at the sight of human sufferings? Did it not testify that he was no unfeeling physician, that the consciousness of power to relieve did not tend to abate the fulness of his sympathy? And may we not add, as it has been suggested by thoughtful writers, that beyond present physical maladies, which called forth his concern, he took in a view of moral and spiritual ones; that he thought of a worse deafness and a worse dumbness, that would resist his grace?

> "The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
> The fettered tongue its chain may break;
> But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
> The laggard soul that will not wake,
> The guilt that scorns to be forgiven,
> These baffle even the spells of heaven;
> In thought of these, his brows benign,
> Not even in healing cloudless shine."

"He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened." We have seen how this deaf and tongue-tied man had been shut out, to a great extent, from intercourse with the outer world; how on two sides his mind was, as it were, walled up; and through these thick walls of deafness and dumbness, thoughts so freely circulating around, or dwelling within, could not pass. The man was shut up as in a strong-built prison, and now the Lord of all power and might throws down these walls of partition between the man and his brethren. He, the Lord, by his own omnipotent word, cast down the barrier that had so long excluded all words from the ear; which had so long prevented thoughts within from coming forth to the light in the form of words. What an opening it was! What a preparation for the entering in of sounds, and images, and sentiments, familiar to others, but strangers to him; and for the passing out of thoughts and feelings so long pent up and struggling for utterance! It was opening to him a new world. It was opening a new bridge into the old world. His mind was to be conscious of receiving at home what it had not received before, and of travelling abroad as it had not travelled before.

"And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." The effect was instantaneous. And no imagination, unless it be that of one who has

lost his senses through accident, who, at the same time, knows what it is to have them and what it is to be without them, could realize the blessed change, the joy and rapture of that moment. Our Lord charged the spectators of this wonder that they should tell no man. When a like prohibition before came under our notice, we observed that probably there were particular personal reasons, in certain cases, why people should be forbidden to proclaim what had taken place. Some such considerations of unfitness probably obtained here. Yet in spite of the command, the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; which could not be right, in the face of his own words, whatever might be the zeal and fervour of those who made the proclamation. It must be wrong to do whatever Christ tells us not to do, though we may thereby intend to advance his cause. The astonishment produced by the miracle was beyond all measure. Though it may not seem to some readers so striking a wonder as some others, yet it was certainly one which above many impressed spectators. It was to them most unmistakeably a Divine interposition. They could not attribute it to natural causes. They saw that there was no trickery and collusion, that in a moment a deaf man heard and a dumb man spake, and they cried, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

"The exclamation," observes Mr. Trench, "in which the surprise and admiration of the beholders finds utterance, 'he hath done all things well,' reminds us of the words of the first creation, upon which we are thus not unsuitably thrown back; for Christ's work is in the truest sense a new creation. In the concluding remark of St. Matthew, "They glorified the God of Israel," is implied that of those present a great number were heathens, which we might easily expect in this half-hellenized region of Decapolis, and that from their lips was brought the confession that the God who had chosen Israel was indeed above all gods.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN THE AFRICAN WILDERNESS.

The sun shines with intense brightness in Senegambia for eight months in the year. From six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, we look at a cloudless firmament; not, indeed, of azure blue, but of a bright glistening hue, caused by the reflection of the yellow sand. In January, the climate is beautiful, for though the days are a little too hot, the nights are agreeably cool. A sea-breeze blows on the coast during the day; but it seldom reached us at M'Carthy's Island, a small piece of land in the river Gambia, about two hundred and fifty miles from its mouth.

This settlement is like a little oasis in a vast moral desert. Some thousands of liberated slaves have been located here by the British government; and Christian philanthropy has instituted a mission, schools, and other means for ameliorating the spiritual and social condition of these degraded children of Ham. This is one of the first instalments of that mighty debt which Europe owes to Africa.

It was on a brilliant sunshiny morn that I crossed the river Gambia to the main-land, accompanied by a native assistant and two or three lads connected with our mission. They were not afraid to go along with me, to a strange place, on an expedition which was not free from danger. The town which we intended to visit lay at a distance of about three miles, through a forest, on the way to the territory of a noted freebooter, called Kemingtan. This much-dreaded chief had become famous for the bold and bloody deeds which he unscrupulously committed. On the death of his father, he killed his two elder brothers, and usurped the kingdom, which he maintained with an iron hand of cruelty. On one occasion, when some evil tidings were brought to him, he levelled his musket, and shot the luckless messenger. On another, being angry with a marraboo, (a kind of priest,) whom it is not lawful to kill, he ordered his hands and feet to be cut off, that he might bleed to death, and then affirmed that he had not slain him. At another time being in much danger from the combined forces of some neighbouring chiefs, Kemingtan sought for a greegree, or charm, which would secure him from harm. The marraboo to whom he applied knew what fate he might expect should his charm prove a failure, and therefore made one which might strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. The people were assembled outside the town, and certain incantations were performed. Then two holes were dug in the ground close to each other. A girl in the company was pointed out by the marraboo. She was immediately seized, stripped, pinioned, and had her legs thrust into the holes, which were filled up with earth. As she thus stood helpless like a stock in the ground, large lumps of wet clay were brought and built round her body till it was covered over, and her dying shrieks were drowned by the walls of her living tomb. The news of this horrible deed spread far and wide, and the enemy dared not attack a town defended by such a dreadful spell. Such is heathenism!

Shortly before my journey, Kemingtan had seized a small British vessel, and appropriated the

cargo to his own use. It was deemed necessary to avenge this act of piracy; accordingly a few native troops were dispatched against the robber, under the command of a captain (once a merchant) who knew nothing about military affairs except fighting. He led his men for two days through a dreary forest, where neither food nor water could be procured; and on the third day, coming in sight of the enemy's capital, they expended a quantity of powder and lead on its mud walls. Some native allies had promised to advance upon the town as soon as a breach should be made; but their heart failed them in sight of Kemingtan, and they wished the British to head the storming party. The latter were quite exhausted by fatigue and thirst; and, as some of them told me, they could scarcely stand, much less attack a town defended by ferocious and desperate warriors. So they retired, followed by the enemy; and not a man of them would have escaped, if their allies had not covered their ignominious retreat. They left behind them two pieces of brass cannon, which the chief mounted on a mud fort, loaded to the muzzle, and dared the world to assail him in his den.

Kemingtan was very angry with the English for this assault, though really advantageous to himself, and swore that he would make a greegree of the first white man's head he could get. All were afraid of him, and some even wished to deter me from going to Jemaala, lest he should be prowling about the neighbourhood. It happened in the sequel, that the first white man who came into the savage chief's presence after the above-mentioned oath was a brother missionary, who went to ask him to send some of his children to an institution for native youth on M'Carthy's island. Kemingtan at first received the white man with a scowl, and handled his gun, which always lay at his side, in a rather dubious manner. Then he relaxed a little; and saying that it was not good to speak too fast, dismissed him for a season. He afterwards received him graciously, promised to consider his proposal, and furnished him with provisions and a guide homeward. We believe that he did actually trust one of his sons with the missionary; but his earthly career was drawing to a close, and his death was a great relief to the neighbourhood.

After walking for about a mile through the woods, we reached a small Mandingo village, where lived a noted greegree maker. This old man was a thorough rogue, partly credited and partly doubted by the superstitious negroes. Though many had lost confidence in his amulets, they dared not dispense with them. On the very day previous to our expedition, a serious accident had occurred. The wind was blowing strong; and some negroes feeling timid at crossing the river, applied to this old man for a strong greegree. Of course, the strength of the charm depends upon the price which is offered. On their return, the canoe was upset, and some persons who could not swim were drowned. The survivors went to the greegree-maker, to upbraid him for deceiving them. He made no answer, until he had extracted from them the information which he desired; then suddenly turning upon them, said, "My greegree was good, I say it was good." They asked, how it then came to pass that the canoe upset. "My greegree was good, I tell you, it was strong; but the man who steered the canoe spoiled its virtue. Did you not see how he got frightened at the wind, and put his paddle down to feel for the bottom! that broke my greegree." This argument was one which they could not answer, as the man in question was among the drowned; and they retired much crest-fallen. Thus the old man's reputation was not wholly lost.

Where there are credulous persons, there will be knaves who profit by their simplicity. Like other impostors, these marraboos provide a back-door of escape. When they sell an amulet, they generally annex some condition, expressed or implied, which must be observed in order to render the charm effectual. The failure of this condition dissolves the magic spell. For example, the following case came to my knowledge. A negro was going up the river in the sickly season, and therefore bought a strong greegree to preserve him from disease. It had not the desired effect; for the man was taken very ill, and with difficulty recovered. He went to the marraboo who had furnished the amulet, and charged him with deception. The other stoutly denied the charge, and insisted that the failure proceeded from neglect of proper precaution. "What condition did I give you to observe?" The man replied: "You ordered me not to eat goat's flesh; and I have carefully abstained from so doing." The marraboo answered: "You have eaten some; where have you been?" And learning that he had been visiting a certain town: "What! do you not see that somebody there wished to harm you, and put some juice of goat's flesh in your kooskoos, and spoiled your greegree?" The complainant had nothing to say against this bold assertion, and the man came off triumphant. Blinded souls! they do not wholly trust these sorcerers, yet they dare not disbelieve them. They are tortured with a multitude of difficulties respecting the unseen world, which their fears people with a host of malignant spirits. Even those tribes which are sadducean in their tenets have many misgivings of heart: they laugh at the marraboo—and buy his amulet

To return, however, to our journey. My little party proceeded on its route, enjoying each other's company, and conversing about things both physical and spiritual. Monkeys chattered over our heads; parroquets and other birds of brightest plumage flew around us at every opening in the forest; the footprints of wild beasts showed that they were not far off; and we looked so as not to tread upon serpents in the way. This vast field of nature was largely tenanted by quadrupeds, birds, insects, and reptiles; man only was wanting. My companions were fine specimens of what liberty and the gospel can do for the African race. The chief of them was John Cupidon, a Jollof by birth, and formerly the slave of a French woman at Goree. He came with some other artizans to the Gambia, under a stipulation that they should not gain their liberty by living in a British colony. Some parties not only agreed to this violation of English law, but indirectly participated in its profits; a system of domestic slavery was thus patronized in a colony which was instituted for the purpose of its extinction. It cost us much trouble, obloquy, and persecution, to get this enormous evil righted; but our efforts were eventually crowned with success.

John Cupidon had been ransomed by the generosity of some friends of missions, who wished him to devote all his time to the service of the gospel. He spoke English pretty well, and Mandingo fluently. He could read, write, and keep accounts; and made good use of a small library which he had gradually acquired. He was converted under the preaching of a missionary at Bathurst Town, and in process of time became an energetic preacher of the word. He was a fine, amiable, and intelligent character, a delightful companion, and a devoted friend. He frequently acted as interpreter in my little excursions to neighbouring towns.

Another of my attendants was a liberated slave, sent up to M'Carthy's island, where he was brought under the influence of the truth by the preaching of Cupidon. He was an active youth, employed at the store of a British merchant.

The younger lad lived in our house, and attended the schools. His history was full of melancholy interest, exhibiting the sad condition in which Africa is placed by the slave-trade. His father was chief of a small town or village in the interior of Africa. A man came to them one day under guise of a traveller, but really acting as a spy. He found few men in the place, but many women and children. This was an opportunity not to be lost. A few nights afterwards, when the inhabitants had retired to rest, the slave-hunters stealthily approached their town, and breaking through the stockade, set fire to the huts. Aroused from sleep, Joseph's father seized his spears, and rushed out to repel the invaders; but was slain at his own door. The other men met with a similar fate; and as the women and children ran out of the flaming dwellings, they were caught by the enemy. Next morning a few smouldering ashes, and the remains of carcases, not yet devoured by beasts and birds of prey, were all that was left of that smiling village. This, reader, is the slave-trade!

Happy were the men who had died in defence of their homes; for a dismal fate awaited their families. The captives had a long and dreary march through the wilderness, in which they suffered much from hunger, thirst, and fatigue. Several died. One woman, the mother of a boy in our house, was barbarously put to death, to satiate the appetite of the marauders. The children were sold to different parties, and, at last, were bartered to a Portuguese slave merchant. They were then shipped for the far west, forming part of a cargo of eight hundred human beings, many of whom died on the voyage. The slaver was met by a British cruizer, much inferior in size and number of guns, so that she determined to resist. But Providence had so ordered it, that the climate of Africa had rotted the leather breachings of her guns, and she soon became powerless. Her captain, maddened with rage, resisted the boarding; and, finally, when desperately wounded in four places, ordered one of his men to fire the powder magazine, and destroy their enemies with themselves and their living cargo. The man was afraid, and the English took possession of the slave-ship, from which the negroes were landed at Sierra Leone in a wretched plight. Two of the recaptured children having been sent to M'Carthy's island, resided with me, and one day a man called at our house, and was immediately recognised by them as one of their former captors. Shortly after their expedition, the slave-hunters themselves fell into the hands of a foe, who sold them to the Portuguese; and they had also been liberated on the high seas by a British cruizer, and sent to the same place of refuge as their former victims. Such are the vicissitudes of human life in poor Africa! Does not Europe owe it reparation? Can she better pay the debt than by sending to it the gospel?

[To be continued.]

KEY TO MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

23. David and Achish. 1 Sam. xxix. 1—11.
24. The tenth plague of Egypt. Exod. xii. 29, 30.
25. Meeting of Esau and Jacob. Gen. xxxiii. 1—4.
26. David and Bathsheba. 1 Kings i. 15—22.

Pages for the Young.

MARGARET AND THE DONKEY MAN.

A REAL INCIDENT.

It is very pleasant to be by the sea-side in the bright summer time, when the air is warm and soft, and the sea appears almost without a ripple, for the large waves rise and break in the far distance, and only reach the shore in gentle murmurs.

Little Margaret thought it very pleasant as, dressed for a donkey ride, she stood by the open window, looking from the quiet sea to the bright blue sky, with so serious an expression that her mamma asked her what she was thinking of.

"I was wondering where the clouds are all gone, and where they come from," she replied.

"You have seen mists and fogs, Margaret; clouds are similar vapours, only they exist far above the earth."

"But how do they turn into rain, mamma?"

"The watery vapours which ascend from the earth, and of which they are formed, become condensed, and then the clouds break and fall in rain; or should the weather be very cold, in snow or hail."

"I do not understand the meaning of condensed, mamma; will you please to explain it?"

"Do you remember one morning when you accompanied me to a missionary meeting? The room was crowded and very warm, and soon the windows appeared as if they had been breathed upon; and as this grew thicker, it separated, and drops of water trickled down the panes of glass."

"I recollect, mamma, and I have also seen drops of water come from the steam when nurse has taken off the cover of a saucepan."

"Yes, or when I lift the lid of the teapot. To condense, then, is to grow close and weighty; thus when the watery vapours which form the clouds become thick or condensed, they break and fall in rain, snow, or hail, according to the state of the atmosphere."

"There are a great many texts about rain, mamma, and there is one I want to understand better. It is that in which the word of God is compared to the rain watering the earth; then follows the words—'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereto I sent it.'

"As the rain is to the parched earth, so should the word of God be to our souls, refreshing them, nourishing in them the good seed sown, and making it productive in bearing fruit to his glory."

Margaret was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Mamma, I am afraid I have never yet done anything to glorify God."

"Have you ever really tried, my child?"

"I am afraid not, mamma."

"Then no longer delay making the attempt. Go at once to your room, and kneel in prayer to God, and ask him to let you do or say something this day which may tend to his glory: go, my child, and may your prayer be heard and answered."

Margaret left the room; and when she returned after a short absence, there were traces of tears upon her cheeks.

It was a pleasant day for a donkey ride, and Margaret trotted and cantered until the old man by her side became almost breathless from running to keep up with her.

"We will go slowly now, if you please," said Margaret, as she looked on the old man's heated face; "I am afraid I have tired you."

"Oh no, miss, I am used to it; but it is terribly hot to-day."

"Yours is a nice little donkey," observed Margaret; "are you very fond of it?"

"Why as to that, miss, I can't say much about being fond of her; but I treat her well, for she is my only means of support."

"I like donkeys very much—can you guess why?" asked Margaret.

"No, miss, that I cannot; indeed, for the most part, I think they are stubborn, ill-tempered brutes. Now if you liked a pony, miss, I should not wonder."

"I like ponies, too; but when I see a donkey, I remember how our meek and lowly Saviour entered Jerusalem seated on an ass, and of the multitude that went before him singing Hosannas."

"And do you know, miss, that is why every donkey is marked with the sign of the cross upon the back even to this day; and the country people round come and buy the hairs just where the lines of the cross meet, believing they will cure all diseases."*

Margaret had heard her mamma speak of this superstitious custom, and not wishing to converse about it, she asked the old man if he knew the hymn beginning—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Finding he did not, she slowly repeated it, so that he could hear every word.

"That is very pretty, miss," said the old man, with glistening eyes; "it is a long time since I have heard anything like it—not since I was a child and used to repeat hymns to my sick mother."

"Is she dead?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, miss, she died when I was little more than five years old, so I don't remember very much about her; only those pretty verses seem to bring her back to my mind. Do you know any more, miss?"

Margaret then repeated, "Jesus who lived above the sky;" and when she had finished, she turned to the old man, and looking inquiringly in his face, said, "Do you love Jesus?"

Finding he did not reply, after a time Margaret repeated the question.

"I have been thinking, miss, and I cannot say that I do."

"Not love Jesus! not love the Saviour who suffered for you, and died that you might have life! Can this be

* This is a fact.

really true?" And Margaret turned her tearful eyes upon the old man with an expression of sorrowful surprise.

"I like to be truthful, miss, or else I might say I did, just to please you; but my life would condemn me. Those who love Jesus, love that which is good. They don't use wicked words and get into passions, nor visit the alehouse, nor break the sabbath, nor live without ever offering up a prayer to Almighty God, just as if there were no heaven nor hell, and all this I do; therefore I cannot say that I love Jesus."

Margaret looked at the old man's furrowed face and silver hair, and his body bent with age and infirmity, and as she did so, she remembered her prayer. Bowing her head, she again prayed that God would put words into her mouth, that what she said might tend to his glory. When she spoke again, her voice was weak and trembling, and she even wept in her earnestness as she thus addressed the old man.

"I am but a child, and you are old and grey-headed. Still listen to me for the sake of that God who sees us both. We have never met before, we may never meet again on earth; promise me, then, one thing, that you will seek to know and love Jesus. Heaven may be very near to you, and if you die thus without knowing and believing in Jesus you can never be saved. Oh, then turn to him and ask him to take from your heart all that prevents your loving him. Pray to him, and he will hear you; seek him, and he will be found of you; go to him, and he will receive you."

The old man's face grew troubled, and he frequently brushed his hand across his eyes; and while he continued silent, Margaret pleaded with God for him.

At length he held out his large rough hand, and placed it gently upon the tiny one that held the rein, saying: "I think I will promise, miss; and those who know old Tom Barnes, know that he don't readily break his word. Yes, I *do* promise," he solemnly repeated, while he lifted his hat, as if in acknowledgment that the eye of God was upon him, "that from this time I will seek with all my heart to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ."

At this the face of Margaret grew radiant with joy, notwithstanding the tears that still glistened in her eyes. "You have made me very happy," she said, "and not me only, for the angels of God rejoice when a sinner turns from the error of his ways."

The summer has given place to autumn, the fields are ripe for harvest, and the rich autumnal flowers gladden with their beauty many a cottage home. It is evening time, the shadows are lengthening, and the day is far spent; while far, far away the sun is sinking behind the low line of hills, and earth, sea, and sky are alike flooded with the golden splendour of its parting rays.

A change has passed over Margaret; no longer full of life and health, she is lying upon her little bed near the open window, with her pale sweet face turned towards the setting sun. Her pulse beats fitfully, and she draws her breath slowly and with pain, for disease has fastened upon her, and her race is almost done.

Her mother is watching over her, and holding her passive hand, while she tries in vain to repress the tears which gather and fall from her swollen eyes. It is a sore trial to be called upon to part with her only child, and needs more than human strength to enable her to say, "Lord, not my will, but thine be done."

Suddenly Margaret spoke, and with evident difficulty repeated the following verse from one of her favourite hymns:—

> "And now that I have safely passed
> Through every conflict but the last,
> Still, Lord unchanging, watch beside
> My dying bed, for thou hast died:
> To every troubled thought speak peace,
> And grant my soul a calm release."

"Do you suffer less, my child?" asked her mother.

"The pain is great," murmured Margaret, "but Christ is with me."

"Have you any doubts—any fears?"

"None—all is peace." Again she whispered, "Kiss me, dearest mamma, and fold your arms about me, that I may die in them."

When this was done, she turned her face close to her mother's breast, as if she would fain hide the suffering visible there. Once, in the midst of her agony, when feeling her mother's tears falling on her, she lifted her head and said: "Why do you weep for me? it will soon be over; and what are my sufferings compared with those which Christ bore for me?"

At length the agony of death seemed passed, and her sweet features remained quiet and composed, while her eyes were upturned to her mother's with an expression of unutterable joy and love.

"My heaven is begun," she murmured; "I hear the songs of angels, and I go to join them; no more sin, no more sorrow, no more pain; I go to be for ever with Jesus." And even as she spoke the change came, and her spirit passed into glory.

A few days later and a group of mourners stand round a newly-made grave in the Stranger's burying-ground, while the earthly remains of Margaret are consigned to their last resting-place, and amongst them is the old donkey man, with a piece of rusty crape round his well-worn white hat.

He remains long after the other mourners have departed, and stands beside the grave with folded arms, and head reverently bent, while large tears roll down his furrowed cheeks. The next day evening find him there again, with a basket of garden flowers, which he plants and waters, and then with skilful hands he forms a little bordering of willow twigs round the grave of Margaret.

While thus employed, a stranger accosts him, and asks to whom he is paying this last tribute of affection.

"To my best earthly friend, sir."

"But it is the grave of a child."

"That may be, sir; a child in years, but full-grown for heaven, and in the fitness for it which God requireth. For months past, she has been my teacher, to lead me in the way of holiness, and the donkey rides she has taken with me have been my lesson hours. Suddenly I missed her; and when I heard that she was ill, and that her sickness was unto death, I was not surprised, for I know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' She sent for me, to speak a parting word; but when I saw her bowed down like a stricken lily, I could do nothing but weep. My grief wounded her, and she said, 'Why do you weep for me? I am going to glory.' But who could help it, sir? She was the only one who ever really seemed to care for my soul. She then bade me strive and pray, until I could say, 'I loved Jesus.' I longed to say it then, but I was afraid, lest I might be deceiving myself; but I can say it now, sir; yes, blessed be God! I can say it now."

The grave of Margaret is now enclosed with a neat iron railing, and a simple monument of white marble records her name and age; but the work of the old man has not been disturbed, and he still esteems it his especial privilege to tend the flowers in the little enclosure, and keep it free from weeds.

Dear reader! these simple facts are written for your encouragement and example. What are you doing to glorify God?

Life is very uncertain, opportunities are daily lessening, while every moment brings you nearer to eternity. "Life is a short day;" let it, then, be your earnest care to make it a *working day*—to lay up for yourself a treasure in heaven. All can do something for God. Let it be yours to seek the high commendation bestowed by our Saviour on the lowly Mary, "She hath done what she could."

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE LAST EVENING OF THE SEATON FAMILY AT HOME.

THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

CHAPTER IV.

At length came the last evening and the last night in Abercrombie Square. The little store of things which Katharine could conscientiously appropriate was already packed and ready for the morrow's journey. Ellen was in bed, worn out with the exhaustion of a long hysterical attack, for now that the hour of departure was close at hand, the painful reality of the terrible change which had befallen her came vividly before her excited feelings, and she refused to be comforted.

Katharine and Mrs. Williams were alone; the young girl sat on a stool at the feet of her beloved friend, while the soft light of the summer evening gradually faded away, and the rosy twilight lingered on the proud towers and domes of the great town—that "city by the sea," as it has been poetically denominated.

"This time to-morrow——" said Katharine glancing mournfully round the familiar room.

"We shall be at home, or nearly so," replied Mrs. Williams, cheerfully. "I am glad now, Kathy, that you and poor little Nellie have never seen my tiny nest of a cottage. It will be something new to awake in the morning, and

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see the peak of Snowdon as soon as you open your eyes. Say what you will, Kathy, we shall keep you there for many and many a month. You must see our mountains in their winter array, veiled in wild spectral-looking clouds, or robed in dazzling whiteness and rising gloriously against the deep blue ether which they almost seem to pierce as with a wedge, as Coleridge says of Mont Blanc."

"Home!" said Katharine, dolefully; and she lifted her drooping head, and gazed once more on the pictured walls of that which had been home to her, since her baby eyes first opened on a mutable world.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Williams, cheeringly, "*home*, darling. Not so grand a home as this, to be sure; no more to be compared with it than yonder ebbing Mersey is to be compared with the mighty Amazon; but a home where I trust we shall be very happy, where our bodies may peacefully abide, while our hearts travel towards Mount Zion, our everlasting home."

"Ah yes, Mount Zion; I wish I were there now, Mentoria."

"Not yet, Kathy; the time is not yet. God has work for you to do: you are young, energetic, clear headed, brave-hearted, and self denying; yet hitherto the world has been none the better for your presence in it. Sweet is the night's repose when the labour of the day has been patiently and cheerfully performed, when the appointed task has been dutifully achieved, and the tired limbs and aching head seek the blessing of sleep; but sweeter far will be the rest that remaineth for the people of God, when the long day of life is ended, when the appointed work is all finished, and the worn-out frame lies down to slumber in its quiet resting-place, till the trumpet of the resurrection morning shall awake the dead in Christ to a life of glorious immortality. Not yet, my Katharine, you are not yet to go to rest. God wills you to bear the heat and burden of the day; you may *set out* now on the homeward journey, you may set your face towards Mount Zion; but you must wait patiently till the shadows of evening fall around you before you are 'upborne on angel wings' to its glorious summit. Ah! my child, when the darkness of death gathers in the thickening night-fall, may you be found 'in him,' washed in his blood, clothed in the robe of his perfect righteousness, and meetened by his Spirit, to tread the glorious slopes of the holy mountain, and enjoy the blessed companionship of your Master himself, of angels and archangels, and the spirits of just men made perfect."

"And you, dear Mentoria, do you not long to be there?"

"'To die is gain:' yes, Kathy, sometimes I dream of that fair inheritance, till tears blind my eyes, with trying to catch the first glimpse of its distant towers. I look for the landmarks, and wonder when I shall hear the solemn murmur of Jordan's stream. I rejoice to think that

> 'I nightly pitch my moving tent
> A day's march nearer home.'

I think of those who are gone before; I think of him who has led me all the journey through, and will in his own good time land me safe on Canaan's side; but I try not to give myself up to the yearning for that happy home, and its bright companionship. I try to be content with the work God assigns me, and I pray for faith and patience to accomplish his behests, to wait calmly till

> 'When the shadows thickest fall,
> I hear the Master's midnight call.'"

"Mentoria," said Katharine, after a short silence, "I want to tell you something; I do hope I think I am beginning to walk in the way to Mount Zion. I believe I am looking to the everlasting hills as the end of my journey; but I am impatient to be there; I want to escape the ruggedness of the road."

"Thank God, darling, that your gaze is indeed turned Zionward. He will give you strength by the way; he will teach you in patience to possess your soul; and leaning on your Saviour, you will not find the journey so toilsome and so painful as just now you apprehend. Take courage, Kathy; if every day brings its cares and sorrows, it brings also needful strength, wisdom, and comfort. And now it is time we retired; we must husband physical as well as spiritual and mental forces for the morrow; but first listen to these beautiful lines from the 'Dove on the Cross:'—

> 'Soothe me, kind Father, for this troubled breast
> Is weary, and it longs to be at rest.
> Thou knowest that the way is long and steep,
> O'er those bleak mountains, through this valley deep.
> I thought this morning that my home was near,
> Thought that a few short steps would bring me there,
> And bounded forth, with joyous heart and hope,
> O'er the green sward and undulating slope.
> Father, the way was longer than I thought,
> More difficult, with greater dangers fraught.
> Day is far spent, and though my home is nearer,
> And I can see its happy portals clearer,
> Yet my strength fails me. Oh, be with me now;
> Let the cool dews of heaven refresh my brow;
> Let me not faint beneath this sultry sun,
> Or stay to rest before my home is won;
> Let not the mists of evening as they rise,
> Make it seem dim or distant to my eyes;
> But grant that when the sunset's glory bright
> Gushes in streams of liquid golden light,
> Shedding on valley deep and mountain hoary,
> Tender reflections of its crimson glory—
> Grant that my Father's home may then appear
> In its full beauty, standing out so clear
> In the reflection of the setting sun,
> That I may hail the sight of heaven won,
> And sing with joy to find my journey done.'

You see God's children often mourn that the way is long, and their Father's home so distant; but ever as their hearts burn within them, their souls are cheered and strengthened for the labours of the way; and the restless pining is stilled into a calm thankful content, like that of Paul, when he said, 'To live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

A STREET ARGUMENT.

THE following discussion took place lately amid an attentive crowd of persons standing in the open air, and it is a sample of many similar discussions, in which inquiring Romanists take great interest, and learn to see the feeble and false foundations of their faith:—

R. Mr. P. you are only a "Souper," after all.

M. What is a "Souper," pray?

R. A man who changes his religion for money and soup.

M. Then I am not one, for I left Romanism because I studied and believed the Bible.

R. Well, at any rate, you left the fold of perfect unity, and went your own way. Don't you know there are about one hundred and twenty different sects, all saying they believe the Bible; Baptists and Ranters and Johanna Southcotes, and a heap of others, all ranged round the Protestant flag?

M. It is no reason for our not listening to God's word that many people say they do so, and yet disagree.

R. Why, how can it be the true way when so many who follow it differ from each other in essentials?

M. Those who go to Christ, who is "the way," do not differ in the few doctrines which are essentials. But suppose a man said thus, what should you think of him: "I am a slave to a foreign power, and I look at England. I see it has thirty-five counties; some are rocky, others plain, some by the sea, others inland, some have towns others fields, and the people differ about many questions; *therefore*, I may not be a subject of the queen, and I cannot live in England at all. I must still remain a slave." Would he be a wise man? Our churches differ, and men in them differ too; but is this a reason for not reading the Bible? There is the same difference of opinion for that matter in the church of Rome.

R. No, there it is all agreement. You can't point out a single difference in essentials. Tell us *one*.

M. The Romanist bookseller in the city of London sells the simple Bible to everybody. At Rome the booksellers are not allowed to do this, nor in Asia, nor in Africa, wherever the church of Rome has power. Surely this is a difference in essentials; for it is an essential whether you may read God's word or not. The same bookseller in the city sells a history of the miracle of "La Salette," with a printed approval of a Romish bishop on the title page, yet I have seen a memorial, signed by twelve French priests, praying the pope to pronounce upon this *disputed* miracle. Do the Romanist in England and France not differ in essentials then? Surely it is essential to know whether the Virgin has revealed new doctrines and precepts to the people?

R. Ah, that's going to Africa; we can't go there; that won't do. Give us a difference in Great Britain.

M. In Ireland the priests will not allow even the Douay Bible to be given to the people, though it is sold by their booksellers here.

R. What church do *you* belong to?

M. You have left the point about unity then?

R. I ask a plain question. Do you belong to any church?

M. When a Romanist "belongs" to his church, it means he owns it as an infallible teacher. In that sense, "I belong" to no church.

R. You say churches are of no use.

M. They are of great use, for a united enjoyment of the means of grace, for public worship, and united missionary efforts; but they are not to dictate in matters of faith.

A Bystander. "Hear the church," don't you know that verse?

M. Yes, and do you recollect what it refers to, and where it is?

Bystander. Not precisely.

M. Then I will tell you. It is where Christ tells his people to settle personal quarrels privately; and if a man will not hear one or two private friends for reconcilement, his fault is to be told to the church. But this is not a dispute concerning faith; for it begins, "If thy brother shall trespass against *thee*." So the church is only made a peacemaker, not a ruler of doctrine.

R. Yes, but that's the same thing. "*The* church" is what is said.

M. "*The* church" sometimes refers to a particular body of believers, sometimes to the church of Christ which has members in all places, and is not to be counted by man.

R. The plural "churches" is never used.

M. O yes, often. It is said, "Paul went through Syria, confirming the churches;" and, in the epistle to the Corinthians, Paul says, "The churches of Asia salute you." John wrote to seven churches, and the word is used in the plural in twenty other places.

R. How can that be the true church which taxes people who don't belong to it, as the church of England does?

M. That is quite another question, "Which is

the true church?" We were speaking about what is the *true way* of *salvation*, and that does not depend on any church, false or true. The Bible says that Christ is "the way," and this is the gospel.

R. You want to avoid that point about the church of England taxing those who don't believe in it.

M. I wish to keep to the greater subject, the salvation of sinners. The death and resurrection of Christ are great facts. The true church is a matter of opinion, and no visible church is marked as "true" by the Scriptures. Indeed, all the churches seem to have erred even when they had apostles to govern them, and evangelists to write to them.

R. What about the taxing?

M. That's an unfortunate subject to force me to, for the church of Rome not only taxes those who do not believe in her, but she will not even tolerate them. Is a single Protestant church allowed to be built within the walls of Rome?

Bystander. Ah, that's the great centre of unity, Rome.

M. One of the worst things for you is, that this centre is so far away. If it was near, you could examine it. You would not let me speak of Rome, and yet you appeal to it yourselves.

R. Yes, because it is the centre of unity.

M. The unity is the unity of stagnation and ignorance. Why, in Rome, not one person in sixty-nine can read, and yet I one day saw three thousand monks march along its streets; quite enough, if they were so disposed, to teach all the people in the city.

R. Well now, suppose I admit I am wrong, how do you prove that you are right?

M. I never undertake to prove I am infallibly right, but I take the Bible for my only rule of faith.

R. That's evading the point; you must prove the Bible.

M. The Romanists allow the Bible to be the word of God. I do not take you for an infidel, so I need not prove to you what your church allows already.

R. Then why don't you agree to the church?

M. The church of Rome allows the Bible to be God's word, but it insists you are not to interpret it unless according to the "unanimous consent of the fathers," and——

R. What's that to the matter?

The People. Let us hear; don't interrupt, sir.

M. The fathers' writings would form a pile as high as that pillar, and only bishop Ussher and two other men have ever read them through. Your church does not give any edition of the Bible interpreted according to the "unanimous consent of the fathers," and the fathers themselves do not unanimously consent to very many of the doctrines which you propose to believe.

R. You are vilifying the fathers—that's no argument.

M. No; I am in kindness, earnestness, and plainness, telling you of the obstacle placed in your way, or which you allow to be in your way, if you permit the church of Rome to get between you and the Bible.

R. Well, if you are so kind, tell us what your private judgment makes for a creed.

M. I use my private judgment. Every man does. Even the Romanist must use his, and has to do so more decidedly than any one else; for if he chooses his church, he must use private judgment in that choice. I am sure that our Lord, who says he is "the good Shepherd," would not speak to his sheep in words they cannot understand, if they wish to follow him.

R. How do Protestants differ then, and often go wrong?

M. The Saviour says, "My sheep hear my voice;" but he says also, they may stumble as they try to follow him. The apostles differed and stumbled, yet they followed him. Sin blinds us, and we never get free from error in this world. The Holy Spirit guides us, but he does not force us; and you, with your church as a guide, must acknowledge that you differ and stumble also, so the differences and backslidings of the sheep are no arguments against the plain words of the Shepherd. Take such as this:—"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Any sinner may be justified and have peace, if he turns from sin, and believes in Jesus Christ.

R. I am no scholar, I am a working man.

M. So am I; and God gives me peace with him. Will you not have it too? You may at this moment be at peace with God, if you will. May the Lord God Almighty open all our hearts to know this great truth, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that he that believeth on him hath everlasting life. Goodbye. Shake hands.

[*R.* and *M.* shake hands.]

THE NIGHT OF TOIL IN THE EAST.

THERE is no land to which the thoughts of the Christian church have lately turned with more solicitude and tender interest than to Turkey. This empire includes within its embrace some of the most hallowed spots on the face of the earth—spots to which the eye and heart of the Christian ever bend lovingly and reverentially, as

the scenes of incomparably the grandest and most momentous events in human history. All believers, in whatever hemisphere, clime, or region they may happen to dwell, feel that they have an inalienable property in these sacred localities, which are so enduringly associated with their religious faith and hopes. It has always seemed to the thoughtful Christian a dark mystery that

> "Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross,"

should have been suffered to relapse into a spiritual wilderness; that the people who saw the rising rays of that great Light which came to "lighten the Gentiles" and to be "the glory of Israel," should have sat for so many dreary centuries in the "shadow of death." The course of civilization and spiritual culture, like the progress of the sun, has been from east to west, as quaint old Herbert has beautifully shown in one of his best poems:—

> "Spices come from the east; so did God's spouse,
> Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
> Of Moab's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
> Prepared and fitted to receive God's love.
> The course was westward; that the sun might light
> As well our understanding as our sight.
> Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
> Distends behind him, and allows some light,
> Till all depart—so went the church her way,
> Letting, while one foot stepp'd, the other stay
> Among the eastern nations for a time,
> Till both removed to the western clime."

Tracing Christianity, ever tracked by sin and corruption, from land to land in the old world, the poet finally represents her as standing

> "On tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

And then, with a kind of prophetic foresight that is worthy of notice, he at the close of the poem, shows how, after reaching the farthest boundaries of the barbarous west, religion at length returns to its primeval source and seat:—

> "Far as the sun still goes both west and east,
> So also did the church, by going west,
> Still eastward go; because it drew more near
> To time and place where judgment shall appear."

Now it is very remarkable that America, one of the last great countries to receive Christ's gospel, should have been selected in the providence of God to reconvey the lost light of salvation to the hills and valleys of Palestine, and the regions conterminous therewith. The vision of what is now passing fell upon good old Herbert's poetic spirit more than two centuries ago. The yearnings of Baxter, too, and of other devout men, that some mode of access might be opened up to the distant and haughty Turk, have in our day been wondrously realized. Even war, with all its tumults and terrors, has been made contributory to the progress of the new and nobler crusade of the nineteenth century. The desolated garden of the East is receiving back from the wilds of the west that glorious Plant of Renown which once blossomed, and flowered, and decayed upon its sacred soil. The singular phenomenon reminds us of a beautiful picture, to be found in almost every gallery in Italy, which pourtrays that touching incident recorded in Roman history, of a daughter visiting her imprisoned father, doomed to a death of starvation, and nourishing his famished frame from her own bosom. The legend seems destined to receive a higher fulfilment than poetry and painting ever dreamed of. For do we not see America, a young and vigorous nation, occupying a country unknown to the world when pure worship was offered at Jerusalem and Byzantium, now rendering back the currents of life to the infirm civilization and effete religion of the Turkish dominions? Other Christian nations are emulously aiding in this divine enterprise; still to our trans-atlantic brethren must be assigned the honour of having been first and foremost in the field.

At a period when public attention has been centred so strongly upon the condition and prospects of the Turkish empire, and when Christian bosoms are still throbbing with delight at the cheering tidings which have again and again been wafted to our shores, any fresh information will, we are assured, be welcomed by our readers. About the time when we were sending our armies and fleets to the capital of the sultan, a vessel was quitting the Bosphorus, bound for New York, bearing, as part of its living freight, a missionary and his wife, who had spent upwards of thirty years in the oriental mission field. They were on a return visit to their native country. Whilst sojourning in America, the Rev. W. Goodell published a volume, in which he contrasted the condition of Turkey, in its social and religious aspects, as he found it on his arrival, with its altered state on quitting it a year or two since. The book is somewhat of a medley of narrative, sermons, addresses, illustrations of oriental customs, etc.; yet from its pages it will be possible to cull a number of facts of great interest, and which, when woven into a connected sketch, cannot be perused without instruction and profit.

The Rev. W. Goodell left New York at the close of the year 1822, as an agent of the American Board of Missions, to prosecute the noble work which had already been initiated by the labours of Parsons and Fisk in Syria. After staying nine months at Malta, to acquire a knowledge of Italian, he proceeded to Beyrout. His intended destination was Jerusalem, but on arriving at the foot of Lebanon, the season was

too far advanced to justify his undertaking, with his family, a journey to the City of the Tribes. This detention led finally to a complete change of purpose and plan, and the devoted missionary speedily became so engrossed with his duties as never to find time to visit the theatre of the great events of human redemption, during the thirty years of his residence in the East. A house was taken at Beyrout, and Mr. Goodell and his partner commenced the study of the Arabic and Turkish languages, without a knowledge of which no intercourse could be held with the mixed population by which they found themselves surrounded.

On the arrival of spring it was determined, by a conference of the missionary brethren, that a station should be formed at Beyrout, before organizing one at Jerusalem. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Goodell remained at that post of usefulness for four years and a half, at the expiration of which period he removed to Constantinople, where he has since continued to labour with a zeal unquenched by floods of tribulation and sorrow, and with a heroic courage undaunted by dangers and difficulties the most appalling. But we will speak of these anon. In the meantime, let us glance at some of the perils and sufferings to which these faithful emissaries of Christ were exposed thirty years ago at Beyrout.

For many months after the commencement of the mission, Mr. Goodell and his family did not dare to walk upon the terrace of their house, nor expose themselves near a window, lest some person, hired by the priests, should fire upon them. They dreaded also to partake of a cup of coffee out of their own dwelling, lest poison should be mingled with it. It being, as is well known, the custom in the East, when a call is made, to offer coffee to the visitor, to refuse to drink it would be regarded as a gross breach of etiquette, as implying a suspicion of the presence of poison in the proffered cup. And such deadly potions were often administered in those days. Thus the representatives of the new and obnoxious faith would often find themselves placed in a painful position of embarrassment. It is related that, on one occasion, Mrs. Goodell had to call, with some other ladies, on the harem of one of the princes of Mount Lebanon. When coffee was handed round, the excellent wife of the British consul, with singular tact and composure, immediately exchanged cups with Mrs. Goodell, and after a brief pause, drank off herself the cup given to the missionary's wife. In doing so, the lady felt assured that, *had* poison lurked therein, the hostess would not have permitted her to swallow it, but would, on some pretence, have sent it away and ordered another cup. Such perils as these could hardly fail to fill the souls of God's servants with constant trepidation and terror. Their only trust was in the Divine care and watchfulness; and the promises assuring to them this exercise of fatherly protection thus acquired an emphasis and preciousness which, under sunnier circumstances, they would probably have failed to realize. So thoroughly, however, were their minds stayed upon God, and their fears allayed, that they never once thought of quitting their post. If one of peril, it was also felt to be one of duty and of real glory.

During the agitations and commotions of the Greek revolution, Mr. Goodell's dwelling was plundered by a band of Arabs. Twelve Greek men-of-war came to Beyrout with the intention of sacking it. They took possession of the suburbs, and might easily have captured the place, so weak was its power of defence. The arrival of some Bedouins, however, who had been sent for by the governor, induced the Greeks to retire and put to sea. These Arabs, true to their marauding propensities, immediately commenced assaulting and plundering those whom they were sent to protect. The inhabitants of most of the houses in the suburbs having fled to the mountains, the work of spoliation and devastation went on unchecked from morning till night. When the environs had been ransacked and dismantled of everything of any value, these barbarians entered the town, and resumed their operations there. One of the first dwellings summoned to surrender was that occupied by Mr. Goodell, who had barricaded the entrance. Whilst they were working away desperately at the door, the missionary expostulated with them from a small upper window, where they assailed him with stones, and one man levelling his gun, threatened to shoot him. After a time the door was cut and split to pieces, and the fierce band of tiger-like men rushed in to seize their prey.

"Several Turks from the city," writes Mr. Goodell, "who knew us, coming by just at the time, hastened up-stairs after them, and stood at the door of Mrs. Goodell's room, and did not permit one of them to enter there. They seized hold of boxes, trunks, kitchen utensils, everything indeed that came in their way, and carried them off. I, in the mean time, threw as many articles as I could into Mrs. Goodell's room, and some of my property I even snatched out of their hands and threw in there, when any one had laid hold of more than he could well defend or carry away at once. On this account, one of them came very coolly the next day to claim some tobacco, which he said I stole from him while he was engaged in the lawful work of plundering my house. As he could not prove his charge, I refused to reimburse him; but had

I been a native I should have been obliged to pay very dearly for the tobacco said to have been withdrawn, certainly for as many pounds as he had lost ounces, to say the least.

"Three times I sent to the English consul, informing him of my situation; and three times he sent to the leader of these troops, demanding protection; and three times the old sheikh sent horsemen to protect me. But no sooner had they left the city, than they galloped off to plunder for themselves, instead of coming to my aid. At last, what with my own remonstrances, the entreaties of my Turkish friends, and the assurance that complaints had been lodged against them, they departed. In going off, they begged my pardon for what they had done, hoped I had not been very much frightened or injured, and bore away their spoils."

When application was made for redress, the venerable old sheikh who commanded them, promised that the rogues should be flogged to death, if they could be identified. Mr. Goodell was invited to sit with him for that purpose, while surrounded by his wild troops; but the offenders were carefully kept out of sight. The pasha at Acre was then appealed to. He refused to believe that any soldiers of his could have committed such depredations, as they were sent to protect and not to despoil, and insinuated that the authors of these outrages must have been some of the Druzes of Mount Lebanon. "On hearing this," says Mr. Goodell, "I employed a Greek to paint their costumes; and this painting the English consul, on claiming damages for me, sent to the pasha, that he might see with his own eyes whether the robbers were Druzes or Bedouins. And, strange to say, what would scarcely be admitted as evidence in our courts of justice the pasha received as positive proof that the offenders must have been his own men. I accordingly recovered all the damages I claimed."

The penalties of piety were not confined to the foreign religious teachers. The vengeance of the sacerdotal and civil authorities fell with tenfold violence upon the unshielded heads of the poor natives who, from time to time, confessed Christ. Even before any ecclesiastical organization was formed in Beyrout, or the movements of the missionaries had attracted much notice, these disciples of the pure Protestant faith were subjected to many cruel annoyances. One illustration may be mentioned, which might be designated the *soap persecution*. The pasha of St. Jean d'Acre, like most eastern potentates, secured a monopoly of almost everything. He accordingly manufactured and sold all the soap required by the people of his pashalic. Every now and then there would come to Beyrout a whole cargo of soap, which the inhabitants of that city were obliged to take at his price, which was generally fully twice as much by the wholesale as they were likely to get for it when disposed of by retail. On the arrival of a fresh consignment of this article, the heads of the principal communities of the place—Turks, Jews, and Greeks—were accustomed to come together in order to make an equitable division of the soap among themselves. Their respective shares were then distributed among various individuals of each class, to be disposed of by them in the best way possible. Now, here was an opportunity at once afforded to oppress and injure the man who was so daring as to abandon the faith of his fathers. And this engine of torture was often resorted to. The humble struggling tradesman who had begun to read the Bible and consort with the missionaries, was saddled with immensely more than his fair share of the imposition; and he was not suffered to open his door and go out into the street, until he had taken it all, and paid for it. And long before all this soap could be disposed of, lo! there came another cargo, for the benevolent pasha was very solicitous about the cleanly habits of his people. This was merely one of many methods in which those who thirsted for salvation were systematically annoyed, while there was no possible redress for them.

At a subsequent period, however, and especially during Mr. Goodell's residence at Constantinople, the sufferings and persecutions to which the God-fearing natives were subjected assumed a more ruthless and awful form. In the storm that arose and raged, many were totally wrecked in their temporal circumstances. They were ejected from their own houses and shops, and in some cases never permitted to occupy them again. They were thrust out into the streets, some of them at midnight, and were not even permitted to walk those streets, for all their protective papers were taken from them. They were cut off from every guild and corporation, and were not allowed to do any manner of work; and they could supply themselves with neither bread nor water, though they might have the money to pay for it. They were utterly helpless. They were outlawed. They might be thrust into any prison, or trodden down as the mire of the streets, and there was no individual in the whole country who had any right to ask a single question about them. The missionaries took houses, and provided asylums for them. English merchants and other benevolent individuals were appealed to for succour, which was not sought in vain. A statement of the wretched condition of the poor harassed sufferers was laid before the whole Christian world, and was responded to by generous contributions, which sufficed to relieve their more pressing exigencies, until the demon

of persecution could be arrested, and the affairs of the afflicted ones arranged by the Sublime Porte.

In order to give the reader a more vivid impression of the frightful persecutions these modern witnesses for Christ were called to endure, two examples may be cited, and with these we will conclude this paper. One case was that of an interesting and respectable man at Trebizond, who had been elected a member of the great municipal council of the nation. He was seized by order of the patriarch, and without seeing his wife and children, was brought seven hundred miles and thrown into the mad house of Constantinople where he was fastened with two chains—one from his neck to the wall, and the other from his feet to the floor—in such a posture that he could neither stand up straight nor lie down. It was intended that no eye should ever see him. But, as he was dragged through the streets of Constantinople, one of the evangelical brethren saw him, and immediately reported the circumstance. "Prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him;" and, strange to say, on the third or fourth day, when the assembly was very large, and the native pastor was pleading more fervently that the God who delivered Peter "from the hands of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews," would interpose and save this brother—as he ceased, lo! the liberated captive was standing in the midst of the amazed assembly! How he was delivered, he could not tell. All he knew was, that a man, whom he had never seen before, entered and knocked off his chains, and told him to go. Efforts, it was known, had been made for his release, by the English ambassador and others; but by what precise agency the prison doors had been opened, never transpired. All devout minds, however, recognised the finger of God in the surprising transaction; and hearts that had come to the gathering heavy with despondency and sorrow, left it leaping with joy and gratitude. Thus do God's sovereign mercies shine brightest in the darkest nights of human extremity and woe. Some of the sublimest trophies of his grace have been snatched from the foul depths of dungeons.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Now for the other illustration. A Christian confessor was thrown into a Turkish prison, on the wicked pretence that there was no person to be security for him. To extricate him from the grasp of his enemies, two brethren promptly stepped forward, and offered their names as security. For this disinterested act they were both of them immediately immured with him—the practical import of which was, as Mr. Goodell remarks, "now let any other man in the whole empire step forward to be security for a Protestant, if he dare." The prison was an awful place, dark and filthy, not fit to live in, nor fit indeed to die in. Vagabonds, thrown in there, often had to spend a night in the place; but it was never expected that they would be detained there. They were either soon punished and discharged, or put somewhere else. But these three brethren were confined in that loathsome den for a long period.

While plunged in this darkness and misery, they were not forsaken by the missionaries. Mr. Goodell went to see them, hoping to minister some comfort to their hearts. He looked through the gratings; "but," he says, "the sight of so much discomfort and misery affected my heart to such a degree, that I was able to say scarcely anything to them. My tongue literally clave to the roof of my mouth, and I felt that I needed a comforter myself. These brethren might have been released any moment, by simply saying one word—one very short word of two syllables and four letters—'*Mega*,' the meaning of which is, '*I repent*.' But, blessed be God! they did not utter that little word. Repent indeed they did, of sin and folly; but they did not repent that they had read the Scriptures, and become wise unto salvation. And the God in whom they trusted at length delivered them, to the confusion of their enemies and the great joy and encouragement of their friends."

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

XIV. THE DEAF AND DUMB.

PART II.

THE deafness which cut this man off from the voices of his fellow-men was a most obvious sign of that spiritual insensibility which creates a gulf between the soul and the experience of those whose spiritual senses are alive and awake—between the soul and those warnings and expostulations and tender entreaties which are uttered by voices of Christian love—between the soul and that word of Divine wisdom, which standeth in the top of high places by the way, in the places of the paths, which crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Physical deafness is an affecting memento of the moral deafness. How many have no ear whatever for the offers and invitations of mercy! How many are totally deaf to the wonderful voice of God in his holy and blessed word! Winged words from heaven, angel-like words are flying about you, and seeking entrance into your hearts, and you shut the door against them. And yours is no infirmity, properly speaking. It is not that you are unable to hear, but you will not hear. You resolutely shut out the voice of the wise charmer. In you the common adage is verified, "None are so deaf as those who will not hear." You are deaf to some things and not to others. Yours is a discriminating deafness. You can hear what you like. And it is through the din of what you hear that you become deaf to that to which it would be your salvation to listen. We live as it were in a smith's forge, with the flames of the world roaring, and the sledge hammer of the world knocking, with a ceaseless din, in our ears; sometimes too ourselves blowing the flames, and sometimes ourselves wielding the sledge hammer, so that every word from without which might drop on us like the song of a lark from heaven, and might stir us to look towards the spot it came from, is drowned in the clash of noises. Amid this hubbub of noises we live, amid it we have grown up from childhood; and therefore, as those who live and have been bred up within sound of a great waterfall lose all ear for sweet and soft music, so do such as live beside the roar of the great fall, down which the world is ever rushing with riotous speed into hell, lose their inward ear for the sweet and soft music of heaven.

Now you must get out of this noise; you must let Jesus Christ draw you aside from the multitude; you must get alone with him in your closet, on your knees, with your Bible before you. The world must be silenced that you may hear Christ. And so mysterious is this partial deafness of yours, so total is it in reference to spiritual things, that never till Jesus says to your soul, "Be opened," will you take in his wonderful and saving words.

And because you are spiritually deaf, you are also spiritually dumb. Your spiritual deafness produces spiritual dumbness. You do not hear God's voice, and therefore you do not learn divine speech. You shut your ears when he talks to you, therefore your tongue is tied so that you cannot talk to him. He hears from you no spiritual Christian prayers. He hears from you no earnest enlightened aspiration. He hears from you no holy meditations. He hears from you no warm-hearted, loving utterances of worship and praise. He listens to you every day, but you are to him as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth; and this is because you will not let him teach you to speak in his own beautiful and gracious way. You will not first receive his words, and take in his gospel, and revolve the truths of his salvation. His teachings and his promises are as nothing to you. Now as all true worship and praise is the echo of God's own voice, as it regards all such praise you are dumb, inasmuch as you have not listened to that voice in order to form and mould and modulate your own upon it.

May we not push this illustration a little further? Some Christians seem as though they could not speak for Christ. They say nothing on behalf of him who hath loved them and given himself for them. They are silent in his praise and for his cause; or, at least, they have an "impediment in their speech." They bear no distinct articulate testimony before the world on the side of his truth. And no wonder their tongue is tied. It is tied by their inconsistencies. They cannot enforce his gospel upon others when they are dishonouring it so much in their own conduct. They cannot bid others arise and follow Christ, while they are not themselves earnest in obeying his commands. They cannot urge others to deny themselves, while they themselves are carrying no cross. They cannot rebuke worldlings, while they are worldly. They cannot condemn the sinful pleasures of the world, while they indulge in them. They cannot denounce covetousness,

and an all-absorbing pursuit of money, when they are so stinted in their own gifts, and so intent on their own aggrandizement. Their tongue is tied.

And in addition to that, they do not hear Christ's voice. They are deaf to his commands and revelations; therefore are they dumb in his service. The reason why so many Christians are silent on behalf of their Lord is, that their Lord's words are to them drowned amidst the din of worldliness, the bustle of business, the noise of gaiety and dissipation. How many appear as if they had never heard him say, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "He that is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed in the presence of my Father and his holy angels." We have much need to follow Christ, as he beckons us aside, out of the midst of the multitude, that we may be with him alone. Alone with him, in self-examination and prayer, we shall be in the way of his restoring grace. In the midst of that holy silence, he will speak to us—he will open our ears. His truth will enter with light, power, and inspiration. That will open our lips, and our tongues will then delight to show forth his praise.

As the malady is significant, so is the miracle. As Christ opened this man's ears and loosed the string of his tongue so that he spake plain, he has also ever since been opening, and is opening now, the ears of men to hear his word: ever since he has been loosening, and is loosening, their tongues to speak it. By his Spirit he says "Ephphatha," and anon the doors and windows of the sinner's heart are thrown open; new thoughts enter, new feelings are inspired, a new world is revealed—the old world itself becomes new. Regeneration is like the adding of fresh senses; perceptions not before enjoyed break and burst on the soul like the music of angels—like the sounds of the harpers harping with their harps, flowing in floods of harmony and sweetness from heaven. A poor man whom we knew, said after his conversion, that he should hardly know that he was living in the same world, but that he saw the same faces about him that he did before. Faith in the gospel—a real living faith in the Father, the Son, and the Spirit—makes such a mighty difference in a man, and in all which relates to a man.

And so, too, when there is a real revival of religion in a church, when there is a descent of the Spirit, when there is a pentecostal outgushing of his light and love, it is like the repeating of this miracle. It is the real blessed change in spiritual things, of which this was the marked and instructive token in natural things. It is saying to individual believers and to whole bodies, Ephphatha. And their ears, before dull of hearing, are quick to catch the voice of Jesus in instruction, warning, reproof, and encouragement, and then they can speak of his truth and mercy, and sing of his love and salvation; they can stimulate and strengthen one another; they can speak to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord; they can talk one to another; and the book of remembrance is written for them that fear the Lord and think upon his name; "and they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels." They can speak and work, because they are in earnest; they are no longer restrained by a conscious deadness of feeling, no longer fettered and tongue-tied by a sense of inconsistency. They become holier; therefore they can speak plainly; purer, more Christ-like. They realize Christ's presence; they are with him alone; they feel his hand upon them.

If the reader be conscious that he has never undergone the great change yet, his danger is enough to startle him, to set loose his tongue, and impel him to pray. "What is time?" it was once asked of a mute who was taught to understand the language of the fingers. "It is a line," he answered in writing, "that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave." "And what is eternity?" "It is," he answered, "a day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end." Fasten your mind on those two ideas taught by the mute—the time-line and the eternity-line—the little line between the cradle and tomb, and the boundless one beyond. You are on the limited now; you will be on the unlimited, the illimitable, soon. The little line will run into and lose itself in the great one. Oh, wonder of wonders! we who are in time now may in a few days be in eternity. The narrow boundaries of our being may speedily break away and leave us standing in the midst of what we shall feel has no end—cannot have an end. And what will that endless being be without a moral and spiritual change first, without conversion, faith in Christ, the new birth?

Herodotus tells us that king Crœsus had a son that was dumb; that during his prosperity, when he had nothing to awaken concern and alarm, all methods for his relief were in vain; but when Sardis, the capital of his empire and seat of his palace was taken, when the Persian rushed forward sword in hand to slay Crœsus, when the shock of death was imminent, it roused the son to agony, and snapped the string that tied his tongue, and he cried, "Man, kill not Crœsus." Whatever we may think of the story, it serves as an illustration of our present

subject. The sight of danger, my friend; the flaming sword of divine justice brandished before your eyes; the doom of death so near to the unregenerate, so near to yours and you, may well create an agony of alarm so great as to burst through every impediment, and to impel your hitherto dumb soul to cry for mercy on others and on yourself. Jesus Christ, by his Spirit, so awakens some souls, awakens them by terror; while again others he awakens by gentler means. Where the gentler means have failed, the more terrible may succeed. God grant that in some way, your hearts may be opened to have perceptions of gospel faith, and to utter the cries of gospel prayer.

Finally, has the Lord healed our great spiritual malady? then be this our fervid supplication.

As thou hast touched our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak thy praises plain,
Quell thou each thankless, godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again;
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,
Drowning thy music in the breast,
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,
Preserve, good Lord, thy servants' ears.

From idle words, that restless throng
And haunt our hearts when we would pray,
From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal thou my lips and guard the way.
For thou hast sworn that every ear,
Willing or loth, thy trump shall hear,
And every tongue unchained be,
To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

A GREEK CONVENT.

The great attraction of the Greek convent of Saidnâya is the "Lady Chapel," where the wonderful and wonder-working *image-picture* of the blessed Virgin is enshrined as tutelary goddess. Having expressed a desire to pay it a visit, we were, after some ceremony, and after being obliged to take off hats and boots, admitted to the holy sanctuary. It is beautifully and richly ornamented—the floor being of tesselated pavement of marble, and the lower parts of the wall of the same material inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Higher up are rows of chased silver lamps and pictures of saints innumerable. On the eastern side of the chamber is a silver door, some eighteen inches square, opening into a little recess, where the portrait of the Virgin, painted by Luke the Evangelist, is now preserved in a silver casket! It is, of course, death to touch it, or even to look at it. The attendant priest assured us that one-half of the *portrait* is stone and the other half flesh, and that the miracles wrought by it are without number! Saidnâya is consequently the holiest shrine of the Virgin connected with the Greek church in Syria. It is not merely regarded with the deepest veneration by the poor and illiterate, but the whole clergy, from the patriarch to the humblest priest, with the whole laity, unite in paying homage to this strange and holy image. The sick and afflicted flock to it from every part of the surrounding country; and many are the cures chronicled each returning summer. The salubrity of the mountain air, and the bracing exercise on the mountain-side, often revive the enervated Damascene who retires to this convent from the heat and filth of the city; and his recovery is piously ascribed to the miraculous intervention of this *picture*.

And such is a fair specimen of the religion, the morality, and the superstitions of the Greek church in this land. None but a people sunk almost to the lowest depths of moral degradation would tolerate the disgraceful pictures that cover the walls of this convent; and none but a people who had either forgotten or discarded the process of reflection and of reason would credit for a moment the absurd and contradictory tales and legends related of the goddess that is there worshipped. With such manifestations before our eyes, it is vain to plead, in this church's favour, the purity of primitive worship and the orthodoxy of primitive creeds. It is in vain to bring forward mouldy decretals and worm-eaten homilies and canons, and insist that from *these* we must judge the Greek church. The Greek church must be judged, like all others, by comparing her *present* rites and forms of worship, and the morality that is *now* practically inculcated within her pale, with the infallible standard of God's word. It may be that, like a long-neglected garden, we can still discern some lovely flower drooping beneath the shade of the rank weeds and luxuriant brambles; and we can still trace some straight path untrodden and grass-grown now; but every semblance of order has long since disappeared, and the wild desolation of nature has overspread it. The Greek church in Syria is a fit emblem of Syria itself. The shattered remains of its former glory may still in places be seen; and the theological antiquary may perhaps be able to trace, amidst heaps of rubbish, the form and proportions of some once noble structure. He will often be retarded in his labours by the wretched fabrics of modern days, which crowd around and almost conceal the ruins of the ancient building, like the mud hovels of the Arab round the beautiful columns of the temple of the sun in Palmyra. And even when every effort has been used, and all his patience, industry, and antiquarian lore exhausted, none but the practised eye will be able to follow his details.—*Rev. J. Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN THE AFRICAN WILDERNESS.

PART II.

After a scorching walk of an hour we reached Jamaala. On entering the town, we met some men sauntering about with their spears, and we invited them to a palaver, or conversation, under a spreading tree. They called their companions and came to us. They proved to be Teucolar, not pastoral Foolahs. It was the latter that we came to visit, not knowing that the former had a village in the same vicinity. Most of the Teucolars are Mahometans; and some priests accompanied them. I sat upon an excrescence in the stump of the tree, which made a good seat; John Cupidon and the lads stood beside me; and the natives formed in a circle, leaning on their spears. It was an interesting scene, not altogether free from danger; for Mahometans are generally bigoted, and sometimes ferocious on behalf of their creed. But a Divine power can keep the heart and mind in peace under any circumstances; and so we proved it on this occasion.

John Cupidon informed the company that I was an English *fedey*, or learned teacher, who had come to converse with them about religion. I then produced a copy of the Scriptures, which I offered to read and expound. A marraboo, in reply, said that they were Mussulmans, who only used the Koran. I told them that the Koran pronounces the law and gospel to be good, and that therefore, even according to their own creed, every good Moslem should hear these books. To this they assented. We then pointed out some of the peculiar blessings of the Christian religion. The marraboos took refuge in fatalism, allowing that our religion might be good for us, but that they must walk in the way in which they had been educated. We replied that it was wise not to form a hasty judgment, but to hear both sides of a question before deciding. One of them then began a flighty panegyric on the glory of Mahomet, which I allowed him to pursue for a time. He soon committed himself, however, by saying that the world was created for the sake of Mahomet. "Hold there," said I, "where did you learn that? I am sure there is no such thing in the law or the gospel."

"No," said he, "it is in the Koran." This I denied, and challenged him to the proof; asking him to produce a copy of the Koran and point out the passage. The scene had now become animating, as the negroes, who are fond of a good argument, or palaver were much interested in what was going forward: the marraboos meanwhile kept so hopelessly fumbling over the leaves of a manuscript volume, that we could not help smiling at their inability to find such a passage as they desired. At length, the marraboo made a hazard, and pointing to a certain place, pretended to read what was there written, trusting to my ignorance of Arabic to escape detection. As I was acquainted with that language, however, I found that the passage bore a totally different meaning, and was simply a declaration—a strange one enough by the way for an impostor like Mahomet to make—that God would reward the righteous and punish the wicked. Having pointed out to the people the deception which their pretended spiritual guide was practising, the latter, although confounded, made another ineffectual effort to bolster up his cause, and then retreated with his more zealous adherents, affirming that it was unlawful for him to dispute with a Christian.

Some of the Teucolars, however, remained, to hear the proffered blessings of salvation. They listened to our discourse with much attention, and professed their astonishment at the possibility of a man's knowing his acceptance with God, or bearing any love to the Almighty, towards whom they entertain no feelings but those of fear and distrust. The chief of the town was present, a quiet old man, who expressed much satisfaction with what he had heard, and promised to visit me on the morrow. So we parted in much good-will.

We then repaired to the village of the pastoral Foolahs. This was passing from semi-Mahometanism to rank paganism and pure infidelity. Yet it was also going to a superior race of men in point of physical structure and mildness of disposition. It is impossible to tell their origin, or how they became the nomades of Western Africa. Of all the tribes of Senegambia, they approach nearest to the European race. They have none of the physical peculiarities of the negro; but are tall, slender, and of lighter complexion; and they boast of a white ancestry. The colour of their skin is like that of a mulatto; but it grows darker with increasing years, anxieties, and exposure to a tropical sun. The race is seen in perfection in their young women, some of whom are very fair and handsome.

The Foolah language is as singular as the habits of the people. Its grammatical inflections are numerous and elaborate, showing that it once belonged to a refined and ingenious nation. As the terminations of many Foolah words are identical with those of ancient Carthaginian names, handed down to us in Roman history, it has struck me as probable that these people are the relicts of Dido's subjects, once the rivals of mighty Rome, and that driven back from their ancient settlements by the Moors, they have taken refuge on the south of the great desert. Their physical structure, faint

traditions, and desolate situation, agree with this hypothesis. The only difficulty in the matter is that the same language is spoken by the Teucolars and Lowbies. The former are more like the Mandingoes; the latter are a low, stunted, gipsy race. But war and slavery produce so many changes amongst the people of Africa, that this identity of language might be accounted for on these grounds.

The Foolahs are the shepherds of Senegambia, and have no lands of their own; but they place themselves, according to circumstances, under the protection of more powerful tribes, on whose lands they pasture their herds. Being of an unwarlike and peaceable disposition, they seldom fight, and are often spoiled by marauding chieftains. Their moveable villages are unique and highly picturesque. A slight fence surrounds a number of dwellings, ranged on either side of a long and broad street-way. The huts are made of cane, and thatched with grass. Each has a raised platform of cane-work, like the frame of a bed, to answer the purposes of couch and sofa. These huts are easily multiplied to suit the wants of a family; and a little garden runs from the back towards the common stockade. The whole forms a pleasing contrast to the ugly settlements of the negro, which appear like a number of large mud bee-hives set down at random. The Foolahs live principally on milk and corn.

They seem to have no religion; at least I never could extract from them any confession of a creed, or acknowledgment of performing religious rites or services. They deny the existence of a soul in man, and a future state of being. They are, in fact, modern Sadducees. They have learned the name of Allah, or God, from the Mahometans; but they speak of him merely as nature, not regarding him as a personal being, nor supposing that they owe him any homage, gratitude, or service. They really have no God, and are without hope in the world. Above, around, beyond, before them, is an aerial nothingness. When I asked one of them why they were made? he replied, "To keep cattle." When I enquired what would become of them at death, he answered, that they would be like their herd which had died. "Do you not believe in God?" They said, "We don't know him; we cannot see him." Oh, Christian! laden with privileges, after such statements as these, will you not think of and pray for poor darkened Africa?

Their life is far from being happy. Indeed, few tribes are so full of anxiety and perpetual fear. The bigoted Mussulman who believes in God, fatalism, and a sensual paradise, is bold and undaunted, despising danger, and heedless of death. His stern creed imparts to the heart a fierce and haughty tone of disposition, as far removed from fear as from kindness. Imagining himself to be the favoured of heaven and infallibly destined for paradise, and supposing that everything in the world is predestinated by an irreversible decree, he is peculiarly free from dread of present evil and anxiety about the future. In pestilence, battle, and the loss of worldly fortune, he is apparently unmoved. Why should he trouble himself about that which he cannot avoid? The superstitious negro, on the other hand, has many fears connected with an unseen world, and the imagined power of evil spirits. But he fortifies himself with amulets and charms, and combats imaginary dangers with imaginary foils. He has no dread of *natural* evils, for he supposes all harm to be wrought by demons, witchcraft, or enchantments. So he appeases the former by offerings, and guards against the latter by counteracting spells. Thus he sometimes becomes as fearless as the Mahometan, and, covered with expensive gregrees, defies sickness and danger of all kinds.

But the infidel Foolah has no antidote to his constant alarms, no refuge from his apprehensions of evil. His dangers are real, and press upon him from all sides; and his mind has no source of comfort or hope. He feels unable to cope with the difficulties of his situation, and he yields himself a prey to doubt and dismay. This feeling grows upon him, till he becomes pusillanimous and timid as a hare. His ears are open to every disastrous report, and he is always ready for flight. His village can be removed on a very short notice, and he can drive away his cattle at full speed. Both he and his cattle are like deer without antlers. In his creed and its results we see modern secularism reduced to practice.

The French infidel theory, that man would be equable and tranquil in mind if there were no religious creed, meets with a direct refutation in the case of the Foolahs. When man is oppressed by outward circumstances, and has no ground of reliance in a help seen or unseen, his courage yields to the pressure of his situation. Every religion has some antidote, real or superstitious; and any religion is, therefore, better to him than none. Simple infidelity leaves a man a hopeless, heartless, and depressed creature. Better to be fighting imaginary enemies, with imaginary weapons, than to feel oneself the victim of imaginary evils for which he has no antidote, without hope from God or any future world. Better to be heartily following an *ignis fatuus*, where the hope and the chase keep up the spirits, than to be totally bewildered in the gloom, where all is dark and hopeless, above and beyond.

After we had briefly informed the Foolahs of the object of our visit, one of them replied, that they "never prayed or attended to such subjects." We reminded them of the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the difference between a man and a beast: and endeavoured to show the advantages of present peace and a preparation for the future. We then preached salvation through Jesus Christ our Redeemer; which led to an interesting conversation about sin, prayer, and reconciliation with God. They promised to visit me in two days, to hear more about this matter.

When we again plunged into the wilderness, on our way home, I had some misgivings as to what might be the conduct of the Teucolar marraboos, who had left us in such real or feigned anger; and whether we should be allowed to pass unmolested through the forest. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised when one of these very men came up and asked permission to accompany us to the island where he wished to go on a matter of business. At his urgent request, I gave him a copy of the Gospels in Arabic, which he promised to study, until he could read and understand its contents.

Next day, the old man of the town paid us a visit; and two days afterwards, he brought several of his people with him; with whom we had a long conversation about God and the dread realities of a future state. What became of the seed which was then sown can only be known at the day of the "revelation of all things." My intercourse with these Foolahs was brought to a close. Soon after, I was attacked by the African fever, from which I did not recover, till the overpowering heat of a vertical sun prevented my taking any long walk. With the thermometer at 106°, in the coolest shade, during the day, and only a few degrees lower at night, it may be conceived that the grasshopper became a burden, and that desire for locomotion ceased. The "prickly heat" and clouds of mosquitoes added to the inconveniences of life in Africa.

Before any change in the weather took place, a great alteration had occurred in Jemaala and its neighbourhood. Two towns in the vicinity were suddenly attacked and spoiled. The inhabitants of one of them were captured; those of the other fled, as did all the people of the adjacent towns. Many came for refuge to our island. We saw a company of horsemen pass along the opposite bank of the river, in pursuit of the Foolahs' cattle; but they happily escaped. Some men of Jemaala, after providing for the safety of their families, returned to save their household utensils, when they were intercepted by the horsemen on their return. Seeing their danger, the younger of the party darted into the forest and escaped; but one old man was overtaken. Being tied by the neck to a tree during the night, he managed to get free and reach our settlement; and then went westward to rejoin his family and tribe, whom we saw no more. Several towns where I had preached the gospel became desolate, and increased the solitude of that wilderness where I had spent some interesting sabbaths.

Such are the brief notes of one who has returned from missionary labours in Africa. Are there none among our young readers whom my narrative of Ethiopia's sorrows and darkness will stir up to pray to God that he may qualify them to go forth to this abundant field of usefulness? Oh, that Christians would also remember more the duty of supplicating the great Lord of the harvest, that suitable labourers might be sent forth to this work. Reader, have you not too much neglected this command of the Saviour?

LOVE IN THE FAMILY.

HOME can never be what it is designed to be, without LOVE. It is as essential to the true working of the domestic constitution as the atmosphere is to respiration. No available means for fostering it should be neglected. It should be made, as far as possible, the mainspring of that order and obedience which are so often secured by the exercise of mere authority. To accomplish this may in certain cases be a work of some difficulty. Not to speak of the adverse tempers which may be found among a family of children, parents may have to contend with moroseness, austerity, irritability, or other infirmities of their own, which, if indulged, will be very unpropitious to the growth of affection. It is to be apprehended that the clock-like precision and symmetry which prevail in some households must be ascribed more to these ungracious qualities in the parents, than to the free spirit of love. They forget that in the matter of domestic subordination, the means are of no less importance than the end. They pride themselves, it may be, in having a family that move at their bidding, like a well-disciplined military corps on drill—the grand consummation in tactics being to make men as much like machines as possible, as the last achievement in mechanics is, to clothe a machine with the physical powers of man. But does it never occur to them that the rigorous process by which this high state of discipline has been brought about, might, if applied at home, be fatal to all filial affection? There are possibly among those, rank and file men who, if they dared, would send a bullet through their commander's heart; and whole platoons who look upon him only with aversion. Would parents

purchase domestic order at this price? Home is neither a barrack nor a house of refuge. An intelligent stranger would derive no satisfaction from observing the punctuality of your household, the studied decorum of their manners, their deference to your commands, and the neatness of their rooms, if he saw, as he went through your mansion, placards suspended here and there with a tedious schedule of petty rules, all enforced by pains and penalties; or if, in the absence of these manifestoes, he had reason to suspect that the result was brought about by a system of this kind. We may tolerate something like this in a school, but it is incongruous in a family. "Children may be governed at school by motives of fear without entirely depraving their sentiments; because school is not their ALL, and they have still a home and a sphere of love to think of. But to rule them in any such way at home itself is to wind out of their hearts, by a slow but certain process, every root and fibre of the affections."

There is a "more excellent way" of securing filial obedience. Love will do more than authority. Not blind, capricious, fitful affection, but affection guided by wisdom, sustained by fortitude, illumined by a prevailing cheerfulness, and nurtured by a genuine faith. This divine sentiment, enthroned in a parent's heart, will make his duties delightful, and enkindle a corresponding sentiment in the breasts of his family. Its tendency, at least, will be to neutralize selfish predilections, and by multiplying the enjoyments of the circle around him, to invigorate their home-feeling. The same influences which cement a household to each other's hearts, consecrate in their affections the roof under which they dwell. The more tenderly they become allied together, the more they will strive to make their home what it should be—a scene as well of present happiness as of training for the future. Such a family will neither spend their lives in getting ready to live, nor keep up an establishment merely to exhibit it and themselves to visitors. It is their HOME. Cheerfully extending its hospitalities to friends and strangers, they nevertheless foster it as the source from which they derive their purest earthly felicity. Their various occupations are pursued, and their several gifts cultivated, for the common welfare. The father does not deem it a waste of his intellectual wealth to distribute it, as occasion serves, among his children; nor is that, in his view, a lost piece of humour which makes the ceiling ring with their shout of laughter. A son reduplicates the pleasure his book affords him, by bringing it down from his room to read choice passages to the group around the sofa-table. The daughter, lately from school, dedicates her accomplishments to the sacred cause of domestic happiness. Ever ready to oblige a friend or a social party with her harp or piano, she values her music no less for its own sake; and feels that it is answering its noblest ends, next to the praise of Jehovah, when it is soothing the care-worn spirit of her father, or throwing its magic spell around a brother who is growing impatient of the monotony of home. And the mother—how superfluous to add, that the mother of a circle like this employs all her resources in forwarding the common end; that she is prompt in detecting, and, if possible, extinguishing elements of discord, and sagacious in devising fresh means of enjoyment; that her pure and disinterested affection blends at once and with equal facility with every joyous and every sad emotion in the experiences of her family; and that the loftiest earthly aspirations of her nature are satisfied in the consciousness that she is the loved and loving queen of a happy household.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

53. The churches of Macedonia. See 2 Cor. viii. 1—5. "Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia; how that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves; praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but *first gave their own selves to the Lord*, and unto us by the will of God."

54. On the way to the grave of his friend Lazarus. John xi. 33—38. And when he drew nigh to Jerusalem before he suffered, and saw the city from the Mount of Olives. Luke xix. 41.

55. Isaiah xviii. 1—3. "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have *redeemed* thee. . . . . I gave Egypt for thy ransom." Isaiah xliv. 6—24. "Thus saith the Lord the king of Israel, and his *redeemer*, the Lord of hosts. . . . ."

56. In Paradise—the tree of life stood in the midst of the garden. Gen. ii. 9. When Adam sinned he was no longer allowed to eat of this tree. See Gen. iii. 22—24. It is spoken of again in the description of the New Jerusalem. Rev. xxii. 2. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

57. John i. 45. "Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." John xii. 20—22. "There were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast; the same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew; and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus."

Religious Intelligence.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to a society which has been for some time in operation in Birmingham—"The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society"—the object of which is to aid prisoners on their discharge from gaol, by procuring lodgings for them, furnishing temporary maintenance in case of need to individuals seeking employment, assisting them in obtaining work or in returning to their homes, and subsequently exercising a friendly superintendence over them. There is, perhaps, nowhere to be found a more helpless set of persons than those who are taken under the wing of this society. When they come forth, after serving their term of imprisonment, they are destitute of true friends and of character; and whatever may be their desire to obtain honest employment, they are generally unsuccessful in their attempts to gain it. On the other hand, as was observed at the meeting, "the tempter is to be found at the gaol door. The receiver of stolen goods takes his place there, while the prisoner's old companions in crime wait to carry him away to his former haunts, and to embark him again in the fearful course from which he had for a short time been held back by the strong arm of the law." The attempts recently made to rescue these unhappy persons from their perilous condition have been very successful, the numbers reclaimed being in the proportion of nearly 90 to 100. We hope that the excellent example of Birmingham will be followed in London and throughout the country, and that the blessing of those who were ready to perish will come upon the individuals by whom this good work is conducted.

Our Christian brethren in France have, notwithstanding all the professions of regard for religious freedom, made by the government, still to complain of the persecutions to which they are exposed. For the last two years religious meetings have been held in the village of Seigné, under the superintendence of Pastor Doine, a faithful minister in the neighbourhood. These meetings have been the means of conversion to many souls, and have led to a marked improvement in the conduct of the villagers generally. The mayor of the place has been pained at the spread of Protestant doctrines, and has succeeded in obtaining from the *sous préfét* a decision that these meetings are likely to disturb the public peace and produce ill-feeling and disorder in the village; that there is no real necessity for them, and that they must therefore be discontinued. This authority recently addressed the faithful pastor in the following language: "I will not allow you to hold any meetings in my village. I have even the power of keeping you out of it. The law forbids Catholics to become Protestants, just as it forbids Protestants to become Catholics; it requires every one to keep to his own religion."

We have been desirous, for some time past, to direct the attention of our readers to the exertions made for the spread of the gospel in Egypt, and are happy to be furnished with the means of doing so by the correspondence in the "Record." The writer mentions that in Cairo there are three good men at work in the heart of the city, and close to a powerful Romish establishment. They come from America; and though their work is but just commenced, it begins to tell. They have twenty children in their school. The Rev. Mr. Lieder, a clergyman of the church of England, ministers to British residents and visitors, and acts on the natives through the agency of an important girl's school. The writer found about fifty children present at his visit, many being absent in consequence of the season of Lent. He observed Scripture Reading Lessons and Watts' Catechism in Arabic. He mentions that the young Copts have so advanced in their appreciation of what renders a wife valuable, that when they think of taking one, they commonly prefer an educated girl, though poor, to a rich one, if ignorant. In Alexandria there are two gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Brown and the Rev. Dr. Philips, engaged by a society in Scotland, to attempt the conversion of the natives. The former has made some considerable progress in Arabic, and meets a few people as often as possible to instruct them in Christian truth; the latter avails himself of his medical skill to introduce the truth among the people who are his patients. The writer speaks also of the neglected condition of our seamen in that port, of whom there were more than eleven thousand last year, and for whose spiritual welfare scarcely any exertions are made. A strong appeal has been made in their behalf, and it is hoped that the means of grace will now be brought within their reach.

By an easy transition, we pass into Palestine, and it is highly gratifying to contemplate the exertions which are being made in that most interesting land for the revival of Christian truth. The church on Mount Zion is described as a beautiful and appropriate building, whence missionaries go forth to the work among the Jews. There are also outlying congregations at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jaffa. A gentleman who has lately visited this ancient field of Christian labour, says that he spent a sabbath at Jaffa. He mentions that five hundred seamen from our country touched at that port last year, and that they, as well as the seamen in Caipha and Beyrout, are left in a state of great spiritual destitution.

One of our statesmen, at a meeting in the provinces, expressed some important and very cheering truths on the influence which the great work of emigration may be expected to exercise on the diffusion of the gospel in new and important territories. He observed that the enormous amount of four hundred thousand souls are annually carried from these little islands to settle in all the known quarters of the globe—about a thousand souls every day passing from among ourselves . . . . to found or join new communities." Other countries, with the exception of Ireland, have a small share in the work of colonization. He further asks: "What has Portugal now to do with the colonization of the world? What has Spain, Germany, or Italy to do with the colonization of the world? It is plain that colonization is not the function that it has pleased providence to commit to France, or any other among the leading and most powerful nations of Europe." These considerations ought to stimulate our hearts in favour of the great work of conveying the knowledge of the gospel to those new territories in which our countrymen are laying the foundations of future empires.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

THE ORPHANS ON THEIR WAY TO A NEW HOME.

THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

CHAPTER V.

In the twilight of a glorious July day, a carriage was seen slowly descending one of the mountain roads of North Wales. Dark heights, on whose bare summits the crimson beams yet lingered; waterfalls, whose snowy foam quivered in the greenwood like a flash of light; and streams that lifted up a voice of deep melody in the hush of the quiet nightfall, were around the travellers, as they slowly wound along the sinuous way which overlooked a romantic valley, in whose shady depths the fading sunlight had already given place to the paler lustre of the moon. Far away, but quite visible on account of the elevation of the road, was a beautiful lake, on whose placid waters still slept the fast melting hues of the western skies, and around it, in all their majesty, arose the everlasting hills. Wild woods, rocky heights, with trees and brushwood fringing their declivities, and green slopes, swept down to the edge of the lake; but the next circlet of hills was higher and bolder, the next shadowy and spectral-like in the gloaming, and the last range dark and awful, rising giants—Titans of a post-diluvian world—against the fading azure of the serene firmament. Nest-like lay the little

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village that stood on the pleasant shore, and by the side of the gurgling brook that was the principal feeder of the quiet lyn;* nest-like it lay in the arms of the proud stedfast hills that girdled it in from the outer world.

It scarcely needs to be told that the travellers were Katharine and Ellen Seaton, and their faithful friend.

"Oh, those glorious mountains!" exclaimed Katharine, as the carriage, turning a sudden angle, revealed further grandeur and beauty to her delighted gaze. "Look, Nellie! is it not past conception? Mentoria, I am afraid I shall want to live here always."

"And till a better and a happier home is at your disposal, I trust you will stay here, my Kathy."

Katharine shook her head gravely. "Do not tempt me, dear, kind friend. I know my duty. I must not, cannot eat the bread of idleness; but oh! look at the lake; that purple streak has changed to silver; and see the peak of that mountain—what a lovely rosy tint has come back once more to brighten its stern rugged brow, while we in the valley have lost all but that faint flush in the far west yonder. What is the name of that mountain, Mentoria?"

"It is Snowdon, my dear."

Ellen had raised herself from her almost recumbent posture, and was gazing earnestly at the almost celestial beauty of the fading crimson on the mountain-top.

"And that is Snowdon," she said at length. "Do you know, I have been connecting in a very childish and inexplicable way this very Snowdon and Mount Zion ever since that wet Sunday evening in April, you know."

"Have you, dear?" said Katharine, thoughtfully; "well, perhaps the similitude may not prove altogether fanciful. I hope we are going to [illegible] the shadow of Mount Zion, as well as of yonder glorious Snowdon. It seems to me that this scene is altogether very suggestive of our favourite American hymn—'We are on our journey home.'"

"It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Williams; "look at that lingering light on Snowdon; does it not recall that verse:—

> 'Oh glory shining far
> From the never-setting sun!
> O trembling morning star!
> Our journey's almost done
> To the new Jerusalem.'"

"Almost done," responded Ellen, dreamily. "Yes, *my* journey is almost done; but it will not end at Mount Zion. *I* have done nothing to entitle myself to one of those celestial mansions of which you and Kathy sometimes talk, and yet I hope to die, though at the same time I fear death. I want to die, because I am so tired. I long to lie down in the quiet grave, where disappointment and regret can reach me no more."

The eyes of the ladies filled with tears as they listened to Ellen's plaintive words. Yes, her journey was well nigh done. The fragile frame had suffered too violent a shock to justify reasonable hopes of restoration to health and strength.

The death of her father, the sudden and complete reverse of fortune, had been too much for a temperament weak and yielding at all times; nor was this all. The day before Mr. Seaton's illness declared itself, Ellen had believed herself the betrothed bride of one whom she, poor child, already loved too passionately for her own peace. He was to ask her hand of her father before they met again, and Ellen had no fears of the parental sanction being withheld, for her lover was rich in this world's pelf, of honourable repute, and of unspotted character. Alas! instead of receiving the congratulations of friends and relatives, the next day found the sorrowing daughter an anxious watcher by the couch of her indulgent parent.

No sooner was he laid in the grave, and the desperate state of his affairs revealed, than Ellen received a note from the mother of her betrothed, informing her that *of course* the proposed engagement must be entirely at an end; that her son was suffering acutely from the necessity of relinquishing his bright hopes, but that he entirely concurred in the expediency of their unsanctioned betrothal being held null and void. There were many fulsome words of affection and admiration, many well rounded periods of condolence; but they were unheeded by their wretched recipient; the iron entered into her soul, and from that hour Ellen sunk and faded like a tender flower, whose root is consumed in secret by the canker-worm. It was not until they were leaving Liverpool that Mrs. Williams and Katharine knew the full cause of poor Ellen's silent anguish and brokenness of spirit; and though her sister trusted much to the change of scene, to the pure mountain air, and to the tender care of herself and Mentoria, it soon became evident that the fatal decree had already gone forth—that the days of the fair young girl were numbered.

"Dear Nellie," said Katharine, when she could sufficiently compose herself, "do not think of the darkness of the tomb—think rather of the blessed world beyond the grave; it is only the senseless clay that slumbers awhile in the dust; the immortal spirit never sleeps; it goes straight to the presence of its Judge."

"Is there no rest, then, for the weary?" asked Ellen, bitterly.

* Lyn is the Welsh term for lake.

"Rest!" replied Mrs. Williams; "oh, yes, darling. There is rest for sorrow-stricken souls even in this world. Listen, Nellie: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest.'"

"Those are sweet words, Mentoria," was the poor girl's answer; "the very sound seems to give one rest. 'Come unto ME' means of course that we are to come to Jesus Christ. I remember that evening when we talked about Mount Zion, weeks ago, in the dear old time, that you read those words, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' and you said that to go to the Saviour was to find the way to Mount Zion. Kathy, *you* have found the way. You say you have set your face Zionwards, and thither through storm and tempest you will go. Tell me how you came to feel so differently; why, when our troubles came, did you seem to gather new strength and new joy, where I found only grief and anguish?"

"Because, Nellie dear, there arose light in the darkness; a new light, new at least to me, who had never before longed for the glorious rising of the Sun of righteousness, who had been content with the *ignis fatuus* of a careless, pleasure-seeking world. When the storm was heaviest, I cried to God for help, and he heard me out of his holy hill, and sent me an answer of peace, and by his grace my feet were directed into the way to Mount Zion."

"Ah, that beautiful mountain, the city of the great king!" cried Ellen. "I shall never, never stand upon its glorious heights. I am not worthy; my life has been wasted. I have never thought of God. When Mentoria has tried to make me think of the life to come, I have scarcely listened. I thought I was too young, too happy, my future seemed so brilliant and the paths of religion so gloomy. I would not tread the road to Mount Zion, and now I cannot."

"'Come unto ME,' again repeated Mrs. Williams. "Nellie, Jesus Christ does not ask you to *do* anything; only believe, only trust him, only cling to him as a shipwrecked mariner to a rock of safety."

The shades of the brief summer night had now fallen on wood and waters, save where the pure radiancy of the unclouded moon lighted up the glorious hills and valleys of Snowdonia, and, Ellen, wearied with her long journey, and with the excitement of conversation, was unable to talk any longer. She fell into a kind of doze, half sleep, half faintness, and when the carriage stopped at the little garden-gate of Mrs. Williams' cottage home, she was scarcely able to alight, even with the assistance of her friend and sister. She gave one more glance at the moonlight glory without as she passed the humble threshold, and she thought of the city that had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, that city where dwell only those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, and again she whispered to herself, "Come unto Me."

It seemed very simple to her then, almost easy. Who were to come? The justified, the sanctified, the glorified? No! "the weary and heavy laden." When she lay down in her bed, weak and worn in body, she could only say, "Dear Saviour, I cannot come of myself; therefore *take me*—take me just as I am."

CHAPTER VI.

Summer had given place to autumn, and still Ellen lingered on earth.

"Fainter her slow step fell from day to day."

But unlike the poetess' "Child of earth," she looked forth on the beautiful world she was leaving, and murmured not, "I am content to die, but oh, not *now!*" For Ellen was ready *now*; her lamp was trimmed and burning; she was meekly waiting the coming of the Bridegroom. And how had this change been effected? Three months previous, and the young girl, whose earthly hopes were blighted, to whom life had become mere existence, longed to die yet dreaded the approach of the last enemy. She opened her Bible and read, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment," and her spirit fainted within her. Now all was changed; the conflict between the flesh and the spirit had raged and ceased; the battle was fought, the victory won. Now Ellen was treading the path to Mount Zion, the path of the redeemed, and nearer and nearer each day gleamed the brightness of the celestial city. Her soul was at peace, resting on Him who has said, "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Yes, there was promise upon promise for her support. "Come unto me"—and "He that cometh, I will not cast out."

And wherein lay the perfect, settled peace, which filled the spirit of the dying girl, and irradiated with unearthly brightness her pale, faded countenance? It was not that she looked back on her past life and beheld it blameless: it was not that upon retrospection, no heinous offence could be remembered. No; on that night when she first lay down under the lonely roof of the cottage at Capel-Coed, she felt most intensely that she was the chief of sinners. Nearly seventeen years she had lived in the world, receiving every day fresh mercies from her Creator's hands, yet God had not been in her thoughts; her life had been the mere existence of a butterfly; the day was well nigh

spent, the night was at hand, and where were the talents committed to her charge? Would not the Judge say, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness?"

No, of herself she could hope nothing; she looked backwards, and there was the mournful array of wasted sabbaths, slighted warnings, neglected opportunities. She looked onwards, and there was the lonely grave, the resurrection-morning, and the *books opened*. In the agony of her sin-laden spirit, she cried, "Lord, save me;" and the compassionate One, whose ears are open to the faintest cry of his wandering children, beheld her afar off, and came to meet her; while, by faith, she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "I have sinned against heaven and before Thee."

Immediately there was a great calm: the standards of the world and of Satan fell before the blood-stained banner of the cross, and the voice of love and mercy, uttered long centuries ago on the mournful heights of Calvary, penetrated and warmed the hitherto cold and careless heart.

Very quietly the summer months passed away. All was peace within the little white-walled cottage by the brook-side, for all gathered under its lowly roof were partakers of one common faith, one common hope of the glory to be revealed. For one happy probationer, the conflict was almost over, the final victory almost won. With calm, solemn thoughts the little party watched the fading of the summer flowers, and gazed on each descending sun, as it sank at eventide behind the lofty mountains; for one of their number would never again pluck spring's snowdrops and violets, perhaps never again greet the flushing skies of dawn. It mattered not—the parting was but for a time: as Ellen herself said, all the pilgrims on the way to Mount Zion would be certain to reach the heavenly hill, though some might finish their journey earlier than the rest; for when their strength was spent, God sent his angels to bear them swiftly to the end.

It was Saturday evening: the domestic arrangements of the family were completed, and the little household were gathered together in the chamber of the invalid. "Dear Nellie," said Katharine, "let me wheel your chair to the window; see, the sun is going down behind the Snowdon range; how gloriously the crimson light hangs on that line of craggy rocks."

"'My Father made them all!' Ah, Kathy, I can say *my* Father now, my reconciled Father, who is calling his child to her everlasting home; and I often think now, when I look from this window and see peak upon peak, and chain upon chain, that even as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, and even as they encircle this quiet little valley, 'so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever.'"

There was a pause; and then Ellen said quickly, "Kathy! Mentoria! do you remember I once connected Snowdon with Mount Zion?"

"Yes, dearest," they answered simultaneously.

"It was a childish fancy," she continued; "but when I awoke the morning after we came here, and saw the mighty monarch of the hills, rising cloudlike in the misty distance, I felt that I was nearer Mount Zion than I had ever been before. And now, Kathy, I am looking at Snowdon, perhaps for the last time, and it seems so near that one might reach it in an hour; but the holy hill of Zion is nearer still. I shall never set foot on those lonely heights, but very, very soon I shall tread the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. I can sing now with you and Mentoria, 'We are on our journey home.'"

"And you would not wish now, Nellie dear, to sleep for ever in the grave?"

"Ah no! *I* shall not sleep; it is only this poor worn-out frame that must lie down till the trump of the archangel shall bid the dead in Christ to arise from their quiet resting-places, so that the corruptible may put on incorruption, and the mortal immortality. Then shall death be swallowed up in victory. I shall be for ever with my Saviour, who has loved me with an everlasting love, and taught me by his Spirit to give back some poor measure of return for that free, unexampled, perfect love.

'Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.'"

"You will soon see him face to face, dear Nellie," said Mrs. Williams, "and then you will praise him better than we who are left behind can possibly imagine."

"Yes," assented the dying girl. "How can I help praising him? I was lost and he saved me; I was a rebel and he made me his child. If I had lived, it would have been sweet to tell all whom I knew, what great things the Lord had done for my soul; to tell them that salvation is 'through Christ alone;' that *he* is the way, the truth, and the life, and that there is *no other* name given whereby we may be saved; that ordinances, and creeds, and rituals, and morality avail nothing, unless one is made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Katharine, when I am gone, write to some of our old gay companions; tell them that I died full of joy and peace, because the Lord Jesus, my salvation, my refuge, my rock, was with me, and beneath me were the everlasting arms."

As the night deepened, Ellen grew weaker, and her feeble voice was fainter and fainter. Katharine and Mentoria watched with breathless

anxiety by the beloved one; and sometimes she seemed to sleep, but frequently her eyes opened, and a smile parted her colourless lips, as if great was the peace that overshadowed the parting spirit.

The stars were fading, and the grey dawn was mingling with the retreating shadows of night, when the sad watchers discerned that change that comes but once on mortal brows, on the quiet face of her whose sabbath was never to end.

They drew nearer, they gazed with tearful joy and fear on the dear familiar features that wore that lovely yet awful aspect. "Kathy," whispered Ellen, as her sister bent over her, "is it not Sunday morning?"

"Yes, dear, it is the sabbath morning: it is near sunrise."

"Kathy, it will be always sabbath day in heaven! I am just at home! What is that verse about the morning star? I cannot remember."

Katherine repeated it—

"Oh glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
Oh trembling morning star!
My journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem."

"And you do not fear now to tread the dark valley which intervenes?" said Mrs. Williams, as she supported the heavy head, and wiped the death damps from the cold white forehead.

"No; why should I? The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Death is swallowed——"

She never finished the glorious words; the sounds died on her trembling lips. She was at rest, and had joined that innumerable throng, who strike their harps and sing their praises before the throne, because they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

My tale is ended. I have not to make a splendid relation of restored riches, of elevated rank, or of a brilliant marriage for Katharine. The grandeur and luxury of her former years were, in all probability, gone for ever; but that was of little moment: she had treasure which can never fade away; she had an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, reserved in heaven for her against that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels.

Now that Ellen was no more, she continued entirely with Mrs. Williams; and after her father's affairs had been finally arranged, it was discovered that a very small surplus remained which she might conscientiously appropriate. Day by day, when last we heard of them, the two friends continued to discharge the unobtrusive duties of their station. They had many friends; a few among the wealthy and high-born, whose homes are reared amid the beautiful glens and hills of the principality; but many more among the kindly peasantry of the mountain land, in whose sturdy bosoms and warm-throbbing hearts burns with inextinguishable ardour the fire of patriotism and hospitality.

When last we met them, they were still looking to Mount Zion—still bending their steps thitherward—still pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

GERMAN SACRED POETRY

OF THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURIES.

THE season suggests our selection of the contents of the present paper. It is Christmas tide. Throughout Europe its coming is associated with joy. On the day which popular custom has assigned to the commemoration of the advent of our blessed Lord, families, widely severed through the year, will gather around the domestic hearth of their parents to refill the fountains of paternal and filial love, to cheerfully recount the struggles and deliverances of the past, and to hopefully look forward to those that lie before them. In many homes, however, the coming of Christmas will open wounded hearts and cause them to bleed afresh. Parents will sit by lonely firesides, thinking of those over whom the grave has closed, of the sweet and happy voices that rang around them, and the loved forms on which they gazed with pleasure when last the Christmas came. To the number of such homes, "cruel and inexorable war" has made a fearful addition. The widowed, the fatherless, and the childless, how shall the return of Christmas be unto them otherwise than a season of anguish—anguish all the more poignant because of the happy memories which it recalls? And yet it may. Does it not tell us of *his* coming, who is the comforter of all that mourn — the binder-up of the broken-hearted —who cries unto the wretched, the desolate, the bereaved, "*Come unto me,* ALL *ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest?*" Here, then, are a series of stanzas which show how a German poet welcomes in this joyous morn.

CHRISTMAS MORNING HYMN.

Wake! the welcome day appeareth;
How with joy our hearts it cheereth!
Wake! the "Lord's great year" behold!
That which holy men of old—
Those who throng the sacred pages,
Waited for through countless ages.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

In our stead Himself he offers,
On the accursed tree he suffers—
That his death's sweet savour may
Take our curse for aye away!
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Moses' law no longer rules us;
Christ's free Spirit gently schools us;
Ended now our captive thrall,
He who God obeys in all,
Through his Saviour's death and merit
Now enjoys adoption's spirit.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Rent the temple-curtain's centre,
Fearless each may strive to enter,
Through the veil—the holy place—
There to stand before His face!
He who once came down from heaven
Fear from all our breasts hath driven.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Therefore songs triumphant raising,
Zion, still your king be praising,
Praises sing with mouth and heart,
In his reign thou'lt bear thy part.
Come, thyself an offering bringing,
Come, thou Bride for ever singing,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

P. A. Freylinghausen.

The following hymn is from the pen of a prince of Brunswick, Anton Ulrich, and it strikingly exhibits the fact that the Christian heart, whether it beats within the breast of a peer or of a peasant, is the same in its desires and aspirations.

DEVOTEDNESS TO GOD.

"Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight."—*Psalm* cxix. 35.

O Lord! I long thy face to see,
My thoughts for ever dwell with thee:
Come, draw my heart, constrain my will,
And send me help from Zion's hill.

To keep thy laws my will is bent,
But fails in the accomplishment:
E'en when I follow good, I find
Some stain of evil lurks behind.

Lord, on thy child compassion take,
My sins blot out for Jesus' sake;
That thus my spirit more and more
With free ascent to heaven may soar.

Let every thought and feeling be
Henceforth directed, Lord, to thee;
Let heart and mind, by Thee possest,
Now seek in thee alone their rest.

Unknown to me while here I stay
Earth's vain delights, away! away!
For now the joys of heaven above
Alone have power my heart to move.

Then bid, thou Good Supreme, depart
Whate'er from thee withdraws my heart;
In Thee my God, and only Thee,
Henceforth my every joy shall be!

When our Lord approached Jerusalem, he seems to have lost all thought of the sufferings and indignities to which he was soon to be exposed. He only saw the miseries about to overwhelm the dwellers in the city that lay at his feet. He is not concerned about what their tongues will say of, and their hands do unto, him. His eyes fill with tears, and he mourns over them, "as a mother mourneth over her first-born." They have rejected mercy, and justice is arming for their destruction. It has been well remarked that "the language of the original is abrupt and interrupted, suited to show the deep interest of our Lord." He spake as men speak when the heart is full to overflowing, and emotion hinders utterance. How touching are his words. How expressive of his concern for those whom he knew would soon delight themselves in his sufferings, and rejoice over his death! "Oh! that thou hadst known in this thy day, the things which belonged to thy peace!" Reader, are *you*, as Jerusalem, bent on rejecting the Saviour? Are you lightly regarding his overtures of mercy? Are you postponing the claims of him, who created, who sustains you, and who waits to *save you* from the wrath to come? Do you think it will *not* come? Listen! It came upon the beloved city—upon the seed of Abraham; and it will come upon *you*, and upon every soul that sinneth, that avails not itself of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." But if you have repented, behold in the sorrow of Christ over Jerusalem, a proof of his desire that none should perish, but that all should turn unto him and live!

THE SAVIOUR'S TEARS.

"When he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it."—Luke xix. 41.

With tears o'er lost Jerusalem,
Lord Jesus, thou'rt lamenting,
Thus showing how thou would'st have them,
When sinners turn repenting:
When I in grief to thee draw nigh,
And mourn my guilt with bitter cry,
Of thy free grace thou wip'st away
Sin's dread array,
Which on my soul a burden lay!

My contrite tears thou tellest all,
By Thee with God they're pleaded;
And though in torrents first they fall,
None fall by thee unheeded.
Oft as my tears thy throne assail,
So oft with thee they still prevail,
And then a pitcous eye dost lend,
The sinner's Friend!
And dost with present help defend.

He who in tears his seed now sows,
And close with God is keeping,
Shall safe within thy bosom repose,
Joy's plenteous harvest reaping:
The joy of heaven, whose great excess
No tongue of man can e'er express—
Which through eternity shall last:
Our woes, all past,
Shall be exchanged for joy so vast.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

OUR SINS OF THE PAST YEAR.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him."—*Dan.* ix. 9.

No thoughtful man approaches the end of the year without having the history which he has written in it frequently present to his view. The death of the old year naturally invites him to think upon his own death, and silently admonishes him that his earthly life is coming nearer and nearer to an end. He may be a young man, with his whole being flooded with healthful vigour and capacity for activity and labour; or old age may have come upon him, with its weakening influences; still, whether young or old, he is taught the message to which the passing year gives solemn utterance. "Remember, thou art mortal; the hour is coming on apace in which thou too wilt have to pass away from things earthly and visible; the hour which thou hast sometimes seen in dreams, the hour of thy departure, will strike in thy hearing, and thou wilt for evermore have done with time!"

Under the influence of such a thought as this, it will be well for us, at the close of the year, to turn to the best account the circumstances and events in it which have had most to do with our spiritual welfare. The year 1856, which will soon be hid from our gaze for ever, has been an eventful one. Many a text will the future historian find in it upon which to hang the most important considerations, and by which to illustrate the gravest questions. To discuss these in the proper time and place would be an interesting work; but with time hastening us on towards the hour which is to fix our everlasting condition, it will be far more fitting that we give heed to the failures and imperfections which have marked our lives during the past year, that we may scrutinize them in the light of God's word, and do with them what that word directs.

These failures and imperfections will at once rise to view when we reflect upon our privileges and opportunities, our special blessings and admonitions. Great, indeed, are the spiritual privileges which we enjoy. To mention only one, how much are we indebted to the teachings and influences of the holy sabbath! Yet how inadequately have some of us expressed our thanks for the gift, so far as practical results are concerned. Too often have we allowed the influences of the week-day life to root up the good seed of the kingdom, which on the Lord's day was sown in the heart. To use our Saviour's language, "The cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." On the sabbath, the things of eternity may have supremely occupied our attention; our affections may have been set upon things above, and we may have resolved to live as those who have here no continuing city. But when the Monday has dawned, the blessed world in which we lived on the preceding day has been allowed to recede from our view; spiritual wealth has not been so much regarded as the mammon of unrighteousness, honesty has been quenched in expediency, and the solemn caution, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" has been lost sight of in the market of competition. We have not, in a thousand instances throughout the year, acted up to our knowledge of right and duty, and we have known far more than ever we attempted to put into practice. When, therefore, we look back upon a whole year of sabbaths, and feel how little fruit they have produced, we appear to ourselves as cumberers of the ground, and must thankfully adore the providence which has not cut us down.

And when we consider the opportunities of usefulness which have been placed in our hands, and examine the manner in which the trust has been discharged, we see how faulty and negligent we have been under the highest incitements to duty and benevolence. The sick we might have visited and consoled amid the pangs of illness and of death, but ere we entered the sick chamber death had preceded us, and the one whom we might have soothed and comforted had departed. The poor we might have relieved, the industrious we might have helped, the orphan we might have succoured, and the ungodly we might have warned; but does not the scale containing our omissions of these duties far outweigh that of our performances? And now, in the last days of that year in which we intended to do so much, we feel how little we have done, and must in honesty confess that we have left undone the things which we ought to have done. It will not avail us to cloak our omissions of duty, or to call them by wrong names. Let us endeavour to set them before us, that we may feel their magnitude, and be induced at once to betake ourselves to him to

whom belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.

We shall also feel much cause for penitence and humiliation when we call to mind the poor return we have made for the great benefits we have received at the Divine hand. "When humble and attentive minds," says the devout Mr. Jay, "look back, their mercies appear so many that it is impossible to enumerate them, and hence divines have taught Christians to serve their mercies as botanists do flowers—to class them, or as astronomers do with the stars—to form them into constellations. They tell them on looking back, to think of mercies temporal and spiritual, mercies public and private, mercies personal and relative; they tell them to think of continued mercies, of preventing and delivering mercies." And can we review the year that is now leaving us, without seeing that it has been marked by the goodness and mercy of God? By such goodness God calleth us to repentance, to love, and obedience; yet how frequently are his blessings coldly received; how content men are to take the gift without once acknowledging the hand of the bounteous Giver. In some special way God may have blessed us during the past year. He may have averted a calamity we were dreading; he may have saved a sick friend or relative in answer to our prayers, or brought safely home again over the stormy wave the child who has been absent for years. In one form or another, he may have increased the number and strength of his claims upon our gratitude and obedience; but has that gratitude been deeper, has that obedience been more meek and true? Nay, have we not received good from the hand of the Lord, and returned evil? If so, we ought not to close the year without the most penitential regret.

Once more, if we have paid but little heed to the warnings and admonitions contained in the voice of providence, we should mourn how often we have allowed God to speak in vain to our hearts. For a day does not pass by without its stimulus to duty, prayer, and thoughtfulness. How frequently has the Divine Being during the past year spoken concerning the uncertainty of life, the necessity of preparation for death and judgment, and the danger of those who spend life in folly and procrastination. Death has perhaps taken the young and healthy from our family circle, has struck down the thoughtless as well as the devout, and removed for ever from this scene of probation those who had long halted between two opinions. And perhaps these warnings, after a momentary impression, died away into silence, without influencing us as they ought to have done. For a moment they startled us, but when the sound of God's thunder had ceased, we sunk again into apathy and inactivity; if so it be we close the year with t conviction forced upon us, that God has oft called, and we have as often refused; that has stretched out his hand, and we have dis garded it.

Such may have been the omissions and sins the year which is now about to leave us ever. We cannot efface that which we h done, nor can we do that which we have left done. What we have written we have writt and in our book of life it stands as the witn of our earthly conduct. To quote the eloqu language of John Foster: "We have been co suming our years; we have very nearly ex pended another; think how nearly it is ge from us! Yonder, as it were, behind, is the l lapse of it, as if we stood by a stream bear various things upon it away. We can look ba to its successive times and incidents, as what *were* present at. But Omnipotence cannot t us back to meet again its commencement, or a portion or circumstance of it. We are prese now, at one of its latest diminutive portio which Omnipotence cannot withhold from f lowing the departed. We are occupying breathing in it, thinking in it, for nearly the l time; little more of it is remaining than t enough for bidding it a solemn and reflect *farewell*. A few hours more, and the year c never be of the smallest further use to us, c cept in the way of *reflection*. And it is a seri thing to say *that* of any valuable thing includ in our portion on earth."

But ere we pronounce farewell to the year, we have a solemn duty to perform wi regard to its short-comings, failures, and si Having rightly criticised our year's histo and seen its defects in the light of Divine tru it remains for us humbly to approach the fou tain opened for sin and for uncleanness, that may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us this our time of need. And, blessed be God f the encouraging truth, that with him there forgiveness that he may be feared, and with h there is plenteous redemption. If our hear are slow to receive these consolations, let call to mind the proofs which the Divine Bei has afforded of his willingness to pardon iniqui transgression, and sin. Prominent among the proofs, stands the atoning sacrifice of our Lo Jesus Christ, who, although he knew no s was made sin for us, that we might be made t righteousness of God in him. While his cr stands erect in our world of sin as the medi of pardon, no sinner need despair, for that cr declares that God is able to save unto the utt most all that come unto him through a Saviou merits. In the cross, we have both the pr of God's willingness to forgive sin, and the a perfect means by which that forgiveness may

obtained, clearly and tenderly exemplified. For He who spared not his only Son, but freely delivered him up for us, will not withhold from us any good thing. Through that meritorious death, life and pardon may be obtained. Grand and unalterable is the promise, that whosoever draweth near to God, through the atoning sacrifice of his Son, shall not be sent empty away. Through this, as the divinely-appointed means of justification, the prodigal may return to a Father's house, the stranger may become a member of the household of faith, the backslider be restored, and the most guilty obtain mercy.

Thus encouraged, may we all at the close of this year hasten unto the footstool of the heavenly grace, that if God spare us to behold the dawn of the new year's sun, we may feel that the sins of the past are blotted out, and resolve, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, to live henceforth no longer to ourselves, but to the Lord who bought us. But if we fail to embrace God's offered grace, sad, most sad will be the consequences. The sins of the past year we shall, if allowed to see it, carry into the new year, unforgiven and unblotted out. These sins have already produced painful results in our characters; but oh, what a malignant growth they will attain in the progress of years! Every day will add new strength to them, and in the end they will probably have obtained such awful power, that repentance, and prayer, and reformation, will be unthought-of; and thus they will hurry the soul into the shades of eternal death and retribution. Whoso is wise, let him understand these things.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL IN THE EAST.*

PART II.

The safety of the American missionaries was seriously menaced by the conflicts which raged throughout the Turkish empire after the accession of sultan Mahmoud. Indeed, after the battle of Navarino, all consular protection in Syria ceased. The Franks sojourning in Turkey were declared outlaws, war with the leading states of Europe was threatened, commerce was suspended, remittances could not be obtained from home, the plague was spreading terror and desolation, and the future looked dark and tempestuous. Under these unpropitious circumstances, the mission band were compelled to retreat from their station at Beyrout, and seek refuge for a season at Malta —that Patmos of the modern church. When the aspects of the times improved, the Syrian mission was recommenced by Mr. Bird, and a new associate; while Mr. Goodell, in the summer of 1831, was directed to establish a new station at Constantinople, where he was subsequently joined by Mr. Dwight.

The arrival of our missionary at the city of the crescent was signalized by an appalling disaster. All Pera, the only suburb where Franks were then permitted to reside in any considerable numbers, was burnt to ashes. "It was," says Mr. Goodell, "an awful conflagration —terrible beyond all that was ever before known among all the frequent and devastating conflagrations of that capital. It was like 'a lake of fire,' the 'sea and the waves roaring,' and the flames dashing high. The streets were narrow. The wind was strong. The houses were all built of frail materials; and as there had been no rain for a long period, every house ignited like tinder. When the fire struck a house, it often did not seem more than a minute in passing through to the other side. Burning pieces of wood were carried to a considerable distance through the air, and would set fire to remote houses, while many intervening ones were still untouched. The whole atmosphere seemed on fire, and my hat and clothes several times took fire while I was fifteen or twenty rods distant. Many lives were lost. Some were trodden down in the narrow streets, so great was the crowd of people hurrying away with such of their effects as they could take. Some were crushed by falling walls; while others were unexpectedly surrounded and cut off by the fire passing over, and kindling beyond them. Many thousands slept that night in the Turkish burial-ground, with no pillow but a grave. Indeed, a great many spent several days and nights among the dead, till they could find a better place. Only eight houses stood at sunset, where many thousands had stood at sunrise. On the morning of the 2nd of August, we were surrounded with our usual comforts; in the evening we were dependant on charity for a place to lay our head. Our furniture, clothing, bedding, books, everything was gone. And we were strangers in a strange land. We have had to flee from conflagrations several times since; but never since that time have we been involved in such ruin. We, like many others, fared the worse for living in houses which were considered fire-proof. In the great burning day, may no such false confidence prove our ruin."

Such awful calamities as that just described were of frequent occurrence; but great improvements have of late years been introduced, so as to limit the ravages of the flames. The streets are widened, the houses are in most cases required to be built of stone or brick, while the fire companies are under more efficient organization and control. Formerly, no dependence

could be placed upon the servants of these companies unless you made a bargain with them, in which every advantage was taken of the urgent necessities of the sufferer. And even when the bargain was made, and the money paid, great watchfulness had to be exercised to prevent the men from absconding with the rescued property and the reward together. To prevent this misfortune the following mode was often adopted. A strong rope was procured, and tied around one of the porters; he was then intrusted with some article and paid for its conveyance; the rope was then fastened to another, who also received his burden and his pay; a third and a fourth were treated in like manner. The owner of the valuables then, holding the rope behind, drove them before him to their destination. Often, however, in spite of these precautions, getting entangled in those narrow and frightfully crowded streets, some of them would contrive to escape and disappear with both furniture and pay. These things now, thanks to European influence, are wonderfully altered for the better. Indeed, wherever Christianity comes, all minor blessings follow in its train.

Another of the great impediments to the missionary's work in Constantinople was the plague. That awful scourge was a periodical visitant, and not unfrequently interrupted the holy labours of the men of God, by cutting off nearly all intercourse with the people, for weeks and months together. Sometimes from one thousand to fifteen hundred would be falling every day around them, while the dismal shadow of death rested on everybody, no one knowing when he rose in the morning whether he should live to see the setting sun. By the special mercy of the Master whom he served, Mr. Goodell passed unscathed through a succession of such dreadful ordeals, and was enabled to do much good to the souls of the people after these desolating pestilences had swept over their thinned and darkened houses. A great change in this respect also has come over the city of the sultan, during the last few years. As soon as the Turks, relinquishing their fatalistic notions, consented to the establishment of certain sanitary regulations, the plague was effectually checked, so that for some twelve or fourteen years the city has been comparatively free from its ravages.

Owing to these and other causes, Mr. Goodell states that he has, to the serious hindrance of his evangelistic labours, been compelled to move, from house to house and from locality to locality, about thirty-four times in twenty-nine years. And yet, to vindicate himself from the suspicion of fickleness and restlessness, he intimates that he has occupied the same house longer than most of his missionary colleagues. The chief explanation of this residential unsettledness, however, to be found in the hostility of the citizens to the objects of the missionaries. As soon as these became known, adverse and antagonistic influences were at once brought to bear upon them. Exorbitant rents were demanded when they were comfortably settled in a new domicile; for no sooner did they begin to make a stir in a fresh neighbourhood, than the vote of the station compelled them again to strike their banner and decamp. Thus, "on one occasion," remarks Mr. Goodell, "the house occupied was altogether too strait for my family and for the female boarding school, and, after much research, I succeeded in finding at Ortaköi a very suitable one for our purpose. I made a contract with the owner; I paid him the rent for one year in advance; I packed up all my things to remove; when, lo! the police interfered and would not permit us to move one step. I complained to our minister at the Sublime Porte, and he represented the matter repeatedly and strongly to the Turkish government, but all in vain without any avail. The government absolutely refused a permit. It was in the time of persecution; and the government, instigated by the Armenian principalities and hierarchies, pretended to fear that one inch of remove with our few little girls, would so disturb the balance of moral power, as most surely to turn things of the world 'upside down.' After some months of delay and fruitless negotiations, we had to unpack all our things, and remain in our confined quarters. But there was room for one more—One greater and better than all the rest —to come and take up his abode with us. No police on earth could be vigilant enough to prevent his coming."

These comparatively passive methods of resisting the introduction of the gospel were sufficiently harassing to the ardent souls of these heroic men. But, as was intimated in a former paper, the elements of opposition gathered in darker forms and broke in fearful storms around them. At one time a secret society was formed for the express purpose of exterminating the missionaries by poison, or by other means. On several occasions the Turkish government formally withdrew from the Porte's protection, and gave notice to the American minister, that whatever might befall them, whatever violence, insult, or outrages might happen to them—they would not interfere or be responsible; intimating that the missionaries must absolutely leave the country, or suffer the consequences of remaining. But, by help obtained from God, they continue unto this day, and are beginning to reap the blessed fruits of "patient continuance in well-doing."

There was, however, one period in the

of the mission, in the year 1839, when everything seemed to threaten its extinction. A fearful persecution fell upon the mission band. It commenced in so violent a manner that it appeared impossible for anything true and good to survive the tornado. Two of the brethren were making preparations to quit Constantinople on distant mission work; and their departure was hastened, in order that they might be absent when the edict of expulsion should be issued, and consequently be at liberty afterwards, in quieter times, to return. Mr. Dwight was also then absent, on a visit to America. Mr. Goodell and Mr. Hamlin were the only foreign brethren left at the post, to which they resolved to cling to the last extremity. They had made up their minds to obey no summons to depart—to yield to nothing but force. They knew that in all their labours they had, like Paul of old, been careful to violate none of the fundamental laws of the empire, and that if expelled, it would be in violation of its own laws. Mr. Goodell secreted his papers, journals, and correspondence in various places, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. It would have been an infraction of the solemn treaties into which the Porte had entered with Christian nations, for any person to intrude upon the mission premises, without the consent of its inmates or the permission of the American ambassador; still, at such a time of excitement, no one could calculate upon what excesses might be perpetrated. During this state of popular effervescence, several of the native disciples were cast into prison; others were sent into exile; while those who remained unmolested were passed by the missionaries unrecognised in the streets, since to have noticed them would have brought upon them suspicion and perhaps ruin. In this interval of darkness and dread, the faithful servants of Christ gave themselves to prayer and to the work of translation. Indeed, during his residence in the East, in addition to his other labours, Mr. Goodell translated the entire Old and New Testaments into the Armeno-Turkish language, whereby the well-spring of life has been opened in the Mahomedan desert for the refreshment of millions of souls. After this reign of terror had endured for some time, the leading antagonists of the Gospel were abased and cast from the seats of power; and the infant mission church, thus having rest, began again to bestir itself and multiply its adherents.

Since the date of the persecution just referred to, a most gratifying change has in this respect taken place. There is no longer much danger of coming into collision with the Turkish authorities, for the evangelical communities have now their own chartered rights and privileges. Through the bigotry of the priests, the cupidity of the rulers, and the ignorance of the population, it may be difficult at all times, in remote parts of the empire, to insure the faithful observance of the concessions which have been granted. Cases of individual hardship and injustice will often continue to occur, and even sanguinary outbreaks of vulgar fanaticism, such as not long since happened at Nablous and other parts of Syria, may occasionally startle us; yet, on the whole, the civil and religious position of the Protestant Christians of Turkey, and especially of those dwelling at the capital, is incomparably more cheering than a few years ago could have been anticipated. It will be happy for the empire if it continue long to enjoy the mild and enlightened policy initiated and pursued by the present sultan. Very much too, as is well known, is due to the exertions of Lord de Redcliffe, whose power at the Porte has always been exercised in favour of the oppressed and the persecuted.

A few facts relative to the nature and results of the Turkish mission will appropriately conclude this slight sketch. The changes—social, civil, political, moral, and ecclesiastical—here wrought by the providence and the omnipotent Spirit of God, are truly wonderful. The whole aspect of that field is totally different from what it was when first visited by the trembling heralds of the cross. Against the prevailing superstitions and corruptions of society, no one in Constantinople dared, at that time, lisp a syllable of censure or complaint. Now the whole city is filled with the doctrines of the gospel, and they are publicly discussed in the cafés and khans, and at all the chief places of concourse, while copies of the Holy Scriptures are sold freely in the open day. Thirty years ago, a Protestant service was tolerated nowhere except in the palaces of the foreign legations; while no school could be opened without express permission from the Turkish government, which was not at all likely to be granted. There were then no prayer meetings, Bible classes, nor Sunday-schools, in any language. Now, however, there are not fewer than forty Protestant services, of various kinds, conducted every week. Every sabbath day the gospel is now preached in English at four different places, in Armenian at five different places, in German at four, and at one place in Spanish, one in Turkish, and one in Greek. Those blessed efforts were first commenced quietly, silently, and unostentatiously, in the private dwellings of the missionaries; and it has only been by slow and stealthy steps that the present firm footing has been obtained in the very heart of Ottoman society. The crescent already begins to wane and pale before the rising brightness of the cross. At the date of the publication of Mr. Goodell's book, there

were nineteen evangelical churches organized in Turkey, while only seven years before there had not been one. Of these, there are three at the capital, one at Brousa, one at Nicomedia, one at Adabazar, one at Smyrna, one at Trebizond, one at Erzeroum, one at Rodosto, one at Sivas, one at Aleppo, one at Beyrout, one at Diarbekir, one at Mosul, one at Ain-tab, one at Killis, one at Hassbiah, and one at Abeih. In addition to these new lights of Asia, there are scattered rays in numerous other places, which, as opportunities favour, will be collected into centres, that they may give light to those around them that are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Every one of these churches has "endured a great fight of afflictions," has passed through deep floods of tribulation and sorrow, and has had to exercise martyr-like qualities. Some of these spiritual communities exist in districts where no foreign agent resides; and no churches are said to be more united, prosperous, and zealous than these. Native pastors, in many cases, minister to these little flocks in spiritual things, whilst the members are animated by the purest missionary spirit, and act with the aggressiveness of love upon the surrounding population. Thus the holy leaven is slowly and surely fermenting the dead mass of humanity about them.

One of the most remarkable forms of Christian usefulness in Turkey consists in the establishment of a female boarding-school in the capital of the empire. This was a bold and daring, but has proved itself a very successful, undertaking. There is no land beneath the sun where the gentler sex is more systematically degraded than in Turkey: there was no way, therefore, in which Christianity could signalize its triumphs more conspicuously than in raising the women of the East to their position as co-heiresses with man of the immunities of redemption. This the missionaries, accordingly, attempted. When they first entered the Morning Land, there was not a native female who could read or write, and the prejudices against female education were intensely strong. It was deemed as impossible to teach a woman to read as to perform the same wonder upon the wild asses of the desert. Besides, it was asked, with an air of scornful triumph: "Of what possible use could it be to her to learn to read, supposing any one was found capable of it? Could she light her husband's pipe any better? Could she bring his slippers with more modesty? And [illegible] learning to write, pray what could she [illegible] she ever think of writing but love-let[illegible] This prejudice, however, is fast wearing out female intelligence is becoming recognised appreciated.

The female boarding-school at Constantin was opened in October, 1845, with eight scho This number was shortly after increase thirteen on the breaking out of a violent secution against the evangelical party, by w many were driven from their houses. And s that period, the number has swelled to twe four or thirty. One of the first assistant teac was a young and pious Armenian female, na Armaveni Doodoo, that is, Miss Palm T The names of many of the scholars, transl into English, were equally curious. Thus, t were Miss Queen, Miss Morning Star, M Holiness, Miss Good Works, and Miss Wisd the latter lady afterwards marrying Mr. G Tidings, the pastor of one of the evang churches in Constantinople. These were fanciful names given by the missionaries, had been conferred by their parents in infa The pupils spend their time between st domestic duties, in which they are carefu trained, plain and ornamental needlework, religious exercises, including singing. Scriptures are read at morning and even prayers, and conversation often ensues upon subject selected. Most of the girls are t singers, and many of the favourite old Eng tunes are now heard in the far East, inspi enthusiasm and kindling devout emotion. T have also prayer meetings among themselv and truly surprising and soul-gladdening are accounts narrated by Mr. Goodell of the w of conversion and revival which has taken pl among them. God is indeed, in these last da pouring out his spirit upon the "handmaiden as well as upon the "sons" of the land. M of the pupils marry early; consequently th has been a constant succession of new schola and also a need of fresh regenerating gra And this, according to Mr. Goodell, has not be withheld. Of the first seventeen that ente the school, all but one (and she a small chi have professedly entered the school of Chr and most of the subsequent girls have done same. This "is the Lord's doing, and it marvellous in our eyes." The night is far spe and the day, we trust, is at hand.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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